



Wary Were

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Celia Kyle

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Blurb

Being a cat isn't easy. Neither is being a wolf. Being both is damn near impossible, but Christian does his best. Life isn't made any easier by the fact that his particular inner feline is a Rag Doll and goes limp at the lightest touch. Roll that into a night on the town and he finds himself on the wrong side of a sexually charged mob of men. Healing, he heads to Strange Hollow. Sanctuary. He's welcomed with open arms by the townspeople and with open doors by two of the hottest and sweetest men he's ever met. Problem is, they've already got each other. Why do they need him? Jarek and Ethan can't wait to show him exactly why their duo should become a trio. And soon.

But will the evil stalking Christian end their relationship before it has a chance to begin?

Prologue

Wolf and cat, cat and wolf. Two worlds melded into one, one world split into two. Duality. It might as well be called singularity. A singular existence. Part of the whole, but not.

Christian hadn't asked to be born different, hadn't asked to be born at all. The freak that he was harmed more than helped. His cat nature made him curious, his wolf made him aggressive. They fought and quarreled more often than not, the aggressor and the soother. Sometimes the cat was able to lull the wolf into retreating, sleeping inside him and giving the frisky kitten time to play, to convince Christian that leaving the house was a good idea. Bothersome cat. Got him into trouble more often than not, but seeing as the cat was part of his nature, he ventured out into the night.

The Safe was packed, men lining the walls, the bar. All of the tables surrounding the dance floor were taken and Christian's cat purred. It wanted to hunt and rub and mark some of the men. To transfer its scent from head to toe with a nice lingering lick in between. Of course, he only wanted them long enough to be satisfied. Finicky feline.

A voice purred in his ear. Warm, beer-scented breath fanned his face. "Hey, gorgeous."

Christian turned toward the man, appraising. Not bad. Tiny bit of a paunch, but he wasn't picky. Wide shoulders, narrow waist. Arms that looked like they could snap a baseball bat with one flex. *Yes, cat thought, this would do quite well.*

The stranger slipped his hand along Christian's arm, across his shoulder, and rested that large palm over the back of his neck. Too late. He'd caught the scent too late and not early enough and now...

"This way, kitty." The wolf growled and pulled the skin at the back of Christian's neck, scruffing him like the cat inside. "Time to have some fun."

Damn his Rag Doll nature. Damn his body's response to being held in any way. His muscles relaxed and became pliant. Christian's heart beat double-time, sweat coating his brow and palms. How to get away? How to get away while his body betrayed him?

Body compliant, the wolf shoved, forcing Christian to walk in front of him toward the back of the club and the pack of wolves surrounding the exit.

Wake up, you stupid wolf! Wake, wake, wake, wake! The cat screeched and clawed, and for once, Christian agreed wholeheartedly, joining cat in his plea. If the wolf could wake, take control, Christian might have a chance. Without wolf...

"Lookee what I found? A little toy for us to play with tonight, boys. A fine piece of ass, isn't he?" The wolf still didn't let go, holding him fast.

No, no, no, no.

Chapter One

The town didn't look as he'd expected. It had a small-town feel with the corner store, small pharmacy and postage-stamp grocery store. The ice cream shop still boasted the retro colors of the 1950s, and Christian felt the tension begin to ease. Homey. The whole gigantic town was a throwback to times of old and everyone seemed content. Driving down Main Street, people stopped and stared, that was expected. But some smiled and waved or nodded to say hello as well. So different from what he was used to.

Christian checked the locks on his Volkswagen Beetle for the hundredth time. Habit, since... People seemed nice enough, but he'd been wrong before. He didn't want to risk being wrong again. Never. Again.

At the end of Main Street, just before the Town Hall, Christian made a quick left, quick right and quick right again until he was behind the hall and parked in front of a grand old house. The design was reminiscent of an old plantation, Gone-With-the-Wind style. Big and white with pillars from the ground to the second floor. In a word, gorgeous ... and intimidating.

Christian checked the address again and sighed. Yup, he was in the right place.

Damn.

With leaden steps, he trudged toward the imposing home. Could it even be called a home? Mansion, maybe.

Before he could ring the bell, the door swung open and Christian suddenly realized he was staring at a goddess. With her long light-brown hair, glowing purple eyes, slightly pointed ears and curvaceous figure, he figured gay or not, Christian was quite nearly in love.

"Ms. Fergus?" His voice cracked for the first time since puberty struck.

She smiled and the gesture lit up her face to the point that he contemplated switching teams if only to share in her joy, her innate happiness.

"Jacinda, please." She held out her hand, and Christian stared at the ground. He hadn't touched another being since the incident two months ago. He still hadn't worked up the nerve, woman or not. She took back her hand, her smile faltering a bit.

"I'm sorry, it's just that..." How to tell a complete stranger?

She waved away his explanation. "My fault. I forgot. I read your application, but your species escaped me for a moment. Mustn't be too careless, little one." She held the door open for him, gesturing him into the mansion, a renewed smile on her face.

Quiet enveloped them within the home; not a sound could be heard from outside, and he frowned. He noticed a few open windows as they navigated the stately house, yet not a peep seemed to come through the walls.

Jacinda leaned down to him and whispered, "It's a spell, but don't tell anyone. Mrs. Hennessey put it in place for when I have visitors. But if everyone knew, they'd be knocking down her door day and night. She may be blind as her bat, but she's amazing with spells." And then she giggled, dancing down the hallway, and Christian had no choice but to follow in awe.

Jacinda Fergus, matriarch of Strange Hollow, curvaceous fairy thrown from her court, had just giggled and skipped down the hall. Giggled! Skipped!

Christian didn't know what to think, but he knew that this was about to be an interview like no other. He followed through the house, increasing his pace so as to keep her wiggling backside in sight. She finally ducked into a room and he bolted after her. The Fae could be tricksters and he really didn't want to get lost in the behemoth of a house.

The room appeared to be her office, papers and books stacked high on the desk, bookshelves. Heck, every flat surface held books and papers of one sort or another. Apparently the matriarch wasn't much for organization.

"Christian, sit, sit. Would you like some tea?"

He shook his head. He just wanted to get on with it all, finish the interview and hopefully get approval to move to Strange Hollow. He figured that at least he was strange enough. Or extraordinary, as Jacinda tended to call it in the city's promotional pamphlets.

"Very well. I won't keep you long. Tell me what you plan on doing with yourself here in Strange Hollow."

Christian cleared his throat and suddenly wished for that cup of tea she'd offered. "I run my own web design and hosting company, Were Web Design."

She nodded and perked up, leaning forward in her chair. "Websites?" He nodded. "Perfect! Your first job is to develop a website for Strange Hollow. And I'm sure the businesses here in town would love some of their own." She smiled widely. "There, we have your occupation settled. Now, let's find you a home, shall we?" Jacinda looked around and smiled before digging through a stack of papers. "Here it is, a listing of available homes."

"Oh, I don't know if a home is what I'm looking for, nothing big. It's just me and I'd prefer something small, if that's all right?"

She looked at him a moment as if digging through his very soul, a thoughtful expression on her face, eyebrows slightly furrowed. "Small?" He nodded. "Very well. There's a two-bedroom apartment above Sensual Were. Of course, there's also one open across the street at Sensual Witch. Those guys are constantly going at it, but it's all good-natured fun. With Strange Hollow's population, there's plenty of business for everyone." The blinding smile returned. "Which do you prefer?"

Christian nibbled his lip.

"Christian, nothing will happen to you here. Whatever you're worried about is punishable by death. I swear it on my honor, you're protected and safe here."

He nodded. "Okay. I've heard the same, but... Old wounds."

"Are deep and heal slowly," she agreed.

"I'll take the one above Sensual Were. I--I'll feel more comfortable around others. Maybe get over my touching problems." The corner of his mouth kicked up in a half smile.

"Perfect! Let's go get you settled then."

And just like that, Christian Jarman became a resident of Strange Hollow.

* * *

Christian smelled them before they even knocked on his door. Definitely two. One smelled of forest and strength. Without a doubt an alpha. The other reminded him of a gentle spring rain, and he wasn't sure what to think of that.

Heart racing, wolf roared to the forefront, ready, willing and able to defend, to fight. Cat retreated, still skittish and afraid of everything. Christian remained on the floor, unpacking his books and alphabetizing them. Maybe they'd just sniff his door and leave. Maybe they'd just place whatever housewarming gift they'd bought on the front step and retreat. Maybe, maybe, maybe.

A rapping knock of knuckles on wood broke the silence and Christian groaned, wolf whimpering. An alpha. He had no chance whatsoever against an alpha wolf. He could hold his own against most other wolves, but not this one. He closed his eyes and silently prayed that Jacinda had been telling the truth when she said he'd be safe. He didn't know if his mind could take being abused again. In fact, he knew he couldn't.

Christian rolled to his feet and gingerly stepped around boxes, making his way toward the front door. The knock came again. "All right, all right, hold your horses."

He engaged the chain on the door. It wouldn't hold back a wolf, but it made him feel that much safer. With one last prayer, he cracked the door enough to pull the chain taut, and peered out at his visitors.

The man standing closest to the door was huge. No, huge didn't even begin to describe him. He towered over Christian, easily six feet in height. The stranger had midnight-black hair and shining blue eyes, laughter lurking in their depths. "Hello, little one." A deep voice, smooth like chocolate, soothing.

He didn't fall for it. "Can I help you?" His voice cracked in fear.

A lighter voice, laughing, broke the silence. "You big lug. Move." A tiny body shoved the bigger man aside with a hip bump and then stared at the mountain of a man. "You're scaring the guy. How many times have I told you

that you're scary to new people, but nooo, you never listen. Stupid man." He waved away the man and turned his attention to Christian.

Christian stood there in awe of the smaller man with the mile-a-minute mouth. He'd effectively cut off the stranger with a few words and shoved him aside with his tiny body. What's more, the giant didn't say a word in protest, but instead just smiled.

"I'm Ethan and this gargantuan, mannerless oaf is my lover, Jarek. Oh, I should have asked 'cause you might have an issue with gay men. Are you gay? You smell gay." Ethan got as close as the partially opened door would allow, and inhaled, taking air deep into his lungs. "Yup, definitely gay. Good, so you won't be all icky about Jarek and me. We don't share though, so get that thought out of your mind. If it was in your mind. Who knows? Anyway, Jarek's a wolf and I'm a Labrador retriever, but not a black lab." Ethan stroked his white-blond hair. "I'm blond. Not many of those, you know. Anyway, we brought you some dinner since you're new and we wanted to be friendly, and oh! We're your landlords. And what are you? You smell like a cat and a wolf, but that can't be and--"

Jarek placed his palm over Ethan's mouth, muffling what Christian imagined was question after question. "We'll leave the dinner for you. Ethan made it and he's a wonderful cook. When you're feeling more comfortable, come on down to the shop and we'll go for breakfast at Maude's down the street, our treat." The big man with the smooth voice winked and smiled, his brilliant white teeth had noticeably longer canines showing. Big, bad wolf. And a puppy.

* * *

"Can we keep him? I wanna keep him. Smells yummy. Do you think he smells yummy? Yum, yum, yummy." Ethan hopped down the stairs and Jarek sighed. His love blurted out the first thoughts that popped into his mind and the constant switches and turns that mind took sometimes confused him. From one topic to the next with no segue. Feisty pup.

"You told him we didn't share, pup." Ethan stopped and Jarek nearly bowled him over.

"We don't. But he'd be ours. Not sharing." Ethan hopped down two more stairs and stopped again. Without missing a step, Jarek tossed the smaller man over his shoulder and continued down the stairwell. Ethan didn't miss a beat. "I'm hungry. Can we go to Maude's? I want pancakes. And isn't he cute. Couldn't see much, but he smelled so scared." Ethan popped Jarek's ass, and he growled, pinching his lover's butt in return. He got a yelp for his trouble and he chuckled when Ethan's cock hardened against his shoulder. Pup always loved a little sting. Got him going like nothing else.

"Yes, he smelled good. Like sweet rain. Just like you, pup."

That got Ethan so excited his little buns wagged as if he had a tail. "Really? *Really* really? Like me? Yay!"

Jarek couldn't help but laugh out loud at Ethan's enthusiasm. The man's happiness and general love of life was contagious. "Yes, pup, really really."

"So, he's ours?"

Oh yeah, the little kittenpup was theirs, specifically, Jarek's mate. He just didn't know it yet.

Chapter Two

Christian stretched and moaned, rubbing his nose to ease a tickle. Eyes closed, he scratched his chest absently, thoughts of the two men he'd met yesterday swimming in his mind. Both were attractive in their own way. Jarek with his silent, laughter-filled eyes. Big man, but for some reason, it didn't bother Christian too much. The alpha status worried him more than his size. An alpha could command, demand. And he would be near powerless once again. No, best to steer clear of that one.

Ethan had been a ball of fun, chattering and going on about this and that. He'd seemed genuine, too full of energy to be secretive about his motives for the visit. And the casserole he'd made had been di-vine.

Christian sniffled and rolled to his side. His nose tickled, usually a sign of an impending cold. He wondered where he'd picked it up along his trip. He'd been careful to stay as far away from people and others as he could. Oh well, not much he could do now but take a dose of medicine and vitamin C and pray for the best.

Christian rolled to his stomach and stretched, knees beneath him and arms stretched in front, just like his inner cat waking from a nap. Only, his inner cat didn't have his butt pinched before the sun came up. With a yelp, he rolled to the other side of the bed, fighting the sheets and pillows the whole way. He had pepper spray in his nightstand and he knew how to use it. Hypothetically.

Untangled, he dove for the drawer, fighting with the handle, the whole time yelling at the intruder, "I have pepper spray! Leave me alone! Don't touch me!"

He got his hand around the small bottle, finger poised to launch the stinging liquid at his attacker and ... froze. There was a naked ghost in his bedroom. A female naked ghost. Oh. Shit.

"Well, that's not a nice welcome. And here I was trying to wake you gently." The ghost harrumphed. "Maude wants you at the diner, mister."

Before Christian could form a response, pounding sounded from his front door followed by wood splitting, cracking and giving way.

"Christian!" the voice bellowed.

He backed into a corner. *Back to the wall. Can't attack from the back. Can't, can't, can't.*

The voice came again, deep and rough, growling and yelling at the same time. "Christian!"

His bedroom door was kicked down, wood shattering, shards flying in every direction, and Christian felt his wolf rise to the challenge, cat hissing and spitting at the intruder.

The first sign of his change always came in the form of his gums aching, the taste of his own blood filling his mouth. Canines he rarely used burst through his gums while his muzzle reformed. His mouth, within moments, became a snout. Eyes shifted from seeing color to only recognizing shades of gray. Bones cracked and broke, reshaping and healing into four legs, paws for palms. Fur erupted from his skin, covering him in a pale gray pelt. Damn good thing he slept in the nude.

He growled at the intruders, the ghost and the half-man half-beast until a sing-songy voice he recognized cut through the snarls and growls.

"Damn you, wolf-boy. Shove off already." Ethan's tiny body shoved what Christian could only assume was Jarek out of the way and sailed through the doorway, confident and bouncy as ever.

* * *

Ethan took in the scene with a quick scan of the room. Damn Esther and her delivery methods. He could only imagine what she'd done to scare the bejesus out of their Christian, Jarek's new kittenpup. He sighed. Now he'd have to get one bitchy ghost out of the apartment and calm two raging werewolves. He'd rather just deal with the wolves. "Esther?"

"What?" Her voice was a whisper on the wind. The bitch was pulling the "I'm a ghost and it's so hard to stay corporeal" card.

"Esther, get your scrawny ghostly ass out of this apartment before Jacey finds out you've been tormenting Christian." He stalked toward her.

"Make me."

A spell on his lips to banish the ghost from the apartment, he charged the ghost only to be brought up short by Jarek's arm around his waist, claw-tipped fingers slicing through his boxers.

"No, pup." He growled deep and menacing. "Leave. Now." The fangs and snout made it difficult to make out his words, but it seemed Esther got the point. She disappeared in a tiny wisp of smoke. The moment the last hints of Esther left through the window, Ethan turned in Jarek's arms.

He petted the wolf-man's chest in soothing circles and sweet caresses, voice soft as he murmured to his love. "Easy, all right now. See how scared our kittenpup is over there in the corner? Need to calm down now, love, so we can calm him." The hair on Jarek's arms receded. "That's it, baby. Slow and easy." The bones in Jarek's legs broke and reformed before he lost his balance, arms following suit. The only noise in the room was the crack and pop of bones. When the last of the cringe-worthy breaks subsided and the claws were no longer digging into his side, Ethan relaxed.

Jarek buried his face in Ethan's neck, his tongue lapping at the permanent mating mark on his shoulder. With each lick and nip, his cock twitched. Not

really the time for *that*. "Love, we aren't done yet. We're in Christian's bedroom."

"Yum." Jarek scraped his canines across his mark and Ethan's cock began to swell.

Half-erect, he pounded on his lover's shoulder. "No. Bad wolf."

Jarek snarled, but pulled away. "Mine."

Ethan rolled his eyes and sighed. "Of course I'm yours, you big idiot. But kittenpup needs us." Finally it seemed he was getting through to his lover. The hard cock between them softened and Jarek began looking around the room. "This way." Ethan grabbed Jarek's hand and tugged him toward the corner where Christian hid. "Hey, kittenpup." Christian growled. "Easy." He reached toward the snarling wolf, holding his hand in a light fist, palm down, and hoped he wouldn't be pulling back a bloody stump if Christian decided to bite him. "Easy, sweetheart." The endearment fell easily from his lips. Their sweetheart, their kittenpup, just theirs.

Jarek's hips pressed against his backside, letting him know that his lover was following him every step of the way. "Nice and easy, Christian. We aren't here to hurt you. Just trying to protect you." Jarek was soothing, sweet and low. The man could be a tender heart when he needed to be.

The wolf whimpered and shuffled forward a step.

"That's right, baby. Nice and easy. Why don't you shift back for us and we'll take care of you," Ethan crooned. "I know Jarek likes to soak in the hot tub after a shift. We'll run you a hot bath, get you warm and cozy and I'll cook for you. Just shift back, kittenpup."

First one bone popped and then another, twigs snapping and cracking, face morphing and changing from wolf to man again. Christian's shift was slow, arduous. The man was panting, tears streaming down his face by the time he'd finalized the change. Jarek peeled the sheet from the bed and draped it across the exhausted man.

Those tear-reddened eyes stared at them both and his voice was no more than a whisper. "Why?"

Ethan stared, his own eyes burning at the pain Christian's shift caused him. The process, while painful, shouldn't reduce anyone to tears. Wolves and other shifters would never change if it brought tears to their eyes every time. He ached for the kittenpup, for the hurt the change caused.

Ethan stepped forward and reached for Christian, only to have the man recoil. "Easy. Just going to help you to the bathroom, run the bath we talked about. No hurting, kittenpup. I swear." Trust. So hard to gain once it'd been beaten and raped out of someone.

Being Jacinda's right-hand had its benefits and drawbacks. Ethan was responsible for performing background checks and applicant screenings for the town, ensuring that true outcasts and deserving individuals settled within the town's limits. Jacinda envisioned a sanctuary and Ethan did his best to deliver her dream. Unfortunately, he knew all too well what Christian had

endured at the hands of wolves. Just as soon as he earned the man's trust and love he'd...

"Why?" Whisper soft.

"Because we care. Because I smelled your fear, heard it in your voice. I dragged Jarek up here to make sure that nothing we hold dear would ever feel pain at another's hands." He tried to sound assuring without simply saying that the man was theirs, lock, stock and barrel.

Christian narrowed his eyes, but didn't deny the words. He kept that wary gaze on them while he stumbled to his feet, the sheet wrapped tightly around his body.

Ethan reached for his arm once again and the flinch was lessened, but still noticeable. "How about you just lean on us. We won't grab you, but you look like you're about to fall over." At Christian's nod, Ethan moved closer and presented his arm to the other man. Jarek did the same on the other side and together they hobbled to the bathroom. Once at the door Christian shifted all of his weight to Ethan.

"You okay, kittenpup?" Poor Jarek, feeling so left out, Ethan was sure. The big man couldn't help but be intimidating to most. Hopefully Christian wasn't most.

"Will you run the bath?" Christian's voice was hoarse, rough.

The smile Jarek gave them would have put the lights of New York City to shame. The larger man rushed into the oversized bathroom and puttered around the space, placing a towel just so while running the hot water in preparation for Christian.

Christian pulled away from Ethan and leaned against the doorjamb, and Ethan couldn't resist touching the weary man. He stroked and petted the bare arm nearest him. A small smattering of ginger fur grew beneath his palm and a low purr was his reward.

Jarek, done with preparing the bath, returned and stood a few feet away, watching the barely awake man.

"Baby, you want help into the bath?" Ethan nudged kittenpup.

Christian sniffled. "Please."

Ethan nodded. "I can't lift you so Jarek's going to scoop you up, okay? He's strong, you let him do the work." He stroked Christian's head, deep auburn hair sliding between his fingertips like silk.

"M'kay."

Jarek did exactly as Ethan described and then deposited the near-sleeping man, sheet and all, into the tub. Ethan petted his head one last time, turned away, and was brought up short by Christian's grasp. "Stay? Please?"

Ethan sat on the edge of the tub. "Okay, but Jarek has to fix the doors he broke. Dork doesn't know how strong he is when he's all growly."

That comment earned him a small smile and Ethan knew it would all be okay ... eventually.

Chapter Three

Kittenpup had invited them out to dinner. Dinner. With his second mate who smelled like sweet rain. A scent that tickled his whole body and stirred his wolf. Jarek had felt genuinely sorry for the mess he'd made of Christian's apartment, but before the man had even emerged from his bath, he'd had the place put back to rights. The doors had been replaced thanks to Mac at the hardware store down the street, and he'd picked up the pieces and finished the job with the vacuum. All in all, the apartment looked exactly the same as it had before Jarek had gone protectionary wolf on the place.

Esther. The bitch. Half the town couldn't stand her, but Jacinda declared that just because the woman was a ghost, she had just as much a right to be there as any of them. Anyone who exorcised her spirit would be punished as if they'd murdered the woman, so everyone avoided the ghost instead. The temptation to send the bitch to hell was too great.

He sighed. Nothing he could do about it and thinking of the woman was just making his blood hot and pissing his wolf off. Better to think of happier things. Like Christian. And Ethan. Christian and Ethan together. Jarek smiled and straightened his shirt, tucking the ends into his leather pants, making sure he looked as good as possible.

"Oh, yum."

Mission accomplished. "You like?"

"Do we really have to go? We could stay home and fuck like bunnies. No, you eat bunnies. How about puppies? No, that's pedophilia behavior... We could have growly wolfy sexy. You like growly wolfy sex and I come so hard and I'd pop so fast, but I have good recovery, don't I? How about that?"

Jarek laughed out loud and turned away from the mirror. "And what about Christian? Hmmm?"

"Oh! He can come too! And we'll have kittenpup sexin' with growly wolf love. And me! Puppy, kittenpup growly wolf sex. Yay!"

He shook his head. His lover had a one-track mind at times. He scooped Ethan into his arms, heedless of his shirt, and plopped down on the bed, arms full of squirmy Labrador shifter. "Ethan..." His lover opened his mouth to speak and Jarek narrowed his eyes. Ethan closed his mouth with a snap. "We know, you in particular, that Christian's been through something ... horrible lately." Something so horrible, Jarek still wished he could hunt down the men who would abuse such a sweet soul.

Ethan sighed and nodded. "I know. Just want him with us, yeah? Forever and ever, amen."

Jarek nodded and pressed a soft kiss to his lover's temple, inhaling the sweet scent that he loved, and imagined being surrounded by the smell that

drove him wild. "I know, baby, I know. Soon, yeah? Let's just take it slow, let him get used to us. Learn that we won't hurt him. Already did that with Esther. Now we need to show him we care and that we'd never do anything he didn't want."

Ethan's lower lip pushed forward into his puppy dog pout. "Fine."

Jarek nudged him off his lap and then patted Ethan's ass. "Come on, pup, we've got a man waiting for us." He winked at Ethan to lighten the sting a little and walked toward the door, sure his pup would follow him.

Jarek and Ethan held hands as they ambled down the street toward the restaurant. Lunch and dinner were served all day with a DJ and dancing that started at nine. Christian may have chosen the restaurant, but Jarek chose the time of their dinner. Eight o'clock. Not too late, but late enough that they'd be around when the DJ started spinning, and maybe he could convince his two boys to put on a show for him. Of course, he wasn't about to tell either of them. Pup liked to dance, and Jarek just hoped Christian would humor the little man.

Once at the restaurant, he held the door open for Ethan and then had to jog to catch up to the pup. Apparently he'd caught sight of Christian, and Jarek watched him make a beeline for the man sitting by himself at a table along the dance floor.

By the time he got there, he caught Ethan mid-beg. "...please, please, please. Jarek won't dance with me and you're so cute and we could have fun... I'd even behave myself! Not touching below the hips. Of course, your hips look really low." Ethan waggled his eyebrows, and Jarek barked a laugh.

"Easy, pup. Lay off the pressuring and let him make his own choice." He pulled Ethan's chair away from the table and gestured for the man to take his seat. "Now, sit, and let's have dinner before you revisit the dancing."

Of course, Ethan pouted. The difference this time was the laughter that usually accompanied that lower lip came from Christian and not Jarek. *Good*. It seemed that they were loosening the frightened man up.

"Did someone say dancing?" Jarek smiled at Jacinda's appearance. Her presence would definitely put Christian at ease. The woman couldn't help but calm and assure those around her. "Do we get the pleasure of all three of you dancing together?" Her smile grew and Jarek enjoyed watching a blush rise to Christian's ears.

"If we can convince Christian here to indulge Ethan and me, you just might," he replied.

Now she shifted her sights onto Christian. "Well, Christian, what'll it take? I'm in the mood to watch these two share their love with you in between. I'll vouch for these two. Ethan works for me and the big guy is actually a teacher at the high school. You won't find two better men to take care of you ... and more." He saw Jacinda wink at Christian and the poor man's face burned brighter.

"All right, Jacey," Ethan chided. Funny, since the man was constantly talking about sex and Jarek and Christian.

"We'll see," Christian murmured, and Jarek took that as a yes, his wolf dancing and yipping at the idea of touching this man with Ethan by his side.

Dinner passed by in a blur of conversation, laughs and smiles. Christian seemed comfortable, sharing tidbits of his childhood and life. Ethan even managed to behave himself ... until the music started.

"Please? Please, please, please?" He practically bounced in his chair, and Jarek knew if he was left to his own devices much longer, he would be out there on his own. Dangerous thing for his little man to dance with someone other than him or Christian. Dangerous to the other man at least. Wolf *hated* sharing with a passion that bordered on homicidal. Not a good idea to tear someone to shreds in front of the town matriarch, regardless of the fact that Jarek would feel justified.

"Ethan." He used his warning tone.

"Aw, Jarek," Ethan whined.

"It's okay. I'd..." Christian swallowed, and Jarek watched his Adam's apple travel up and down his throat. "I'd like to dance. I--I don't think I can... Not with both..."

Jarek understood and couldn't imagine a more erotic sight than watching his pup and kittenpup dancing together. "That sounds like a wonderful idea. Ethan, baby, go have some fun with our Christian."

Christian's eyes widened at the "our" part of his statement, but he didn't say a word. Instead, he allowed himself to be led out onto the dance floor by Ethan.

The beat pounded through the restaurant-turned-club. Couples of every mix crowded the dance floor. Mixed shifters, powerless witches and fangy Fae mixed and mingled, bodies turning and twisting and twining to the bass rhythm of the music. The DJ, a wolf with a hint of hyena, spun his beats, making sure bodies rubbed and skimmed each other to his sounds.

Ethan, always the exhibitionist, chose a spot directly in front of Jarek, nudging others aside so that he and Christian made a small hole in the wall of bodies. Jarek watched, intent on his two boys.

Pup initiated contact, hands reaching and petting and stroking. He saw Christian tense, but when Ethan's hands strayed no higher than his elbows, he relaxed and shifted closer to his small man.

The two of them moved together, hips rolling to the beat. Ethan slipped his hands around Christian's waist, tugging the man closer, and Jarek's prick twitched, taking notice at how beautiful the two of them looked together.

Christian, with his stockier build, all muscle and man, writhed with Ethan and his slim body. Angel and devil grinding together, eyes closed, moving to the beats, losing control of their bodies and letting the music take them.

Jarek's dick hardened in his slacks, his cock pulsing in time with the slow grind his boys adopted. He rubbed a hand over the bulge in his pants, stroking his erection through the cloth, groaning with the rough sensation.

Hands were sliding and shifting along arms and over shoulders. Jarek was surprised to see Ethan lean forward, cheek to cheek, and slip his hands into Christian's hair. The man didn't seem to mind, his own hands were resting at the top of Ethan's ass. They seemed oblivious to their surroundings, bodies and minds only caring for one another.

A large bear shifter approached Christian from behind and Jarek acted without thought. He saw the intent on the other man's face and the wolf leapt to action, leaving the human floundering to catch up. He reached his writhing boys and pressed his front to Christian's back and stared down the approaching suitor.

"Mine." He wrapped his arm around Christian's waist and tugged on Ethan's pants. He raised his voice when the bear didn't back down. "Mine!"

The bear backed away, and Jarek looked down into two faces with two completely different expressions. Ethan wore his typical exasperated look, eyes rolling and goofy grin on his face, while Christian seemed more ... thoughtful. "You two okay?"

"Duh, growly. Since you're here, you're dancing. We'll make a Christian sandwich." Ethan smiled, hips moving, forcing Christian to shift and grind along with him.

Jarek caught the beat and ground his erection against the man's back. Christian had to find out sooner or later that Jarek was attracted to him, and he imagined that Ethan was just as hard as he was.

Christian looked over his shoulder, a small smile teasing his lips. Jarek leaned down and inhaled the scent of sweaty sweet rain and nibbled Christian's earlobe. He felt more than heard Christian's deep moan, and Jarek had only one thing to say to his boy. "Mine."

* * *

Hunting.

Following.

Watching.

Waiting.

The prey that got away.

It had danced with others. His, yet it didn't act like his. And another had approached, trying to claim his prize.

He needed to hurt, to claim. Too many surrounded his prey as he left the club, but the other ... the other would do well for the night. The bear. He hadn't had bear between his teeth, on the end of his cock, in a long time. Too long. Not his intended prey, but good enough for the evening.

The bear eventually left, slipping through the back door. Perfect. A perfect place to start ... but not end. No, he knew where the night ended. His real prey would see and learn the consequences of leaving him before he was done.

He wandered through the club, shifting bodies with waves of power as he saw fit, following the bear's path. Outside, he followed the scent, deeper and deeper into the darkness.

"You're not my usual type, but I'll give it to you anyway." A deep rumbling voice. Probably thought it was intimidating. The bear didn't know there were worse things hiding in the darkness ... him.

"Will you?" he purred enticingly.

The bear came forward into the dim light, wicked long teeth glinting. His own were longer, meaner, stronger. "I will," the bear boasted. Empty boast, or would be, soon enough.

"Your name, lover?" He inched closer to his prey.

"Aaron."

Weak name. "Aaron. Well, Aaron..." HHe reached forward, tracing the line of Aaron's jaw, fingers playing over the five o'clock shadow, down to the beast's neck, pulse beating beneath his fingertips. "How about I give it to you?" He sank his fingers through the flesh, splitting the skin as if it were the thin membrane of a peach. Deeper and deeper his nails plunged until he fisted the man's larynx. He crushed it with a simple flex and then slipped his hand free of the gore, the bear's neck healing and mending as he retreated. Now, the new prey couldn't scream.

The gasping bear stared at him, eyes wide, hands clawing at his throat, barely audible gasps coming from his mouth. He'd have liked to have left the bear with his voice, but he couldn't risk the noise. Not yet.

"Come, *lover*. We have some work to do this evening." He pushed a wave of power at the bear and it immediately fell into step behind him, controlled by him.

It didn't take long to reach Christian's home, the home of his true prey, where he'd leave his message. He placed his palms on the front door, his power searching and prodding within, hunting for any magic that seeped and slept within the walls. Finding nothing, he opened the door with a wave of his hand and entered the small place.

The living room would do best, plenty of wall space and material possessions to ruin with his gift. He turned to his bear and gestured to the floor. "Lie down, Aaron. We have some work to do."

Wide eyes met his and he smiled, showing the razor-sharp teeth that frightened so many before him. Again he regretted crushing the bear's voice, anxious to hear the coming screams and pleas, but it had to be done.

The bear did as instructed, muscles and veins bulging, showing him how Aaron resisted, but could only comply.

Nails honed to razor-sharp claws sliced through clothing easily enough. He wanted skin and blood, fear-tinted and glorious. With the bear nude, he examined his prey. Thick muscle, dense bone. Big and strong and perfect for his nighttime treat. He didn't care for the black hair and dark eyes, but the amount of flesh made up for the fact this one didn't look like his true prey.

Where to start?

He pierced the skin just below the throat and drew a thin line from neck to pubis, just deep enough to slit the skin but leave organs intact. He had a plan for those. The bear arched and gasped.

"Don't. Move." He pushed more power, held the bear down with his will, and it settled. "Good boy."

Another cut, from one side of the rib cage to the other. A nice cross on his lovely project for the evening. He willed the skin to release the flesh and flipped the flaps back, exposing the organs beneath.

"Ah, where to begin." He left the ribs for now, didn't feel like dealing with bone. "You know, you're not as pretty as Prey, but you *will* decorate his home quite nicely, I think."

Chapter Four

Christian woke up with a raging hard-on and memories of dancing fresh in his mind. That, and a hangover that wouldn't quit. He also woke to find a dead man in his living room. No, not just dead, he was dismembered and half-eaten. How the fuck had he slept through *that*? It had to be some sort of message. *I can get closer... I can get you...*

He swallowed against the rising bile and covered his nose and mouth to block the tangy, coppery scent of blood. Wolf wanted to finish what another had started, wanted to taste the sweetness of the body before him. Christian thought he'd puke if wolf got his way.

The man ... at least he thought it was a man (would have been a mighty big woman if not) was scattered all over the living room. Pieces littered the floor and couch. He followed a trail of blood and stared at the message on the wall, written in blood, and just for Christian's eyes.

Found you.

He shook. From head to toe and back again his body shook, bile rising and succeeding this time around. He heaved onto the floor, remnants of last night's dinner and drinks splattering and coating the blood in vomit. Again and again, his stomach attempted to empty itself all over the carpeted floor, and Christian readily complied.

Found you.

The words mocked him.

A soft hand stroked his bare back, soothing shushing sounds filled his mind, calming him. He coughed and sputtered, spitting the last of the bile out onto the ground and came back to himself. He wiped away the tears, forcing his body to relax. He could survive this. Maybe not again, but he'd prepare himself this time.

Found you.

"Shh... It's okay, I've got you." Sweet and light, filled with heaven and air. Could only be Jacinda. He hadn't heard the door open, but he didn't know the extent of Fae powers either.

"I--"

"I know. This wasn't you or yours. I need you to calm down so you can leave, though. I'll begin my search with Mrs. Hennessy, but no one must be in the building," she warned, her voice serious, and he didn't question her decree.

Christian straightened and nodded, regretting the movement the second he stopped. "O-okay."

"Go rinse your mouth and then leave."

Leave? But he was only wearing boxers! "Can I get dre--"

"Leave." She brooked no argument. "Jarek and Ethan are waiting for you at the bottom of the stairs, and it's taking a hell of a lot of my energy to keep them there. Go to them. Let them see that you're okay and then let them take care of you. I'll find this madman." Jacinda's glowing violet eyes pierced his. "And then I will kill him."

Christian didn't hesitate. He did as she asked, rinsing his mouth with mouthwash and then heading for the door, keeping his eyes averted. He'd seen it once. Didn't need to see it again. He dashed down the back steps toward the men who waited for him. His ... he didn't know. They weren't friends, exactly, but he didn't know if he could give them much more.

At the bottom of the stairs, where there was usually an open doorway, there was a brick wall. Thumps and snarls vibrated through the baked clay, followed by what could only be Ethan's yelling. Great, he had a growly full wolf and an excited Labrador to calm.

Christian glanced back up the stairwell. "You sure I should go with them? They seem awfully ... agitated." Agitated. Right.

She nodded and the brick wall disappeared, but some of her magic had to have remained behind because Jarek still couldn't get to him.

"Calm down, big boy. He's coming out," Jacinda called, and both men immediately retreated.

Christian could feel the electric tingles of Jacinda's magic as she recalled the barrier, and knew the moment he could step forward into Jarek and Ethan's waiting arms. Jarek caught him first.

The big man hugged the breath out of him, face buried in his neck, tongue lapping his skin, and he felt his prick twitch in response. Ethan's lithe body pressed against him from behind, his face going to the opposite side of Christian's neck, repeating the gesture. His body was full of growly, licking, sniffing male, and regardless of how powerless he probably was in the situation, he loved every moment.

Minutes later, Ethan released him and yanked on Jarek to do the same. "Let go, big guy. Gotta feed and clothe kittenpup and then take him home." He pulled on Jarek's left arm, and Christian immediately missed the touch. Of course, Jarek still held him fast with his right.

"Jarek," Ethan warned. "I'll bite you in a not nice way..."

"Mine. Both mine," Jarek replied, tugging Ethan into his arms. "Sweet rain, mine."

Ethan glanced at Christian, a rueful smile in place. "He'll get over it soon. You should have seen him the day I fell off my motorcycle. Don't think he let me go for *days*."

Christian didn't think he could do this for days. As safe as he felt with these two, though, hours didn't seem too bad. Maybe *a* day.

"Watch this," Ethan whispered. "Jarek! If you don't put us down right now, no snuggles *or* kisses forever!"

Before Ethan even finished the last half of the word "forever", they were dropped on their asses in the middle of the sidewalk. Christian watched as the growly wolf slowly shifted and turned from half-man to all man before his eyes. The power, the control, it was something he envied and hoped to emulate one day.

Human again, Jarek offered his hands, no claws in sight, to help them from the ground, a light blush staining his cheeks. "Sorry. Was worried, yeah? And then she wouldn't let us in. All I could do was smell the blood and I didn't know if it was someone else's or ... yours."

Something clicked inside Christian. In that moment, it became clear... "You really care."

Jarek and Ethan both stared at him, mouths hanging open, eyes wide. "Of course we care," the big man assured him.

"Duh." Ethan had a way with words. "This isn't a game for us. Jarek doesn't go protective for anyone else but me. And now you." Ethan stroked his cheek and he leaned into the touch, cat liking the attention. "This is more than landlords or friends, kittenpup. We want you to be ours. Already decided, you just have to agree."

"I--" The words froze in his throat. He what? He didn't know. Couldn't decide, couldn't even think. A dead man and a new life within moments of each other. An ending and a new beginning.

"Ethan, let's take him for clothes and breakfast and then home. We can finish this conversation there." Jarek pressed a kiss to Ethan's temple and then scooped Christian into his arms. "No shoes. She threw you out without shoes or a shirt." Jarek growled. "Clothes first."

Jarek stomped across the parking lot and deposited him into the back seat of their SUV. Ethan climbed into the front and away they went. First stop was the general store for a few basics.

The SUV whipped into a parking space and both he and Ethan jumped from the vehicle, scrambling toward the store hand in hand, ignoring Jarek's curses behind them. Once in the store, they slowed to a walk, allowing the big guy to catch up.

"Couldn't let me carry you, could you?"

Christian twined his fingers with Jarek's. "Nope. I'm a big boy. I can suffer through stepping on a couple of rocks to save some pride." He winked to take the sting out of his words.

Before Jarek could reply, Ethan was shoving a T-shirt over Christian's head. A shirt that felt two sizes too small.

"Damn, still too big. Take it off. Gimme. Wanna show muscles and yummys." Ethan reached for the shirt. "Gimme, gimme, gimme."

He just laughed and held on to the garment. At least he was mostly clothed now. "Forget it, pup. Keeping it. Now, let's get some shoes and figure out where I'm staying for ... well, forever, since I'm not going back to that apartment. Sorry, guys. You'll have to find a new tenant."

Jarek, of course, growled. Christian wondered if that was his stock response to just about everything.

"We talked about this, kittenpup. You're coming to live with me and Jarek. We live in the burbs. Nothing fancy, but we back up to a decent-sized bit of forest for jogs on two legs or four." Ethan kept talking about the amenities at their home and Christian couldn't get past one aspect of his babbling. They wanted him to live with *them*.

"No, we talked about *talking about* there being an 'us', we didn't talk about me moving in with you guys and--" he was hyperventilating--in the middle of the general store. Perfect.

"Hey, hey." No growls. Good. "You need somewhere safe and there's nowhere safer than with me and Ethan. That's it. We take things just as slow as before and we'll talk about things when you're ready. Breathe, baby, breathe."

Christian focused on the sound of Jarek's voice, on his words, and willed his rebelling body to calm. The cat was content to follow the deep baritone and bouncy puppy to the ends of the earth, but the wolf still had some reservations. It remembered all too well what it had woken to the last time cat got its way. All. Too. Well.

Ethan poked him. "No long faces today. Happy ones. Bad things happened at the apartment, but Mrs. Hennessey will get it all cleansed with Jacinda and she'll figure out who did what and then we can still work there, but we'll live at home. Our home. And we'll have kitten/puppy/wolfy sex. But when you're ready. Only, I hope you're ready soon because I'd really like some--"

Jarek covered Ethan's mouth with his hand. "What he means is it'll all be okay, right pup?" Ethan nodded, mouth still covered. "I'm going to uncover your mouth and you're going to shush before you scare kittenpup away, got it?" Ethan rolled his eyes, but nodded again. "Good."

--kitten/puppy/wolfy love!" Ethan yelled and dashed out of the general store, heading straight for the SUV, and Christian couldn't do anything but laugh.

"Relax, Jarek." He slipped his arm around the wolf's waist. "I'm not going to get scared away as long as you two don't mind waiting around for me."

Christian gazed into Jarek's suddenly serious eyes. "We'll wait forever and a day. Though, I can't vouch that Ethan will wait silently." Jarek winked, and Christian felt a blush rise in his cheeks when he thought of exactly what Ethan would be talking about.

He had to admit, he looked forward to some kitten/puppy/wolfy love too. Especially if it really were love and not just attraction. The cat wanted to lick them both from head to toe and the wolf wouldn't mind sniffing and rolling around with both Ethan and Jarek. As animals.

The human side of Christian was still wary, waiting for the other shoe to drop. Anxious to see if they'd prove to be like the others, taking what they

wanted. Hurting and bruising and bleeding him until tears ran dry. It'd taken too long to recover and heal from his last mistake to make another so quickly. With the chaste kisses he received the night before and Jacinda's assurances, he'd stay with them, but intimacy would have to wait. A while.

Because someone had found him and he didn't want to know who.

* * *

The fairy bitch banished Prey from his message. She'd get hers just as soon as he got Prey back. It'd been too long since he'd had that much fun. Too. Damned. Long. The bear hadn't sated his appetite for flesh and blood. He needed more terror, more flesh. Just more.

Chapter Five

The house was gorgeous. A sprawling ranch-style home with rooms aplenty and the forestland as promised. The decor was understated, masculine, with clean lines. Clutter was non-existent, but Christian imagined it was because less clutter meant easy cleaning as opposed to an actual design decision.

Ethan dragged him through the house, mouth running a mile a minute. "And that's the kitchen. Do you cook? Jarek doesn't and I can only make eggs. It's okay if you can't cook, we'll keep you anyway--"

"Ethan!"

"Wha-at?" he whined.

"Chill out with that, pup," Jarek warned, and Ethan pouted.

"Fine." Ethan began moving again, and Christian hurried to keep up, laughing and smiling at the smaller man's antics. "And this is a bedroom." He opened a door. "And another, and another, and ano--no, this is the office. Lots of bedrooms, one office. I work from home sometimes, reading applications. Lots of reading. I read about you, not all of it, but enough." The man gave him a hug. "We won't let anything happen to you. Cares about you. Come on. Got one more room..." They bolted down the hallway, and Ethan opened the last door. "Ta da! The *master* bedroom. Big enough bed for three and a big whirlpool tub and a big shower and a big *everything*. Wanna see?" Ethan waggled his eyebrows. Sometimes, the man was so audacious, you couldn't take him seriously.

Christian leaned forward, brushed a kiss across Ethan's lips and then whispered, "Not quite yet."

Ethan sniffled. "Fine. Be that way." He sighed. "Let me show you your room then."

"Pup." He tugged on Ethan's arm. "Not ever, just not yet."

"I get it, yeah? Just ... you smell like sweet rain, like me. Means we match, and once you shift and sniff each other's butts, which I don't get by the way, you'll know that you and Jarek match too. Just want to be together. Want to really match."

Christian pulled Ethan to him for a hug. "I know, pup, I know. Just hard for me." He inhaled Ethan's scent, rolling the smell around on his tongue, and his wolf perked up taking notice of the sweet rain and wanting more. Not resisting his wolf's desires, he licked the spot where Ethan's neck and shoulder met, sweetness bursting on his tongue. Ethan shuddered and moaned against him, his prick hardening against Christian's hip. Slowly, he released the smaller man.

"Tease."

He stroked Ethan's face. "Sorry."

"I'm not. Come on, let's get you settled. It'll be bedtime soon. We'll put you in the room next to ours. Just in case you have bad dreams or something."

"Right. Or something." Christian chuckled and followed Ethan to the bedroom.

The energetic man popped a kiss on Christian's mouth and dashed down the hallway yelling for Jarek. "Wolfy! Time for bed!"

"It's too early," he heard Jarek reply.

"Who said anything about sleep?" Ethan's seductive laugh echoed through the house, and Christian closed the bedroom door. It was going to be a long night.

* * *

Ethan skipped through the house toward the living room, searching and hunting his wolf. Nose on the trail, he found Jarek in the kitchen, munching on leftovers. His lover put the food aside and held out his arms. Ethan didn't hesitate; he ran toward Jarek and jumped into his arms, wrapping his legs around the other man's waist. Their lips clashed in a rough kiss, tongues dueling and teeth nipping.

Ethan broke the kiss. "Need you. Need you bad."

Jarek wrapped his arms around him and grabbed his ass, rocking their pelvises together. Ethan rubbed his hard prick against his lover's matching erection, stroking him through the rough cloth of their jeans.

He shuddered and shook while Jarek controlled the rocking motion of their hips, friction pushing and pulling his pleasure along. The larger man bit and nibbled Ethan's neck and shoulder, licking and sucking on the mating mark that seemed directly connected to Ethan's cock. With every pull and suck, his cock twitched and filled impossibly more.

The tingles and shocks of pleasure danced through Ethan, tugging him closer to his peak. The edge neared, drawing closer with each breath, each panting, moaning breath. "Fuck, gonna pop. Gonna come for you, come in my jeans. So hot..." Ethan gasped, cock pulsing, body tensing. "Gonna..."

Jarek bit his shoulder, renewing the mark that bound them together, renewing the love they shared. Ethan howled, muscles contracting and tightening with every breath--and he came, screaming and barking Jarek's name. Cum spurted inside his jeans, dampening the cotton cloth, and still Jarek rocked their hips together, his rock-hard prick rubbing against Ethan's softening dick.

"Not done yet," Jarek growled. "Not by a long shot."

* * *

Jarek loved the whimpering ball of satiated Labrador in his arms. Loved him more than life itself. He carried his bundle of man through the house, pausing outside Christian's door for a moment. He wished... He wished the wary were would come to care for them. Come to want them as much as they wanted him.

"Miss him already," his pup whispered and then moaned when he tightened his hold on the small man.

He brushed a kiss across his lover's temple. "I know, pup, I know. We'll have him when he's ready. Not before." He hefted Ethan higher on his hips. "Now, come on, I'm not done with you yet."

That perked Ethan right up. "No? Yay! What do I get? Fuck me? Want me to suck you? I popped quick, but want it up again for you. Want you. Want you to fu--"

He kissed him to shut him up. "I know what you want."

"Whatever you want."

Imp. "Exactly."

Jarek made quick work of the hallway, kicking the bedroom door shut behind him the moment he crossed the threshold. In two steps he was by the bed, and he dropped Ethan onto the mattress, following him down until they were a tangle of arms and legs.

Hands and fingers fought with the clothing they wore, pulling and tugging at the buttons, snaps and zippers. Naked. Skin. They needed to reconnect, assure themselves the love they had would remain, would stay strong, with or without Christian. Because Jarek wasn't too sure they'd have their kittenpup...

Jarek licked and bit Ethan's skin as more and more was revealed. He nibbled nipples, clamped down on the skin of his waist, and licked the sweet indentations around his lover's hips. He buried his nose in Ethan's curls, inhaling the heavy musk of his lover's scent, the sweet rain growing deeper, stronger.

"Jarek," his lover whined.

Jarek laved the base of Ethan's cock, taking his time bathing the erection with his tongue. The prick hardened and filled under his ministrations, showing him just how aroused Ethan was by his attention. Hardened and leaking pre-cum, Jarek decided he--and Ethan--had suffered enough teasing.

His own dick pulsed and throbbed in response to his lover's taste, the feel of Ethan's skin beneath his tongue, between his teeth. The wolf wanted to lay claim to the pup, make sure one and all knew he belonged to him and only him.

"Please? Please, please, please..." Ethan begged, and Jarek was inclined to grant his lover pleasure.

"Stuff, baby?" He straightened from his position on the bed and allowed Ethan to move. The small man scrambled toward the nightstand, cock bobbing with every shift of his body. With Ethan's ass in the air as he

searched, Jarek hardened further, anxious to be inside his lover--heat surrounding him, milking him.

Paying more attention to his lover's assets than his lover's actions earned Jarek a bottle of lube to the head. The plastic bottle collided with his head with a thump and then dropped to the sheets. "Ethan!"

"Pay attention to something other than my ass!" He wiggled the butt in question and Jarek moaned.

Before the smaller man could move, he pounced on Ethan, pinning him to the mattress with his body. "What's that?" He growled low and deep, knowing what the vibrations did for both of them.

"Nothing. Fuck me. Love me."

Jarek leaned back and snatched the lube from the middle of the bed. With quick, efficient movements he coated his fingers in the smooth viscous fluid. He circled Ethan's hole, petting and stroking and preparing the sensitive, tender skin for his entrance.

"Stop teasing!" Ethan rocked his hips back, and Jarek chuckled.

"Easy, pup." Without waiting another moment, Jarek lined the head of his cock up with Ethan's hole. Ethan didn't need any additional encouragement. He rocked back, baring down to accept Jarek. White-hot heat enveloped his cock, pulling and pushing at the same time. He could feel each and every ripple of Ethan's passage, the sweet sensations pushing his pleasure higher.

Ethan didn't relent until Jarek's balls rested against the smaller man's, creating the perfect connection between them. He massaged Ethan's ass, squeezing the globes of his butt and kneading the tender flesh, loving the smooth skin beneath his palms.

Ethan whimpered and Jarek decided the man had suffered enough teasing. He gripped the other man's hips, holding him steady while he withdrew. Ethan's passage tightened and pulsed around his prick as if demanding his release. Jarek wouldn't give it up yet.

With patience, he pushed forward, filling his lover once again, savoring the tightness of the pup's ass. He repeated the process, retreat and thrust, thrust and retreat. Ethan clenched and rippled around him, the scorching heat of his body burning through Jarek with each thrust. He continued, urged on by Ethan's cries and begging. "Please", "more" and "now" echoed around the room, and Jarek smiled, pleased he could illicit such a response from the man after so many years.

Jarek needed to come, was dying to come, but he wouldn't go alone. The tingles that started in his toes were working their way up his body, dancing and playing with his nerves with every passing second. The electric pleasure of his orgasm settled in his lower back and wrapped around his abdomen to settle on his balls. The sweet torture of pre-release danced within.

"Gonna, baby." So close. So close and so far. He increased his pace, fucking and loving his boy with everything he had and then some. More and more he gave and more and more he received from Ethan in return.

"Please." His lover begged, and Jarek was only too happy to please his sweet man. He reached around Ethan's waist and encircled his engorged cock with his hand.

"Yes," Ethan hissed. "More."

Jarek tugged and stroked Ethan's cock in time with his thrusts. In and out and in and out, he loved his boy like it was the first time or the last time.

"Come with me, baby. Come on my cock." He felt the ripples before Ethan said a word, the rhythmic clench and release yanked his orgasm forward, forcing him to do nothing but give up control to his mating instinct. His seed pulsed and shot from the tip of his cock into Ethan, and while coming, he heard his lover's answering shout. Before the last waves of his orgasm receded, Jarek leaned forward and bit down on Ethan's shoulder, drawing the sweet rain-tinted blood into his mouth, reaffirming the bond they shared.

The love remained, but the bond felt different--off, somehow. As if something were missing.

* * *

Christian should just hang himself. Or run into the woods as wolf and hide. No way could he go through another night like this again. The sounds and scents overpowered the entire house so much that nothing could drown them out. He was surrounded by the scent of their sex, their love. He wondered if they truly meant what they'd said. Their loving seemed so perfect. How could he become a part of that? More importantly, did he want to risk destroying what they shared?

* * *

Found.

Found.

Found.

She hid him and then he was found.

He crept through the brush and trees surrounding the house, hunting and searching. It didn't take him long to find what he sought. A plump, fresh rabbit. He could sense the man within, the terror at being caught. Yes, this would do nicely until he could have his true prey back in his arms again.

Chapter Six

Waking up to dead things was getting old. Fast.

Christian had woken to the clink and clatter of dishes in the kitchen, and Ethan's soft melodious voice carrying through the house. He snuggled deeper into the plentiful blankets and pillows, imagining that instead of sheets, he was surrounded by Jarek and Ethan, that their bodies were keeping him warm, not the duvet.

With a groan, he rolled from the bed and stumbled toward the door. If he remembered correctly, there was a bathroom just across the hall. Bleary-eyed, he shuffled across the cool, hard wood floor until his toes touched ice-cold tile. Grimacing, he fumbled for the light switch and winced against the bright light. He didn't dare look in the mirror this early and instead padded to the toilet. Of course, his prick was too hard with morning wood and desire for the other two men in the house for him to handle his business.

Baseball.

Football.

And his erection didn't flag.

Women, for the love of God, I'm desperate. Women!

Finally his dick softened, blood retreating back into his body. He relieved himself, flushed the toilet and wove toward the sink. A quick splash of cold water on his face woke him right up.

Done with the bathroom, he navigated through the house, searching for the source of the sweet song filling his ears. At the edge of the kitchen, two heads turned to look at him.

"Morning, gorgeous!" Ethan bounded across the room and planted a quick kiss on his lips, and he was tempted to pull the lithe man back and give him a kiss to remember.

"Hey, kittenpup, sleep well?" Jarek winked at him.

The bastard. He knew just how much Christian had heard the night before. "Like an exhausted puppy, actually." He grinned and winked back.

"Newspaper! Christian, will you snag the newspaper? Gotta have bacon and eggs and the paper. Makes breakfast, breakfast." Ethan started dancing to his own song. "Bacon, eggs, paper, ha! Bacon, eggs, paper, ho!"

Stifling a laugh, Christian said, "Yeah, pup. I'll grab the paper, but only because you didn't ask me to fetch."

"Bacon, eggs, pa--We're gonna play fetch? Yay! Bacon, eggs, paper, ha!"

Ethan's song faded while Christian padded through the sprawling home. He took a wrong turn here and there, but eventually found the living room

and subsequently the front door. Christian opened the door and bent for the paper, only to find a dismembered rabbit instead.

He gasped, gorge rising with every step he took away from the dead body. "Jarek," he yelled for the larger man, but it came out barely a whisper. He stared, transfixed by the scene before him. Entrails, fur and flesh littered the front step. It was then he recognized the pattern in the blood and gore. A pattern he'd seen so recently that his body chilled to the bone.

Found you.

He'd found him. Again.

"Jarek!" It wasn't a whisper this time.

Feet pounding, stomping through the house, filled the silence. Not even Christian's breath made a sound. Growls and snarls grew louder with each passing second until fur-covered arms wrapped around him, hauling him away from the doorway.

In a flash, Jacinda appeared before them, hand outstretched. "Stop."

One word and it froze them all in an instant. Christian didn't dare move, didn't *want* to move, and in truth, he wasn't sure if he was physically capable of going against the fairy's order.

Jacinda, in a billowy white gown of chiffon and lace, approached Jarek, eyes locked on the larger man's. "You will calm. You will shift. You will not speak."

She took a step back, and Christian watched in wonder as Jarek did exactly as ordered. The fur and claws receded, leaving pink skin and human nails behind. His extended snout broke and shifted back to a human mouth until all traces of wolf were gone and replaced with the face Christian had grown to love. Love? No, now wasn't the time to think of such things...

"Calm?" she queried, and Jarek nodded, a barely perceptible movement of his head. "Good." She nodded. "You can all take a seat on the couch then."

It felt... In all honesty it felt as if sitting on the couch hadn't been Jacinda's idea, but his own. As if her very suggestion overpowered every thought within his mind.

As one, they moved to the living room and sat on the sofa at attention, Ethan and Jarek on either side of him, backs straight and eyes forward. Christian tried to break her hold and received a jolt of electric pain along his spine.

"Stupid cat, dog, whatever." Jacinda waved toward the three of them, and they slumped against the couch, breaths escaping in a rush. "Sorry. I forget that particular trick is very persistent." Jacinda took a seat on the coffee table across from Christian. "So tell me, new one... Why did a Gajii follow you here to Strange Hollow, and more importantly..." Her eyes flashed a dangerous white-violet. "Why did you not tell me?"

Christian shook his head, unbelieving. "A Gajii?" He whispered only because his voice had left him.

"You're trying to tell me you didn't know?"

He licked his lips, memories flashing and flaring to life within his mind. Memories best forgotten. A Gajii? Here? In Strange Hollow? And it'd followed *him*? "Never..." He swallowed the fear in his throat. "I would never have brought that here."

Violet bore into him, searching and seething. "I have lost two now, mixed breed. You will tell me what you know. I won't lose another soul because of your shame. Do you hear me?"

His mouth was dry and his mind was blank, fear driving everything from him. Not fear of the Gajii, not again. This was fear of the Fae, the power she wielded and the hatred she currently held. For him. The twisted, tormented, soulless bastard had followed him, found him, and was killing the people of Strange Hollow to get at him.

The body to his right trembled in what smelled of fear. The one on his left boiled with anger. And in between, he sat resigned. He only prayed that they remained by his side when all was said and done.

Christian opened his mouth and his shame poured from him like a river overflowing after the rain.

* * *

"Lookee what I found? A little toy for us to play with tonight, boys. A fine piece of ass, isn't he?" The wolf still didn't let go, holding Christian fast.

No, no, no, no.

The man shoved him forward and hands snatched at him. Too many to count. Fingers stroked and petted the skin of his neck, back, arms. Those pretty points that cat loved. Only cat hissed and spit at the strangers, but body... Body betrayed. The joy and hazard of being a Rag Doll. Putty in the stranger's hands, he didn't fight when they led him from the club. Didn't protest when they tossed him into the back of a black panel van.

His clothes were cut and sliced off with claws and teeth. Leather split, cotton shredded, shoes were yanked from his feet.

Those hands ... those hands pet and stroked his skin, bodies covered in stink and sweat rubbed against him. Christian swallowed against the rising bile, fighting his gorge and begging his body to fight, to live and war with these wolves.

His wolf still remained dormant, stirring and stretching while cat clawed and hissed and demanded Christian do something, anything. These weren't sweet, loving pets, they were evil and mean and controlling, dominating and hateful hurtful pulls and scratches.

"Back." Soft, quiet and growling, and all of the hands left. They didn't touch or hurt or harm any longer and Christian sobbed in relief.

Wolf, drowsy and lumbered, woke slowly with each passing breath, adrenaline driving the beast to the surface. The beast took in the scene from behind Christian's eyes and roared to life, slashing at cat as he sped through his subconscious, ready for a battle, ready to defend. Fur burst through Christian's skin, claws and teeth slamming

through flesh, splitting the soft tissue between one beat and the next. Bones cracked and snapped, ready to reform into wolf, the beast.

The body that belonged to the stranger, the speaker, the quiet voice that commanded all, lunged forward, a hand going to the back of Christian's neck, freezing him mid-shift, bones still broken. His body was a puddle of snapped bones and disjointed muscle. Blood filled his mouth, dripped from his fingertips.

"Ah, ah, half-wolf. I have better plans that don't involve fur." White eyes. Pure white with no black. A scar that jagged across his face from forehead, across his nose, to chin. Bright red and angry, and wolf wanted to renew the scar, make it deeper, take his head clean off.

Blood-tainted drool flowed from Christian's mouth and he didn't care, he hated. Oh how he hated. Pain. Agony. Hate. They swam and flowed in his blood, waiting and wanting the chance. Cat and wolf fought within while he fought without.

The van moved, lumbering and slow, bouncing over the pothole-laden road. They traveled. Seconds. Minutes. Hours. It all flowed together for Christian. The speaker's hand remained on the back of his neck, keeping him immobile while the other hands petted and stroked and pulled. They yanked on his flaccid cock, pinched and scratched his skin. Made him bleed with their nails, their teeth.

The van stopped, but they didn't. Instead, they seemed to have become more excited, anticipating ... what? His death? He only hoped so.

The speaker yanked him out the door and pain wracked him from head to toe. He wished death would come quick, soon.

"Out." The speaker, his voice soft.

The other men scattered from the space, footfalls echoing from the walls, no other sound heard. Christian stumbled, bone grinding against bone, piercing the flesh of his legs with every step. Shock, it couldn't come soon enough.

He was laid over a grimy table, dirt and scum stinging his cuts, infecting him with its poison. The body quit hurting. No more pain, just a bright white light beckoning him and he ached to follow, but didn't. He could survive this. Would survive this.

An object, the man maybe, pressed against his ass. Big, solid, blunt. He tightened against the intrusion. He wouldn't submit, wouldn't give what this evil demanded. The man pushed forward again, he tightened further. No. He couldn't voice his objection, but his body could fight in the tiniest of ways. The hand on his neck gripped harder and pulled and yanked at his skin. The speaker forced him to submit.

He opened for the evil, opened for the man, the speaker, the evil incarnate that demanded his submission and would take nothing less. He bled for the man. He cried and screamed and begged and still it wasn't enough. He suffered, was tormented and ached for death, and still he didn't suffer enough. Again and again the man came to him until he was nothing but a bag of blood and bones and hate and fear. And then ... the man left. Left him to die and he ached for it more than his next breath.

** * **

Christian didn't wait for a response, didn't wait for words or touches or the looks of revulsion sure to come. He'd survived once. He could survive again. And again. And again. He stood, heading for the door as silence stretched long and thin.

"Merrick." Christian froze mid-step and turned to face Jacinda. "His name was Merrick. And I'm going to kill him. For you ... and for them."

So, the devil had a name.

Chapter Seven

Ethan didn't hesitate, didn't glance back and ask forgiveness or excuse himself. He bolted after Christian's retreating form, stripping clothes with every step and tossing them to the ground without a care. His kittenpup, his mate, needed him.

Dogs didn't mate in the traditional sense, but Ethan couldn't think of calling the other man anything *but* mate. The bond, the connection, he felt toward Christian transcended "like" and came very, very close to "love" in his mind. In a very short time the nervous touch-wary were had weaseled his way into Ethan's heart and he didn't want the man to be anywhere else.

By the time he got to the hallway that led to Christian's room, he was on four feet instead of two. The shift flowed through him easily. Another reminder that Christian's very essence, his animal being, was in just as much pain as the man. To have a shift stopped, halted with the touch of a hand and pinch of skin, scared Ethan to his marrow.

With his change came the abilities he favored on four feet. His nose told him Christian was only steps ahead of him, his sweet rain scent permeating the air. Ethan tracked the man back to his bedroom, and found the battered man curled in a ball in the middle of the bed, shoulders shaking.

This, *this* was his reason for abandoning his lover and his ruler and coming in search of Christian. Flesh heals, the heart doesn't, and the only thing that could truly heal a bleeding heart was ... *puppies!*

Ethan yipped in welcome, waiting to be acknowledged. The moment Christian looked at him, he wagged his tail. The universal sign for everything puppy-related. He wanted snuggles and hugs and kisses and fu--Well, maybe not that last one just yet.

Christian's shudders eased, but still the man didn't recognize his presence or show any indication he wanted puppy. Too damned bad, puppy had come out to play and Ethan wasn't about to go back to being a man without some Christian-sized puppy snuggles that would make them both feel better.

He barked this time, tail wagging harder, hoping Christian would realize his enthusiasm and invite puppy Ethan up onto the bed. Christian didn't move. So, this would be a tough case. Wasn't like Ethan hadn't ever encountered someone who was puppy-resistant. This was just the first time he'd had to win over someone close to him. No bother, he was sure he was up to the challenge.

Getting a running start, Ethan slipped, skidded and slid until he was just a foot from the bed before he launched his body onto the mattress. He landed in a pile of puppy feet and legs, but the point was ... he *landed*. On the bed and

everything. Though, he was going to make a note that they needed lower beds if they were to spend time on four feet. The damned bed was high!

Christian didn't move when he landed, he remained in the center of the bed, his body curled into a tight ball. At least now the shudders had ceased, but Ethan's puppy dog ears picked up the catches in his breath and the snuffles the man tried to muffle. No hiding crying from super pup.

Ethan crouched down, his belly rubbing the rumpled sheets, and crawled toward Christian. He even whimpered for effect, making sure that both kitten and pup inside Christian knew he didn't mean any harm. An important thing for little dogs to do, especially when faced with an emotional kitten/pup/human.

Christian raised his head when Ethan whined again, eyes opening wide, and Ethan wagged his tail, his mouth dropping open in a doggy grin.

"Look at how cute you are." Christian's voice held a hint of wonder.

Ethan barked in response and inched closer, nosing Christian's arm when he'd gotten within nuzzling distance. The man responded as he'd hoped and raised his arm, opening himself up to a puppy attack.

Ethan yipped and jumped onto Christian's chest, forcing the man to lie on his back. He barked again. And again. And again. Christian did not speak puppy well. It took two more yips and a nip before he wrapped his arms around Ethan and rubbed his back, neck and ears. Ah, pets! Pets, pets, pets! Puppy Ethan, and humans, tended to love pets. Always put them both in a happy mood.

Christian seemed to be the same as others. A smile broke across his face and Ethan didn't resist the urge to lick and nibble his man's face and neck. Lick, nibble, lick, lick, lick. As a dog, he preferred licks. Liked tasting his human's skin.

"Thank you, pup. Needed that, needed you." Christian hugged him tight, and Ethan snuggled closer to his human. Puppies loved snuggles too. Christian rolled to the side and he rolled with him, landing on the soft blankets, still facing the man. "Such a good boy."

Ethan preened under the attention.

"Now you're going to spoil him." Jarek's laughter sounded from the doorway, and Ethan growled. No fair giving away his secrets.

* * *

Jarek was relieved to see his kittenpup in better spirits. He couldn't even begin to understand Christian's feelings about bringing a Gajii into Strange Hollow. Gajii were twisted, abused, rebellious, perverted, garbage Djinn. With them came death and destruction. And poor Christian had to be carrying guilt and sadness within now. "Kittenpup?"

Christian rolled over, looking at him with sad, depressed eyes. "Hmm?"

"Feel like... Can I?"

"You don't hate me?" Wonder and hopefulness filled his voice.

Jarek couldn't stand the look on his face and rushed to his side, sliding into bed beside the man. He placed his arm over Christian's waist, hugging him while pressing a kiss to his neck. "Never. Not your fault he's become obsessed with you. You couldn't have known. Now, we'll take care of you, protect you, while Jacinda finds the Gajii and rids Strange Hollow of his presence. Now, shh. Let us snuggle you for a bit."

He stroked Christian's arm, reaching over to pet his puppy, care for both his men. Jarek inhaled their scents and snuggled closer to the distraught man, hoping their presence would calm and reassure him at the same time. Internally, he was thrilled Christian let them so close after the ordeal he'd been through. Never had he imagined the atrocities Christian had lived through and recovered from. No wonder the shift was painful for him. He probably hadn't shifted since the attack. Without regular shifts, the body resists the change, hates to go from man to beast and back again.

Being so close to his loves, Jarek felt his prick fill and harden against Christian's backside. He cursed his body's reaction to the two men and changed position so his lower body wasn't in contact with Christian. Only, the man surprised him and followed his movements, pushing his ass into Jarek's erection.

"Imp."

"Miss being wanted for me. Wanted without being taken advantage of. Wanting without the fear and hate. With the caring that the two of you have ... for me." The last words were said on a whisper.

"Oh, kittenpup, we do care. We care a great deal, don't we, Ethan?" Ethan whined and yipped his agreement. "Pup, why don't you come back to us?"

Ethan growled, but did as Jarek asked, shifting, bones popping, fur receding. "No fair. I was getting sweet pets!" he exclaimed the moment he could speak.

Christian chuckled. "I'll still give you pets, Ethan. Just like before. Only these pets will be a little more perverted."

"Pervy?" Ethan waggled his eyebrows. "I can do pervy."

"Really? I hadn't noticed," Jarek quipped.

Christian reached for Ethan and kissed the pup, lips opening, tongues sliding, hand petting and stroking, and Jarek hardened further. He rocked his hips forward, testing the waters. Christian pressed back against him, breaking the kiss with a moan.

Jarek brought his lips to Christian's ear and nibbled his earlobe. "What can we do for you, baby. What do you need?"

Christian released Ethan and knotted his hand in Jarek's hair, holding him in place. "Just need to be loved. Cared for. Love me, please." Christian groaned. "But don't know if I can..."

"We'll take what we can get, lover. Won't we, Ethan?"

"We want you, kittenpup. Any way we can get you," Ethan assured.

Christian swallowed audibly. "What about ... you said you didn't share. When we met. I--I don't want to interfere with what you have, don't want to ruin your love."

Jarek sat up and glared at Ethan. "See, I told you he'd take it the wrong way, but your motormouth just couldn't keep quiet, could it?" He growled at Ethan.

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

Christian butted in. "Guys..."

He tried to get up and Jarek pushed him back down. "Just a minute, baby. We want you, but Ethan has to clarify something. Ethan, hop to it."

"Fine. But we *don't* share, kittenpup. But with you, it's not sharing. You belong to us and we belong to you. We wouldn't share with anyone, but you're not anyone. You're ours. And I want hot kitten/pup/wolfy sex. But not just for sex, but because you're ours. Wait, I said that right?"

Jarek covered Ethan's mouth. The man *was* a talker. He turned his attention to Christian. "It's not sharing, Christian, it's loving. Want you with us, in our relationship. This isn't a joke for us."

"Oh."

"Oh? That's all you've got?" Jarek sat up and started pacing.

Christian moved to follow him and wrapped his arms around Jarek's waist, gazing into his eyes. "I've got a lot going on and the least you could do is be understanding that this is a shitload to take in all at once. Give me, I don't know, two seconds to process it, idiot."

"Oooh... He called you an idiot," Ethan sing-songed, and Jarek shot him a frown. That, of course, just made the pup giggle.

"So, done processing yet? I'm impatient." Jarek hugged Christian closer. "Want you in our bed. Even if it's just to lie there, close to us. Anything is better than having you so far away."

Christian was quiet for what felt like hours, but could have been seconds. "Okay."

Jacinda broke into their conversation. "If you three are done having your Hallmark moment, I have a few more questions before I go on my hunt."

* * *

Jacinda really could ruin a moment. He'd just taken the biggest step of his life since the ... incident and *now* she had to butt in. With a sigh, Christian extricated his body from Jarek's hold and followed the fairy, ready to relive the attack over and over again if it meant no one else would be hurt.

Before leaving the room, Christian turned back to Jarek and Ethan. "I'll stay in your room as long as I have your promise. I can't... I don't know if I can..."

"You have our word, kittenpup. Whatever you need, however long you need, we won't go anywhere."

With Jarek's promise, he left the room, ready to relive his nightmare with Jacinda.

Chapter Eight

It wasn't so bad the second time. Even easier the third. By the fourth he was ready to call it a day, and the fifth time he felt beating Jacinda over the head with the lamp seemed like a kickass idea. Didn't matter that he'd never win in a battle with her, he was just tired of discussing Merrick the Gajii. He could understand the need to know her adversary as well as possible, but the emotional turmoil was beginning to drain him.

"Jacinda... I can't do this anymore."

The fairy sighed. "I know this is hard, but I must know as much about Merrick as I can. You're the first person to have been captured by him and lived long enough to escape, Christian. You've seen what he can do, what he's capable of."

Christian nodded. "I just need a few minutes alone. Let me recharge, go for a walk, something. Twenty minutes is all I need."

"Okay, but don't wander far. He's found you and he wants you. Be careful, stay alert. Call out if you even feel a hint of evil nearby. He's not subtle and he thinks he's invincible. He's preternatural, but even he can die. I will see to it," Jacinda promised, and then rose from the couch, leaving him alone in the living room.

He cradled his head in his hands, breathing deeply, savoring the mixed scents of Jarek and Ethan. He looked up and found them watching him, worried expressions on their faces. He stood and padded to them, arms open. He wrapped an arm around each man's waist and inhaled the sweet smell of their skin. He needed these two men more than he could have imagined possible. Jarek was his rock and Ethan was joy. Right now, he needed both. Walk forgotten, Christian asked for something he didn't think he'd ever want again. "Take me to bed."

"Now?" Jarek asked, sounding skeptical.

"Yes, now. She can wait, but I just want... I want to wash away the memories, replace them with something more, something better."

"Of course," Ethan piped up. "Kitten/puppy/wolfy lovin'? Yay!"

Jarek looked like he was ready spank Ethan for all he was worth, but the smaller man distracted them. Ethan grabbed their hands and dragged them toward the master bedroom. "You can come back tomorrow, Jacinda!" Ethan called over his shoulder, still dragging them behind him.

The trip to the bedroom was quick with Ethan leading the way, and the moment the small man stepped over the threshold he was whipping clothes off left and right. His finely muscled chest and abdomen made Christian's mouth water. To trace each and every muscle of his stomach, those lines at his hips seeming to point to his groin... He wanted, cock twitching.

Jarek came up behind him, arms wrapping around his waist, hands cupping his cock. "Isn't he pretty? All eager and wanting."

Christian rocked his hips forward, searching for pressure, pleasure.

Ethan caught his eye, a smile bursting across his face and a glint of mischief in his eyes. He snapped the button of his jeans, zipper descending slowly, exposing the closely cropped hair above his cock.

Jarek whispered in Christian's ear, "He's shaved everywhere else, smooth and sleek." And Christian shuddered with the thought of getting his hands, his mouth, on the pup.

Ethan turned, extending his striptease. Inch by inch he eased his pants down, exposing the sweet curve of his ass in agonizing slowness.

"He loves it when you play with his ass, stroke and kiss and fuck," Jarek murmured, his hot breath fanning Christian's face. Those hands squeezed Christian's cock and a hard prick pressed against him from behind. He wanted. For the first time in so long he wanted ... now.

Ethan crawled onto the bed, posing that pretty, sexy body just for them, then ruining it by being the demanding little pup he was. "Who's gonna fuck me? Now, now, now! Want wolf or kittenpup or even the dildo in the nightstand, but something!"

Jarek laughed and then scraped his teeth along Christian's neck, sending tingles of pure pleasure coursing down his spine. "Do you want him? Want to slide into his sweet heat, pleasure him?"

"I--" He'd not ... not in a while. He always bottomed, loved to bottom for his lover, but not today.

"Why don't you help me get him ready and then you can enjoy his tempting mouth. It'll shut him up for a little while, at least." Jarek squeezed Christian's rock-hard prick once more and then stepped around him, moving toward the bed.

Jarek reached the edge of the mattress and turned back to him, holding his hand out. "Come, kittenpup, let's make our Ethan fly."

Christian didn't hesitate. This. He wanted this. Wanted it more than his next breath.

At the bed, Ethan rose to his knees and pounced on him, giggling the whole way down. "Fly in a minute, this first." Agile fingers, quick and efficient, tugged and pulled at Christian's clothes, stripping him before he could blink or think.

"Oh... Oh, so pretty. So ours," Jarek whispered, almost sounding as if he were in awe, but Christian didn't think he was anything special.

"You go get undressed, wolfy, want to play a minute." Ethan dismissed Jarek, so focused on him. *Him*.

Soft sweet lips brushed Christian's mouth and he opened for Ethan, fell into the sweetest pool of desire, and swept his tongue through the warm mouth. Tongues touching and stroking, learning and living, discovering what

made the other moan and rock. Hands stroked and hunted for those sweet spots. Muscles bunched and relaxed, wanting yet waiting.

Ethan's hand wrapped around his cock, stroking and petting his hardened prick, fingers playing him like a fine instrument. Christian panted and twisted, hips rising and falling, begging without words for the strokes and pets to continue, desperate for the love Ethan offered.

The small man's agile body shimmied and wiggled down Christian until his mouth was breathing hot over his cock. "Please?" Christian ran his fingers over Ethan's head, begging and pleading and wanting. "Please?"

A naked Jarek slid onto the bed next to Christian, the man's larger hand joining his. "Oh, he will. That perfect mouth just knows how to give, don't you, baby?"

Ethan straddled one of Christian's legs, his dick rubbing along his calf. "Yeah, yeah. Now? Can I know, wolfy?"

"Yeah, pup. I think our kittenpup is ready for you." Christian heard the smile in Jarek's voice.

Ethan's agile tongue licked him from root to tip, coating him in a thin line of wet heat that quickly cooled. "Tease."

Ethan circled the tip of Christian's cock with his tongue, going round and round and round, tempting and teasing, and Christian didn't want it any other way.

"Yeah, you like it. Love it." Jarek nibbled his earlobe, mouth kissing and discovering while Christian ached and needed.

Ethan ceased his teasing and tormenting and swallowed Christian's cock, wrapping his scorching wet heat around his erection and sliding down his length in one slow movement. Jarek swallowed Christian's scream of pleasure in a passionate kiss, drowning him in his taste, his scent, his love. Christian swam in a pool of ecstasy and wanting. Tingles and shimmers of pure pleasure danced through him from head to toe and back again, showing him the joy he'd been missing, the joy stolen.

And then it all began to coalesce, gathering and pushing and pulling toward the finish line. Begging to be let go, to come and come and come for them, for him. "Gonna..."

Ethan stopped moving, stopped his playing, and Christian whimpered against Jarek's lips. "No." Ethan lifted his mouth from Christian's still hard, pulsing cock. "Not yet. We all come together."

The small man giggled and hopped up from the bed, searching through the nightstand while Christian did his best not to scream. He wanted, damn it.

* * *

Ethan crowed when he found the lube. "Found it, found it, found it." He tossed the lube at Jarek, who caught it with ease. He should, he'd thrown

enough bottles of the stuff at the man over the years. He crawled onto the bed next to his two wanting men, propped himself on hands and knees and waited. And waited. And waited.

"Hey! Didn't suck your brains out. Get me ready so I can." He wiggled his ass--that always tempted the wolf.

Jarek growled and slapped his ass, sending a bit of heat straight to his groin, and then the big man started giving orders. He loved orders. "Shut it, baby. Gonna get you ready, and while I do that, you're gonna keep up what you started with kittenpup. Christian, why don't you fill his mouth so he'll be quiet for once?"

"Hey!" Ethan started to argue, but then that pretty prick filled his vision and he didn't really care anymore. Pretty, pretty cock. Just long enough and wide enough to fill him so good one day, but not too long to deep throat. "Perfect pretty prick." He giggled at the alliteration.

Then he didn't care about anything. Slick fingers probed his ass, and he wiggled, wanting more. Christian's cock was just within reach and Ethan opened his mouth, moaning around the hard dick as it slipped between his lips, his pleasure rising higher. Jarek slipped a finger into his ass, filling, but not. Soon one finger became two, stretching, burning and making him ache for it all even more.

Ethan sucked and licked the cock in his mouth, frustrated that he couldn't pet those pretty balls, so close to him yet so far. Christian's scent, that sweet rain mixed with desire, filled him from within, taking him higher with every suck, lick and occasional nibble. Pup wanted to please, wanted to please so bad.

Three fingers filled him, loosening the muscles and skin so he could take his lover, and he couldn't wait to be filled so completely. Those talented, thick fingers petted him from inside out and searched and prodded until he moaned and groaned around the cock in his mouth, near shouting when Jarek found his prostate. That sweet button inside a man, the one place sure to give him pleasure after the pinching pain of penetration.

Ethan sucked harder, hips rocking, mouth slipping and sliding over skin, fucking and getting fucked. Christian's hips shifted and danced with him while Ethan fucked himself on Jarek's fingers and he couldn't wait until he was filled with both his lovers, really filled.

Jarek's fingers slipped free of his ass, and he whined around Christian's prick, causing the other man to whimper and groan. He filed that sound away to use again.

"Ready, baby? Ready for me to fuck your hungry ass? It wants me. Sweet pucker just begging to be fucked."

Ethan shuddered, ass wiggling. He loved it when Jarek talked dirty to him, loved every sound out of his lover's mouth.

Ethan lifted his lips from around Christian and kissed the tip of his prick before looking back at Jarek. "Fuck me, make kittenpup feel it." Then he

wrapped his lips around Christian once again and waited to be filled, to be loved.

* * *

Jarek smiled at his pup's enthusiasm, he always loved to be loved no matter how it came. And the way they all seemed to fit together, to enjoy each other's bodies without hesitation, filled his wolf with satisfaction. Oh, it whined and begged to mate and claim Christian for its own, but he kept that impulse in check. It wasn't time, not yet. As much as Christian was enjoying Ethan's mouth, he didn't know when penetration would show up on the menu, but he didn't think it'd be any time soon. Which was fine with him. He loved his kittenpup and didn't want to push or hurt the wary were.

Jarek slicked up his prick, the cool lube easing his desire just the tiniest bit so maybe he wouldn't pop the moment he entered his lover. Ethan wiggled his ass, mouth still filled. The little imp.

Jarek lined up his cock, rubbing the end of his dick over the smooth, shaved skin of his lover's ass, enjoying the lubricated slip and slide, teasing and tormenting them both. Ethan rocked back toward him and Jarek hardened further, watching that mouth swallow Christian's thick cock, imagining the feel of his small lover's mouth.

Anxious to fill Ethan, Jarek pressed the tip of his prick against the stretched hole of his ass and eased forward bit by bit. He watched in awe each and every time they made love as Ethan's body stretched to accommodate him. His ass opened and Jarek slid in, shuddering and shimmying with the silken heat that surrounded him.

Pleasure surrounded his dick, pulling and pushing at the ecstasy lying just beneath the surface and he beat it back. Wasn't time to come. Not yet.

Jarek set an easy rhythm, advance and retreat, shifting his boy's body as he wished, giving them all pleasure. Ethan swayed between them, rocking back and forth between the two men, surrounding and sliding along two cocks.

"Jarek..." his kittenpup whined. "So, good. So fucking hot. Want to..."

He smiled, loving that their shared pleasure was so close, so in tune with one another. Jarek could tell his boy was close, the ripples and dancing of his passage milking him, letting him know just how aroused the pup actually was.

Jarek reached around Ethan's waist and encircled his cock, stroking and fondling the prick in his hand. He whispered in his lover's ear. "Come for me, boy, come on my cock."

Then wolf whined and demanded he claim the boy beneath him. Gums split and canines descended until they ached for the mark that lay only inches away. Jarek glanced at Christian, begging and pleading.

"Do it," Ethan whispered. "Make me yours."

"Come for me," Jarek demanded and then latched on to Ethan's shoulder, renewing the bond they shared, with wolf whining that he couldn't claim the other as well.

The pleasure he'd held at bay for so long overflowed and consumed Jarek, singing and dancing along his spine until it settled around his prick, bursting forth in wave after wave of pure pleasure. Dimly, he heard and felt his lovers come, but was so caught up in his own ecstasy, he couldn't enjoy and share in their triumph. But they did share something ... they shared their love.

* * *

Of course their afterglow was ruined by a certain fluffy, wingless fairy. "Get up!" She tossed clothes at them. Christian caught his shirt before it slapped him in the face, but the boxers hit their target. "Get your collective asses up, dressed and out the goddamned door! Now, people!"

"What the fuck?" Christian grumbled.

Jacinda pierced Christian with her eyes. "He's coming."

"Actually, darling, he's here."

Merrick. In the flesh. Evil incarnate walked into the bedroom--their bedroom. He waltzed in as if the home belonged to him, as if he had every right to ruin something so special, a moment Christian didn't think he'd ever have again.

Those white eyes locked on him and he shuddered. He remembered that look. Merrick, in the flesh. Just as he remembered. Sharp pointed teeth, white eyes, a jagged scar across his face, red and angry. Claw-tipped fingers that went through flesh like a hot knife through butter. Muscles that bulged and bunched--physical power in addition to the power within. Carnivore. Hunter. Destroyer. All and none in one. Power, too much power for one. He was perverted, tortured, and deserved to be destroyed. Christian only hoped Jacinda was up to the job. He'd faced the man once before and cat and wolf weren't up to the job. Especially if Merrick got his claws into him.

"Lover, I think we have a discussion coming. How many times have I told you that you're mine?" Merrick purred and stepped closer.

Christian's wolf wanted *out*. Wanted to rip, tear and shred the man that had hurt them not long ago--wanted to kill and eat. Savor the black heart's blood. He retained control over the wolf, begging that it calm. Cat was just as fierce. He felt the claws sink into flesh, scratching and demanding release. But he couldn't, not if he expected to live. He felt his best chance was if he came at Merrick as a man, not beast. He rose from the bed, facing Merrick as a man to an evil bastard. "I'm not yours." He spat at the devil's feet.

"Christian," Jacinda warned. But he didn't give a damn. If he died, he'd die fighting. He'd war with the Gajii until his last breath.

"I was *never* yours." Christian stood tall, proud, standing straight with shoulders back.

"Really?" The Gajii smirked. "We'll see how you feel after I've killed your lovers and this would-be fairy, shall we?"

Merrick's arm shot out toward the bed, fire raining from his fingertips. Before the flames reached the bed, Christian jumped in front of the deadly heat, determined to save his lovers. His body covering theirs, he waited for the melting flames to consume him, hoping to give them a chance to escape. Howls and growls filled his ears and still he remained, covering and protecting those who meant the most to him.

Heat akin to the sun on a scorching day consumed him from head to toe. He grunted with the pressure of the power, but pain never came, never overtook him. Christian glanced behind him at the Gajii in wonder. A protective red bubble had formed around the three of them, Jacinda stepping in to save them, keeping them from suffering a fiery death.

The bodies beneath him struggled; he hissed then growled low, showing them he meant business, and they stilled. His gaze landed on Jacinda and found she was fighting the battle with her own powers, bolts of white light flowing from her palms, connecting with the Gajii.

The heat surrounding them increased and he whimpered, wishing the shield would blow the Gajii back, rid the room of Merrick. Before the thought even finished, the protective bubble burst back toward the Gajii, forcing his body through doors and walls until he was no longer in the home. Christian looked through the Merrick-sized holes in the home in awe, staring at the motionless body of the Gajii.

"How the hell..." The red bubble raced back through the home, swirls of light and dark and wind winding their way toward him, and he scrambled off his lovers, away and yet toward the swirling ball of power. It sped closer and closer and he watched in horror as Jacinda sped to place her body between him and the power. He couldn't let her suffer, or let her throw her life away for him. Before she could reach him, he dashed down the path of destruction, body shifting and changing mid-step. Between one blink and the next he was wolf, ready to defend those he called his.

Christian leapt in front of Jacinda, coursing through the air until he collided with the ball of power, the bubble that kept them safe. Only, instead of destroying him as he'd thought, his body absorbed the bubble, welcoming it into him as if it ... belonged.

Warmth filled him, spreading from his chest, through his paws. It packed and crammed into every cell, every bit of him it could, and then ... it stopped.

He stared at Jacinda in awe. Again, he shifted, paws changing to hands, snout to mouth. And it didn't hurt. Not one bit. "Jacinda?"

She appeared to be just as awed. "I... You drank his blood. Why didn't you tell me, you fool!"

It wasn't a question. Had he? "There was so much blood. Everywhere. I... I don't know if I did or not."

She shook her head. "You did." She gestured at him. "That is proof you did. The fact that you had the power to fight him." She handed him a dagger. "Now finish it. He's unconscious. Finish the kill and we'll deal with the rest."

Christian glanced at Jarek and Ethan. Could they still love him after...

"You can't ask him to do this, Jacinda." Jarek rose from the bed, big and imposing and scary as hell.

The fairy spun toward his lover. "I'm not asking, Jarek, I'm telling. He's the only one who can do this. Do you want others to die because your lover is afraid of a little gore?"

"It'll kill him."

"It won't. He's already absorbed some of the Gajii's power. It'll hurt like hell, but he won't die."

Jarek shook his head. "You don't understand." He covered his chest with his hands. "It'll hurt in here. It'll damage him."

Enough of this, Christian thought. "Are you telling the truth? I'm the only one?"

She nodded. "Yes, now hurry. Stab him through the heart. We'll deal with the rest after."

"If you're going to demand this, we'll do it together." Jarek stepped forward.

Jacinda agreed. "Fine. He can protect you from the backlash."

Ethan scrambled from the bed and, hand in hand, they picked their way through the rubble that had been their home, through the living room, the spare bedrooms and the kitchen until they reached the hole in the side of the building.

Christian jumped down first, followed by Jarek and then Ethan. Silently, they padded toward the immobile body of the Gajii.

Jarek took position to the right of the body, Ethan to the left, and Christian knelt at the evil one's head. He placed the point of the blade above Merrick's heart, the point resting on bare skin. A large palm covered his, followed by Ethan's pale hand. "Ready?"

"Ready," they replied as one.

Christian concentrated on protecting his lovers, the first to ever love him with or without whatever he could give, and felt the power bubble and rise within him and extend and wrap around both Jarek and Ethan. Once he felt the circle complete, he shoved down with all his might, piercing the Gajii's heart.

Jacinda had been right, the power nearly overwhelmed Christian. It pulled and pushed at his barrier, searching but not finding a way in, a way to destroy and cause havoc with their love.

Pain and heat radiated up his arm, urging him to release, let go, let it in to take over his soul, and he refused. He concentrated on his heart, on their shared love, on all the goodness in his life, and pushed that toward the hate

wanting in. It recoiled and pushed forward again, still searching. Again he battled with love, with the strength he'd gained since being with Ethan and Jarek, and the power receded, crept back into the body from whence it came.

Finally, when he felt it settle back into the dead body, Christian released the dagger and recalled the protective power coursing through his veins. The moment the shield released them, they all fell back, resting on the ground, panting.

"Ho--"

"--ly"

"Shit."

"You can say that again." Jacinda appeared in the opening of the house. "I've never seen anything like that." The fairy stared at him, eyes wide. "You're the first to kill a Gajii, Christian. Ever."

"Ever?" He swallowed, praying his stomach would stay in place.

"Ever." A new light came into her eyes. "Hurry, before it fades." Jacinda rushed forward, snatched the blade from his hands and slit the skin of the Gajii.

Blood oozing with power crept through the opening. Christian could hear the hate within the cells, felt the anger it had toward the one that killed its host.

"Drink." She held a wrist up to Jarek.

"No."

"You *must*. Before it's too late." Jarek shook his head and Jacinda slapped him. "If you don't, someday another Gajii will hunt down the slayer and you won't be able to do *anything* while your lover dies. Nothing. Now drink."

Jarek didn't hesitate. Christian heard the snapping and tearing of flesh while Jarek shifted his mouth to his wolf and latched onto the arm of the dead Gajii. Ethan did the same to the other arm, drinking deep.

Jacinda tossed the blade at his knees, the sharpened knife sinking into the earth. "The neck, slayer. You'll need all you can to defeat any others, and each time you'll repeat this. Stay strong and live. Refuse, and you die."

Christian fetched the blade and made his cut, sensing the same evil oozing forth from the wound.

"Do it," she whispered at his ear.

He nodded and willed his mouth to change. Again, no pain. Without a thought to what he was doing, Christian latched onto the Gajii's neck wound and sucked, swallowing the vile, rotted blood, mouthful after mouthful. Again and again, he absorbed the power of the Gajii, fouling his heart with the hatred swimming through the fluid. When he thought he'd die from the malevolence brewing within, he released his hold on the body and fell backward, panting.

"It's done." Jacinda turned on her heel and stepped through the grass toward the road.

"What ... what will happen to us?" Christian called after her.

She turned, eyes burning bright. "Nothing. Your hearts are pure, as your power will be."

Jarek growled and leapt to his feet. "What are we supposed to do now that you've forced us into this?" he yelled after her.

"Live. Laugh. Love."

Epilogue

Two months later

The Gajii powers had settled into Christian's bones, seeping in and changing him, yet not. He still felt the same, still felt the cat and wolf within, bickering and whining to him to settle their disagreements. The only difference between now and then was his ability to exert his will on Jarek and Ethan, much to their annoyance. Of course, they could do the same to him in return and it made for some interesting "discussions."

Along with the shared power came the building and solidifying of their love for one another. A love that, until now, Christian had been reluctant to share with them fully. The lingering memories of Merrick's abuse troubled and tormented him each night and he'd decided that now was the time to replace those horrible memories with ones filled with caring and joy.

Of course, he just had to get his other two lovers to the bedroom. He could hear Ethan in the kitchen, singing and cleaning up his most recent attempt at cooking. Poor guy really should just give it up, but Jarek and Christian humored him.

Christian could hear the low hum of the television. Sports. That meant Jarek was in the living room. Good. Easy enough to float the two of them through the house. He'd gotten especially good at bringing them both through at the same time.

Concentrating on them both, Christian raised his hands and chuckled at the simultaneous shouts directed at him. In his mind's eye, he watched while he navigated the house with their bodies, careful not to damage his lovers, his mates.

Before long, he had them both right where he wanted them. In the bedroom. Unfortunately, they weren't the happiest men in the world. He now had one cranky wolf and a slightly pissed-off puppy before him. He hoped that would soon change.

"Jarek." He stepped within touching distance, stroking his lover's chest with one finger. "What's the one thing I have yet to give?"

"Oh!" The puppy gasped. "Kitten/puppy/wolfy lovin'? For real, *for real*? Yay!" The pup started dancing on air, shaking his butt this way and that.

Jarek's eyes darkened with lust and then concern. "You sure, kittenpup? We don't want to rush you."

Ethan smacked Jarek's arm. "Hey! No fair ruining my fun. He's sure. You're sure, right? Super sure? 'Cause I been thinking about this. A lot. A lot a lot of a lot."

Christian glanced at Ethan's groin and noticed the erection tenting the puppy's pants. He found the same when he gave a quick look at Jarek. Good. At least they were interested. Releasing his hold on them both, Christian closed the distance between him and Jarek, wrapping his arms around the man's waist. "Please, Jarek? I want this. With you and Ethan. Want to share this part of me and banish the nightmares."

Jarek brushed a kiss across his lips. "If you're sure."

"Oh, he's sure. Super-duper sure." Ethan nodded and Christian rolled his eyes. Seemed the pup had *really* been thinking about this.

Christian grabbed Ethan's hand and pulled him into their hug. "Yes, pup, I'm super sure. Now, tell me what you've been thinking."

And that was an invitation Ethan seemed to have been waiting to answer forever. "You, in the middle, taking Jarek and giving to me 'cause I love to bottom. Love *love*. And Jarek wants you bad and I don't top, don't wanna. But I love blowjobs. And kisses. And touches and loves. And--"

"We get the point, pup." Jarek kissed him to shut him up. "Now, let's get naked."

In an instant they were all nude. Seemed Ethan had been practicing his abilities as well, and Christian couldn't complain about his efficiency.

Jarek kissed him, bodies moving and shifting until he felt the mattress behind his knees. Christian flopped back, legs spread, willing to move and shift however they desired. He wanted them, but he wanted to be all they needed as well.

It looked like Ethan was ready to join them, lube in hand. "Okay, wolfy, flip kittenpup over." Ethan loomed over him. "Easier that way when it's been a while. Trust me." Apparently Ethan had forgotten he'd done this before.

The smaller man tossed the lube to Jarek, and then Christian flipped over, presenting his ass to his lover. Jarek didn't respond as he'd expected and instead buried his face between Christian's cheeks, tongue circling and dipping and dancing over his hole. Round and round he flicked his tongue, stimulating and arousing him more than before. His cock twitched and pulsed in time with his rapid heartbeat, his breath panting.

"Enough. Gonna come if you don't stop. Please," he begged, not above pleading with his lover. So long since he'd been rimmed.

Jarek removed his mouth and replaced his tongue with his thumb, pressing against Christian's hole. "Like that, baby. Like me fucking you with my tongue. You're gonna take my fingers soon. Your ass will swallow them whole, take them and then my cock. Want that?"

"Yes. God, yes."

Jarek's thumb was replaced by two slick fingers, pumping in and out of his ass in a sweet, slow rhythm. Feeling and stretching him with every stroke.

"What about me?" Ethan whined.

Jarek tossed him the lube. "Show Christian how pretty you are when you get yourself ready, baby. Give us a show."

"Yay!" Pup was always interested in everything they did.

Ethan flipped around, presenting his ass to him, slick fingers sinking into his heat easily. Christian craved him, wanted him. He'd only topped the man a few times, but he ached to be inside that sweet, hot hole now. Slick and sliding in and out, giving him pleasure.

Christian hissed and then moaned when Jarek added a third finger. His lover stroked and petted his back, talking sweet words. Calming him. Christian ached and needed and Jarek gave it to him. All the while, Ethan put on a show, moaning and fucking himself on his fingers, showing just how eager he was for them.

Jarek leaned over him, whispering in his ear, "You're going to take him while I take you. Want that? Want to sink deep into him until you're one while I love you. I'm going to claim you while we make love. Make you mine and you'll make him yours. Together as one, baby. Want that? Want to belong to us?"

"Fuck. God, yes. Want that. Want you both. Forever."

"Forever and ever, amen," Ethan replied. "Are you two ready? I'm ready. Want you to claim me too, kittenpup. Want you both forever."

"Yes, please, Jarek. Love me? Make me yours?"

Jarek nibbled his shoulder. "Yes. Now."

His lover leaned back, lining the head of his prick up with Christian's hole, and Christian pushed out while Jarek pushed in, filling and stretching him. Taking him with love, like he hadn't been taken in so long. Jarek consumed him with his heat, with his love.

The larger man moved, sliding slowly in and out of his ass with care. "Okay, baby? Our pup wants some love, I think. He's shaking for you, wanting you."

"Yes. Yes, Ethan, want you."

Jarek kept his slow, agonizing pace while Ethan shimmied into position below Christian, his slick ass pressing and grinding against his groin. "Want you, kittenpup. Want you so bad."

This time it was Christian lining himself up against Ethan's hole, pressing and easing forward, careful not to rush. Ethan hissed and moaned, rocking back onto Christian's prick and then easing forward. Back and forth the two men moved, leaving Christian to remain still. Fucking and getting fucking, loving and being loved. Never before had their passion climbed so high, so deep.

Christian felt his orgasm sliding near, rising toward the precipice, dancing along his spine. His fangs descended, wolf conscious of the step he was about to take, claiming and being claimed. "So close."

"Me too," echoed Jarek.

"Want it want it want it." Their pup demanded.

The pace increased. In and out, rocking back and forth, their bodies slapping as they came together, moving in a rhythm as old as time and as deep as the ocean.

Christian felt his orgasm soaring higher, ass clenching, balls drawing up into his body, letting him know how close he really was. Those tingles of pleasure centered on his groin, coating his cock in the electricity of coming. And then, and then, and then, he bit down on Ethan's shoulder, teeth sinking through flesh and muscle, blood soaring through him, pleasing the wolf, howling in pleasure. A second later, the same happened to him. Claiming and being claimed. Coming with his lovers' shouts echoing in his ears. Now wolf wanted to care for his new mate, licking and stroking the sore wound with his tongue, latching the bite mark until it stopped bleeding. Jarek repeated the process on him until all traces of blood were gone.

Christian sat up and moaned when Jarek pulled free of him, and Ethan groaned as he pulled free of the smaller man's tight hole.

All three of them were panting, stroking and petting each other in the afterglow of the most special moment they'd ever shared.

"That was fun. Can we do it again? I wanna do it again. Wanna wanna wanna. And hey! We didn't get interrupted. Yay!"

Christian shook his head and laughed. Just like Jacinda had ordered. The three of them lived, loved, and with Ethan at their side, they always laughed.

The End

About the Author:

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at www.celiakyle.com or you can send an email to celia.kyle@gmail.com. But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!

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