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*Ménage Amour*

A photograph of three shirtless men standing in a forest. The man on the left is facing forward, the man in the middle is seen from the back, and the man on the right is facing forward. They are all muscular and appear to be in a natural, outdoor setting with green foliage in the background.

# Chameleon Wolf

DELTA WOLF

Stormy Glenn  
Joyee Flynn

# CHAMELEON WOLF

*Delta Wolf 1*

**Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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# DEDICATION

Joyee Flynn:

To Stormy: Thanks for being a wonderful woman who was willing to take on a crazy girl like me. For showing me the ropes, keeping me calm, giving me encouragement, and mostly for making it fun!

To DT: For reminding me who I was and where I came from doesn't define what I can do. Thanks for always giving me the love and support of a true sister!

Stormy Glenn

To Joyee: This has been an absolute blast. Your creativity is astounding and I am glad we were able to work together so well. Hope for many more books in the future. I not only gained a work partner but a friend.

To JS: Thanks for being our sounding board. I can always count on you to keep me grounded.

# CHAMELEON WOLF

## *Delta Wolf 1*

STORMY GLENN AND JOYEE FLYNN

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## Chapter 1

“I know you’re out there, Chameleon. I can smell you!” the prey yelled, panting from the exhaustion of being hunted and changing back to human form.

*Of course you can smell me, you dipshit, that’s the whole point of being a Delta. At least come up with some new insults. Be original, would ya?* Zac thought to himself as he circled closer to his prey, completely unseen in his camouflaged wolf form.

“Why me? Why hunt me? I’ve not gone feral,” the man ended in a whisper, as if actually considering he had.

*No, you didn’t go feral, but you still left a line of victims in your wake.*

“Is this about the sex?” the man shouted. “They wanted it. They came to me, not the other way around. I’m no rapist!”

*Just because they came to you for sex, doesn’t mean they wanted to bleed from every orifice. They didn’t want to be beaten, broken, and abused, either. They begged for mercy, but you didn’t give it, did you? You sick son of a bitch!*

Now only several yards away, Zac was grateful there wasn’t any snow. That made hunting, even though invisible to any human/werewolf eye, very difficult.

“Who made you judge, jury, and executioner?”

*The council* was Zac’s last thought as he leapt onto his prey and tore out his throat. He stayed in wolf form, making several other life-threatening wounds before backing away from the now dead werewolf.

He waited until he was sure his prey was really gone before turning back into his natural form. He ran to get his clothes and gear before dressing quickly and getting back to the dead body.

Zac stacked several logs together before reaching for his lighter. He started a small blaze then added accelerant to the body to make quick work of destroying the remains. Luckily the chase had taken them to a deserted construction site where the evidence of death and a burning corpse could be easily hidden.

Once the remains were burned beyond recognition and there was no chance of any DNA left to gather, Zac put out the fire. He sighed to himself. He grew weary at times of his life and the deaths he caused.

It had to happen. He knew that. There wasn’t a jail cell that could contain a werewolf, and this was their form of justice. But sometimes, like now after a grueling hunt, he wished he hadn’t been born a Delta. He wondered what it would be like to be a normal werewolf.

His parents and pack had told him over and over: *“Deltas are such a rarity. To be born as one is a great gift. With any gifts, or power, the responsibility is great and should always be remembered.”*

Okay, he had to admit, it was cool that he had extra forms to change into, the Chameleon form being the best. That wasn’t what the form was really called. It was the slang name, meant to be an insult. The real name, which no one could really pronounce since Greek wasn’t taught to packs anymore, is *αόρατος*.

The literal translation for *αόρατος* was “inconspicuous, not visible.” But “Chameleon” worked for Zac, too. That’s what he was, after all, except for his eyes and teeth, but those were easy enough to hide. Just don’t go hunting all wide-eyed and open-mouthed!

There were some surroundings Deltas couldn't blend in with. They had to be colors that could be found in nature. Not to say that some flowers didn't have vibrant colors to them, but within reason, he could adapt. In other words, he wouldn't be changing into anything bright pink anytime soon. Zac could live with that.

At least he could control when he was normal-colored and invisible, unlike his scent. A Delta's scent was a natural aphrodisiac. It worked on humans like a great-smelling pheromone.

Wolves, on the other hand, had a heightened sense of smell. Putting a Delta around them was like throwing an open bag of blood into a shark tank. They reacted with their basic instincts, the need for wild, hot, passionate sex.

Werewolves went nuts when they smelled a Delta. It didn't matter if it was a woman or a straight or gay man, they wanted him. It had less of an effect on mated wolves and, thankfully, no effect on cubs.

Not that he would ever touch anyone under eighteen, or anyone with breasts, for that matter. Alphas, Betas, other Deltas, and his mates were all immune to the scent, as well. It would be hard to do his job for the pack if he couldn't even talk with the Alpha or Beta of the pack because they were so busy trying to get him naked.

Every Delta had two mates out there for them. Given their increased adrenaline and unique Delta scent, they needed two mates to ground them, to keep them from losing their minds.

Until he found his mates, though, that left Zac with little choice of werewolf sex partners, which is why he tended to sleep mainly with humans. That in itself could be difficult at times. He couldn't get too attached because they might figure out he wasn't human. That left Zac with one-night stands and unmated pack members of the inner circle.

The scent itself was explained by the elders as necessary for Deltas to do their job in the pack for two reasons. One, it made it impossible to get close to members of the pack because his scent drove them into a sexual frenzy. If one day Zac needed to hunt down a member of the pack and he was friends with them, his feelings for

his friends could cloud his judgment. Logically it made sense to not become attached to any member of the pack. But the reality was a very lonely life for Deltas, living on the outskirts of the pack.

Two, Zac's inability to get close to anyone helped in the hunt of any rogue pack members. The Delta scent drove werewolves sexually crazy. They couldn't think about running away or attacking him if they were wildly horny.

Zac finished up the hiding of all evidence then grabbed his gear and headed back to his truck. This job wasn't for his pack. It was for the wolf council. Given most packs didn't have a Delta, it wasn't uncommon to be loaned out.

Normally jobs kept him in the Midwest, where he lived, not the West Coast, like this one. Figuring by the time he made his way back to his truck, he'd be completely wiped, Zac decided to check into a motel, grab food, and just crash.

It had been a long hunt and would be a long drive back to central Illinois, where he lived. He finally reached his truck and jumped. He needed to find the next town with a motel. He wanted a shower more than he wanted his next breath. He felt grimy, dirty, and downright disgusting.

\* \* \* \*

Matt sat at a table drinking a beer with his Beta, Sam, and Alpha, Donatello. Most of the males and some females of the pack were here having a few drinks and laughs after their football game. It was a nice tradition, once a month forming some kind of game for the pack to join in. He and Sam had been on the winning team, while his Alpha was one of the losers.

"Oh, Alpha, I'm ready for another beer," Sam said, gloating. Losers bought the drinks for the night, as was tradition.

"Matt, you ready, too?" Alpha Donatello grumbled.

“Sure, Alpha, if you’re buying, I’m drinking,” Matt answered with a smirk. Donatello stood up. He cursed all the way to the bar.

“I love it when he loses,” Sam whispered.

“Yeah, but don’t push him too far. Remember last time he made you pay later.”

“I know, but sometimes he needs to be reminded that he is just Donatello. He doesn’t always have to be Alpha, ya know?”

“I guess,” Matt replied with a sigh, hoping things didn’t get out of hand. A little fun chiding the losers was one thing. Nasty words and causing problems was another. They watched the college football game in silence until Donatello came back with the drinks.

“Enjoy, you bastards,” Donatello said with a smirk as he handed them their beers.

“We have the same parents, Donatello. I can’t be a bastard,” Sam replied with a sweet smile.

“Don’t remind me,” Donatello muttered into his beer.

At sudden cheering, Matt looked over towards the pool tables where some of the girls were bumping fists and guys were grumbling.

Sam turned to see the excitement and chuckled. “Guess the girls beat them at pool again.”

“And yet, they never give up and still have a chip on their shoulders every time they challenge them.” Matt shook his head and smiled. It was nice just to hang out, enjoy the company, and have bonding time with the pack.

\* \* \* \*

Zac dressed quickly after his shower. He always loved the shower after the hunt. It felt like washing away some of things he needed to do in his duty as a Delta. Once he threw jeans onto his tall, muscular frame, he bent over and towed off his long, black hair. He kept it just about shoulder length, long enough to tie back should he need it.

He wasn't hungry, since he picked up a burger on the road, but it was too early to hit the sack.

Zac threw on a shirt and sneakers then grabbed his wallet, keys, and cell phone. He wanted to go check out the local watering hole with the hope of getting laid tonight. One had to be careful in smaller towns, though. Some people didn't like gay men in their area.

Jogging across the street, he got a better look at the place. It really was a dive bar. Opening the door and taking a couple steps in, he locked on the most beautiful green eyes he'd ever seen.

*Damn!* The man was breathtaking. Zac realized he'd actually stopped walking and froze the instant their eyes met. Shaking himself back to the present, he headed towards the bar.

*Weird, never been lost in a guy like that before,* Zac thought. *Oh fuck! There are wolves here.*

Just as their scent hit him, his must have hit theirs because the bar was silent except for the TV's blaring sports. Backing up as quickly as he could, but making no sharp movements, Zac headed for the door. As soon as he started to hear frenzied sounds of lust, he turned and ran.

\* \* \* \*

*Holy hell, that man is gorgeous!* Matt thought to himself as his gaze landed on his living wet dream. *He's gotta be at least six-four or six-five!* He felt himself holding his breath, his beer frozen in place half way to his mouth.

The god of a man seemed to have the same reaction, freezing his steps to stare at Matt. As the man continued into the bar, Matt got a good look at his broad shoulders, muscled back, slim hips, gorgeous ass, and legs that looked more like tree trunks than legs.

Matt's head jerked up when he heard several growls coming from pack members. His Alpha and Beta looked around, confused as he was, then noticed the man backing away from the bar.

“Fuck, we have a Delta here,” Donatello said, standing up so fast his stool fell back. “Sam, keep everyone in the bar for a bit, and then make sure they go directly home. I’m going after the Delta.”

Donatello moved so fast he was out the door seconds after the gorgeous man. Matt followed Sam to the door to block it from other pack members who would want to go after them.

“Everyone calm down,” Sam yelled as they barely beat a few of the pack to the door before they could get out. They slammed into Matt and Sam hard. Trying to push them back without hurting anyone was proving to be a difficult task. “Come on, guys. Keep your heads!”

“Back up,” Matt yelled.

“I want him. Move out of my way,” one of the front men yelled, taking a swing at Sam.

“He’s a Delta. Control yourselves,” Sam hollered as he ducked the punch.

“A Delta, here?” a woman questioned.

“He has to be. Why else would all of you want him and be losing it?” Matt tried reasoning with them. “Just calm down, take a few minutes, and everyone’s to head home. Alpha’s orders.” He held his breath, waiting to see what happened next. When people started to back off, he heard Sam exhale as he did.

“Thank fuck, that could have gotten really bad,” Sam whispered under his breath.

“No kidding,” Matt hissed back. After taking a few more minutes to make sure everyone was calm, they started herding people out to their vehicles.

“I got a text from Donatello with the guy’s room number. I’ve got to head over there,” Sam told him. “You’re coming with, Matt.”

“Me? Why?” Matt just about squeaked out.

“Because you weren’t affected,” Sam replied with a knowing grin. What he knew, though, Matt wasn’t sure.

\* \* \* \*

Just as he got back to the motel and almost to his room, Zac heard someone shout, "Wait, I'm the Alpha!" That got Zac's attention. He slowed down and turned around, eyeing the man cautiously. While the Alpha wouldn't be affected by Zac's scent, that didn't mean he couldn't be a complete asshole.

"You're the Alpha?"

"Yes. I'm going to slowly approach you so you can see I'm not out of my mind with lust, okay?"

"Yeah, okay. Come on, though. I want to get in my room," Zac replied. The man seemed fine. When he was a couple of feet away, Zac nodded and led the Alpha towards his room. He let the man inside and locked the door. A quick jerk on the curtains cast the room almost into shadows. "I'm sorry, I wasn't aware of a pack in the area. I would have made my presence known to you."

"I figured as much. I'm Donatello Rain, Alpha of the local pack," the man said, extending his hand.

"Zac Sheehan, Delta from the Kankakee Pack. I was out this way to handle something for the council. I stopped here tonight before heading home tomorrow."

"Nice to meet you, Zac," Donatello said, letting go of his hand. "My Beta is keeping the others at bay until they calm down and head home, so you should be good for the night."

"So...we're okay then?" Zac asked, knowing that some packs hated Deltas, killing any that were born or they came into contact with. Other packs would capture them for their gifts and the power they brought.

"We're good. You have nothing to fear from us, Zac. I promise as Alpha. Let me text my Beta so he can head over here when he's done and give the all clear."

"Thanks, I appreciate it. There's no way I could have gotten away from all of them. I can handle several lusting wolves but no way a whole bar full." Zac chuckled nervously.

“Boy, would you have been sore! And I would have some dead in the frenzy, I’m sure.”

“Yeah, it’s great to be a Delta sometimes,” Zac replied with a frown.

“Hey, I feel the same way about Alpha at times. You do the best you can. That’s all you can do, really.”

“I know, I do, just had a hell of a hunt. I wanted nothing more than to kick back and have a couple beers, maybe get laid. Is that too much to ask?”

Before Donatello could answer, there was a knock at the door.

“Sam, everything go okay?” Donatello asked after he opened the door. “Matt, what are you doing here?”

“Matt was unaffected by the Delta,” Sam replied, sharing a knowing look with Donatello.

“Really?” Donatello asked with a goofy tone.

“So what? What’s the big deal?” Matt asked and stopped in the doorway when he spotted the sexy man from the bar. He couldn’t keep from just staring at him. “Hi.”

“Hi,” Zac replied, stepping closer. He grabbed Matt’s arm and pulled him inside the room and closed the door. “You know who I am?” Zac couldn’t believe this was the man from the bar. He was the best-looking male he’d ever seen.

“You’re a Delta. I’m drawn to you. I’m not going crazy like the others, but I want you,” Matt said before he could shut up. “I’m sorry, I...I don’t know why I said that.”

“I do,” Zac whispered before lowering his lips down to Matt’s. It was just a soft brush of the lips, but Zac felt the electricity from that kiss go straight to his dick. He’d never been so hard in his life!

“Wow,” Matt whispered against his mouth. “That’s why everyone wants to have sex with a Delta.”

“It’s not about him being a Delta, Matt,” Donatello said from behind them. “Only Alphas, Betas, and the Delta’s mates aren’t

affected by their scent. Matt, you know you aren't an Alpha or a Beta."

"You're—really? Wow, I must have done something right in my life. I mean, you're hot!" Matt replied, beaming at Zac.

"Glad you think so." Zac chuckled, releasing Matt. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two," Matt said quietly. "Is that okay?"

"Wow, that's, well, that's pretty young. Are you okay with being mated that young?" Zac asked, stepping back to look at the younger, much smaller man. *He's got to be only five-nine and about 150 pounds. But man, he is gorgeous. Look at that body!* Matt was lean, not skinny by any means, with gorgeous green eyes and angelic blond hair.

"Yes, of course," Matt answered, going back over to Zac and wrapping his arms around the man's waist.

Zac gave Donatello, and then Sam, a panicked look. Twenty-two just seemed so young to his thirty. Plus, Matt was so small he barely came to his chin. Being six-four, Zac was used to towering over people. But to be mated to someone so much smaller, wouldn't he break him?

"Okay, just give me a minute, Matt," Zac replied, separating Matt from him. "Let me talk with your Alpha before we talk about being mates, okay?"

"Don't you want to be my mate?" Matt asked softly, looking at the floor. He looked like he was trying not to cry.

"Of course I do. I just need to deal with one thing at a time," Zac whispered in his ear. "Why don't you go sit down on the bed so I can handle this?"

Matt just nodded and walked over to sit on the bed while the other three men talked. He looked dejected. Zac felt like a heel but he needed to get his head on straight before he talked to Matt.

"Be careful with him. I'm pretty sure he's not experienced," Donatello told Zac quietly, and Sam nodded in agreement.

“Thanks for the heads-up,” Zac replied with a heavy sigh. Finding his young, probably virgin, mate was not what he had in mind when he thought about getting laid tonight. “Give me your cell number in case I have any issues tonight with any of your pack. I’ll be out of here in the morning.”

Donatello gave Zac his number, and he put it in his cell before they said their good-byes. Zac closed the door, locking it behind them. He headed over to the bed and sat down next to Matt.

“What now?” Matt asked, regaining some of his composure.

“Now we talk,” Zac started. “I’m Zac Sheehan. I’m Delta of the Kankakee Pack, which is in central Illinois.”

“I’m Matt Garrett.” Matt shrugged. “I don’t have a rank.”

“So, you know if you want to mate with me, you’ll be moving, right?”

“Of course!” Matt replied. He seemed to be surprised.

“And you’re okay with that?”

“Yeah, it’ll be a little weird. I’ve only had this as my pack, but I don’t have any family left or rank in my pack. Moving to your pack makes sense.”

“Okay, well that gets one issue out of the way,” Zac said, taking a deep breath before he continued. “Do you know a lot about Deltas?”

“The basics...you can change into an invisible wolf, you’re a loner, and you stay away from the pack mostly.”

“You know I also have two mates, right?”

“Two mates?” Matt asked, astounded. “Do you already have your other one?”

“No, I’ve not found my other mate yet.”

“Are they going to be my mate, too?”

“I’m not really sure, to be honest,” Zac replied, scratching his head, thinking. “I guess if you wanted to, and they wanted to, it could happen. I don’t really know how other Deltas do it. We’ll just have to figure it out, okay?” After Matt nodded, he continued. “So you know I’m a loner. I mean, it’s inflicted on me in a way, but I’ve been one

since I was eighteen and no longer a cub. Twelve years is a long time to be by myself, so you're going to have to be patient with me. I'm not that good at interacting with people, so I might screw up a lot."

"Well, my parents died years ago, so I kind of get that," Matt said. "And I heard what they said. I'm not a virgin."

"Okay," Zac replied, not sure what else to say. Instead he reached over, picked Matt up, and lifted the man onto his lap so he could look into his face. "But we'll take things slow, and you'll tell me if I do anything you don't like or that hurts you, promise?"

"I promise," Matt agreed shyly. "So, what now?"

"I guess if you're okay with what I said, and you don't have any questions, do you want me to claim you?"

"More than anything," Matt groaned.

"You're so adorable, you know that? The sexiest little man I've ever seen. I can't believe I'm lucky enough to be your mate."

"Me? Are you kidding me? You're gorgeous. I feel bad you got stuck with me."

"Don't ever talk about yourself that way," Zac snapped at Matt. "I noticed you in the bar before I could smell you were my mate. I wanted you then, and now you're mine!"

He lowered his head and took Matt's lips with his. No soft kiss this time. This time was filled with passion, desire, and possession. Matt let out a moan, and Zac took the opportunity to slide his tongue into his mouth. Matt tasted like sweet passion fruit and honey. Zac realized he could become addicted to his little mate easily.

Matt's hands slid around Zac's neck as he explored the depths of the man's mouth. Realizing Matt's canines had already dropped down, Zac ran his tongue slowly across them before diving back into his mouth.

Moving his hands up Matt's body, he pushed the hem of his shirt up and broke the kiss long enough to remove it. Lowering his head, he once again claimed the swollen lips below him. He felt the smooth, muscled skin underneath, but it wasn't enough.

“Baby, are you sure about this?” Zac asked as he reached for the button of Matt’s jeans.

“Yes, please, make me yours,” Matt moaned against his mouth.

That was good enough for Zac.

Zac scraped his teeth gently across a small patch of skin where Matt’s neck met his shoulders. “This is where I’m going to bite you when I claim you, Matt,” he whispered as he freed Matt’s cock from his pants.

Zac rubbed his hand over the hard flesh. His thumb skimmed across the top, smearing pre-cum over the head. He slowly slid Matt to his feet and pulled his jeans and boxers down his legs. He gently pushed Matt back on the bed, breaking the kiss to watch Matt scoot back to the pillows. Nearly swallowing his tongue at the bounty before him, Zac quickly whipped off his shirt, shoes, socks, and jeans. He was desperate to join his gorgeous, naked mate on the bed.

Crawling up the bed to Matt, Zac let out a soft growl that had Matt widening his eyes in surprise. As he nibbled on Matt’s neck, Zac grabbed his cock again. He started quickly stroking Matt as he sank his teeth into the soft skin of Matt’s neck.

Zac’s eyes drifted closed as he savored the sweet taste of his mate as it flowed across his tongue. He was thankful he could now do this whenever he wanted. Matt tasted just as he did when Zac first kissed him, like passion fruit and honey. It was a delicious flavor that Zac knew he would be obsessed with for the rest of his life.

Zac opened his eyes, and he lifted his head, looking down in astonishment as Matt cried out. Matt’s hips lifted frantically, pushing against Zac. He came, covering Zac’s hand with shot after shot of white, thick seed.

*Oh, fuck me!* That was the sexiest thing Zac had ever seen. He lifted his hand to his lips, then darted his tongue out to lick some of the seed on his hand. Matt tasted exquisite. Zac was doomed.

“That wasn’t supposed to happen yet, was it?”

Zac's eyes fell down to Matt's burning face at his whispered words. Matt avoided Zac's gaze, his face filled with embarrassment. He was upset he came so quickly, Zac realized. He might not be a virgin, but he wasn't experienced anywhere near what Zac was.

"There's no rule to say it wasn't, but I thought it was hot. I want to see that look on your face over and over again, knowing what I do to you put it there."

Zac went back to kissing Matt and reached down to grab Matt's hips. Matt groaned when Zac pressed their erections together and spread his legs as an invitation to Zac. Pushing Matt's legs up to his chest, Zac got to his knees to look down at Matt's tight, puckered entrance.

Reaching back to his jeans at the end of the bed, where his lube was, he saw Matt spread his legs even further. Zac quickly moved back between Matt's legs, popped the bottle open, and squirted some lube on his finger.

He squirted a few drops down the crack of Matt's ass before closing the lid and tossing the bottle on the nightstand. He glanced up at Matt's flushed face, wanting to be sure he was ready for what Zac was about to do.

"Matt, is this okay?"

"Please, yes, please fuck me," Matt cried out.

Zac smiled at his mate's eager response even as he lightly smoothed his fingers over Matt, feeling his body quiver at his delicate touch. Zac groaned at how responsive Matt was. He wished they could spend a week in bed, not just a night, before heading home. If Matt was this sensitive to his finger, Zac couldn't wait to find out what his mate did when his cock pushed deep inside him.

Rubbing his fingers around in a circle, Zack rimmed the edges of Matt's hole, pushing in little by little until Matt was nearly mindless on the bed. Matt panted, his legs shook, and his head thrashed on the bed from side to side. Matt's response fascinated Zac. He'd never

seen anyone so responsive to just a touch, and he barely explored the rest of Matt's body.

Without warning, Zac pushed two fingers into Matt, immediately feeling the muscles around them clench in protest. When Matt cried out, Zac froze, thinking he had been too rough with his little mate.

About to apologize, his eyes widened when he watched Matt's whole body shake as he moaned in pleasure. Zac watched Matt's face as he moved his fingers in and out of the man. He moved slowly at first, but as Matt's moans turned into whimpers, Zack sped up his movements and added a third finger.

"Please don't tease me. I need...I need," Matt began to beg.

"I know what you need, Matt," Zac hissed, trying to keep control so he didn't attack his mate and go feral on him. Zac pulled his fingers free and replaced them with his hard, aching cock.

He held Matt's thighs up to his chest and watched as he slowly pushed himself into his mate. Inch by slow inch, his cock disappeared deep within Matt's tight grasp. As Zac pushed all the way in, then slowly pulled out, Matt cried out.

Bingo! Sweet spot found and stroked.

Zac kept his eyes on Matt's face as he thrust himself in and out of the man. His movements became faster and more erratic as Matt's muscles tightened around him with each thrust.

Matt's whimpers and cries of pleasure were driving him towards an orgasm faster than anything he had ever experienced before. He knew he couldn't hold out much longer. Zac grabbed Matt's leaking cock and stroked him in time with his thrusts.

Zac heard Matt cry out his name as hot liquid filled the space between them, covering his hand. Zac stroked Matt a few times more before moving his hands to Matt's hips in a tight grasp. Matt's inner muscles clamped down on his cock, squeezing him. Yelling louder than he ever remembered during sex, Zac came, filling his mate with his hot seed, claiming him.

Zac collapsed on Matt as the knot at the end of his cock extended, locking him into place within his mate. Matt started moaning again. For what seemed like hours, Zac's cock continued to pulse, sending spurt after spurt of seed into his little mate, extending his pleasure.

Zack's orgasm finally subsided, and the knot keeping him locked inside Matt finally receded. He licked the mating bite closed then lifted his head to look at his mate. Realizing Matt was already asleep, Zac pulled the covers down from under Matt.

Pulling Matt close to his chest and the covers over both of them, he took a deep inhale of his mate's wonderful scent. "I'm going to fall for you hard," Zac whispered against Matt's hair. "Please love me back."

## Chapter 2

Matt was confused about where he was when he opened his eyes. He certainly wasn't in his own room. His little studio apartment was packed with stuff, unlike the sparse room he was presently in.

He started to look around when the warmth pressed up against him from behind suddenly caught his attention. The hard cock pressed between his ass cheeks was hard to miss, as well. Matt rolled over to look at the man behind him.

His breath caught in his throat as he got a good look at him. Matt wasn't sure he'd ever seen someone so drop-dead gorgeous. The man had a square jaw tinged with a strong five o'clock shadow. The straight Roman nose, firm lips, and high, arched cheekbones of the man's face just rounded out his stunning looks.

The deep, cobalt blue eyes that suddenly snapped open to look at him made Matt's eyes widen. He stiffened, a tinge of fear filling him until the man smiled, the edges of his eyes crinkling.

"Hi," the man said softly.

"Hi."

"How are you feeling?" he asked. Matt felt a hand pat his ass. "Any soreness?"

Matt could feel his face heat up. Seeing his embarrassment amused the man. He quickly shook his head.

"How do you feel about morning breath?"

"Uh..."

Before Matt could complete that sentence, if he could in the face of his confusion, the man leaned forward and claimed his lips in a

deep, passionate kiss that curled Matt's toes. Matt quickly realized he had no problem with morning breath.

Matt felt a hand move down his hip and around to the curve of his ass. He was suddenly grabbed and pulled closer. As his cock brushed up against the hard one of the man's, Matt suddenly remembered who the man was. He groaned loudly and pushed up against his new mate.

"Zac," he whispered against the man's lips.

"Morning, baby."

Matt leaned back so he could get a better look at his mate. Damn, he was one lucky wolf. Zac was simply stunning, every glorious inch of him. Matt rested his hand on Zac's chest for a moment before stroking it around Zac's muscular abs.

"How do you feel about morning sex?" Matt asked.

Zac grinned. "I'm in full support of all types of morning activities, afternoon and evening activities, as well."

"Good to know." Matt laughed. His laughter quickly turned to a groan when Zac wrapped his hand around their cocks. His breathing hitched as Zac's hand moved over them, stroking them together. "Oh damn, that's good."

"What's good is how much you respond to my touch," Zac growled. "I can't even tell you how much of a turn-on that is."

"Only yours," Matt said as he moved closer to his mate. "From now on, only your touch."

"Yes!"

Matt must have said something right because Zac began stroking them faster. His lips latched onto the soft skin between Matt's neck and shoulder. The feeling of Zac's tongue licking over the mating mark from the previous night almost did Matt in. He started humping his hips frantically, desperate for more of Zac.

He caressed Zac's body, his shoulders, and his thick, muscular arms. Matt wrapped one arm around Zac's head, his fingers digging into his mate's thick black hair, and pulled his head closer.

"Bite me, Zac," he whispered. "Claim me again. Make me yours."

“You’re always mine!”

Matt cried out, his cock erupting, ropes of pearly white seed splashing between them, as he felt Zac’s canines sink deep into his flesh. Each suck of Zac’s mouth felt like a pull on his dick until Matt was mindless, unsure of where he ended and Zac began.

Matt floated in a haze of desire, the loud roar of his mate as Zac came barely making a dent in his euphoria. He felt Zac move away, coming back a moment later with a cloth that he used to clean them both up.

His heart had barely begun to beat normally by the time Zac pulled him close again. Matt tucked his head under Zac’s chin and breathed in the uniquely masculine scent that was his mate’s. He could so get used to this.

“Don’t go to sleep on me, baby,” Zac said. “We need to make arrangements for you to head home with me.”

Matt groaned in protest. He didn’t want to move. Ever! He was right where he dreamed of being even before he knew what a mate was. Zac’s arms wrapped around him made him feel loved, safe, protected.

He really was one lucky wolf!

“Hey,” Zac said as he leaned back to look down at Matt, “you never said what you do for a living. Are you going to need to give notice or anything?”

“Not exactly.” Matt chuckled. “I kind of work for myself.”

“Really?” Zac asked, his eyebrows shooting up. “What do you do?”

“Well, there’s the version I tell most people, and the truth. Which would you prefer?”

“I always prefer the truth, Matt,” Zac said. “It’s important that we never lie to each other, no matter what the situation. Honesty between mates is very important.”

“I play with computers.”

“Like build them or repair them?”

"The things I do with a computer aren't exactly legal, Zac." Matt pushed himself away from Zac and sat up, scooting up to lean back against the headboard. "It's not like I steal money or anything, nothing that could get me in serious trouble. I just like to cruise the Internet and see what people are hiding."

"You're a computer hacker?"

Matt grinned. "If I had my laptop, I'll bet I could tell you anything you wanted to know about yourself in under ten minutes."

"Seriously?" Zac asked as he sat up across from Matt. "You can do that? Find things out about people?"

"Sure," Matt said, confused by Zac's sudden interest. "It's not that hard. You can find anything out about anyone if you know where to look."

"Matt, do you actually know what I do? What a Delta does, I mean?"

"Yeah, you eliminate feral wolves." Matt shrugged. "You're like a wolf-council-sanctioned hit man."

Matt saw Zac's lips thin into a grimace and immediately felt bad about how he had worded things. He reached out and placed his hand on Zac's arm. "Zac, you provide a service to wolf packs. It's a horrible thing for you to have to do, but it needs to be done. I just wish you didn't have to do it."

"Someone has to do it, Matt. You know that."

"That doesn't make it right," Matt grumbled. He twisted his hands nervously together in his lap. He knew what a Delta did. They didn't have one in his pack, but he'd heard things, bad things. He didn't like the idea that Zac was ostracized from his pack because of what he did for them. It didn't seem fair to Matt.

"So, I was thinking maybe you could help me with my work."

"Me?" Matt looked up in surprise. "How can I help? It's not like I can fight, not like you do. I don't even have any rank in the pack."

Zac smiled. "No, but if you're as good at hacking stuff as you say you are, you might be able to help me track people down, find out

what they are really up to, where they might be. That could save me a lot of time, Matt.”

“Seriously?”

“Sure.” Zac crossed his legs and leaned back on his hands. “When I’m called out to track someone down, I have to find him first. That usually takes longer than the actual mission. If you were able to help me track them down, I could just go and do my job and come home.”

Matt started to grin. “Awesome.”

Zac laughed and rolled his eyes. “Awesome? I think you just dated yourself, babe.”

“You really seem to have this hang-up about my age,” Matt said, the smile falling from his lips. “I’m young. So what? It’s not like I’m that much younger than you. And it doesn’t mean that I’m stupid. I’m obviously old enough to fuck.”

“Whoa, Matt,” Zac said as he reached out for him. Matt followed Zac’s lead and crawled over to sit between his legs. “I never meant that. But yes, I am a little worried about your age, not so much the years, but the lack of experience.”

“I told you that I wasn’t a virgin,” Matt protested.

“I’m not talking about sexual experience,” Zac said. “I’m talking about life experience, Matt. My life isn’t an easy one. I live alone, I don’t socialize with my pack very often, and I’m away on missions more often than I’m home. Hell, I don’t even have any houseplants because they’d die from lack of attention.”

“I guess this means I won’t be seeing a lot of you then,” Matt whispered. He hung his head, saddened by the idea that his mate would be gone so often. He liked Zac, a lot. He thought that now he had found his mate, maybe his life would be a little better.

He was starting to think it wouldn’t be that much different than the life he had now. He lived alone. He didn’t have a lot of people he would call friends, not beyond his Alpha and Beta. And he occasionally got laid, but they never stuck around long enough for Matt to grow to like them. Hell, they barely stayed the night.

Zac seemed to be telling him his life would kind of continue in the same way, only this time, he'd be mated. He wouldn't be sleeping with anyone except his mate, which made sex even more sparse. Matt supposed he could go back to jerking off all of the time like he did before he turned eighteen.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Matt," Zac said, catching Matt's attention. He looked up, curious. "If your hacking abilities are as good as you say they are, then we can track these guys before I go looking for them, and then I won't have to be gone as long."

"That would...that would..." Matt cocked his head to one side. "Do you really think I could help you out on your missions?"

"You tell me, babe," Zac said. "Just how good are you?"

Matt grinned. "I'm very good."

Matt yelped when Zac pushed him down onto the mattress. Zac's body settled over the top of him, the man's thicker legs sliding between his. "I am quite aware of just how damn good you are." Zac leaned in and licked the side of Matt's neck until he groaned and his toes curled. "And I'll be thankful for it until the day I die."

"I'm good with that," Matt moaned as Zac's lips went to work on his nipples. "Just try to put it off until we're old and grey."

"I'll try my best."

"Guess....guess that's all a man can ask for."

Zack laughed and rolled off the bed. Matt groaned and wrapped his hand around his hard cock. He had kind of been hoping for another round like the night before. He was disappointed when he saw Zac pull on his clothes.

"No morning nookie?"

"Not this morning," Zac said. "But if you hurry and we get on the road in the next couple of hours, I might be persuaded to stop for a nooner."

Matt was out of bed like a shot, reaching for his clothes. He'd prefer to fool around now, but he guessed, after all this time, he could wait a little longer.

\* \* \* \*

Two hours later, Matt grinned over at Zac as he placed the last of his boxes in the back of Zac's truck. He was a little abashed that everything he owned fit into the back, but at least he had the important stuff. Everything else he left for the landlord.

Zac assured him that he had plenty of room at his place, a huge bed and all. There would be lots of room for Matt to put his stuff. Zac lived in a three-bedroom cabin in the country, several miles from his hometown. He even offered to let Matt use one of the bedrooms as an office.

Matt was ecstatic about the move. He didn't even mind moving away from his pack. He was a little worried about the new pack, however. Even though he was mated to Zac, he didn't know how he would fit in.

"Was that quick enough for you?" he asked. "Do I still get my quickie?"

Zac smirked and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Who said it was going to be quick?"

Matt laughed as he walked over to join Zac near the front of the truck. "So, what's Illinois like? Will I like it?"

"Well, around Kankakee, where I live, there is the Kankakee River. It's huge, almost half as wide as the Mississippi." Zac shrugged. "Other than that, central Illinois is lot of flat farmland."

"Can't be much worse than here, I guess." Matt glanced around the dirt and sparse trees and rocky hills that housed the bulk of his pack and the small one-horse town he lived in. "I'm kind of thinking almost anything is better than living here."

Zac chuckled. "I've seen worse."

"Where?"

“You don’t want to know.” Zac shook his head as he opened the passenger door. “Now, get in the truck and buckle up, sexy. We have a lot of ground to cover before night gets here.”

Matt leaned up on his tiptoes and stole a quick kiss from Zac before climbing in. He laughed when Zac just stood there for a moment staring at him with hunger in his eyes. It was going to be a long trip home.

Matt watched the town pass them by as Zac drove them down the road. It wasn’t much, but it had been home for a long time. There were things he’d miss and things he wouldn’t. And just maybe, being a social outcast from Zac’s pack wouldn’t be such a hard thing. He wouldn’t have to deal with a lot of the pack dynamics like he did here. It kind of sucked being low man on the totem pole.

“Zac, being your mate, do I have any sort of rank in your pack?”

“My mate.”

Matt rolled his eyes. “I mean besides that.”

“Being my mate gives you rank in the pack, Matt. I’m not an Alpha or a Beta or even an Omega. I’m a Delta. If you were mated to the Alpha, you would be Alpha Mate, which is a rank in its own. As my mate, you are Delta Mate. That’s your rank.”

“And that means what?”

“That means that if anyone fucks with you, I’ll take care of it.”

Matt bit his lip and glanced out the window. Zac’s features had hardened into a fierce stone mask as he spoke. It was almost frightening, except that Matt knew it worked in his favor. That was actually kind of nice, having a personal warrior mate.

“I’ll try not to fuck up too much, Zac, I promise.”

“Matt,” Zac began, “I’m not worried about you fucking up. You’re my mate. That means I’ll take you any way I can get you. Just be honest with me at all times, even if you think I won’t like it, stay faithful to me, and love me. That’s all I need from you.”

Matt thought about Zack’s words for a moment then grinned. “Yeah, I can do that.”

And he could. Already his feelings for Zac were growing beyond how gorgeous the man looked or how much Matt liked being around him. He could feel his heartstrings starting to wrap around all that was Zac, and he was pretty damn happy about that.

“Did I mention I’m a pretty good cook, too?”

Zac snorted. “Well shit, babe, why in the hell didn’t you say so? I can’t cook my way out of a paper bag with a set of directions and a sharp knife. You just may have saved me from a life of food poisoning and takeout.”

The lecherous leer that Zac sent his way made Matt’s skin flush and his cock harden yet again for the millionth time in the last several hours. “What other hidden talents do you have?” Zac asked.

“Well, if I said I could suck a gold ball through a hundred feet of garden hose, I’d be lying, and you want only truth from me.” Matt grinned. “But I’d be willing to try for fifty feet.”

Matt’s eyebrows shot up when Zac gripped the steering wheel tighter and growled. “It’s a plot,” Zac said as he stared out the front window. “It’s a plot to kill me. I can see it now. I’ll be dead before I’m thirty-one, killed from being oversexed.”

“Good thing you’re a Delta then, huh? Lots of extra adrenaline and a high sex drive. That’s why you still have another mate out there somewhere. If I had to fulfill all your needs myself, I’d drop dead before you.” Matt chuckled and unbuckled his seat belt. He crawled across the bench seat and nuzzled the side of Zac’s neck. “How are your driving skills, by the way?”

Zac’s eyes narrowed.

Matt reached for the zipper of Zac’s jeans and pulled it down slowly. He watched Zac’s clenched jaw tighten with each inch of naked skin exposed until his cock bounced free. Matt stretched out on the seat and lowered his mouth to cover Zac’s cock.

“Hold on,” Zac hissed. A moment later, Matt felt the seat give and move back, giving him more room to maneuver. Matt didn’t waste any time. He sucked Zac’s cock into his mouth until he felt the head

hit the back of his throat. He swallowed hard, feeling copious amounts of pre-cum dribble across his tongue.

“Oh fuck, baby, right there.” Matt grinned around Zac’s cock when he felt the man’s hand wrap in his hair. “How deep can you take me? Can you swallow me all of the way?”

Matt wasn’t sure, but after the tremble he heard in Zac’s voice, he sure as shit wanted to try. He swallowed again and arched his throat, sucking Zac down even more. When his gag reflex started to kick in, Matt swallowed again and again until he could move past it. Finally, he felt his nose bury in Zac’s pubic hair.

“Fuck, Matt!” Zac shouted. “You fucking did it. I can feel every swallow, every breath you take. God, you’re fucking perfect.”

Matt felt like he had just won the lottery. He’d spend that imaginary money, too, if he could figure out how to breathe and suck at the same time. Tightening his lips around Zac’s shaft, he pulled back until just the head remained in his mouth and took a deep breath through his nose.

From this position he could see Zac’s face. It was taut, reddened with the amount of control Matt knew Zac was exerting to not thrust up into his mouth. A kind, considerate lover made all of the difference as far as Matt was concerned.

“Pull over,” he mumbled as he lifted his head for a moment. “I want you to fuck my mouth.”

Matt barely had time to brace himself as Zac pulled the truck over to the side of the road. A second later, Zac’s cock was shoved back down his throat. Matt reached down and started massaging Zac’s balls as he licked and sucked and swallowed for all he was worth.

Zac’s quiet moans soon turned to groans, then deep growls, that made Matt’s cock harden to marble. He reached under his body and unzipped his pants then slipped his hand inside to stroke his cock. Matt was so hard, so hot. He knew he would come soon. He just wanted to make sure that Zac came with him, or before him.

“Matt, Matt, I’m so close,” Zac growled as both of his hands twined in Matt’s hair. “Just a little more, baby.”

Matt could do more. He slipped his hand back past Zac’s balls and rubbed his fingers across the small, puckered entrance there. Just as he swallowed Zac down as far as he could go, he pushed a finger into Zac’s tight hole.

Zac roared. Pulse after pulse of seed shot into Matt’s mouth. He had just a moment to pull back a bit so he could swallow it all before his own cock erupted, his release covering his hand and the seat beneath him.

“Holy fuck!” Zac swore a few moments later. “That was intense.”

Matt licked the cream off Zac’s balls and cock then lifted his head to grin up at his mate. He held up his hand to Zac, cum dripping down his fingers. “I made a mess.”

Zac’s eyes seemed to glaze over. He grabbed Matt’s hand and licked every drop off, sucking Matt’s fingers into his mouth to clean them. Matt was very afraid that his cock was going to start to take an interest in Zac’s ministrations. The moment he could, he pulled his hand away from Zac and sat up to zip up his pants.

“None of that, or we’ll never make it to Illinois.”

Zac chuckled and tucked himself back into his pants. “I promise to be good.”

Matt sat back down on his side of the bench and snapped his seat belt back on. “I don’t.”

“I can only hope.”

Matt laughed. He liked the idea that his mate was aroused by him. It boded well for their future together. He just hoped that Zac’s other mate was as accommodating. He hoped that Zac’s other mate was his, too. Otherwise, it could make things very sticky.

“Hey, Zac, about this other mate of yours...”

“Yeah?”

“If he’s your mate but not mine, how is that going to work?”

“Well, first you need to understand that *he* may not be a he. He could be a she.”

Matt’s mouth dropped open. “No!”

“Yes.”

Matt sat back in his seat feeling completely shaken. A woman? What in the hell would they do with her?

“However, no matter if he is a he or a she, you’re still my mate. Besides the fact that I think you’re sexier than hell, I’d be drawn to you anyway. Nothing will ever change that. We’re stuck together no matter what.”

“Okay, yeah,” Matt said. That’s what he wanted to know.

“I’m hoping that our other mate is a man, and that he will want both of us.”

“That would be good.”

“That would be fucking fantastic. However, if things don’t work out that way, we will figure something out. But don’t worry about this right now. You mated me first. I’m moving you into my home, or should I say our home, and into our bed. You’re mine, and you go where I go.”

Matt smiled at Zac. He reached over to caress the top of Zac’s hand, thrilled when Zac turned his hand over and clasped his. “I like that.”

The smile Zac gave back to him was full of promise. “I like, it too, but not as much as I like you.”

Matt tossed his head and brushed his hair out of his face. “I believe that’s the way it should be,” he said in his haughtiest voice.

Zac started to laugh and reply when his cell phone rang. The smile immediately fell from his lips, giving Matt a large amount of concern. He held his breath as he watched Zac pull the phone out of his pocket and flip it open.

“Hello?” Zac asked.

Matt could hear someone talking, but he couldn't hear what they said. He didn't think it was a good conversation, though, when he saw Zac's jaw clench.

"Yes, this is Zac Sheehan."

Matt bit his lip.

"No, that's not possible at this time." Zac glowered. "Elder, you don't...No, of course not, but...Look, it's just not that simple. I just...No, elder, I just..."

Matt didn't like the looks his mate was shooting across at him. The chill going down his back was almost as cold as the tone of Zac's voice. He knew something was up, something bad. He just didn't know what.

"Yes, elder, I understand," Zac finally replied. "It will be taken care of."

Matt flinched when Zac snapped the phone closed and tossed it onto the dashboard. This was a side of his he'd never seen before. He wasn't sure he ever wanted to see it again. Matt suddenly realized that he knew virtually nothing about his mate. Zac could have a terrible temper for all he knew.

Matt scooted closer to the door just in case. He'd seen the size of Zac's fists and didn't relish being on the receiving end if Zac got pissed. Being a smaller wolf, Matt had been on the receiving end of more than one furious wolf. It wasn't a position he liked.

"Is...Is everything okay, Zac?" he asked quietly.

Zac turned his gaze on Matt, making him shiver. Suddenly, Zac's eyes softened, and he reached out to Matt. "God, baby, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. You must think I'm a real ass."

"No, I just—"

"The council is sending me out on another mission. They won't even give me the time to drive you home."

"Oh." Matt frowned. "What sort of mission? Anything I can help with?"

Zac shook his head. “Not this time, babe. This is strictly a seek-and-destroy mission.”

## Chapter 3

Zac looked over at his little mate sleeping in the truck next to him. Matt was just too cute for words, absolutely adorable. Even if Zac had to do this job for the council, at least it was on the way home. He was still worried about Matt being in harm's way. At least the target's location was known. Hopefully, the target didn't know a Delta had been called in.

According to the elders, Beta Aiden Kane was a twenty-five-year-old wolf. He stood six-three, 235 pounds, and had brown hair and brown eyes. He was also trying to overthrow the Alpha of his pack.

It would be one thing if the Beta challenged the Alpha in a fight for the pack, but it had been confirmed Aiden was trying to take the Alpha dishonorably. Zac was disturbed by the call. He didn't normally get called in for power struggles.

That made this a very volatile situation. Zac suspected that Alpha Issacar had friends in high places, or he never would have been called in to solve it. Either way, he wanted Matt safe. Stopping at a motel two towns over and paying with cash under a false name would be enough to protect him. Zac could only hope, at least.

"Baby," Zac said, trying to wake up his sleeping mate. He hated to wake Matt up, but he needed food and to stretch his legs before the last couple hours of the drive. "Matt, wake up, sleepyhead."

"Huh? What?" Matt answered, wiping his eyes. "Are we there?"

"No, baby, but I'm hungry. Could you eat?"

"Yeah, I could eat," Matt replied with a yawn. "How much more do we have?"

“A couple more hours, but we’re going to grab a motel in a different town. I want to stash you somewhere safe since I don’t know anything about this pack.”

“You know what’s best in this situation, Zac,” Matt answered after a moment. “But I’m not a baby.”

“Matt, I know that,” Zac replied, sighing. “This guy is a big-ass Beta. If something goes wrong, I don’t want you involved.”

Matt nodded, seeming to understand it wasn’t a reflection on him. It was about the target.

Pulling off the expressway, Zac found a burger chain restaurant and parked. They stretched their legs, used the washroom, got their food, and were back in the truck in under ten minutes.

Zac was surprised at how well his mate went with the flow of things and didn’t complain. He was incredibly grateful for that. Zac’s tolerance of whiney people was pretty low. Still, when they got home, he was going to do everything in his power to make sure that Matt had everything he could ever dream of. Matt was going to have one of the spare bedrooms for his office, but maybe Zac could get wireless Internet for his laptop.

“Hey, Matt?” Zac asked, having an idea of something his mate might like.

“What’s up?” Matt asked with his mouthful of burger.

“What else do you like to do besides cook? You know, I have some land if you wanted to do something with it. Not a lot, mind you, but a few acres anyway.”

“Really?”

“Sure, baby, it’s your home now, too. If there’s something you want, within reason, of course, I don’t see why you can’t have it.”

“Okay, well, there is one thing. But don’t laugh, promise?”

“I promise to try not to laugh,” Zac replied. He braced himself for some crazy idea.

“Well, I have few memories of my grandparents. When I was very little, though, I remember helping my grandpa in his vegetable

garden. It was our special time together, and it meant the world to me. I always thought when I got older, I would have one, too. I mean, I couldn't have one at my apartment, of course. But if you'd be okay with it, I'd really love to have one of my own?"

"I think that's a great idea, Matt!" Zac replied enthusiastically.

"Really? You don't think it's too girly?"

"Not at all! That can be hard work. I admit I don't know anything about vegetables or gardening, but I'd be more than happy to help you if you teach me? I mean, I know my way around a shovel and can do manual labor."

"I'd like that, Zac," Matt said with a huge grin on his face.

Zac smiled back, deciding he wanted to see his mate smile like that as often as possible. If all it took was a vegetable garden to make Matt so happy, he'd fall in love with him faster than he thought possible.

And that scared the shit out of him.

\* \* \* \*

Zac woke up before Matt the next morning. He knew he had to get up and get to the job, but he couldn't help but watch his mate sleep. Matt looked so peaceful, with a small smile on his lips, almost a smirk.

Even in his dreams, he seemed to know how strongly Zac already felt about him. It baffled Zac how much he already cared for his mate. Matt's heart was so big, it was impossible not to adore him.

Thinking back to last night, Zac chuckled at his mate's loving. Matt insisted, since Zac had spent so many hours driving while Matt got time to nap, that he was going to take care of Zac for the evening. They showered together, and then Matt gave him a wonderful massage that ended with a fucking fantastic blow job. When Zac had tried to reciprocate, his mate patted him on the shoulder and told him to get some sleep.

Zac knew Matt had been hard and wound up, but he put his needs aside and took care of Zac. He didn't know what he did to deserve such a wonderful mate, but Zac knew he would do everything in his power to keep deserving him.

"Matt," Zac said, shaking his shoulder. "Sweetie, I have to get going."

"Go? Go where?" Matt asked, looking panicked as he sat up.

"I have to go meet with Alpha Issacar and take care of the Beta. I'll be back for you. You're my mate now. I'll always come back to you."

"Oh, okay. Sorry, I wasn't thinking. You just startled me."

"I figured, babe. But I wanted to say good-bye and talk to you instead of just sneaking out."

"Good. Always do that, please," Matt said as he leaned up to get a good-morning kiss. "Be safe and come back to me, Zac. I don't want to lose you now that we've found each other."

"I feel the same way," Zac whispered against his hair before kissing his head again. Matt smiled and snuggled back down into the bed. See? This being mated thing wasn't so hard. Zac could do this.

Zac smiled like a loon as he got dressed and grabbed his gear. He quietly left the motel room, not wanting to disturb Matt again. Before he left, he made sure to program his number into Matt's cell phone, just in case.

He was at Alpha Issacar's house in under a half hour. Putting on his game face, he knocked on the door and waited.

"Yes?" an older man asked as he opened the door.

"Alpha Issacar?" Zac asked, not liking the look of the Alpha. Something in the man's eyes set off alarm bells inside his head.

"I'm Alpha Issacar," the man replied. "Who are you?"

"The Delta the council sent, sir."

"What's your name, young man?"

“Not important. Normally, no one knows even what I look like when I do a job for the council. For some reason this time, I was asked to check in at the Alpha’s house first.”

“What do you have to hide? Why won’t you tell me your name?” Issacar growled.

Zac wasn’t ready for that response. Most Alphas understood why Deltas didn’t want to reveal their identity during a job.

“Sir, with all due respect, I never give anyone my information. Deltas are hunted enough as is. Normal hit men don’t meet their clients in person, much less know their real names,” Zac replied, choosing his words carefully.

“If you’re not going to tell me who you are, then get the fuck out of my town!”

“That’s not your call, Alpha Issacar. I was sent here on a directive from the council. Now, either you deal with not knowing my name and inform me of the circumstances, or I report back to the council that I couldn’t do my job because of your reluctance.”

The anger and pure hatred coming off the Alpha made Zac very glad he didn’t share any information. Zac was starting to wonder if Issacar had a screw loose. Just as quickly as the anger appeared, it was hidden behind a calm mask the Alpha put on.

“I understand,” Issacar said calmly, as if he had never yelled at Zac. “My apologies, Delta. You’ll have to bear with me. This situation has me very distraught.”

“Of course, Alpha Issacar, it’s understandable.”

*Can anyone say psychopath?* Zac thought to himself. He entered cautiously when the Alpha opened the door wider and stepped out of the way. “Please fill me in on what I need to know.”

“Well, I was told you knew my Beta’s name and description.” Issacar waited for Zac’s nod to confirm. “He’s been a problem for the past few years, but the last couple of months have been much worse. Aiden has started lying about carrying out my orders and threatening pack members who support me as Alpha.”

“Obviously, that is a problem, but why did the council get involved?” Zac asked. “Shouldn’t this be handled within the pack?”

“I wouldn’t have contacted the council if that was all, you little pissant,” Issacar growled. Just as quickly, the look on his face snapped back to calm. “I found out that Beta Aiden was planning on eliminating me, and not through a challenge.”

“Why didn’t your Delta take him out?”

“It seems Delta Sebastian and Beta Aiden are close friends. They grew up together.”

“Has the proof of the plan to eliminate you been confirmed by the council? Beta Aiden has no clue that I’m coming, right?”

“Of course not! I’m not an idiot! Can you get him out of my way or not?” the Alpha yelled.

“Yeah, I can eliminate the target,” Zac replied, feeling very unnerved. Not only the way the Alpha yelled at him, but his word choice made Zac’s gut churn. Get him out of the Alpha’s way? Shouldn’t he be asking Zac to help him not get assassinated?

“Good. His address is just on the outskirts of town. I wrote it down along with detailed directions,” the Alpha informed him as he handed over a piece of paper. “I expect you to report back to me as soon as it’s taken care of.”

“Of course, Alpha Issacar,” Zac said, hoping the Alpha didn’t smell the lie. Issacar was out of his mind if he thought Zac would check back in with him. That’s not how this worked. He’d inform the council it was done and get the hell out of Dodge.

Something was very wrong with this situation, and Zac didn’t like it. The hit man coming back to the client after it was over smelled like a double cross, and Zac had enough experience not to fall for it.

Zac left the house after that, keeping his head turned to the side so he could see the house in his peripheral vision. This job smelled of rat, big-time.

Driving to the outskirts of town happened to be easy enough, and finding Aiden’s house, as well. Zac parked a few miles away at an

abandoned turnoff. He quickly got out and shed his clothes. Shifting into his Chameleon form before anyone could drive by and see a strange, naked man standing there, he headed back to Aiden's house. Even invisible, he was a large wolf and ate up the distance quickly.

Standing close enough to see the target's house, but staying far enough away so that his scent couldn't be determined, Zac decided to observe for a while. Seeing Aiden on his back porch, lighting coals on the grill, dancing to the music coming from inside his house, Zac seriously doubted this was some evil Beta. Aiden turned to look over his backyard, taking in the scenery, and Zac got a look of him straight on.

*Holy shit!* The man was hot. The description Zac received of Aiden did not do the man justice. He had shoulder-length, sandy brown hair that shone in the sun. There wasn't an ounce of fat on the man. Even though he was a few inches shorter than Zac, his muscular arms, back, shoulders, and even thighs were thicker than Zac's.

Zac almost panted, and not because he had run for miles in wolf form. Aiden turned around as two women walked out onto the deck. From the loving and almost reverent way Aiden greeted them, Zac guessed it was his mother and grandma. Oh yeah, this guy had mass murder written all over him.

*Not!*

Deciding to take a closer look, Zac inched along the grass on his belly. He knew he was taking a risk and possibly getting too close. Zac couldn't seem to stop himself. Aiden suddenly looked over the yard with a narrowed gaze as Zac got within fifteen yards.

*Shit, he smells me,* Zac thought to himself. Quickly Aiden ushered the women back into the house and turned to face whatever possible threat he sensed. Zac needed to make sure he wasn't drooling when the Beta shed his clothes. Fuck, the man was gorgeous. Every possible thing Zac wanted to do to the man entered his mind.

Chastising himself for losing focus, he watched Aiden shift into wolf form. Aiden closed in on his position. Zac knew he couldn't see

him, but he could smell him. Trying to decide what to do, Aiden took away the choice as he shifted back to a man.

"I know you're out there," he said calmly, but Zac could smell his fear. "If you're here for me, I'll go quietly, but please don't hurt the women." That made up Zac's mind. If this guy was so horrible, he wouldn't care what happened to the women hiding in his house.

"I just want to talk," Zac said after he shifted back. "I was sent here to take you out, but I'm having serious reservations after talking to your Alpha, even more so from observing you the past half an hour. You seem nothing like my information."

"I didn't know Deltas were allowed to question orders?"

"I won't take someone out when they've showed no cause to deserve it. I could give a shit if they yell at me for it or not."

"Well, as much as I appreciate that, promise me you won't hurt my mother and grandma."

"Smart. Make sure I see them as a person instead of possible threats," Zac said with a smile.

"I'll do whatever it takes to protect them."

"They have nothing to fear from me. Neither do you right now. On my honor, I swear it."

"Okay then," Aiden said, letting out a deep breath and relaxing his posture. "You said my Alpha sent you? What lies has that bastard been spinning now?"

"That you've been intentionally lying to him about following orders and threatening members of the pack that are loyal to Alpha Issacar. Oh, and that you were planning to assassinate him," Zac answered with a chuckle.

"The first one is true. The other two are not," Aiden said, starting to dress.

"Please don't feel the need to cover up on my account. I was enjoying the view."

"You were sent to kill me, and you're flirting?" The man arched an eyebrow. "Wow, this can't get any stranger."

“Sorry,” Zac said with a shrug. “I find I’m drawn to you. You said the first allegation was true. How so?”

“Alpha Issacar has always been a ruthless bastard. Lately, some of the pack have started to get fed up. He’s been ordering me to lay the hurt down on them. I’m a Beta, not a hired thug. I won’t beat the innocent because Issacar wants to rule with an iron fist. Would you like some pants?”

“Yeah, actually, that would be great.” Zac thought about what Aiden had just told him and why he was so damn drawn to him. He smelled so familiar, but he couldn’t place where he knew that smell from. Zac decided to walk over and sit on one of the patio chairs, hidden by the table, instead of flashing everyone in the house.

“These may be a little—” Aiden started to say as he walked back out of the house, but stopped. They locked gazes as the realization hit both of them about the same time. “You’re my mate, aren’t you?”

“I’m pretty sure, yes. You smelled so familiar. I couldn’t place it,” Zac replied. “But when you just walked back out here, I knew where I smelled it before. You smell like my other mate I met two days ago.”

“You have your other mate? Found him two days ago and now you found me? Well, fuck, that’s got to be quite the head job for you.”

“That’s an understatement. Add to that, I was sent here to kill you,” Zac said, reaching for the pants, shaking his head.

“What now?” Aiden asked, not backing away from Zac. The man smelled like heaven, and Zac just wanted to rip off his clothes and rub his body all over Aiden.

“I don’t have a fucking clue, but I’m open for suggestions.”

“All of mine seem to involve a flat surface right now,” Aiden replied, his voice getting husky. “I can’t seem to think past how much I want to kiss you.”

“As much as I second that idea, right now your Alpha wants you dead. I have to figure out why the council sent me without having all the facts. So, I think you packing a couple bags and coming with me

might be a better idea.” Zac smirked. “If the goal is to keep you alive, that is.”

“Okay, let me get rid of my family and send them to a safe place for now. I’m also going to call in our Delta. He’s a good friend of mine,” Aiden said. He seemed to be trying to take everything in.

“I’m going to head back to my truck and drive over,” Zac said, handing back the pants. He shifted and started to run before he attacked Aiden and fucked him right on the deck. Zac was so filled with lust, he didn’t even care that Aiden’s family was in the house.

Getting back to his truck and grabbing his clothes, Zac saw he was so hard not even a cold shower would help him now. He had a little difficulty getting his rock-hard erection into his jeans. If time had permitted it, he would have jacked off to help. But he knew he had to keep his head and get his mate to safety.

Zac drove his truck back to Aiden’s house, cursing up a storm at the situation. Pulling into the driveway, he noticed it was just Aiden’s car there. His family must have left. It was good to know his mate worked fast under pressure. Knocking on the front door, Zac realized that he didn’t have a clue what he was going to say.

The door opened wide, and before Zac could say anything, Aiden wrapped his arms around him and gave him a smoldering kiss. Zac immediately forced his tongue into Aiden’s mouth as Aiden did the same. Needing to take a breath, Zac broke the kiss and noticed Aiden was breathing heavy, too. Well, at least he wasn’t the only one affected by the kiss.

“I can’t even tell you how much I want keep going with that kiss,” Zac said, regaining his composure. “But we need to get you out of here, now.”

“I know, and I’m sorry. I just couldn’t seem to stop myself,” Aiden said, blushing. “My family is heading over to relatives a few states over for a while. Let me throw some necessities in a bag, and I’ll be ready. Our pack Delta, Sebastian, should be here in five minutes, and then we can leave.”

“Sebastian will have to follow us. I’m going to take you back to where my mate is stashed. Are you sure you can trust this Delta? You are trusting him with our lives, you know.”

“I would trust him with my life, yours, and your mate’s any day. I trust my family’s lives with him,” Aiden said, meeting Zac’s gaze squarely so Zac understood the full weight of his words.

“Okay, but warn him I won’t take any chances with the life of my mate,” Zac replied with the same force Aiden used. His mate nodded and headed back to his bedroom, or what Zac assumed was his bedroom. Zac decided he better fill Matt in and not just show up with strange men. Zac pulled out his cell phone and started dialing. He waited, again not knowing what to say.

“Hello?”

“Hey, baby, how are you?”

“Missing my big, sexy mate,” Matt replied in a sultry voice that made Zac’s toes curl.

“I miss you, too, Matt. There have been some issues with this mission, though. I don’t want to get into it over the phone. I just wanted to give you the heads-up that I’m bringing a couple of guys back to the hotel. One of them is my other mate.”

“Wow,” Matt said, taking a pause, “both of us in two days. Are you okay?”

“I think so. I wish that was all that was going on, but it’s a lot more complicated than that. I just wanted to let you know. I promise nothing will happen to you, Matt. I won’t let it,” Zac said, noticing Aiden walking up to him. “I’ve got to go, baby. I’ll see you soon.”

“Be careful, Zac. Watch your back like a paranoid mental patient.”

“Okay, baby, I will.” Zac laughed. He hung up the phone and turned back to Aiden. “Ready?”

“Yeah, I just grabbed the basics. If I forgot anything, I can pick it up later,” Aiden said sadly.

"We'll figure this out, okay?" Zac replied, hugging Aiden. He broke their embrace in a flash when he heard someone else pulling into the driveway.

Aiden went over to the window and peeked out through the blinds. "It's Sebastian, and he's alone."

"Good."

"Let's get the show on the road," Aiden said as they headed towards the driveway. Zac got in the truck as he watched Aiden talk to the man in the car behind him. Aiden threw his bags into the bed of the truck then walked around to hop in next to Zac. "Sebastian knows to follow us."

Zac didn't know how to help Aiden as a look of grief washed over his face when they pulled away from the house. He didn't know how to handle this emotional side of having mates. Sure, he knew what to do if someone was attacking them, but this was all new to Zac, especially after being on his own for so long. Silently, Zac reached over and took Aiden's hand, his eyes never leaving the road.

Aiden gave his hand a slight squeeze, acknowledging what Zac was trying to communicate. They didn't talk the whole drive back to the motel, but what could really be said? *This sucks. Sorry your Alpha contacted me to kill you?* That really wasn't something Zac wanted to verbalize.

"We're here," Zac said as he pulled into the parking lot.

"Wow, I've met my mate, and now I'm going to meet your other mate. That really hasn't sunk in with everything else that's going on," Aiden said quietly before they got out of the truck.

"One thing at a time, we'll deal with everything as it comes," Zac replied, grabbing one of Aiden's bags. He turned and watched Sebastian approach, trying not to growl when the man wrapped an arm over his mate's shoulders. "The room is this way."

As Zac opened the door, he was shocked as a small weight crashed into him. It took him a few moments to realize it was his little mate.

“Thank God you’re safe,” Matt said, planting small kisses all over his face.

“Wow! I could get used to greetings like this when I come home.” Zac laughed. He moved so the other two men could come into the room as well. “Baby, this is Aiden Kane, my other mate. Aiden, this is Matt Garrett.”

“Nice to meet you, Matt,” Aiden said, shaking Matt’s hand.

“You, too,” Matt replied, his eyes locking on the man standing behind Aiden. “He’s a Delta, isn’t he?” Matt nodded to Sebastian.

“Yes, this is my friend and the Delta of our pack, Sebastian Rule,” Aiden told him.

“Hello, handsome,” Matt said, sauntering over to Sebastian and wrapping his arms around his neck. Matt started rubbing his body against Sebastian, as a cat would with his owner’s leg.

“Okay, come here, Matt.” Zac chuckled, dragging Matt away from the other Delta. “Remember it’s his scent, baby, and I don’t share.”

“Sorry,” Matt said, his face bright red, probably from embarrassment.

“I get it a lot. And you are?” Sebastian asked, extending his hand to Zac.

“Zac Sheehan, nice to meet you,” Zac replied, shaking the man’s hand. “Not to be rude, but why are you here, Sebastian?”

“Sebastian is here because, if you go to the council, Zac, and explain what’s going on, you’ll have to inform them I’m your mate. They might not believe you, given the circumstances. Also, if Alpha Issacar is after me, he is or will be after Sebastian soon.”

“Makes sense,” Zac said, thinking it over for a bit. “What now?”

“I don’t have a fucking clue,” Aiden said with a heavy sigh.

“First, I say we pack up and get the hell out of here,” Sebastian suggested. “Once we get to wherever is safe, I would assume back to Zac’s house, we talk with the council.”

“Do you know who Issacar’s friend is on the council? We have to make sure he’s not who we contact,” Zac replied. When both men shook their heads, Zac started to worry again.

“I can find out,” Matt’s quiet voice said from behind him.

“You can?” Zac asked, pulling him forward to lean against his chest.

“Yeah, if you give me a list of the council members’ names, I can find it out once we get home. Remember what I said about being able to find things out on people,” Matt said, giving Zac a sly grin.

“You are such a catch, baby,” Zac said, then kissed the top of Matt’s head. “All right, let’s get everything packed up. Aiden, why don’t you ride with Sebastian? Just in case we get separated. I don’t want anyone on their own until we get back to the safety of my pack.”

“Agreed,” Sebastian and Aiden said at the same time. Everyone moved efficiently, Matt packing up anything lying around the motel room, while the rest brought out Matt’s boxes to the truck. They had brought everything in last night to make sure nothing got stolen. The somber silence between everyone was almost disturbing. No one knew what to say. Zac went to check them out while the others finished loading up the rest.

Zac felt bad for Aiden, and for himself, too. Finding his mate was supposed to be a happy time. He was thrilled when he found Matt, getting to spend some wonderful alone time with him.

The memory of claiming Matt would be with Zac forever. Aiden and he weren’t going to get that because of the situation they were all in. Zac hoped that missed moment didn’t affect their mating.

## Chapter 4

“So, that’s your mate, huh?”

Aiden looked away from the view out the side window of the car and over to his best friend, Sebastian. “Yeah, it looks that way.”

“He’s cute.”

“Which one?” Aiden chuckled.

“Both? Either?”

“You’re a Delta,” Aiden said. “How does that mating thing work? I mean, am I mated to both Zac and Matt or just Zac? Do I have to share Zac with Matt, or do we share him together? What?”

“I’m afraid you’re on your own there, my friend,” Sebastian said. “I’ve never been mated before, and that part of the whole Delta thing was kind of glossed over during my training, something about not filling my head with mindless drivel, or so the pack Alpha said.”

Aiden leaned his head back against the headrest and went back to looking out the window. “That doesn’t sound very reassuring, Sebastian.”

“It could be worse.”

“How?”

“You could be mated to Issacar.”

Aiden snorted and rolled his head back to look at Sebastian. “Oh, you’re a lot of help. Jackass.”

“Look, you found your mate, Aiden. This should be the happiest day of your life. It sucks that you have to meet him under these circumstances, but at least you’ve met him. Some people go their whole lives without meeting their mates.”

Aiden grimaced. He knew Sebastian still looked for his mates. For as long as Aiden knew the man, he'd been looking for his mates. It was almost an obsession with him. Sebastian seemed to think he'd meet his mates and live happily ever after.

Aiden began to wonder if his *happily ever after* was meant to be because currently his life sucked. Yes, he had found his mate. But his mate already had a mate, one Zac seemed to adore. Aiden didn't know if he could compete with that.

To top that all off, as if that wasn't big enough, Aiden's life was in serious danger of being snuffed out. There was also the likelihood that he would take his mate and his mate's mate out with him, not to mention his best friend.

"You know this sucks on several different levels, right?"

Sebastian's laughter filled the small confines of the car.

Aiden glanced over at him, a bubble of laughter escaping his mouth. "Well, it does."

"I have no doubt that it sucks, Aiden," Sebastian replied. "But you need to look on the bright side. You found your mate, man. No matter how bad the situation is, that has to make you excited." Sebastian grinned. "Besides, your mate is a Delta. Think of the sex."

Aiden laughed. Sebastian did have a way of making a bad situation seem not quite so bad. From his years of hanging out with Sebastian, Aiden knew that Deltas had an above average sex drive. It looked like he wouldn't have to jerk off anytime soon.

"And don't forget the little spitfire," Sebastian added. "Depending on how things work out between the three of you, you could be getting laid a lot in the future."

Aiden sat up, his gaze going to the truck in front of them. "Do you really think something would work out between the three of us?"

"Who knows? As long as everyone is agreeable, I say try claiming the spitfire. See what happens. Who knows, maybe you were meant to be Matt's mate, too. I don't remember anything in the rule book that

said you weren't mates." Sebastian shrugged. "Of course, I don't remember anything saying you were, either."

"You're a fountain of information, Sebastian."

Aiden didn't know what to think. Zac was gorgeous, but so was Matt. True, Aiden didn't feel the same deep need for Matt that he felt for Zac, but that could be attributed to Zac being a Delta. Mates were supposed to be immune to a Delta's pheromones, but that didn't mean they were dead.

Besides, Aiden would much rather the three of them get along rather than not. He didn't relish having to spend nights alone while his mate was off getting screwed by someone else, even if that someone was Zac's other mate.

"So, how far is it to this guy's pack?" Sebastian asked.

"I have no fucking idea." Aiden chuckled. "I forgot to ask."

\* \* \* \*

"Yo, dude, wake up. I think we're here."

Aiden opened his eyes and glanced around. They were pulling off the main road onto a small dirt road shadowed by tall trees on both sides. Aiden sat up and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes so he could get a better look.

Considering it was pitch black outside, there wasn't much to see. The only light Aiden could see came from the moon hanging overhead. His one consolation to being in the boonies was the fact that the moon looked so big he could almost reach up and touch it.

Aiden didn't exactly live in the city where he came from, but close enough. The city lights drowned out the moon's glow on many nights. It was something he missed a lot. He spent many a night driving out into the country just so he could look at the moon in all her glory. Here at Zac's home, he wouldn't need to do that.

"This place is amazing," he whispered as he leaned forward to get a better look at the moon through the front window. He reached out to press his hand against the cold glass. "I can almost touch the moon."

"Yeah, not too bad for a Delta," Sebastian remarked.

Aiden glanced over at him, confused by the tone in his voice. "What do you mean?"

Sebastian shrugged. "Most Deltas don't have digs this nice. It's kind of hard to set up a great place when you're never home."

"Christ! I never thought of that," Aiden said. "Zac will be gone most of the time working for the council. I'll hardly ever get to see him."

"Most likely," Sebastian said. "Why do you think I suggested you and Matt try to get things going between the two of you? It's going to be pretty lonely out here if you're just roommates."

Aiden shook his head as Sebastian pulled his car up beside Zac's truck and turned it off. "Let me remind you once again of my words from earlier," he said. "This sucks on so many levels."

Sebastian laughed as he climbed out of the car. Aiden didn't have much else to say. There wasn't really anything he could say. His life had just hit a major crossroads, and he wasn't sure which direction to walk toward.

However, the tall, luscious man standing by the front porch of a cabin seemed to be his best bet. Aiden grabbed his bags and walked up to Zac. He stood on the step just below the man and gazed up at him.

"Hey, handsome, come here often?" Zac chuckled. Aiden leaned into the callused hand that Zac placed against his cheek, wishing that they had just a few minutes of alone time. Ten minutes would work.

"I've been here once or twice," Zac replied. "However, since I just met you and Matt, I'd like to show the two of you around the place. Do you think your friend there could occupy himself for a few minutes?"

Aiden didn't even turn away from the blue eyes looking down at him. He just yelled over his shoulder. "Sebastian, bring in the bags."

"Ah, man," Sebastian whined good-naturedly. "I always get stuck doing the heavy lifting."

"I could help," Matt said as he sidled up to Sebastian.

Aiden laughed when Zac rolled his eyes. "Matt!"

"Sorry, I keep forgetting," Matt said quickly as he hurried over to stand next to Zac. His face was red, his eyes darting around. "He just smells so good."

Zac chuckled and wrapped his arm around Matt's shoulders. "I guess I need to claim you a few more times before the effect lessens on you."

Matt seemed to brighten right up, a happy grin covering his cute, little face. "Okay."

"Yeah, about that," Aiden began. "How does the whole mating thing between the three of us work? I mean, do we get separate places to live and just date? Do you spend half the week in my bed and half the week in Matt's? What?"

Zac's dark eyebrows drew together as he frowned. "Well, I was kind of hoping that you might agree to live here with me and Matt. As for the rest of it, I don't know what the rules are or how it's done. I guess we do what feels right for us and fuck everybody else."

"I think I like that idea," Aiden said. He glanced down at Matt's eager face. "What about you, Matt? Zac mated you first. How do you feel about sharing?"

"Me or Zac?" Matt asked.

"Uh, both?" Aiden answered. He knew he was stepping out on a limb. Zac didn't have to share either of them. Technically, Aiden and Matt were only mated to Zac. They weren't mated to each other. There might never be a connection between them.

Matt grinned. "That could be fun."

Aiden swallowed past the lump that suddenly lodged in his throat. The glint in Matt's eyes made his cock harden. The smile that Zac

shot down to the little man made Aiden wish for a flat surface. Both men seemed to be in support of the idea that the three of them should try things out together.

“So, about this tour—”

Zac gestured toward the house. “Right this way,” he said as he started walking. “Would you like the full tour or just the highlights?”

Aiden glanced down when he felt Matt nudge him. He arched an eyebrow at the smaller man.

“I say we go for the highlights.” Matt chuckled. “We can see the rest of the place later.”

Aiden grinned. “The highlights it is.”

Matt looped his arm through Aiden’s, and the two of them followed Zac through the house. Aiden would have liked to have taken a longer look at the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves built into one wall of the living room, or even the cozy-looking fireplace on another, but getting down the hallway seemed to be more important.

“This is the living room,” Zac said as he walked straight through it. He looked like a man on a mission. “That’s the dining room, and just around the corner there is the kitchen. I have an office through the door to the left of the front door.”

Zac opened the last door in their little tour and waved them in. “And this is the bedroom. It has its own master bath and double doors to the back porch. There are two more bedrooms upstairs.”

Aiden’s mouth dropped open when Matt suddenly dropped his arm and raced across the room to bounce on one of the largest beds he ever saw. Zac was a Delta. He must have been preparing for his mates since he knew he’d have them. The bed would easily accommodate the three of them.

Zac turned around to face Aiden, spreading his arms wide. “Well, what do you think?”

Aiden grinned. “It’s perfect.”

“It would be a whole lot better if the two of you joined me over here.”

Both Aiden and Zac whipped around to look at Matt. Aiden's mouth dropped open in shock then snapped closed as arousal hit him. Matt had taken his shirt off, and he was in the middle of shimmying out of his jeans.

He cast a worried look over to see how Zac was taking his mate's invitation to the both of them only to find the man taking his clothes off, too. Aiden was the odd man out. He was still dressed.

Aiden wasn't stupid. He quickly reached for the buttons of his shirt and started undressing. It was hard to concentrate on the buttons of his shirt and the zipper of his pants when he couldn't take his eyes off Zac or Matt.

By the time he dropped the last of his clothes on the floor, Zac and Matt were already curled up together on the bed, their naked bodies pressed together as they kissed. Aiden had to take just a moment and watch. It was pretty hot.

Finally, he climbed onto the end of the bed. "Is there room in there for me?" He gratefully took the hand Zac held out to him and climbed up the mattress to lie with Zac on one side and Matt on the other. Aiden glanced back and forth between the two men. "I'm not sure what the protocol is here."

Matt raised his hand in the air. "Ooh, ooh, I know, I know."

Aiden rolled his eyes but chuckled at Matt's enthusiasm.

"Matt?" Zac asked.

"There is no protocol," Matt said. "We do what feels right for all of us."

"Very good, Matt," Zac said. "You win a kiss."

Aiden's eyes widened as Matt leaned over him and kissed Zac. He watched, entranced and getting more aroused by the second. He could see Zac's tongue brush across Matt's lips. He could see Matt's answering caress as his pink tongue darted out and swiped at Zac's. And he could feel both men's hard cocks pressing against him.

"Can I get one of those?" Aiden asked when the two men finally separated.

Zac arched an eyebrow as he glanced down at him. “Have you been a good boy?”

Aiden shook his head.

“Oh, those are the best kind.” Zac laughed. “Matt? Why don’t you show Aiden what you can do with a garden hose while I get the lube?”

Aiden frowned, unsure of what Zac was talking about until he felt a set of warm lips wrap around his cock and swallow him down. Matt just kept swallowing and swallowing until his nose buried in Aiden’s pubic hair.

Aiden spread his legs to give Matt better access as he clenched desperately at the sheets on either side of his body. “Oh my fucking god!”

He could hear Zac chuckle but was too intent on every movement Matt made to pay it much attention. Aiden didn’t consider his cock huge, but he wasn’t a shrimp, either. Still, no one had ever sucked him all the way down before. Matt was a marvel.

Aiden almost cried when Zac directed Matt to stop. He looked up at his mate helplessly until he was told to get onto his hands and knees. Matt was waiting for him. His ass was up by the pillows, his head down by Aiden’s cock, mouth open and waiting.

Aiden noted the jutting cock pointing up at him when he straddled Matt’s body. He could feel Matt go back to town on his cock and figured two could play at that game. Aiden leaned down to take Matt’s cock into his mouth just as he felt two lubed fingers slip into his ass.

Aiden groaned, the sound vibrating the cock in his mouth. Matt went wild, humping up into the air, shoving his cock into Aiden’s mouth even further. Aiden had to anchor Matt’s hips to the bed to keep from being gagged, but the more he worked the erect shaft, the deeper he was able to take it until he felt he could rival Matt in the garden hose department.

Matt certainly seemed to enjoy it if the moans and whimpers coming from him were anything to go by. He suddenly stopped sucking and pulled away from Aiden's mouth. Aiden looked down, worried he had done something wrong until he saw Matt swinging his body around. Aiden waited, enjoying the feeling of having his ass played with, until Matt's face was up next to his.

"Fuck me," Matt demanded.

"Uh..." Aiden glanced over his shoulder at his mate. "Zac?"

Zac shrugged. "It's up to you, Aiden. I'd like the three of us to be together. I think it would be easier on all of us, but if you aren't comfortable with it, then don't do it."

"I just wanted to make sure I wasn't stepping on anyone's toes."

"Step away, baby."

Aiden grinned and turned back to Matt. He didn't know what Matt saw in his gaze, but the man's breathing suddenly hitched and his green eyes widened. "Are you sure you're okay with this, Matt?"

Aiden suddenly found Matt's feet planted in the mattress beside his hips. The man's arms wrapped around Aiden's neck and pulled him down for a kiss. Aiden took that as Matt's response and kissed him back.

"That is so fucking hot," Zac growled from behind Aiden. Aiden grinned and wiggled his butt. It earned him a small smack and another finger in his ass. He wasn't complaining. He did, however, reach back for the lube.

Without lifting his lips away from Matt's, Aiden lubed up his fingers and his cock. He dropped the lube on the bed and pressed a finger into Matt's eager hole. He almost whimpered when his finger sank right into Matt.

Having a mate was surprising enough. Add a sexy little thing like Matt into the mix, and Aiden felt pretty sure he wouldn't be walking straight anytime soon. At this rate, he'd be lucky to get out of bed in the morning.

Matt's hips began pressing back against his finger. Aiden added another one. When Matt's body seemed to suck his finger right in, Aiden added a third. He could feel Zac mirroring his movements.

The pleasure racing through his body was almost too much. Aiden felt like he was on the edge of a great cliff, ready to fall over, but he wanted to take Zac and Matt with him. Aiden pulled his fingers from Matt and replaced them with his cock.

Pushing in slowly was nearly impossible. Matt's hips pushed against him from below, and Zac's fingers impaled him from behind. Aiden sank all of the way in and froze. He took several deep breaths and stared down at the small man beneath him. Matt's eyes blinked up at him.

"Zac!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm there, babe," Zac said. Aiden felt Zac pull his fingers free. A moment later, the blunt head of Zac's cock pressed against him. As Zac gently thrust forward, Aiden realized that his mate was a tad thicker than he was, and it felt fantastic.

Finally, all three men were joined, Aiden to Matt and Zac to Aiden. If this was how their life was going to be, Aiden was all for it. He wasn't exactly a horn ball, but he did have sex every once in a while. From here on out, he planned to have it a lot but only with these two gorgeous men. Aiden didn't think he could handle anyone else.

Aiden started to move, thrusting himself into Matt, then pulling out, impaling himself on Zac's cock. The connection between them went deeper than just their flesh. Aiden could feel himself opening up to the two men he was sandwiched between, giving them a piece of himself even as he took one from each of them.

"Faster," Matt moaned. "Harder."

Aiden complied until he was pounding into the man. He could feel Zac's fingers dig into his hips as the man held on for the ride. He could feel Zac's cock stretching him every time it filled him. He could feel himself eagerly step off that cliff.

Aiden arched, his head tossed back as he filled Matt with his release. A possessiveness he'd never felt before swept through him. Aiden looked back down at Matt's sweet face. Matt looked back and then tilted his head to one side.

Aiden struck, sinking his canines into the soft flesh between Matt's neck and shoulder. The sweet, hot flavor that was all Matt filled Aiden's senses, overwhelming him. In a daze, he heard Matt cry out, the space between their bodies becoming wet and sticky as Matt's cum shot between them.

Before Aiden could acknowledge Matt's release, he felt Zac's teeth sink into his own neck. The man's cock thrust frantically into Aiden's ass as spurt after spurt of hot seed filled him, followed quickly by the knot at the end of Zac's cock extending to take hold inside of Aiden, a sure sign of a mating, as only mates could knot.

Two things hit Aiden at the same time. One, he had just been claimed by his Delta mate. And two, the knot at the end of his own cock that extended to lodge in Matt meant that the sexy little man panting heavily beneath him had just become Aiden's other mate.

## Chapter 5

Matt woke up the next morning in a tangle of arms and legs. It took him a few moments to remember where he was. Looking from one man to the other, the events of last night rushed back to him. His mates. Yes, he had mates.

He had both Zac and Aiden. He took a chance last night, offering his neck to Aiden, hoping he would be claimed, too. He was thrilled when Aiden hadn't even hesitated and sank his canines right in.

Matt quietly untangled himself from the men then went to use the washroom and brush his teeth. When he was done, he found his overnight bag and threw on some jeans. He needed coffee in a major way. Matt had pretty much passed out after the mind-blowing sex, so he didn't see any of the house besides the quick tour on the dash to the master bedroom.

Making his way to the kitchen, he noticed all of the boxes with his stuff were in the living room. Once the coffee was brewing, he went in search of his laptop. On the drive to Zac's house—correction, their house—Matt had thought of a few ways to help with the situation. Booting up his laptop and getting his mobile Internet connected, he was tickled pink that it worked out here past the woods.

Matt grabbed a mug of coffee. He found the milk and sugar easily enough. Zac was very organized. That thrilled Matt. He was something of a neat freak himself and couldn't imagine living with a slob. It would still be an adjustment despite the cleanliness. Matt had lived on his own for a few years. Living with not one but two grown men would take some getting used to.

Settling down to the task at hand, Matt started by pulling up all he could on Alpha Issacar, including his financials. Oddly enough, the Alpha had vast amounts of money hidden in several different accounts. It seemed as if his pack gave 25 percent of their yearly earnings as opposed to the normal 10 percent.

Matt took a break and went in search of his printers. Yes, he had two. He knew that he was a computer geek, but it seemed it was something Zac liked in him.

He knew Zac said he could have one of the spare bedrooms as his office, but for now, he set up on the dining room table. Matt considered they would all need to confer with each other, so he set up the room as their war room. As soon as his printers were hooked up, he started printing copies of what he found.

Next he went to work on the other idea he had. Now that he knew that Deltas' mates would become immune to other Deltas, he came up with a plan so Deltas would no longer be alone.

Why couldn't they have their own community? Safety is always in numbers, and two heads are better than one. Matt figured if they lived and worked together in their own pack, it would make everyone safer.

Matt was almost done with his proposal of the idea, including estimated amounts of how much it would cost to set up this type of community, when he heard someone else walking around. He looked up, smiling when he saw it was Zac.

"I woke up, and my baby was gone, Matt," Zac said with a pout. "I didn't like that feeling."

"Sorry, Zac. I had some ideas on the drive over here that I wanted to get on paper before you guys all woke up." Matt went over and wrapped his arms around Zac. He let out a squeal of surprise as Zac lifted him off the ground to meet his lips. He wrapped his arms around Zac's neck and his legs around his hips. "I like the way you say good morning."

"I'm glad," Zac said after giving him another small kiss on the mouth. "So what has this pretty head of yours been plotting?"

"Well, do you want me to wait for everyone else, or do you want me to tell you now?"

"I'd prefer now, but if you want to wait, I guess I could."

"How about I figure out something for breakfast for all of us and fill you in. You can also look at some fascinating information I found while I'm cooking," Matt said as Zac released him.

"Wow, smart, cooks, and great in the sack. I'm one lucky fuck! What did I ever do to deserve you?"

"I'm not sure, but you'll think of something," Matt replied with a laugh, dodging when Zac tried to slap his ass. He quickly found the makings for pancakes and some bacon. After Zac confirmed he loved pancakes, Matt got to work. It was great the way Zac helped, showing him where things were as he asked for them.

"I never thought of cooking as fun, but I like helping you and watching you work. You really are sexy as hell, Matt," Zac told him.

"It works out well that you think so." Matt smiled at Zac over his shoulder. "Okay, business time. The stack of papers there on the counter are for you. I also printed out copies for Aiden and Sebastian. It seems Alpha Issacar has been a very bad boy."

"How so?" Zac asked as he started leafing through the papers.

"He has a lot of money, and when I say a lot, I mean boatloads. I was able to track the sources of most of the funds, most coming from pack members. It seems he hasn't been having his pack pay the normal 10 percent yearly income for pack dues, but 25 percent."

"Shit! The normal amount runs a pack smoothly, but still gives the Alpha a nice income. With an extra 15 percent over the course of the years he's been pack Alpha—"

"We're talking his holdings are in the millions," Matt said. "He could do a lot of damage with that kind of money, but for what? He doesn't spend money lavishly. He's very frugal and cuts corners for

spending wherever he can. Issacar is definitely up to something, and I don't think it's going to be ending world hunger."

"Yeah, I really doubt that, too."

"Well, I took the liberty of freezing his offshore accounts and tracking any stocks and bonds he has. If he tries to move any or liquidate them, I'll know right away. I left his local accounts alone, since they have the normal amount an Alpha would make. Plus, I didn't want to tip him off that anything was wrong," Matt finished, setting the first of the pancakes in the oven to keep them warm.

"Wow, you're really fucking smart." A voice came from the doorway. Matt flipped around to see Aiden there, with a look of what seemed to be pride on his face.

"Thanks," Matt replied, blushing. "How much did you hear?"

"Enough to hear that Issacar is a rat bastard."

"Coffee?" Zac asked as he started to stand.

"I can get it," Aiden said, putting a hand on Zac's shoulder to keep him sitting. He gave Zac a nice good-morning kiss and headed over to Matt. "Morning, baby."

"Morning, big guy," Matt replied, feeling Aiden's arms wrap around him. He tilted his head to get a kiss, as well, and couldn't contain a moan at the feeling of Aiden's warm lips on his.

"I could get used to this," Aiden said with a chuckle as he broke the kiss.

"Me too," Matt answered. "There's a file folder on the dining room table with your copies of what I found. You can grab it and take a look while we figure out what we're going to do now."

"No kisses for me?" Sebastian asked from the doorway, trying to go for a fake pout. Matt could see that he was trying to hide his real sadness, but it was there in his eyes.

"How about a hug and breakfast?" Matt asked, trying to make him feel better. Sebastian wasn't his mate, but he was Aiden's best friend. He didn't want to see him sad. Besides, the overwhelming desire to rub himself all over Sebastian seemed to have faded away.

"I'll take anything I can get," Sebastian replied, a little smile forming on his lips.

Matt quickly walked over and tried to give his biggest bear hug to the large man. Given how much taller he was than Matt, it proved difficult.

"Matt was filling us in on what he found out this morning," Zac said with a funny tone. If Matt didn't know any better, it almost seemed to be pride.

"Oh, he's adorable, cooks, and already has been working while we were sleeping?" Sebastian asked with a chuckle. "Lucky bastards."

"Yes, I am," Zac and Aiden said together. That had everyone laughing.

"Well, I figured since I was useless last night getting everything unloaded, this was a way to help. Plus, hacking is my specialty," Matt said after everyone stopped laughing. He started to set food down on the smaller kitchen table. There was just enough room for four if they squeezed. It took a few minutes, but then they were all settled and stuffing their faces with food.

"That's it, you're never allowed to leave, Matt," Zac said between mouthfuls. "I've not had a breakfast like this in ages. But we'll set up one rule right away, if it's okay with Aiden. If you cook, we clean up, fair enough?"

"Works for me, I hate doing dishes," Matt replied with a chuckle. "Aiden?"

"You keep cooking like this, baby, and I'm sure you can talk me into a lot more than just doing the dishes." As everyone laughed, Aiden grinned. "And now you see why I don't play poker. I pretty much always lay everything out on the line."

"There's nothing wrong with that. Matt and I already agreed that there would never be any lies between us. We both feel it's very important that mates always be completely honest with each other. If we do that, no matter what, we can tackle any issue," Zac said seriously.

"I'm cool with that. I like the idea of being able to believe you'll always be honest with me," Aiden said with a huge grin.

"I hate to break up the love fest, but we need to stay focused at the problem at hand." Sebastian snickered.

"Well, you guys clean up and fill each other in. This wolf needs a shower," Matt said, taking the last swig of his coffee before standing. He headed back to the master bath in their bedroom. It was huge!

Zac was completely prepared for having two mates. There were triple sinks, all next to each other, a very large shower, and a bathtub that looked like a whirlpool. Matt knew he would spend hours enjoying that tub, but for now he needed just a quick shower.

Shedding his clothes, he found the hamper and threw them in before heading to the shower. He was amazed to find it had several showerheads, making it almost like standing under a waterfall. Matt had thought ahead and grabbed a razor and shaving cream before he stepped into the shower. He had a surprise for his new mates. He just hoped they liked it. He also prayed he didn't cut himself. He had never shaved his groin before.

Groaning loudly when he was shaving his balls, he wasn't ready for the way it stimulated them. His cock immediately hardened. When he was done shaving, he thought back to last night. Matt stroked his cock while he thought of the way it felt to have Aiden thrusting inside of him. Seeing Zac fuck Aiden, while Aiden was inside him, had been the most erotic thing Matt had ever seen.

The look of pure bliss that was on his mates' faces while they were fucking made Matt increase his pace. He leaned his head against the wall of the shower and tried to keep his grunts muffled. He caressed his mating mark from Aiden, and that was all it took for him to finish. With a loud groan he came, shooting his seed all over the wall of the shower.

He stood motionless under the stream of warm water as he tried to breathe normally again. Once Matt was back under control, he quickly shampooed his hair, soaped up, and rinsed. He turned off the

shower and found the shelf with extra towels. Matt dried off then wrapped a towel around his hips.

Going in search of clean clothes, Matt found clean jeans and a shirt, which he threw on. He noticed, every step he took, the jeans rubbed against his very sensitive groin. Maybe going commando wasn't the best idea now that he was clean-shaven. But he figured it would be fun to try!

Matt headed back to the kitchen. The guys were just finished with their cleanup. They were also wrapping up their discussion on what to do next.

"Well, since Matt had the foresight to freeze a lot of his money and collect information on all his accounts, we have a lot for the council," Zac said.

"Now, if we could only find out which council member he's in league with," Aiden replied.

"Already done," Matt told them from the doorway.

"How so?" Sebastian asked, shutting off the water in the sink.

"I pulled Issacar's phone records and e-mails," Matt replied.

"Damn, Matt, you got more done this morning by 9 a.m. than most people do in a day," Aiden said, walking over towards him. He kissed his lips, then along his jaw, and up to his ear. "My genius little mate."

"I don't know about that," Matt said, trying to push off the compliment. "The information should be on the printer. I didn't have a chance to make copies yet."

"Okay, since we know which council member, I say we get the information to the rest of the members. Matt, can you put this all together while I call them?" Sebastian asked.

"Sure, I can compile it all into one file and attach it to the e-mail. Also, you might want to know I put tracers on all the incoming money. I could track down which account goes to which member, so if the council decides to return some of the money, I can tell. Well, for

the past few years at least. After that, I'm not so sure. Banks change routing numbers and some of the members—"

"Matt, I think that's more than anyone would ever have hoped could be done. The past few years are more than enough," Zac replied with a chuckle. "Sebastian, you make the call to your contact on the council, and I'll find my list of their e-mails."

"I'll get everything together and write up an e-mail to be sent when you guys are ready," Matt informed them. "Aiden, could you give me a hand?" He didn't really need Aiden's help, but it seemed everyone had a job but him, and he didn't want Aiden to feel left out.

"Sure, Matt, whatever you need," Aiden said, walking with him into the dining room. "What can I do?"

"Well, I don't really need help with the compiling and stuff, but, well, I—" Matt stuttered, looking at his feet.

"Whatever it is, you can tell me, Matt. I'm not one to judge, baby," Aiden said, wrapping his arms around Matt. "I promise, and if you want to keep something just between us, I can do that. As long as it's not going to hurt someone, there's no reason some things can't remain private."

"Thanks, Aiden," Matt replied, hugging him back. "I came up with an idea when we were driving here yesterday. I'm not done with the proposal, but I wanted to get your input. It involves you, but I need the perspective of someone else that is mated to a Delta."

"Sure, baby, hand me what you have, and I'll look at it while you get the e-mail ready."

"I'm glad you're both our mates, Aiden, not just Zac's."

"Me too, Matt, me too," Aiden said into Matt's hair before breaking their embrace. Aiden took the papers Matt nervously handed to his mate. As they sat down, Matt quickly got to work on compiling everything, all the evidence he found out about Issacar. He glanced up at Aiden after a few minutes and saw an intent look on his face.

Did that mean he liked the idea of setting up their own Delta pack? What if he didn't? Matt was really going out on a limb that his

mates wouldn't just laugh and pat his head like a kid. Aiden wasn't much older than him, Matt reminded himself. He was eternally grateful for that. If Aiden was Zac's age, too, he'd always feel like a little kid around his mates.

"Here's the e-mail addresses," Zac said, coming into the room. "You can get it all ready, excluding the member Issacar is tight with. Don't hit send until Sebastian gives us the go-ahead."

"Sure, Zac," Matt replied, typing in all the addresses.

"Hey, Matt?" Aiden asked when he was done reading.

"What's up, Aiden?"

"I think this is awesome," he said. "This is one of the best ideas I've ever heard of."

"Really?" Matt asked, trying to keep his emotions at bay.

"Really, Matt, you are incredibly smart. The planning and details you've put into this in just one morning is amazing," Aiden replied, coming over to hug him.

"What are you guys talking about?" Zac asked with a confused look on his face.

"Can I show him?" Aiden asked.

"I thought we weren't going to lie to each other," Zac growled, his face darkening. "That means no secrets, either! How can I trust you both if you're hiding—"

"Zac, calm down," Aiden snapped. "Matt had an idea that he was nervous to share with everyone. He asked for my opinion on it as another mate to a Delta. Matt took a big chance letting either of us see this since he's known us such a short time. You should be happy he felt comfortable enough to show either of us!"

Matt looked at Aiden, stunned. He couldn't believe Aiden immediately came to his defense like that. He was also surprised that Zac became so upset and yelled. Zac's temper scared him. Matt shrank down in the chair. It was an instinctual response. He watched as Zac reined in his anger, taking several deep breaths before speaking.

“You’re right, Aiden. I’m sorry, Matt. I shouldn’t have gotten upset like that,” Zac said. “Can you forgive me, baby?”

Matt couldn’t seem to find his voice, so he just quickly nodded.

“Do you want to show Zac, Matt? I think it’s a great idea. He’d be crazy not to love it,” Aiden whispered in his ear. Matt knew Zac could hear Aiden just fine, but he figured Aiden kept his voice low to relax Matt again. Matt nodded again and watched Aiden hand the proposal to Zac.

They both sat back and watched Zac as he looked it over. Zac’s range of emotions played over his face as he flipped through the pages. Finally he flipped it closed, his expression unreadable. Matt started to get very nervous, fighting the urge to run and hide.

“Matt, I think this is amazing,” Zac finally said, showing a big grin. “I love the idea. I’m not sure how this would work, but this would lay down some very strong foundations to start.” Matt yelped as Zac jumped over the table and pulled him out of Aiden’s arms. Zac picked him up and swung him around. “You’re fantastic! So loving and caring, not just about us, but for the other Deltas, as well.”

Matt held on tightly to Zac and couldn’t help letting out a giggle as they twirled. When Zac was done, he put him down and laid kisses all over Matt’s face. At the clearing of someone’s throat, he and Zac looked up.

“Care to fill me in?” Sebastian asked from the other side of the table, trying to hide his smirk.

“Later, if it’s okay with Matt. What’s up with the council? What did your contact say?” Zac asked.

“It seems he wasn’t informed of a hit being placed on Aiden, much less a Delta being assigned to it.” Matt felt the horror show on his face. His mates must have shown the same. “I know,” Sebastian said. “I was outraged, as well. Matt, if you can send everything over, there’s going to be an emergency council meeting.”

“How long is this going to take? The meeting and what they decide?” Aiden asked.

“At least a week or two,” Sebastian answered. “In the meantime, they’ll keep us in the loop. As far as Issacar and his council friend are concerned, they’ll be informed that you were taken care of, Aiden. So, you might want to inform your family in case rumors get back to them that you’re dead.”

“Good point. I’ll call them in a little bit,” Aiden replied. “In the meantime, Matt, do you want some help getting all your stuff settled in?”

“Yeah, I’d like that,” Matt said, smiling up at him from the comfort of Zac’s arms. “Sebastian can take a look at what I showed you both. His input would be good, too. But I think the two Deltas need to talk about it because you’ll know more about how it works than Aiden or I will.”

“Good idea,” Zac said. “Let me show you where you can put your stuff in our room, and then we can pick out an office for you, okay?”

“I’d like that, Zac,” Matt replied as he looked up at his mate. They walked to the bedroom, leaving Sebastian in the dining room to look over Matt’s ideas for a pack just for Deltas and their mates. He couldn’t get over how prepared Zac was for having two mates. But then again, if his life was lonely, Matt guessed it made sense that he would work on projects to keep busy.

There was a closet for Matt and Aiden on either side of Zac’s across from the master bathroom. They also each had a dresser that matched Zac’s and empty shelves and drawers for their things in the bathroom.

“You guys can change anything you want. I didn’t mean to be presumptuous. I just...I don’t know. I guess I always looked forward to the day I found my mates, and I wanted to be ready,” Zac said.

Matt was shocked to see the big man blush, looking at the floor nervously. “I think it’s great, Zac,” Matt said, giving him a big hug. “It means a lot to me.”

“Me too,” Aiden said, hugging Zac around Matt so they were making a Matt sandwich.

"I'm glad. I was nervous you wouldn't like it," Matt heard Zac whisper.

"We love it," Matt replied as the hug broke. "Now, you go talk with Sebastian while Aiden and I get settled."

Zac nodded, smiling with the biggest grin Matt had ever seen, and headed out of the room.

"Wow, who knew the big, bad Delta would be as nervous to mate as we were?" Aiden said with a laugh. Aiden and Matt quickly unpacked their couple of bags in the room before heading into the living room to work on Matt's boxes.

"You sure you don't mind helping me, Aiden?" Matt wanted to make sure he wasn't abusing Aiden's kindness.

"Not at all." Aiden smiled. "I'm sure you'll help me when the time comes."

"I'd be happy to." Matt opened a few of the boxes. He sorted which went to the bedroom and which went to his office. As Aiden moved the bedroom boxes, Matt went upstairs to look around the spare bedrooms.

It worked out very well. The bedroom Sebastian stayed in was the bigger of the two. Matt liked the smaller one for his office, anyway. It didn't have a bed in it. Zac seemed to be using it for storage. Matt had no intention of making Zac move the stored items. He didn't even need the full room. But he would need a desk. He'd have to talk to Zac about that.

Looking into the two closets in the room, Matt thought he was going to collapse. Both were filled with afghans to the point where they were practically stuffed in there. One closet was completely packed, some falling out when he opened the door. There had to be at least fifty between the two closets.

*What the hell?* Curious now as to what was in the storage bins, Matt started to open them. Some were filled with more afghans, and the others were filled with spools of yarn! There were all kinds of

different colors and textures. Matt had to fight the urge to laugh hysterically. He felt like he was in a yarn store!

“Zac, could you come up here, please?” Matt called out, trying to keep his giddiness out of his voice. He waited for his huge, badass Delta mate to come up here and explain his knitting fetish.

“What’s up, Matt?” Zac asked, coming into the room, but stopping when he saw what Matt had uncovered.

“Should I be scared to ask, Zac?”

“I can explain,” Zac replied in almost a panic. “Well, you see—I mean, you know that Deltas have extra hormones, right? High sex drives and adrenaline, plus we get really lonely, and, well, that is pretty boring, as well. So when we hit eighteen and move out on our own, there are different ways the elders recommend to help keep ourselves under control, you know?”

“So for you they recommended knitting?” Matt wasn’t able to hide his snicker. He immediately lost all the mirth of the situation when he saw how defeated Zac looked. It almost looked like he had tears in his eyes. Matt quickly walked over to him and kissed him on the lips. “Zac, I’m not laughing at you. It’s just a surprise. You have to admit, you’re so rough and tough, anyone would be surprised you knitted afghans.”

“I know. It’s embarrassing, but it does help. It keeps me focused and distracted from my overloaded hormones. I know you’ll think less of me, but—” Zac said, but Matt cut him off.

“Don’t you ever say that!” Matt jabbed his finger into Zac’s chest. “Don’t you dare put words in my mouth that I didn’t say! I think it’s cute, yes. But it also shows that you have a softer side. I like that you have a softer side.”

“Really?” Zac asked, finally meeting Matt’s eyes.

“Really, Zac. I wouldn’t lie about something like this.” Matt rubbed his hands over Zac’s chest. “I do think that maybe you should do something with them instead of piling them in a closet.”

“Like what?” Zac asked quietly. “I didn’t want anyone to laugh at me.”

“How about we donate them? We can use the empty boxes after I unpack, and we can find an orphanage close enough to drive them to. You don’t even have to say you made them. You can say women from the community did,” Matt added when he saw Zac’s apprehensive look. “We don’t have to tell anyone that you don’t want to. I can keep a secret, Zac.”

“Thank you, Matt. I love that you understand.” Zac hugged Matt even tighter. “I like the idea of donating them to an orphanage. These poor kids don’t have families and could use some extra love. Besides, I know it’s a cause close to your heart.”

“See? Together we can figure things out. Now, let’s put these all back. You can decide if you want to tell Aiden or not. It’s your secret to keep, and we don’t need to know everything. Some things you can keep personal,” Matt said as Zac released him. He felt like he handled the situation well when he saw Zac smile again. That didn’t mean later he wasn’t going to step outside and laugh his ass off, because he was.

## Chapter 6

“Zac!”

Zac heard Aiden shouting for him from the dining room. The man sounded frantic. He ran past Matt and down the hallway. “What?” he shouted as he came to a screeching halt in the archway to the dining room. “What’s wrong?”

Aiden’s face was pale, his eyes wide as he glanced over at Sebastian. “Sebastian’s contact on the council just called. Alpha Issacar figured out we were up to something. He knows I’m not dead.”

“Shit!” Zac pushed his hand through his hair as he paced around the dining room. This just made things a whole lot more complicated. Zac had no doubt that Alpha Issacar would try to keep them from attending the emergency council meeting. With the evidence they possessed, they could sink the Alpha.

“There’s more,” Sebastian said.

“More?”

“My contact told me that all of their e-mails, Internet access, and phones are being monitored. He had to use a payphone outside of council headquarters. He said that he doubted anything we sent to the council by Internet would actually get to them.”

Zac blinked.

“I could load our stuff up to a secure server,” Matt said, “and send your contact a security code to download it.”

Sebastian shook his head. “My contact said that’s too dangerous. Alpha Issacar has someone working for him that is almost as good as you, Matt. He’s waiting for that e-mail to appear. We can’t send it

that way. We need to find another way to get this information to the council.”

“Should we call the council?” Aiden asked. “Maybe ask them what they think we should do?”

Zac shook his head. He turned to face everyone, gripping the back of one of the dining chairs. “I don’t trust anyone except those in this room right now, not even the council. I have too much at stake, too much I can lose. Until I know what’s what, we’re on our own as far as I am concerned.”

“Look,” Sebastian said, “I know you don’t know me, but—”

“I said I only trust those in this room. That includes you.” Zac held his hand up. “If Aiden trusts you, then I do, too.”

Aiden frowned. “You barely know me. How can you trust me, let alone Sebastian? We just met yesterday.”

“You’re my mate.” For Zac, that was all that mattered. Being mated was sacred to him. He fully believed that fate would never mate him to someone he couldn’t trust.

Aiden whistled low under his breath. “You’re amazing.”

Zac cocked his head to one side as he regarded Aiden then Matt. “I’m mated. That means everything to me, more so than even my duties as a Delta. You two will always come first in my life, no matter what.” He waved his hand absently at Sebastian. “If that means trusting someone I don’t know because you say I should, then I will.”

Zac chuckled when Matt clasped his hands together behind his back and rocked back and forth on his feet.

“I’m good with that,” Matt said. “Aiden?”

“A little stunned, but yeah, I’m good with it, too.”

“And I’m getting nauseous.” Sebastian smirked. “Do you think we can get back to the matter at hand? Anyone have an idea how to get our asses out of this mess?”

“Why don’t we just go to the council meeting in person?” Matt said. “We could all take copies of the stuff I found and separate. One of us is bound to reach council headquarters with the papers.”

“No splitting up!” Zac immediately snapped. He immediately regretted his words, well, the tone at least, when Matt bit his lip and seemed to kind of fold into himself. He stepped back slowly and slid partially behind Aiden’s bigger body.

Zac knew Matt was scared of him. It drove him nuts. In the few days they had been together, Matt cowered every time Zac raised his voice. Zac would never harm either of his mates. He just needed to convince Matt of that.

Zac pulled the chair that he had been gripping. He sat down and motioned for Matt. “Baby, come here,” he said quietly. “Please?”

Matt hesitated for a moment then slowly walked across the room to stand between Zac’s legs. He looked apprehensive, as if Zac would erupt into violence at any moment. Zac wished he knew why Matt was so scared of him. He knew he’d have to ask him about it eventually. For now, he needed to comfort his mate.

Zac grabbed Matt’s hands in his and looked into his eyes. “I want you to listen to me, Matt. This is very important. I yell, a lot. It’s probably due to living on my own for so long. I warned you in the beginning that I wasn’t very good at this.” Zac shook his head. “I’m not. I suck at relationships because I’ve never really had one. But I will never hurt you. I would chew off my arm before I ever raised it against you.”

Matt’s face went from pale to flush in a blink of an eye. “I-I’m sorry. I just—”

“Matt, you don’t have to explain yourself if you don’t want to,” Zac said quickly. “I know I would like to know what’s made you so scared, and I’m sure Aiden does, too. But only when you’re ready to tell us, okay?”

Matt opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something then quickly snapped it shut, nodding his head. Zac patted his hand.

“It’s okay, baby. You’ll tell us when you’re ready.” Zac pulled Matt closer. “But I really want you to understand me when I say that

my bark is a lot worse than my bite. I may yell a lot, and I may get angry, even at you, but I will never touch you in anger.”

Zac quickly glanced up when Matt’s body jerked. He thought he might have done something wrong until he saw Aiden standing behind Matt, his hand on Matt’s shoulder. He slowly let out the breath he’d been holding and waited for Aiden to speak.

“Matt, Zac’s right. He yells a lot. But he’s not going to hurt you or me. I imagine it will take some time, but you will learn that Zac is just a big puppy in wolf’s clothing.” Aiden wiggled his eyebrows. “If you’re lucky, he might even lick you to death.”

Matt laughed. Zac smiled, feeling a lot better. He was slowly figuring out where each of his mates stood in their relationship. He was the volatile one, the mate quick to anger, and the one to fight to protect them all. Aiden was the peacemaker. Already he had intervened a few times between Zac and Matt.

Matt, now he was the one who Zac felt would be the glue that held him and Aiden together. He wanted what they all had together so desperately that he seemed to do whatever he needed to keep it. He was the loving one of their group, the one who would provide the nurturing that Zac and Aiden lacked.

“Okay, so if we’re not going to separate and get the papers to the council,” Matt asked, “what are we going to do?”

“Oh, we’re going to get those papers to the council,” Zac said as he stood to his feet. He grabbed Matt’s arm and pulled the smaller man into the curve of his arm. “We’re just going to have to do it together.”

“I can still send them by e-mail,” Matt said. “There are ways around this.”

“While I have no doubt that you could, I think we need to do this the old-fashioned way.” Zac started to smile as a plan formed in his head. “However, I would like you to send an e-mail letting the council know that we have found some information that might help our case.

We are compiling a file and will be sending by e-mail when we have everything together.”

“But you said—” Matt protested.

“Yes, I did, and as far as the council is concerned, we will be sitting here at my house compiling our information to send it to them.”

Matt’s eyes widened. “And instead, we will be—”

“Hand-delivering the papers to the council,” Zac finished. “I would also like you to make a couple of extra copies, ones we can leave in safe places. If nothing happens, we can just pick them up later. If for some reason we don’t make council headquarters, we can leave instructions for them to be delivered to the council later.”

Sebastian chuckled. He crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back against the edge of the counter. “One way or another, the council will get their pound of flesh.”

Zac shook his head. “I could really give a fuck about the council. This has nothing to do with them. This has to do with keeping Aiden safe. That’s all that matters to me. Once I know he’s safe, the council can do what they want with Alpha Issacar.”

Sebastian scoffed, “You don’t want revenge for what he’s done? The man practically decimated his pack. He needs to be taken out.”

“Beyond protecting Aiden, I couldn’t care less about Alpha Issacar.”

“What about what he’s doing to the pack?” Sebastian asked as he stepped away from the counter and closer to Zac. He looked shocked.

“What about it?” Zac asked.

“Don’t you care?”

“Look, it’s not that I don’t care. I do. It’s just that Matt and Aiden are now more important than any other pack. They are my mates, my pack, and until I know they are safe, no one else matters.”

Sebastian sat down suddenly in one of the dining chairs. “Do you know how much this sucks?”

“My not wanting to go after Alpha Issacar?” Zac asked in confusion.

“No,” Sebastian said, “being alone. I want someone to care for me more than they care for anyone else on the planet.” He waved his hand toward Zac and Matt. “Like you do with your mates. I want that, too.”

Zac wasn’t in any way surprised when Matt rushed across the room to Sebastian. “Oh, you’ll find that, Sebastian. You just have to keep looking. There’s someone out there for you. There’s someone out there for everyone.”

Sebastian’s smile didn’t quite reach his eyes. “Sometimes I wonder about that, Matt, but thank you, anyway. Watching the way you three have come together gives me hope.”

Zac couldn’t agree more. They could have had a lot of problems, not gotten along, or even not liked each other. Their mating was almost effortless. That made Zac more determined to keep his mates safe. He wasn’t about to give up what he had found.

“Come on, let’s get this stuff together and get it to the wolf council,” Zac said. “The faster we do that, the faster they can deal with Alpha Issacar. I want the time to just get to know my mates and be with them for a while.”

Sebastian stood. He looked determined, his jaw rigid. “After this, if the council wants to send you on any missions for a while, I’ll go in your stead.” Sebastian shrugged. “Who knows, maybe I’ll be sent on a mission to eliminate my mate, too.”

Zac laughed nervously. He knew Sebastian was trying to break the tension in the room, but being sent on a mission to eliminate his mate wasn’t all roses. He defied the council to save Aiden. Granted, the council might not all be in on the conspiracy to kill Aiden, but Zac still defied them. If that got out, not only could he be more of an outcast than he was, the council could send someone to eliminate him.

Zac helped Matt gather the information together, and they made several copies. He left one in his office, another between the rafters in

his garage. He also wanted to drop a copy off with his Alpha, just to be on the safe side. The rest of the copies they would take with them, each of them carrying one.

"Matt, don't forget to grab a change of clothes," Zac said as he passed him in the hallway. "I don't know how long we're going to be gone."

"Bite your tongue, Zac," Aiden said from the kitchen archway. "I think we should make him go naked."

Zac's eyebrows shot up. "Uh..."

Aiden chuckled. "Ah hell, I can wish, can't I?"

Zac nodded. "While the idea has merit, Aiden, I don't think I want everyone seeing Matt without his clothes on. You, I don't have an issue with. Anyone else I might have to kill."

Aiden frowned and crossed his arms over his chest as he looked Matt up and down. "I see your point. Maybe we should buy him a suit of armor instead."

"Hey," Matt snapped, his hands planted firmly on his hips, "Don't I get a say in this?"

"No!" Zac said.

"No!" Aiden said at the same time.

Zac chuckled when Matt rolled his eyes. He couldn't have been more pleased when Matt crossed his arms over his chest and started tapping his foot. He had one eyebrow arched, his jaw clenched.

Zac jumped over and grabbed Matt around his waist. He picked the man up and tossed him over his shoulder. Glancing at Aiden's laughing face, he winked. "You ready to go?"

"I'm right behind you, big guy."

"Hey, what about my clothes, my laptop?" Matt shouted.

"I'll grab your laptop, Matt," Aiden said. "I still don't think you need a change of clothes."

"Aiden!" Matt shouted.

"Fine!" Aiden said as he walked back down the hallway. "I'll grab you some clothes."

Zac patted Matt's butt. Liking the feel of the tight, rounded curves under his hand, Zac went from patting to caressing. He couldn't keep the grin off his face when Matt moaned and wiggled his ass a little. He could feel Matt's cock hardening up against his shoulder.

He decided that their trip to the wolf council headquarters didn't have to be all doom and gloom. They could have a little fun along the way. Zac grabbed his bag, the papers they wanted to turn over to the council, and the afghan off the back of the couch and then headed for his truck.

Sebastian was already outside, standing beside his car. Zac nodded to him when he saw the man grin and shake his head. He walked over to the truck and opened the door then set Matt down on the seat.

"Would you do something for me, baby?" Zac whispered.

Matt frowned. "Yes, anything."

Zac smiled and leaned over to give Matt a quick kiss. The man sounded so serious, but it was nice to know Matt would do anything for him without even knowing what it was. He leaned back and gestured to the middle of the bench seat.

"Climb in the middle and buckle yourself in, but lose the jeans first." He held up the earth-toned afghan. "You can cover up with this."

Matt's eyebrow arched again, but he slowly scooted himself back until he sat in the middle of the bench seat. Zac watched with great anticipation as Matt shimmied out of his jeans. He folded them up, handing them to Zac. Zac took a long look at his gorgeous mate before handing him the afghan. It was almost a shame to cover up that gorgeous body.

Zac glanced over his shoulder when he heard a noise behind him. He could see Aiden coming out of the house, several bags in his hand. He grinned, knowing the surprise Aiden had in store for him once they got on the road.

Turning back to Matt, he grinned. "Keep the blanket on until we hit the road."

Matt's laughter was a joyous sound that warmed Zac's heart. "You don't think he's going to notice my being covered with a blanket?"

Zac shook his head and handed over the two bags he had in his hand. "Put these in your lap. I'll keep him busy until we get moving."

Matt settled the bags on his lap and looked straight ahead. Zac could see the grin on his face and knew if Aiden saw it, he'd know something was up. Well, it couldn't be helped. Hopefully, Aiden would be too wound up to notice.

Zac waved to Sebastian and walked around to the driver door. He climbed in and started the truck, then waited for Aiden to get in and get settled. The moment he was buckled in, Zac drove down the driveway, Sebastian coming up behind them.

He could see Matt casting him several covert glances. He shook his head. He wanted to get a little farther down the road. Besides, Aiden seemed to be wrapped up in the papers he was organizing in his folder.

Finally, Matt looked over at him and widened his eyes significantly. He lifted the edge of the blanket and showed Zac the hard shaft shooting up from his groin. Zac nearly drove off the road as lust instantly raced through his body and settled in his suddenly aching cock.

"Fuck, Zac," Aiden shouted as his papers flew all over the floor. "What the hell's wrong with you?"

"I, uh, got a little distracted," Zac said.

"By what?"

Bless Matt, he simply whipped the blanket back, baring his naked cock. A heavy silence reigned in the truck cab for several moments, only the sounds of heavy breathing making any sound.

"Fuck me," Aiden finally whispered.

Once again, the *glue* in their relationship saved the day. Matt grinned and unbuckled his seat belt. He turned to face Aiden, scooting over in his direction as he laughed. "Okay."

It was all Zac could do to keep the truck on the road as he watched Matt bend over Aiden's lap, unzipping his pants. Aiden's hands clenched the back of the seat for a moment then wrapped up in Matt's blond hair.

"Oh damn, baby, suck me," Aiden groaned. Zac groaned and gripped the steering wheel tighter. He couldn't see exactly what Matt was doing, but he had a pretty good idea. Matt's mouth was heaven. Zac couldn't wait to feel it himself.

Zac swallowed hard when Matt moved to kneel on the bench seat. His face was in Aiden's groin but his sexy little ass was pointed right at Zac. He couldn't resist leaning over to sink his teeth into the soft, pale flesh.

Matt squeaked and wiggled his butt. The thick cock bouncing between Matt's legs caught Zac's interest. He reached between Matt's legs and wrapped his fingers around it. Zac could hear Matt moan when he started stroking it. This was something he could do while still keeping his eyes on the road, although he really wanted to watch.

Matt went nuts, wiggling and moaning until Zac thought his cock might burst right out of his pants. He couldn't remember the last time he had been this turned on...well, maybe last night.

Zac dropped Matt's cock and stuck his fingers in his mouth, getting them nice and wet. Nudging his fingers between Matt's ass cheeks, Zac thrust two of them into the man. Matt must have really liked it because he let out a loud cry. A moment later, so did Aiden.

Zac glanced over just in time to see Aiden's head arch back as he cried out. His hands tightened in Matt's hair as his hips lifted up. Zac thought it was a beautiful sight, but he wanted to feel some of it, as well.

He continued to thrust his fingers into Matt's tight entrance, adding a third finger. Matt had dropped Aiden's cock from his mouth

and buried his face in the man's thigh as he pushed himself back onto Zac's fingers.

"If you want to swing him around," Aiden said, "I can do that while Matt sucks you, too."

Zac shook his head. "Uh-uh, I want his ass, not his mouth."

Matt's head snapped up, and he glanced over his shoulder. Zac grinned. Matt's face was flushed, his skin a nice, rosy-peach color. His lips were red and swollen, leaving no doubt as to what he had been doing. His green eyes were dazed but filled with lust. He looked beautiful.

"Take the wheel, Aiden," Zac growled, no longer able to hold onto his control. "I have an ass to fuck."

Aiden chuckled as Zac swerved over to the side of the road. Zac put the truck in park and scooted over until he could pick Matt up in his lap. He barely acknowledged Aiden climbing out of the truck and going around to the driver's side. He was too caught up in the glorious feeling of Matt's hand spreading lube over his cock. He'd have to ask Matt later where he got the damn lube. For now, he was just grateful he had it.

"Fuck yourself on my cock, baby," Zac said as he scooted down in the seat and then lifted Matt onto his lap. Matt's hands clenched against Zac's shoulders as he slowly sank down onto Zac's cock.

"That is so fucking hot," Aiden groaned. "I can see your cock sinking into him, Zac. Matt's ass was made for your cock."

"Yours too," Zac groaned. "Now we just have to see if your cock likes my ass."

"You'd let me fuck you?"

Zac chuckled at the astonished tone in Aiden's voice. It quickly turned to a groan as Matt started riding him. Zac could feel each movement Matt made, when he pushed himself up until just the head of Zac's cock remained inside, to when Matt slammed back down on him again.

"You're...you're my mate," Zac moaned. "Let you do anything."

“Christ! You’re going to make me hard again.”

“Matt could always drive.”

Zac’s head snapped up when Matt smacked him on the chest. “Less talk, more fucking,” Matt demanded.

Zac arched an eyebrow. Demanding little fuck, wasn’t he? Zac gripped Matt’s hips. He planted his feet firmly on the floor and rammed himself up into Matt’s eager hole at the same time he pulled Matt down onto his cock.

Matt’s head fell back as his cries filled the cab of the truck. “Yes! Yes! Again, fuck me again! Fuck my ass!”

Zac was all too eager to comply with Matt’s demands, even if he was a little astonished by the words coming out of his little mate’s mouth. If he didn’t know for a fact that Matt had said the words, he would have thought he was dreaming, but what a dream. It was hotter than hell to hear Matt demand to be fucked.

“Turn around and grab the dashboard, baby.”

Matt leaned up, Zac’s cock popping free as he did. He quickly turned around and faced the dashboard, looking over his shoulder at Zac with an eager look on his face. Zac had no intention of disappointing his mate.

He grabbed Matt’s hips and pulled the man back down onto his cock. Matt’s legs settled on each side of his thighs, spreading Matt open even more. Zac thrust into Matt several times in that position. He could feel Matt pressing back against him, hear the man’s heavy panting.

Knowing he was close to orgasm, Zac grabbed Matt and pulled him back until the man lay back against him. He grabbed a handful of Matt’s hair and turned his head, claiming his lips in a rough, passion-filled kiss.

Matt whimpered, his entire body shaking. Zac grabbed Matt’s cock in his hand and started stroking him as he fucked his ass. He made a series of short, rapid thrusts that sent Matt right over the edge.

Matt cried out. His inner muscles tightened down on Zac's cock as ropes of pearly white cream shot from his cock and covered Zac's hand. Zac growled. The scent of Matt's seed was a heady scent. It filled the cab of the truck until Zac could barely smell anything else.

Zac struck hard and fast, sinking his canines into the soft flesh below Matt's ear. The sweet taste of his mate's blood filled Zac's mouth as he slammed Matt down on his cock one last time. Zac roared around the flesh in his mouth as he filled Matt with his release.

The knot at the end of his cock extended and took hold inside of Matt. Hearing the continued whimpers from his mate, Zac grabbed Matt's cock and stroked him through another orgasm.

Zac finally felt the knot recede and lifted his head. He glanced over at Aiden to find the man watching him. He couldn't help but grin. Aiden just shook his head and looked back out the front window.

"You might want to clean him up," Aiden said. "We're going to be hitting a town in a couple of miles, and I don't think they will take to us flashing Matt's naked ass all over the place."

Zac glanced down. Matt was passed out cold, but he did have a smile on his swollen lips. Zac reached for some wipes out of the glove box and cleaned Matt up then himself. He laid Matt down on the bench seat between him and Aiden, then he tucked himself back into his pants.

Before moving back to his own seat, Zac leaned over his sleeping mate and kissed the mate driving the truck. He brushed the back of his hand along the side of Aiden's cheek. "Thank you," he said softly. "Maybe later we can find out if your cock likes my ass?"

Aiden smiled and leaned into Zac's hand. "I'd like that," he said. "I'd like that a lot."

"I think I will, too."

## Chapter 7

Aiden looked over at his two sleeping mates and smiled. Matt was curled up in Zac's lap, Zac's arms wrapped around him and his head lying on Matt's shoulder. Yawning, Aiden glanced at the clock and realized he'd been driving for several hours already. He knew they still had a few more hours before reaching the council headquarters, but Aiden needed a break and to stretch his legs.

Looking in the rearview mirror to make sure Sebastian was still behind him, he noticed something strange. There were three black SUVs driving in on their position quite quickly. Since they were on a two-lane highway, it could just be that they were speeding and needed to pass, but Aiden didn't think so. Just as he was thinking of waking up Zac, his phone rang.

"Sebastian, you see them, too?" Aiden asked, answering his phone.

"Yeah, man, your gut screaming at you, too?" Sebastian replied.

"Most definitely."

"What now?"

"Speed around me. Zac's truck can take more than your car," Aiden replied nervously. "I'm going to wake up the guys."

"Sounds good. Watch your ass, and keep up with me," Sebastian said before hanging up.

"Zac, Matt, wake up. We got problems," Aiden said sternly. "Come on, guys, wake up. We've got company."

"What do you mean company?" Zac asked in a groggy voice, shaking Matt.

“We’ve got three large, black SUVs gaining on us. I just talked to Sebastian. He feels they are screaming bad news, too,” Aiden answered, checking his mirrors again. He noticed what he said had Zac wide awake now, but Matt was still slow to wake.

“Matt, baby, I need you up. Something’s wrong,” Zac said, sitting Matt upright and looking over his shoulder. “Fill me in, Aiden.”

“I told Sebastian to pull in front of us. Your truck can handle more than his car can,” Aiden said just as Sebastian pulled in front of them. He hit the gas pretty hard to keep up with Sebastian, who wasn’t slowing down one bit.

“Why are we going so fast?” Matt asked, finally up and coherent.

“Turn around and look. We’ve got three SUVs approaching fast and no other traffic around us. This is a pretty unused highway. That’s why we chose it,” Aiden answered.

“I don’t like this,” Zac said, running his fingers through his hair.

“What do we have for weapons? My guns are packed in my bag in the back of the truck,” Aiden asked.

“Um, I’m not a fan of guns,” Zac replied. “What now?”

“Matt, switch places with Zac. Then you’re going to take over driving, Zac. I’m going to see if I can get my bag out of the bed of the truck while we’re driving.” Aiden was surprised Zac was taking orders from him so easily. He watched as Matt and Zac switched places, then Zac slid his foot to take over control of the gas pedal.

Aiden pushed the seat back and raised the steering wheel as he lifted himself so Zac could slide under him. Once Zac was in place, he slid over to the middle seat.

“I got it, Aiden,” Zac said when he had a hold of the steering wheel.

Aiden let go and twisted around and slid open the back window that faced the bed of the truck. “Shit, there’s no way I’m fitting through that window,” he said with another few choice cuss words.

“I can,” Matt said quietly.

“No, Matt, it’s too dangerous,” Aiden started before Matt cut him off.

“And the situation we’re in without the guns is safer? I’m not a baby. I can do this. Just don’t let go,” Matt replied, moving on top of Aiden as he spoke.

Aiden reluctantly moved over by the passenger door as Matt started to squirm his way through the window. Once through, Aiden grabbed his arm as Matt knelt in the bed of the truck.

“The green bag, Matt,” Aiden informed him, praying his little mate didn’t get hurt. “Watch your driving, Zac, no sudden movements.”

“Hurry up. They are gaining on us,” Zac growled, showing he wasn’t too happy about Matt taking risks, either.

“Got it,” Matt yelled as he passed the bag through the window. Aiden quickly grabbed it and threw it on the floor, then reached out to Matt with both hands. He helped Matt crawl back in and put him in the passenger seat as he stayed in the middle.

“Matt, call Sebastian. Tell him to keep his phone on speaker so we can give him a play-by-play,” Sebastian said, handing Matt his cell phone as he grabbed the bag off the floor.

“Sebastian? It’s Matt. Aiden says to put your phone on speaker so you can hear what’s going on back here while focusing on the road. What? No, I climbed in back to grab Aiden’s bag with his weapons.”

“Tell Sebastian I’m going to floor it. They’re still catching up,” Zac said to Matt.

Aiden heard Matt relay the info as he checked his guns. He had three semi-automatics and two boxes of bullets. Hey, he had been a Boy Scout, always prepared. Granted, he had hoped he wouldn’t need them, but he would have been kicking himself if they had and not had them.

“I can shoot a gun,” Matt said, drawing Aiden’s attention. “I’m actually a pretty good shot.”

"You sure?" Aiden asked, checking the safety on one of the guns before handing it to Matt.

"Yup. One of the families who took me in for a while after my parents died was pretty into guns. They made sure we all knew gun safety and, when we were older, taught us how to shoot," Matt said, seeming proud he could help.

"You are just full of..." Zac started to say as two things happened at once. The back of the truck was bumped by one of the SUVs, and a bullet came whizzing in between Aiden and Zac, shattering the back window and putting a hole in the windshield.

"It's game time, Matt. Stay low. You know where you're aiming?" Aiden asked.

"The car," Matt replied, confusion in his voice and maybe a bit of anger that Aiden thought he was an idiot.

"Yes, but aim for the front grill. You're looking to dislodge the latch that holds the hood of the car down," Aiden yelled back. Traveling at the speeds they were, with the huge engines the truck and SUVs had, the noise was near deafening.

"Got it," Matt replied, flipping off the safety then lifting the gun to fire away. It shocked Aiden how good Matt was. Snapping back to the present, Aiden started firing his own weapon. It took ten shots between the two of them before the hood of the SUV flipped up, causing the driver to swerve quickly and roll off the road. Unfortunately, he didn't take the SUV behind them with him.

"Tires and driver," Aiden yelled, switching his focus. As close as the first SUV was, the hood flip was their best bet while staying low enough to not get hit by returning fire. Now that the next target was farther away, the driver side was a larger target.

Also, by aiming for the tires, even if they didn't hit them, there was still the chance of it ricocheting off the ground and landing in the undercarriage of the SUV. That could also take the SUV out of the chase.

Aiden grabbed Matt and pulled him down as he saw someone in the second SUV lean out the passenger window with a gun. Aiden made sure Zac was riding low as he could while still driving. Counting off as many shots as he could hear, Aiden waited for the need to reload.

“Now,” Aiden yelled, releasing his hold on Matt and firing back.

“Guys, we have a problem,” Zac shouted.

“No shit,” Aiden screamed back. He slipped out his empty clip and then loaded a new one. He handed Matt a full clip as well.

“Aiden, look up ahead. We’re driving into a trap,” Zac told him. Aiden turned around to look out the front window. Sure enough, there were two more SUVs and two sedans blocking their way.

“Fuck!” Aiden shouted. “Zac, can your truck plow through that?”

“I guess. I mean, it’s a big truck, but it’s not like I’ve tried before.”

“Zac, hold up,” Aiden yelled, grabbing his phone. “Sebastian? Are you still there?”

“Yeah, I’m here, man.”

“Pull next to us. Let Zac go through the barricade first. We’re going to try to ram through,” Aiden told him.

“You sure that’s wise?”

“I’m open to suggestions here. But hurry, we’re going to be on them in a minute,” Aiden yelled back. Sebastian must have made up his mind. Aiden watched him pull into the left lane and pull back on his speed. “Give us a few seconds warning, Zac.”

He turned back around and opened fired on the SUV as Matt mirrored him. They had just taken out the second SUV when Aiden heard Zac yell. Whipping back around so he was facing front, he checked that Matt did the same.

Seconds later, Zac’s truck plowed through the middle of the barricade. *Shit, these guys knew what they were doing*, Aiden thought to himself as he realized they had stacked the vehicles for the barricade.

Amateurs normally pulled vehicles up parallel to each other to block a road. Hired guns or people who've been trained knew better. By staggering the vehicles, they literally had to hit them one at a time but couldn't get around them. It did as much damage as possible to the inbound vehicle. As they hit the second car, the truck started to fishtail. Aiden glanced behind him and saw Sebastian's car get rammed from behind. Thankfully they were able to make it through, but Aiden could tell the truck had sustained major damage.

"We're not going to get very far!" Zac yelled, pointing to the dashboard. Aiden looked. The oil pressure was dropping fast, and the truck was overheating.

"Get as far as you can, but we need to pull off and get distance away from the highway. Can you find a spot where Sebastian can follow?" Aiden asked, turning around seeing Sebastian in as bad a spot as they were.

"Aiden!" he heard Sebastian yell into the phone.

"Yeah, I'm here, buddy! We need to get off the road. We're losing oil, and the truck is starting to overheat."

"Well, great, we're both fucked then. When they hit me from behind, they punctured my gas tank. I'm losing fuel fast, and I figure I've got about two more minutes before I'm out."

"Fuck me!" Aiden yelled before turning to fill Zac in on what Sebastian said.

Zac pulled off the highway, finding some land that didn't have a ditch. They bounced around in the truck, maybe getting about three quarters of a mile away from the highway before Sebastian's car died.

Everyone jumped out of the vehicles lightning fast. Matt grabbed the empty clips and boxes of ammo. Sebastian came running up to the side of the truck.

"Zac, I think we should shift," he said, catching his breath.

"I agree. You two shift, but work on the outside of our pursuers. Matt and I will fire up the middle so we don't hit you," Aiden said.

“Got it,” Zac said, starting to rip off his clothes. “We work as a team, Sebastian. Have you ever hunted with another Delta?”

“No, but I can figure it out, two consecutive attacks on one prey. We take out two on one side before switching to the other,” Sebastian answered, stripping his clothes off as well.

“Works for me,” Zac replied. “After you see two go down, hold your fire, guys, because we’ll be racing through the middle.”

“We can handle that,” Matt answered, filling the empty clips with bullets.

“Let’s hightail it back further to get more cover. They’ll expect us to stay by the truck,” Aiden said, reaching for Zac. He gave Zac a deep, loving kiss before he spoke. “Keep your ass alive. Sebastian, keep my mate alive.”

“I’ll do my best,” Sebastian replied before hugging Aiden. “Keep your ass alive as well, my friend.”

“We’ll be fine. You just focus on the enemy,” Aiden replied, waiting until Matt had finished kissing Zac before they took off running. He was surprised how fast Matt was for a little guy and impressed by how well he was handling the whole situation. This wasn’t his loving, timid little mate Aiden was used to. Matt was focused, alert, and quick-thinking.

They ran for maybe a mile before spotting a close group of trees that would be perfect for cover. Grabbing Matt’s arm, Aiden directed him over in that direction, slowing down to a jog. When he found the right spot, he knelt down hiding, gaining control of his breathing.

“Remember, shoot up the middle, Matt. Count your shots so you don’t get caught with your pants down. Keep yourself as close to the tree as you can. I’ll be at the tree next to you, okay?”

“I got it, Aiden,” Matt replied, tears filling up his eyes. “Just stay alive, okay? I’ve gotten really attached to you and Zac. Don’t leave me.”

“I won’t, baby,” Aiden told him, wrapping Matt up in his arms. He held Matt a few more moments before loosening his grip and

kissing Matt with everything he had. Aiden held on until he heard the first scream. Then they separated and moved into position.

He left two guns with Matt and one extra clip. Aiden took one gun, but four extra clips. He wanted Matt to have the second gun just in case, but he also wanted his little mate to hide more, refilling his clips.

Aiden kept his position low, focusing on where their enemy would be coming from, but every so often glanced over at Matt. The man stayed completely hidden by the tree, trusting Aiden to keep the lookout.

As the screams, and now some gunfire, got closer, Aiden spotted six men making their way closer to them. Once they were within range, he nodded to Matt. They stayed close to their respective trees as they opened fire.

Aiden and Matt each took one guy out before they had to change clips. By the middle of the second clip, their pursuers figured out their position and returned fire. Aiden was able to take out two that time, and Matt one, but Aiden saw they had more incoming. He changed clips without even looking as he watched farther back another dozen bad guys on approach.

One by one they seemed to be going down. Focusing on the last guy alive approaching them quickly, Aiden aimed and fired a rapid succession of rounds. When the guy went down, Aiden turned to Matt with a smile and started to refill the empty clips.

“What type of ammo is this?” Matt asked, the confusion showing on his face now that he had a moment to look at the bullets.

“It’s specifically engineered for Beretta semi-automatic guns. You won’t find it at your local gun store,” Aiden replied, hoping he made his point.

The ammo could only be found on the black market. Humans designed it so they could cut through Kevlar. That’s not what Aiden used them for, though. He only used them when he was dealing with

werewolves. They healed so quickly, Aiden needed to make sure they did the most damage.

While regular bullets would cut right through flesh, causing the bullet to come out the other side, this ammo was made to splinter off. That way it stayed inside the target and blew a hole in them, causing as much internal damage as possible. It also helped because werewolves healed quickly once the bullet was out. These took a while to fish out.

Though this type of ammo was used regularly in semi-automatic rifles that the military used, his buddy had a black-market dealer who sold it for handguns. Aiden was very skeptical buying from the man at first. He didn't want to deal with a man who helped drug dealers and mob bosses kill policemen. His buddy, and then the man himself, assured him that wasn't his market. He dealt strictly with supernatural clients who might engage with other supernaturals.

Aiden checked on Matt again, making sure he was ready. When Matt nodded at him, Aiden looked out from his hiding spot. Their pursuers were still getting close, though there were only seven of them left. Make that six.

When one went down on the right side, the last one being taken down from the left, Aiden knew he had a window to fire in the middle. He flipped the safety off, aimed, and shot one round after another until the guy in the middle fell. Another guy to the right went down, so Aiden knew the Deltas would be heading to the left.

There were still four left, but grouped closer together. Just to be on the safe side, as he saw someone on the left being attacked, Aiden picked off the guy all the way to the right. When his target went down, Aiden held his fire since the last two men were close together. The last thing they needed was for one of the invisible Deltas to be hit by friendly fire.

Aiden and Matt watched as the last two men were maimed by invisible forces. He smiled to himself as he thought about human myths of ghosts and wondered if what they saw was a Delta. Or he

should say, what they didn't see. Peeking back around the tree, he saw everyone was down.

"Come on, Matt, let's head back to the truck," he said as he stood up. As Matt joined him, he leaned down and claimed his little mate's lips. "See, told you that you're stuck with me!"

"I'm glad," Matt replied with a huge grin. "Let's go find our other mate and make sure he's okay."

They took off back to the truck at a jog. Several minutes later, as they reached the truck, Aiden saw Zac, then Sebastian, change back into human form.

"You guys okay?" Aiden asked, approaching them.

"We're good," Zac answered, wrapping his arms around Aiden. "Nice shooting, Tex."

"Matt did more than his share, too," Aiden said, releasing Zac and making his way to Sebastian. "What are your injuries?"

"A couple of bruises from flailing limbs or lucky shots," Sebastian answered with a shrug. "Nothing that won't heal soon."

"I'm glad, brother," Aiden replied, hugging his best friend. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that Zac and Matt were playing tonsil hockey.

"Break it up, guys," Sebastian said, groaning at Zac and Matt while releasing Aiden. "We're not out of the woods yet, horndogs."

"Right, what now?" Aiden asked.

"Well, we're still about eighty miles from council headquarters, and no working vehicles. I'm open to ideas," Zac said after releasing Matt from their kiss.

Aiden wanted nothing more than to kiss Zac and Matt like that, but there was no time. When this was all over, though, the three of them were staying in bed for a week, Aiden promised himself.

"I have an idea." Matt spoke up, waiting until everyone looked at him. "I memorized the map. I know exactly where we need to go. I say we figure out a way to attach a bag to me and Aiden in wolf form, carrying our clothes, keys, wallets, cell phones, and the papers for the

council. Zac and Sebastian shift back to Chameleon form and flank us.”

Aiden and the two other men looked at each other, having a nonverbal conversation about Matt’s plan. Personally, Aiden thought it was a good fucking plan!

“I think that’s a great plan, baby,” Zac said, giving him another quick kiss. “My mate is so smart.” Aiden almost laughed at Zac’s face. He looked like a proud parent instead of a mate.

“Agreed,” Sebastian added, “I’ll call for a cleanup crew since we don’t know what the status is on Zac. For all we know, there may be a hit out on you now.” Sebastian turned and walked around the truck where he had left his clothes and things.

The rest of them started looking at the bags they had, debating which would be best to attach to them in wolf form. Once they got the bag issue settled, Aiden and Matt stripped, packing their clothes in the bags, before adding the other things Matt listed. Sebastian walked back to them, handing over his belongings and his copy of the paperwork.

“I called it in and explained we won’t be here,” Sebastian said, trying hard to keep his eyes averted from the other naked men.

“Okay, let’s shift, Matt,” Aiden said before giving Zac and Matt another quick kiss. He shifted quickly, Matt right behind him. Matt was just a tad bigger than a normal wolf, whereas Aiden was much larger than that. He watched as Zac fitted one bag on the back of Matt while Sebastian strapped the other bag on him.

It made sense that the two visible wolves carried the packs, strapping them to the Deltas would just give away their positions. They couldn’t make other objects blend in with their surroundings, just themselves.

Once the bags were strapped on securely, Aiden moved around a bit in his wolf form to make sure the bag wouldn’t fall off. When he was sure, he licked Sebastian’s hand, signaling he was good to go.

Matt must have done something similar because Aiden watched as Zac and then Sebastian disappeared before his eyes. Aiden was used to it, given he and Sebastian had been his friend for so many years. Matt, on the other hand, let out a small whimper. Aiden went over to his little mate and licked his face, giving a playful yip before taking off in the direction of the council headquarters.

As Matt led the way, Aiden at his side, they kept a steady but fast pace. He heard nothing from the invisible wolves, so he assumed everything was okay and they were there with them. Aiden could sense and smell them, so he assumed Matt could, too, hopefully giving his mate some reassurance.

*He's really quick for a little guy,* Aiden thought to himself. *It's surprising considering his strides are about half of ours.*

*"Bigger isn't always better,"* Aiden heard in his mind. Did he just think that?

*"Aiden, Matt? I think I'm hearing you guys in my head,"* Aiden heard in his mind, the voice sounding like Zac.

*Holy shit! Zac?* Aiden thought to himself.

*"Yeah, that was me, Aiden. Did you guys know we could do this? I sure as hell didn't. I mean, I can sense you guys differently than other wolves, but hear you in my head? Wow, that's kind of freaky,"* Zac thought.

*"You didn't know we would? Really? What does your pack teach you guys?"* Matt's voice floated through his mind.

*"Well, my Alpha is nuts and likes to hurt his pack, but I'm surprised my parents never told me,"* Aiden replied.

*"Probably figured once you found your mate they could tell you then,"* Matt answered.

*"Well, they never told us about this when I learned to be a Delta."* Zac chuckled.

*"Given how much you have to be taught, I'm sure they forgot a few things. I mean, haven't you had any other surprises over the years?"* Aiden asked Zac as they reached a small stream and rested.

*"That's true,"* Zac replied as they all took time to drink. Well, Aiden assumed the Deltas did. He couldn't see them drinking, of course. After a ten-minute break, he realized it was time to go again.

*"Time to roll, guys. How far do you think we've gotten?"* Aiden asked in their shared mental link as they started to run again. He tried to ignore the pack strapped to his back. It wasn't the most comfortable thing. Rubbing all over his fur, it was starting to chafe.

*"I'd say less than twenty miles?"* Matt answered.

*"Well, at least we're making good time,"* Zac answered.

*"That's true,"* Aiden replied with a chuckle. *"So, earlier, before the shoot-out, I was thinking."*

*"About what?"* came Zac's reply.

*"Should we be scared?"* Matt said.

*"I hope not! I was thinking, after this is all over and the danger is past, I say we take a week and spend it in bed together. Only getting up to shower and eat, ordering mostly takeout. Then again, with Matt's cooking abilities, maybe that would work, too."* Aiden ended with a laugh.

*"Well, that would give us time to regroup in between rounds of sex,"* Zac replied.

*"Dirty, dirty mates!"* Matt exclaimed.

*"Is that bad?"* Aiden asked, hoping he didn't step over a line and make Matt feel uncomfortable.

*"Hell no! I love it! I've never been so desired before in my life! I could get used to this,"* Matt said with a chuckle.

Aiden and Zac laughed as well. It was nice that they could still tease each other comfortably while waist-deep in danger. Aiden hoped it would always be like this.

## Chapter 8

Matt's feet ached. Well, his paws anyway. The rest of his body wasn't much better. He lay down on the ground next to a bush and panted heavily. He just wasn't cut out for this "run for your life" shit.

He much preferred being Zac and Aiden's sex toy. If he was going to be totally exhausted and sore, he wanted it to be from hours spent in bed with his mates, not running from some psychotic Alpha bent on killing them all.

Still, at least he had his mates with him. If he was going to be in a dangerous situation, he was glad he wasn't alone. Matt had spent his time being alone and in danger. He didn't like it much. It sucked on a number of levels.

Just thinking about that time in his life made Matt think of the conversation he would eventually need to have with his mates. They knew something was up with him. No one was afraid of yelling and shouting like he was without a reason. And Matt had plenty of reasons.

*"Are you okay, baby?"*

Aiden's words brought Matt out of his deep, morose thoughts. He glanced up at the big brown wolf. Even in wolf form, Aiden was beautiful, with long fur in several shades of brown and tan. Matt gave a little woof then went back to panting.

*"I'm fine, just a little winded,"* Matt replied. *"I'm not used to running like this."*

*"Not much further to go, Matt,"* Aiden said, *"promise."*

*"I need to talk to you and Zac after this is all over."*

*"About what, baby?"*

*"About why I have such a problem with Zac yelling all the time."*

*"Matt, there's nothing out there says you have to like it,"* Aiden said. *"I don't like it myself."*

*"I know, but I feel like I need to explain it to you, to Zac. I want you to understand."*

*"Zac, Matt needs to talk to us,"* Aiden said. *"Can you move a little closer?"*

*"What's up?"* Zac asked a moment later.

Matt almost wished he'd kept his mouth shut. This didn't seem like the right time to discuss his emotional hang-ups.

*"Matt?"*

Matt rolled his eyes. *"You know I'm an orphan, right?"*

*"Yeah."*

*"Yes."*

*"I bounced from foster home to foster home for a while, but before that I stayed in an orphanage. It wasn't very nice there. There were so many kids that some of us kind of got passed over for stuff."*

*"Stuff?"* Aiden asked. *"What kind of stuff?"*

*"Food, blankets, clothing, attention, all sorts of stuff."*

*"Oh, baby, that's—"*

*"That's not why I brought this up. Things happen, and sometimes there's nothing we can do about it. I brought it up to explain to you why I have such an issue with yelling and violence."*

*"Matt, I'm sorry if—"* Zac began.

*"Please, let me finish."* When he heard nothing, Matt continued. *"There was this man that operated the orphanage before it closed down. I don't know who put him in charge, but he never should have been there. He hated kids, which is kind of counterproductive when you operate a home for kids. Anyway, he yelled, a lot. Almost every word that came out of his mouth was shouted. And if he wasn't yelling, he was hitting."*

*"Hitting!"* Aiden shouted.

Matt winced. *"Yes, hitting. The smallest little infraction or protest gained you punishment. After a while, most of us just learned to keep our heads down and our mouths shut. It was safer that way."*

*"Didn't anyone try to stand up to this guy? To stop him?"* Zac asked.

*"Yes, and that's why the orphanage was closed. My friend Donny finally had enough after he was punished for not moving fast enough. He received five lashes from the headmaster's belt. When he tried to fight back, the headmaster beat him so bad that he died. Donny was eight at the time."*

*"My God!"* Aiden whispered.

*"Now you understand why I hate yelling?"*

*"I swear to you, Matt, I will never hurt you. I know my size scares you sometimes, but I will only ever use it to protect you,"* Zac said.

Matt could hear the anxiety in his voice, the worry.

*"And I promise to try and curb my shouting when I'm around you. I won't promise it will never happen, but I'll try. Okay?"*

*"Thank you for understanding,"* Matt said.

*"Thank you for sharing,"* Aiden replied. *"It means a lot to us that you could share something so private with us. I know I speak for Zac when I say that we only want to love you, never hurt you. And if we ever do anything that makes you uncomfortable, you need to be honest and tell us."*

Matt tried to nod, but it felt weird in wolf form. Giving up the idea, he climbed to his feet and licked the side of his Zac's muzzle. Heaving another deep breath, Matt turned and started off toward council headquarters again.

He figured that the faster they reached the council and handed over their evidence, the faster he could get into bed with Zac and Aiden. After running for so many hours, though, he wasn't sure if he wanted sex first or sleep.

*"How much farther is this damn place?"*

Matt could hear Aiden's chuckle through their mental link. *"Not far, baby, just a few more miles. If we're lucky, we'll get there just as the sun starts to come up."*

*"Why is that lucky?"*

*"Dawn and dusk, when the moon and sun pass each other in the sky, are the hardest times of the day to see. If anyone is waiting for us, we have a better chance of slipping through their lines if it's dawn or dusk."*

*"Okay, that makes sense,"* Matt replied, *"but do you really think they will be waiting for us?"* Just the thought made Matt stumble a bit. Yeah, sure, he made it through the firefight several hours ago with his sanity intact. He couldn't promise that would continue if they had to fight again. He was pretty much running on empty nerves at this point.

*"I'd like to tell you that they weren't, Matt, but you, Zac, and I promised we'd never lie to each other, remember? If they had that much firepower set up to stop us back at the truck, then I suspect they have something else set up for us close to council headquarters."*

*"Besides,"* Zac said, *"we still haven't seen Alpha Issacar. While he seems to be the type of guy that hires thugs to take care of business for him, he'll still want his hands in it somehow. He won't stop until he stops us, or he's taken out."*

*"You guys are all just sunshine and happiness, aren't you?"*

*"Would you rather we lie to you?"* Zac asked.

*"At the moment? Yes!"*

*"Well, okay,"* Aiden said. *"The Alpha was obviously one of the people we took out at the firefight, and he's dead, so the only thing between us and the council is open space. I imagine, since they know we are coming, they will have tubs of hot bubbly water waiting for us and nice, big, juicy steaks."*

*"Sounds perfect,"* Matt said, *"but I'd be more interested in a bed, a big bed."*

Matt yelped when he felt a small nip on his hindquarter. He jumped around snarling, only to find no one behind him. Matt quickly realized Zac had nipped him, his invisible Chameleon mate. That was going to get old fast.

*“Get a move on, gorgeous,”* Zac said, *“or you’ll never see that bed.”*

*“Yeah, yeah, I’m going,”* Matt replied as he tried to pick up his speed. They’d been running through forested areas mostly. They even ran up over a couple of tall hills. Up ahead, though, the land started to even out and open up. Matt was looking forward to that.

As they came to the edge of the tree line, Aiden moved in front of Matt and slowed down until he came to a stop. Matt stepped up close to Aiden and nudged him. His big, gorgeous mate gave him a small whimper and licked him. Matt wiggled. He didn’t care what form he was in, a kiss was a kiss.

Aiden suddenly shifted back to human form. Matt blinked, then shifted. “What? Why did you stop?”

Aiden lifted his nose into the air and sniffed, then shook his head. “Something is off, but I can’t quite put my finger on it. Do you smell anything out of place?”

Matt frowned but lifted his nose to sniff. At first all he smelled were trees, grass, and dirt. Then a strange odor floated across the breeze. Matt wrinkled his nose at the off-putting scent. It almost smelled like rotting wet dog, but not.

“It’s disgusting,” Matt said, trying to breathe through his mouth. “What in the hell is it?”

“I’m not exactly sure, but I suspect it’s our welcoming party.”

“And they smell like rotten dog shit?”

Aiden chuckled. “Zac, could you or Sebastian check it out?”

*“I’ll be right back,”* Zac replied mentally. *“Don’t move out from cover.”*

“We’ll be right here,” Aiden replied.

*"You might want to get dressed while I'm gone," Zac added. "Who knows if we have to fight or not, but I sure as shit don't want my bits and pieces hanging out if we do."*

"Sounds like a plan," Aiden said even as he reached for the bags holding their clothes. Matt looked out over the field for a moment, trying to see any sign of Zac. When he couldn't, he turned back to Aiden. He grabbed his clothes and started pulling them on.

Matt tried not to bounce from foot to foot as they waited for Zac to come back, but it was hard. He knew staying quiet was a must, but his level of anxiety grew with each passing moment. He clenched his fists and dug his fingernails into the palms of his hands, anything to distract him.

"Matt, get down," Aiden said suddenly.

Matt felt Aiden's hand on his shoulder, pushing him down. He didn't know what was going on, but he immediately squatted down. He scanned the area surrounding them, looking for anything that might be out of place. Aiden squatted down right next to him.

*"What? What is it?"* Matt whispered silently.

*"Look up ahead,"* Aiden replied. *"Someone is coming, and it isn't Zac."*

Matt glanced past Aiden. He didn't see anything at first, just tall yellow grass and a few trees, but as he looked harder, he spotted a dash of color. Looking closer, he watched a man come into view. He walked slowly, a white piece of cloth tied to a long stick waving in the air.

*"What does he want?"* Matt asked.

Aiden glanced back at him for a moment and shook his head before looking back to watch the man walking toward them. *"Whatever he wants, I want you to stay hidden, do you understand?"* Aiden asked.

Matt nodded. He wasn't stupid. Letting this man know where he was didn't sound like a good game plan to him. None of this did. In fact, it all sounded worse and worse with each passing minute.

"I know you can hear me," the man shouted. He waved the white flag higher up in the air. "I was sent here under a flag of truce by Alpha Issacar. I have information that you might find interesting."

Matt expected Aiden to stay hidden. He was shocked when the man stood up. "Aiden, what in the hell are you doing?" he hissed quietly.

*"Stay down out of sight,"* Aiden replied silently. *"He might not know you're here, and the less he knows, the better."*

"But, Aiden, what if—"

*"Stay down, Matt, please."* Again, Aiden spoke through their mental bond. Matt assumed it was because he faced forward and didn't want the man coming toward them to know he was speaking to anyone.

"Fine," Matt finally said, "just be careful."

His heart pounded as Aiden started walking. From where he hid, he could see most everything. Aiden stopped several feet away from the man. Matt couldn't hear what was being said, but he could see the sudden tensing of Aiden's shoulders, the way his hands balled into fists.

Matt knew something terrible was happening. He quickly scanned the area beyond Aiden. Nothing moved, not even the leaves in the trees. It was eerily quiet. Matt felt a cold chill run up his spine. He wasn't going to like what Aiden had to say when he came back. Matt just knew it.

It was all Matt could do to keep himself still as Aiden turned and started walking back to him. The man he'd been speaking to watched Aiden for a moment, then turned and walked back to where he had come from.

"Well, what did he say?" Matt asked quietly the moment Aiden was within hearing distance. Aiden gave a little shake of his head and kept walking. Matt knew instantly that someone still watched.

He crawled forward just a bit and lifted his head some more, looking out over the tall grass. The sun was starting to come up over

the mountain behind them, just barely beginning to shine down on the valley below. Matt hoped it blinded whoever watched, giving them the advantage as Aiden had suggested.

“Well?” Matt asked again when the man walked up to him. “What did he say?”

Aiden gestured for Matt to follow him back into the trees. Matt frowned but got up and walked after Aiden, coming to a stop just inside of the tree line. Aiden’s face was pale and tight when he finally turned around.

“Come here, baby,” Aiden said quietly, too quietly.

Matt rubbed his hands up and down his arms. A deep, sick feeling began to take hold in his stomach. “What?” he whispered. “What is it?”

Aiden stepped over and wrapped his arms around Matt. He placed several small kisses on Matt’s head before burying his face in his hair. “I’m sorry, baby, but they have Zac.”

“No!” Matt shouted as he tried to pull away, but Aiden kept him held firmly in his arms. Matt struggled, but Aiden just held him tighter. “Aiden,” he finally wailed, “please, we have to do something.”

“We will, baby,” Aiden whispered. “I’ll get Zac back for you, I promise.”

Matt clenched his fingers in the fabric of Aiden’s shirt. “How?”

“Not to worry, Matt, I have a plan,” Aiden said. “Now, give me a kiss.”

Matt frowned. He leaned his head back to look up at Aiden. Matt didn’t mind kissing Aiden. In fact, he was all for it. The man kissed like a dream. He just wasn’t sure this was the time or place to be making out. Zac was being held captive by a madman bent on killing them all. Aiden could have picked a better moment.

“Aiden, we can’t—”

“Please, baby?”

There was no way that Matt could deny Aiden's request. He'd have an easier time stopping his breathing. He leaned up on his toes and placed his lips against Aiden's. The sudden ferocity of Aiden's kiss stunned Matt. The man seemed almost desperate.

Aiden seemed to need something from Matt. He didn't know what, but he wanted to give it. Matt leaned in closer and brushed his tongue across Aiden's lips before moving inside to explore the recesses of Aiden's mouth. He could feel the man's response in the slight tremble of his body, the cock hardening against him.

When Aiden finally lifted his head, Matt leaned into the hand his mate pressed against his cheek. Something was wrong, very, very wrong. Matt was afraid to ask because he knew the answer would tear his world apart.

"You're so damn beautiful," Aiden whispered. "You take my breath away every time I look at you."

Matt's lips trembled as he tried to smile. "I think that's a good thing, don't you? My mate should be attracted to me. It makes it much easier to get him into bed."

Aiden chuckled, but his amusement didn't quite reach his chocolate brown eyes. Matt was even more confused when Aiden stepped back. He frowned, cocking his head to one side. "Aiden, what's going on?"

Aiden's lips thinned, and he swallowed hard. Matt jerked when arms suddenly grabbed him from behind. He struggled until he noticed that Sebastian held him. "Sebastian, what in the hell are you doing?"

"I'm sorry, Matt," Aiden whispered.

Matt glanced up. He started shaking his head when he saw the tears gathering in Aiden's eyes. That cold chill that had run up his back previously suddenly enveloped his entire body. His heart pounded in his chest.

"Aiden—"

"I would have loved you, Matt, more than anything in the world."

“No,” Matt said as he realized what was happening. “Aiden, no!”

Matt started to struggle when Aiden shook his head and turned away. He couldn’t believe Aiden was leaving, just walking away. And he couldn’t believe that Sebastian was letting him. Aiden was going to die.

“Sebastian, please, we can’t do this,” he cried. “Aiden needs us. He can’t—”

“Matt, you need to let him go,” Sebastian said. “You need to let him do this.”

“No!” Matt shouted. He couldn’t believe that Sebastian was just letting Aiden give himself up. Yes, Matt wanted Zac back, but not at the expense of his other mate. Zac would never forgive himself, and then Matt would be without both of his mates.

He began to struggle, trying to pull away from Sebastian. He might be small, but he was still strong. Maybe not as strong as Sebastian, he quickly realized, but he had been on his own a long time. He learned a few things along the way.

Knowing that his strength alone wouldn’t free him from the thick arms that held him, Matt played dirty. He reached back with his hand and grabbed Sebastian by the balls. One hard squeeze and a twist and Sebastian went down like a ton of bricks.

Matt felt bad for about two seconds, just long enough to jump beyond Sebastian’s grasping hands, and then he was off, running after Aiden. Matt didn’t make it more than a few steps before he heard gunfire.

His steps faltered, coming to a stop as he looked out over the field just in time to see Aiden stagger and fall. Matt pressed his hand against his chest where his heart was, the ache inside of him almost taking him to his knees.

“Aiden,” he whispered. Matt took off running as fast as his feet would carry him. He knew he wouldn’t start breathing again until he was sure Aiden was still alive. He might not even then.

Matt ran and ran, finally reaching Aiden and dropping to his knees beside the man. He reached for him, then paused, not sure where to touch his mate without causing more pain. Aiden's chest was covered in blood.

Matt wasn't sure how many bullets hit Aiden, but there seemed to be so much damage, he wasn't sure it mattered. "Aiden?" he whispered as he laid his hand on the man's neck and searched for a pulse. His eyes closed in relief when he found one. It was faint, but it was there. Aiden was alive.

"Aiden, you stupid son of a bitch," Matt cried. "What in the hell were you thinking?"

"Ha-Had to sa-save you."

Matt glanced up, his mouth dropping open when he found deep brown eyes looking back at him. He leaned down and brushed the sandy brown hair back from Aiden's face. "You didn't have to do it by sacrificing yourself."

"Za-Zac, they have Zac."

"We'll get him back another way," Matt whispered. "I can't lose you, too. You're just as much my mate as Zac is. Don't you know that?"

Aiden chuckled then coughed harshly. Matt's chest seized when blood bubbled from Aiden's mouth. He sat back and pulled his shirt off over his head. He balled it up and pressed it against the wounds in Aiden's chest.

"I can't get the bleeding to stop."

"We need to get the bullets out. He can't heal with them in."

Relief flooded Matt when he heard Sebastian. The big man knelt down on the ground across from him. He pulled a large knife out of the sheath on his hip. His face looked gloomy when he glanced at Matt, his lips tight, his green eyes grave.

"When I give you the word, I need you to wipe the blood away while I dig the bullets out, okay?" Sebastian asked. "Try to keep as much of it out of my way as you can. I need to see what I'm doing."

Matt nodded. His heart hammered, and he licked his lips as he waited for Sebastian to give him the word. When Sebastian nodded, Matt quickly wiped the blood away from one of the bullet wounds. He kept his shirt pressed against the others.

Aiden cried out, his body arching as Sebastian started digging out the bullet. Matt winced, wishing there was something he could do, but it wasn't like he had any painkillers on hand. At this point, he'd settle for a bottle of cheap whiskey.

Sebastian moved the knife, and a small silver bullet fell to the ground. Matt's eyes widened. So that was why Aiden wasn't healing. The asshole who shot him used silver bullets. Matt glanced over his shoulder to where the shots had come from, but he couldn't see anyone. His eyes narrowed as he promised retribution to those who had harmed his mate.

He didn't know how it was going to happen. He didn't even know when, but eventually he would get his revenge. If they thought they could get away with this because Matt was a no-rank, diminutive werewolf, they were wrong.

"Okay, Matt, next one," Sebastian said.

Matt moved the fabric off the next bullet hole. His stomach rolled as blood welled up out of the wound. Matt quickly wiped it away then watched Sebastian start digging the next bullet out. Matt lifted the shirt for a moment, wiping the blood away from Aiden's chest. Three more to go, and Aiden would be safe. Already the first wound was starting to heal.

Matt and Sebastian worked for several minutes, Matt wiping away the blood and Sebastian digging out the bullets. Finally, the last bullet fell to the ground. Matt wiped the blood off Aiden's chest again and watched as each hole began closing.

With the healing of each wound, Aiden's breathing began to grow in strength until he could breathe in and out without blood dribbling out of his mouth. Matt still wouldn't be happy until every hole closed all of the way and Aiden was on his feet again.

“How are you feeling, Aiden?” Matt asked as he stroked his hand over Aiden’s cheek.

“Better,” Aiden said. His voice still sounded weak, but at least he wasn’t stuttering anymore. Matt leaned down and placed a small kiss on Aiden’s lips before looking deep into his eyes.

“You ever pull a stupid stunt like that again,” he warned, “and I’ll leave the bullets in.”

Aiden chuckled, this time with no blood. “Yes, sir.”

“Just so you understand,” Matt said, “I may be small and have no pack ranking, but I’m the boss in this threesome. You do exactly what I say, and we’ll get along just fine.”

Aiden grinned. Sebastian laughed. Matt’s heart started beating regularly again.

“Speaking of threesomes,” Aiden said as he raised his head to look around, “what happened to Zac?”

## Chapter 9

Zac froze when he heard the gunshots. He'd been working his way around the edge of the trees, trying to blend in. He could have worked his way through the tall grass, but it would have taken forever. It was much easier to hide in the woods than grass.

Looking out over the fields, Zac's breath caught in his throat. He watched Aiden go down and Matt running toward him. His entire world centered on the two men in the middle of the grassy meadow.

He started to run in their direction, fear racing through him, but movements off to both sides of the meadow caught his attention. Zac skidded to a halt and watched. Sebastian was running toward Aiden and Matt from one side of the field. Someone else headed away from them on the other.

Zac had to believe that Matt and Sebastian could save Aiden. He needed to deal with whatever trouble was running away from them before whoever it was came back, or there might not be anyone left to save.

Zac moved back to the tree line and began making his way around to where he'd seen movement. The closer he got, the more he could see. Several men stood around a small clearing, all of them armed.

He recognized Alpha Issacar right off. He would have known the man was an Alpha right off, even if he'd never met him. Besides the fact that the man stood several inches shorter than those around him, he was the only man dressed in a suit.

Personally, Zac felt that the man looked ridiculous. Who wore white double-breasted suits? And the dark purple tie? Really? Zac was a lot more comfortable in his jeans and T-shirts. They cost less and were much easier to work in.

Zac worked his way around the small clearing until he was behind the men and by their vehicles. Extending one sharp claw, he quietly punctured each of their tires. Zac didn't know if they would be chased if they needed to run again, but he was making sure that the men in the clearing had to do it on foot if it happened.

Just as Zac was puncturing the last tire, he heard a sound behind him. Zac froze. He covered the small hole in the tire with his hand, hoping that whoever was behind him wouldn't hear it. He was still camouflaged, so he might not be seen, but he could still be heard.

A low growl made Zac's skin crawl. Damn Delta pheromones. His only consolation was that they might be able to smell him, but they couldn't see him. Of course, that might work to his advantage. It would drive them nuts.

Zac suddenly had an idea. As soon as the man walked past him, he made his way around the group of men. He rubbed his body along the edges of the trees, the grass, the bushes, anything that would carry his scent. He even rubbed his body against the vehicles.

If his scent drove werewolves crazy, Zac might be able to confuse them or at least get them hyped up enough to take a few of them out. It wouldn't work on Alpha Issacar or his Beta, if he was here, but it would work on everyone else, including the humans.

Once Zac had circled the men a couple of times, rubbing his scent over any surface he thought might retain it, he sat back at the edge of the meadow and watched the fireworks erupt. They weren't long in coming.

It started with a few of the men sniffing the air then baring their teeth at each other. It was quickly followed by low growls and agitation. Zac almost wished he wasn't a Delta just so he could smell his pheromones. He imagined they smelled much like Aiden and Matt did to him, irresistible.

Zac almost chuckled when a few of the men started shoving each other. He quickly covered his mouth to keep any sound from escaping. Alpha Issacar was frowning and looking around

suspiciously. Zac knew the man suspected something, but since he was immune to Zac's Delta pheromones, he probably wouldn't smell anything out of the ordinary.

Glancing out toward the field, Zac was relieved to see Aiden's head lifting up into the air. He didn't know what sort of injuries the man sustained, but at least he was alive. It made Zac breathe a little easier.

It also made it easier for him to concentrate on what he needed to do next, eliminate the bad guys. Most of the time, Zac hated what he did. It wasn't a picnic having to eliminate werewolves who went bad, but it needed to be done. Zac was the man to do it. This time, however, Zac would take great pleasure in eliminating the rogue werewolves.

Moving over to crouch between two of the vehicles, Zac waited for one of the men to walk closer to him. The moment one did, he grabbed him, quickly eliminating the man. The next two men were just as easy, drawn to his scent like a moth to a flame.

Zac worked efficiently and quickly, grabbing the men from behind as they walked closer to him and breaking their necks. He was able to hide the first several bodies between the vehicles, no one being the wiser. Eventually, though, no more men walked close enough for Zac to grab. He'd have to go out after them.

This was the dangerous part. Zac was still in Chameleon form, and he would be virtually invisible to everyone, even the Alpha and Beta. He still couldn't hide the dead bodies that dropped to the ground. He could only hide himself.

Maybe, if he worked quickly enough, he could cause enough confusion to get to Alpha Issacar. If he held the Alpha, then the other men might fall in line. It was a plan, anyway, and right now the only plan Zac had.

Zac snuck up behind one of the last few men standing. He timed his strike, waiting for the man to turn toward him before he struck,

slicing across the man's throat with his claw. He was moving on around the group of men before the man even knew what hit him.

Zac struck again at the man across the circle, slicing his throat with his sharp claw. By crisscrossing the small clearing and attacking the men in the small group, Zac hoped to confuse them, maybe make them think that there was more than one Delta attacking them.

His eyebrows shot up when the man he snuck over to fell to the ground before he even reached him, blood spurting from the long gash in his throat. Zac suddenly realized that he wasn't the only Delta there.

He looked out toward where Matt and Sebastian were helping Aiden, but he could only see his two mates. That gave him a pretty good idea who worked with him. Zac looked back at the remaining men, taking in their panic with gleeful joy. Now the fun could really begin.

Zac never went on a mission with another Delta before, but he and Sebastian worked together as if they had been doing it for years. They systematically eliminated man after man until only Alpha Issacar remained, standing in the middle of several dead bodies. He had guns in both his hands and shot in every direction, trying to hit that which he could not see.

There were a few close calls, one bullet narrowly missing Zac's head, but all in all, he escaped without a scratch. Zac's elation knew no bounds when he heard the empty chambers of the Alpha's guns click.

"I know you're there," Alpha Issacar snarled. "Why don't you show yourself, you coward?"

Zac stepped over until he stood a few feet in front of the Alpha. He crossed his arms over his chest and let his Chameleon ability fade away, showing himself to the man.

Alpha Issacar inhaled deeply. "You!"

"Me," Zac replied.

“You were supposed to eliminate Aiden Kane,” the man shouted. “Instead, I find you here, attacking me and my men? What do you think the council will have to say about your dereliction of duty?”

Zac smirked. “Ah, but you see, the council already knows. In fact, they are even now investigating your financial records and those of the elder you have in your back pocket. Your little moneymaking scheme is over, Alpha, as is your freedom.”

“You have no right,” Alpha Issacar snapped, his lips twisting into a horrible snarl.

Zac took a step toward the man. “I have every right,” he shouted back. “You tried to eliminate my mate.”

“Your mate?”

“Yes, my mate,” Zac said, “and not only did you try to eliminate him, but you tried to use me to do it.”

“He betrayed me!”

“Aiden didn’t betray shit,” Zac yelled. “You did. You betrayed your pack and everything it means to be an Alpha. You’re supposed to take care of your pack, not take everything from them.”

“What in the hell would you know?” Alpha Issacar asked. “You’re just a Delta. You’ve never had to lead a pack before.”

“That’s not exactly true. Zac has led us just fine.”

Zac’s head snapped around in shock to find Aiden and Matt standing behind him. Aiden had an arm wrapped around his stomach, a bloody shirt barely hanging on him. His arm was around Matt’s shoulders, the small man supporting him. As Aiden spoke, Zac could see Sebastian shimmer into form beside them.

“Zac takes care of us as an Alpha should,” Matt added. “He cares for us, protects us, and gives us all of the support we could need. He’s all the Alpha we need.”

Zac’s heart filled with pride and an emotion he was quickly coming to realize was love for the men standing before him. He even felt a close kinship to Sebastian, a man he barely knew, but was quickly growing to respect.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Alpha Issacar said. “He’s a Delta. He can’t be an Alpha.”

“He can if we choose him to be our Alpha,” Aiden said. “And despite what you may think, a pack chooses their Alpha. The Alpha does not choose their pack.”

“Well, I just won’t stand for it,” Alpha Issacar snapped. He waved his hand around the small clearing at the dead bodies piled all over the place. “Do you really think any pack will have him after they learn what he did here?”

“As a matter of fact”—Matt chuckled—“we already did. The council has already approved our new pack. Since we created it, we can choose our Alpha. And, since the three of us are the only other members, we’ve all taken a vote, and we’ve chosen Zac to be our Alpha.”

Zac’s mouth dropped open. Were they serious? He never once in all his life thought he’d be an Alpha. He was a Delta. He’d always been a Delta. He didn’t know how to be anything else. But as Zac watched the pride in his mates’ eyes glow, he realized he didn’t have much choice. He wasn’t sure he wanted one, either.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“We’re sure,” Matt answered as he, Aiden, and Sebastian all nodded their heads. “We want you to lead us.”

Zac nodded and turned back to face Alpha Issacar. “Before I take on my duties as Alpha, I have just one last mission to accomplish. Alpha Issacar needs to be delivered to the council for punishment.”

Sebastian stepped forward. “I’d be more than happy to deliver him for you.” The man grinned. “After all, I’m still a Delta, and that’s what Deltas do.”

Zac shook his head as he looked at his new pack member. “No, this is something I need to do. I’ve never left a mission incomplete before, and I won’t start now.”

“Fine,” Matt said as he and Aiden stepped closer, “then we’ll all go.”

“You might want to catch Alpha Issacar before he gets away then,” Aiden said as he pointed past Zac. He whipped his head around just in time to see Alpha Issacar running toward the woods in the opposite direction.

Zac growled. He was getting really tired of this guy. He took off running, not even bothering to make himself invisible. There wasn’t any need. The Alpha had to know Zac would come after him.

Zac reached the Alpha just as he reached the edge of the trees. He jumped through the air, tackling the man to the ground. Alpha Issacar struggled, getting in several good punches before Zac was able to subdue him.

He pinned the man to the ground, straddling him. He took the Alpha’s arms and pulled them behind his back. He paused briefly when Sebastian crouched down next to him, giving him a small length of rope.

Zac grinned and took the rope, tying the Alpha’s hands behind his back. He stood to his feet and grabbed the Alpha by his arm, Sebastian on the other side. Together, they lifted the man to his feet.

Zac wiped a small drop of blood from the corner of his mouth then nodded to Sebastian. “Thank you.”

“All in a day’s work, Zac.” Sebastian chuckled.

“Well, our day isn’t done yet,” he replied as they started walking the Alpha back toward Aiden and Matt. “We still need to get Alpha Issacar and those papers of Matt’s to the wolf council.” He waved his hand at the dead bodies. “And we have to explain this.”

Aiden waved his cell phone. “I’ve already put in a call to the council for a cleanup crew. They should be here soon. The council is also sending a guard unit to take possession of Alpha Issacar and deliver him to council headquarters.”

Zac arched an eyebrow. “That was quick. I thought the investigation was going to take a couple of weeks.”

“They had a chance to go over the file Matt sent over to them.” Aiden smirked. “They weren’t happy about what they found. I guess they decided to make this a top priority.”

Matt rolled his eyes. “Oh, please, the only reason they are acting so fast on this is because one of their own is involved, and they don’t want anyone to think there will be a cover-up. They’re just trying to cover their own asses.”

“Truthfully,” Aiden replied, “I don’t care why they do it as long as *my ass* is taken off the hit list. I won’t feel comfortable until I know the council isn’t sending anyone else after me. I’ve had enough running and hiding to last me a lifetime.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Zac said. “A nice, quiet vacation sounds wonderful right about now.”

“And a bed,” Matt said as he and Aiden stepped over to stand on either side of Zac, “with a nice, big, juicy steak and a bath.”

Zac chuckled. “Not necessarily in that order.” He wrapped an arm around Matt when the man pressed himself close. He wrapped his other arm around Aiden. He leaned down and placed a small kiss on Matt’s lips, then Aiden’s. “I’ll take the bed first.”

Matt bounced. “Amen to that!”

## Chapter 10

“Matt, did you get the phone hooked up yet?” Aiden called as he walked down the hallway of their new home. They were able to choose a house on the edge of town, a nice farmhouse with plenty of land around it.

The move to the new Delta community took a few months, but everyone felt it was the best decision they could make. The town would hopefully fill up with other Deltas and their mates. In the meantime, it was just the four of them.

Sebastian was staying with them until his place could be built just down the road. While they wouldn’t be close enough to hear each other, they would be able to see Sebastian’s house through the trees. Both houses would be located along the edge of a small, little lake, which seemed perfect for all of them.

There were spots for three other houses on the lake. The other houses in the community were closer to town. Aiden actually liked the fact that they weren’t in the middle of the small community. They had enough space to run around naked, which he encouraged Matt to do often, but they were close enough to town to be there in five minutes in case of emergency.

The town itself still needed a lot of work. Most of the buildings were in some form of disrepair, but at least it was theirs. They had everything they would need to set up their own little community, including stores, businesses, a city hall, and a jail once all of the buildings were refitted, revamped, and basically overhauled or knocked down.

Now they just needed people to fill it. The council, once they fully accepted the idea, promised to direct other Deltas in their direction. Zac, as their new pack Alpha, made the decision that every new member in the community would need to be voted in by everyone. He didn't want the total decision about who would live in their little town. He felt that everyone should get a say, which was one of the reasons they chose him as Alpha.

Aiden once again had the position as Beta. Only this time, he liked his Alpha, a lot. In fact, he more than liked his Alpha. In the three months since he mated the man, Zac had come to mean more to Aiden than the very air around him, Matt too. Aiden didn't know what he would do without either of them.

"Matt? Did you hear me?" Aiden asked a little louder when he received no answer from his little mate.

"*Busy,*" Matt replied through their shared mental bond. "*I'm on a coffee break, damn it.*"

Aiden frowned. Matt's reply sounded winded, as if the man had just run a great distance. On a hunch, Aiden made his way to the small office Matt had claimed as his when they moved in. He stepped into the doorway and instantly knew he was correct in his assumption. He was also instantly hard as a rock.

Matt was busy...busy being bent over the desk by Zac. It was a good thing that Matt ran around naked most of the time, or he wouldn't have any clothes left. Zac would have been ripping them off all of the time.

With Zac's high sex drive, not to mention Aiden's, Matt was often bent over some piece of furniture or up against a wall or on his knees. Aiden was surprised the man could walk as much as he got fucked.

Zac glanced up as Aiden stepped into the room, reaching for the buttons of his jeans. Thankfully, he had taken his shirt and shoes off earlier when he was unpacking boxes. The jeans were the only thing that needed to go.

"Hey, gorgeous, do you want to join us?" Zac asked.

Aiden wasn't stupid. He quickly kicked his jeans away and moved over to stand behind Zac. Aiden held out his hand. "Lube?" he asked. He chuckled when a bottle of lube was immediately slapped into his hand. Zac might be balls-deep inside of Matt, but he knew the faster Aiden got him lubed up, the faster he'd get it from both ends.

Aiden quickly spread lube over his cock then dribbled some on his fingers, adding a few squirts to the crack of Zac's ass. He closed the bottle of lube and tossed it onto the desk before grabbing Zac's ass cheeks and pulling them apart.

Aiden blinked and looked closer. He knew Zac hadn't been on the receiving end for very long and was usually pretty tight, needing just a little extra stretching. But he could swear the man was already stretched out.

Aiden probed with his lubed fingers, shocked when all three of them slid right in. He glanced up at his mate. "Huh, Zac?"

Zac chuckled. "We were waiting for you," Zac replied. "We knew you'd find us. Matt got me ready for you while I got him ready for me."

Aiden's eyes nearly crossed. "Damn, I would have liked to see that."

"Next time we'll let you watch," Zac said as he humped his hips a couple of times. "For now, get your cock in my ass so we can get this show on the road. Our baby is about to lose his mind, and I want to go along for the ride."

"What? No foreplay?"

"Not this time, babe," Zac replied as he wiggled his ass. "This time it's just down and dirty."

Aiden had no problem following the orders of his Alpha. He placed his hand on Zac's back and pushed him down over Matt. Once the man was bent over, Aiden lined his cock up with the tight hole waiting for him and slid in right up to his balls.

The combined groans of Zac and Aiden nearly shook the walls. Aiden knew from his end, being inside of Zac was like nothing on

earth. Being inside of Matt was the same, but different. Each man brought something to their relationship, even their sex life. And Aiden couldn't be happier about that. Life with his mates was perfect.

"This feels so fucking good," Aiden moaned as he started thrusting into Zac. He still couldn't believe the big man let himself be topped. To look at Zac, he never would have envisioned the man bent over any piece of furniture with a cock up his ass. Aiden was thrilled that he was wrong.

"It would feel a whole hell of a lot better if you'd move faster," Zac growled. Again, Aiden was more than willing to do as his Alpha commanded. He gripped Zac's hips tightly with his hands and rammed into the man.

Aiden would have laughed when Zac and Matt both cried out, the desk scooting across the floor, except he was too busy thrusting into Zac again. The feeling of pulling almost all of the way out of Zac's tight grip was just as good as moving back into him.

Knowing that Zac was doing the same thing to Matt only heightened Aiden's level of pleasure. He could see Matt's head thrashing back and forth on the desk just over Zac's shoulder. The man's cries of delight filled the room.

Matt was very verbal. That in itself was very arousing. Add in the fact that he went out of his way to show both Aiden and Zac how much he wanted them, cared about them, and Matt was the perfect mate.

Aiden never had any doubt he was loved by either man. It might have taken them a little while to verbalize their feelings—they were men, after all—but they showed it every chance they got.

"Fuck, harder, Aiden," Zac groaned. "He's going to blow."

Aiden bent his knees slightly and rammed up into Zac. At the same time, he leaned forward and sank his teeth into the soft flesh of Zac's neck. Aiden was rewarded by the cries of his mates as they both came, Zac's inner muscles tightening down on his cock like a vice.

Aiden thrust once, twice, three times, then joined his mates. He roared as pulse after pulse shot from his cock and filled Zac. His hand tightened on Zac's hips as the knot at the end of his cock extended, taking hold. Aiden was afraid his knees would collapse if he didn't. The pleasure he experienced while being inside of either of his mates was overwhelming.

Aiden leaned his head forward to rest between Zac's shoulder blades. He knew that he wouldn't be able to move for a few minutes. Neither would Zac or Matt. While Aiden's knot locked Zac in place, Zac's knot locked Matt in place. It was a wonderful feeling being connected to both of his mates, even if it was in this manner.

"Damn, that was good," Matt said. "We definitely need coffee breaks more often."

Zac chuckled. "Matt, you don't drink coffee anymore." Thank god! The man lost his mind on caffeine.

"Fine, then we need *fuck me* breaks more often."

Aiden lifted his head and looked over Zac's shoulders. Matt's face was flushed, but the grin on his lips lit up his entire face. Even his green eyes glowed with happiness, a look Aiden hoped he and Zac could put on the little man's face every day.

"Love you both," Aiden whispered as that strong emotion nearly brought tears to his eyes. "Never want to give this up."

"You never have to," Zac said as he reached back and patted Aiden's hip. "And I love you, too."

Matt raised his hand in the air from the bottom of the pile. "Me three!"

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Stormy believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

Stormy lives in the great Northwest region of the USA, with her gorgeous husband and soul mate, six very active teenagers, two boxer/collie puppies, two old biddy cats, and three fish.

You can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand and a puppy in her lap, or on her laptop, creating the next sexy man for one of her stories. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website at [www.stormyglenn.com](http://www.stormyglenn.com).

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Her mom taught Joyee how to read at an early age and was able to read books at a 3<sup>rd</sup> grade level before attending Kindergarten. She always read above her reading level and read some of her favorite novels in 6<sup>th</sup> grade for the first time.

Though she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. She kept writing, short stories, romance, mystical, and of course adding in hot cowboys any chance she could. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

## ***Also by Stormy Glenn***

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