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Mating Games

DELTA WOLF

Stormy Glenn
Joyee Flynn

MATING GAMES

Delta Wolf 2

Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn

MENAGE AMOUR



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To creativity, imagination, and brainstorming. May the "what if" ideal live forever in our hearts, in our minds, and in our naps.

Joyce: To all the fans of Stormy, who have welcomed me to their group with open arms and tons of interest in my solo work. Makes a woman feel loved!

MATING GAMES

Delta Wolf 2

STORMY GLENN AND JOYEE FLYNN

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Chapter 1

“Sebastian, you have a message from the council,” Matt yelled from the other room. Even though Sebastian loved his best friend’s little mate like a brother, the man had no concept of the world around him while working.

“I was sleeping, Matt!” Sebastian growled back. “Be there in a minute.” Rolling off the bed, he picked yesterday’s jeans up off the floor and pulled them on.

Walking out to the living room, he grabbed the piece of paper Matt held out to him. The man never even took his eyes off his laptop. Sebastian wiped the sleep from his eyes before reading it over.

Shit!

The council never gave him a break from being a Delta. Even now, waiting for his house to be built with his best friend, Aiden, and Aiden’s two mates, the council wanted to send him out to investigate a supposedly rogue Alpha. Sebastian moved into their house a few weeks ago when his old Alpha put a hit out on Aiden. Thank god for Aiden’s mate, Zac.

Zac was a Delta, like Sebastian, and assigned to take Aiden out. But when Zac realized that his prey was his mate, he couldn’t go through with it. After Aiden and Zac talked, filling Zac in about

Alpha Issacar, they called Sebastian in. Sebastian contacted the council immediately to report the Alpha's illegal actions. The council had been swift in their decision. The overwhelming evidence against Issacar was somewhat of an embarrassment to the council.

Guess running for their lives, dealing with a crazy Alpha, and setting up a new pack wasn't enough to gain a Delta some reprieve, Sebastian thought, shaking his head.

His new assignment had him heading to the East Coast to check into charges of an Alpha kidnapping humans. What did he want a human for?

Sebastian didn't have any problems with humans. He didn't really even know any. But why keep one? What was so special about this human? Sebastian packed up his gear and headed into the living room to fill Matt in. Assured that Matt heard him and wrote down where he was going, he headed out to his car.

Thinking back to when he turned eighteen and learned his role as a Delta, he had thought it wicked. Now at twenty-eight, sometimes it just didn't seem worth the extra gifts he was born with. Okay, he had to admit it was cool that he had extra forms to change into, the chameleon form being the best. The real name, which no one could really pronounce since Greek wasn't taught to packs anymore, was αόρατος.

It literally meant *to not be visible*, which made hunting for rogue or feral wolves much easier. Plus, Deltas were always the biggest wolves of the pack. At six-five and two hundred forty-five pounds, Sebastian knew he towered over others in the pack.

With his body having almost no fat, he figured he was a little vain, always making sure he had a nice tan. He knew he would never be called pretty, even with his moss green eyes, but some of the females of the pack described him as ruggedly handsome.

That always made him chuckle. Too bad he never had any interest in breasts. He'd known he was gay since he was fifteen. People teased him that he had hair like a girl, sunlit blond hair that he usually tied

up but hung down to his ass when he let it flow free. Hey, who did he have to impress? Being a Delta kept him in seclusion, so he did what he liked.

As Sebastian mapped out the best course to North Carolina, his thoughts drifted back to being mated. All he'd ever wanted was for someone to love him, to truly see him. Not as a huge, muscle-bound, killing machine werewolf, but him, the man. He hated always being alone.

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. They 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.

Deltas reacted with their basic instincts and the need for wild, hot, passionate sex. Every Delta had two mates out there for them, and given their increased adrenaline and sex drives, which produced their scent, they needed two mates to ground them. 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.

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. If one day Sebastian needed to hunt down a member of the pack and he was friends with them, it would cloud the judgment of the Delta. He knew it made sense, but he still hated it. The reality was a very lonely life for Deltas, living on the outskirts of the pack.

Two, it helped in the hunt of any rogue pack members. The scent drove werewolves sexually crazy. They couldn't think about running away or attacking the Delta if they were wildly horny.

The elders and the council 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.*

Trying to shake off his depressing thoughts, he put in his favorite CD on his favorite track. CCR must have had one werewolf in the group to make “Bad Moon Rising.” It always put a smile on his face, and by the middle, he was singing along with it.

* * * *

Fourteen grueling hours later, Sebastian pulled into a motel the next town over from where the rogue Alpha lived. After he was in his room, he thought about what his plan was going to be.

This was a strictly recon job. Gather all the information he could about the situation and report back to the council. Right now he was leaning toward a full-frontal approach—face Alpha Rodrick.

The story that was developing in his head was that he was unhappy with his current Alpha, which was true. He knew Alpha Rodrick’s pack didn’t have a Delta, so that could work to his advantage. If he could convince the Alpha that he was checking out possible packs to join, he’d have access to other pack members. Of course, he wasn’t really in the market for a new pack, except the Delta pack his friends were working on.

Matt, one of Aiden's mates, who was also his best friend, came up with the idea. Along with Matt and Aiden, Sebastian and Zac, his friend’s other mate, had been working around the clock to get the new pack up and running. The council gave their full permission to form the Delta pack, setting up land for them from an old pack that had dispersed. Sebastian had been nervous about that. The council was not known for their ability to accept change.

Hopping in the shower, Sebastian let the hot water run over his cramped muscles from being stuck in a car for so long. He thought about the land they moved onto. It seemed strange that the land had

just been left. It seemed the pack disbanded over thirty years ago for some reason the Council wouldn't discuss. Sebastian was glad it was only a few hours outside Atlanta and was a ghost town.

The houses and stores were mostly unlivable after thirty years of being unused, but the land was what they really wanted. Sebastian sold his house and started to have a new one built. They were just hoping that enough Deltas liked the idea and that their mates had a variety of professions. It wouldn't work if they were all computer geniuses like Matt.

Zac had come up with packs having to pay for Deltas' services. That way, one person was the contact for the council and handed out assignments. It would be Zac, since they named him Alpha. Also, Matt could have the job of gathering info on the jobs. His skills as a hacker were excellent. Sebastian hadn't known there were really people like him out there.

His thoughts drifted to how happy his friend Aiden was. Sebastian had been friends with Aiden since they were kids. He was seeing a side of Aiden he didn't know existed. He was happy for Aiden, he really was. That didn't stop the part of him that was jealous from filling his mind sometimes. Aiden deserved to be happy. He was a great guy.

Sebastian's dad had been killed when he was ten, and while Sebastian had his mom, Aiden had always been there for him like a brother. Aiden's dad had adopted Sebastian in a way, taking him camping and teaching him things that dads normally teach their kids. It helped build their relationship. He would do anything for Aiden without even thinking about it, and he knew Aiden felt the same.

He longed for a mate more than he longed for air. Sebastian had seen how wonderful it was to be mated from his mom and dad. They were so in love, and even as young as he was, he always knew he couldn't wait for his mate. He knew he had waited longer than others, but not as long as some, to find his mate, but he always thought having two he would find one early.

It seemed no one told fate that, though. He knew Deltas were lonelier than most unmated wolves since they were always on the outskirts of their pack. Sebastian just couldn't bring himself to have random sex. The idea of meaningless hook-ups or one-night stands made his skin crawl. After seeing the love his parents had, he knew that was all he wanted.

On the other hand, he remembered what happened to his mom after his dad was killed. It was eighteen years ago. A vampire had infiltrated the pack and killed off the werewolves one at a time. Werewolf blood was stronger to vampires than human blood and helped their power grow. He hated vampires with a passion, nothing more than blood sucking leeches to him. They took and took from everyone around them and gave nothing back.

Some packs had no problem with vampires, and he had heard of some wolves being mated to them. The few vampires he'd ever met he couldn't stand to be around, and after one murdered his dad, Sebastian would have no problem if they were all dead.

Finishing his shower, he noticed his cock was hard. He knew the reasons for his overactive sex drive, but the repercussions from it were difficult. Like having a hard-on most of the time. He could take care of that before bed with his lover, his right hand. He hung the towel he used to dry off on the rack and headed to bed. Crawling under the sheets, naked as usual—Sebastian wasn't a big fan of pajamas—he thought of his perfect mate.

His mate would have wild red curls, he fantasized as he started to work his cock. He'd have a strong profile, with bright green eyes. Sebastian dreamed of broad shoulders and ripped pecs, and he started to pant at the images. Stroking himself faster, he thought of his mate having wonderful abs and a nice firm ass. His mate had to have muscular thighs, hopefully being almost as tall as he was.

Sebastian grew close to coming as he pictured his dream mate's cock, long and thick, with a perfect mushroom head and sensitive to the touch, and his cum would taste like heaven. That thought pushed

Sebastian over the edge as he grunted, shooting his cum all over his hand and stomach. After a few moments, he took the washcloth he brought to bed, cleaned himself up, and fell asleep to the idea of his perfect mate.

* * * *

Midmorning the next day, Sebastian headed to Alpha Rodrick's house with his plan all worked out. A few minutes later, he pulled into the Alpha's driveway. Taking a deep breath and hoping they didn't see right through his ruse, he locked up his car and walked to the front door. He knocked and waited, trying to clear his mind and keep calm.

"Can I help you?" a middle-aged woman asked, opening the door.

"Good morning, ma'am, I'm looking for Alpha Rodrick."

"Your name, young man?" she asked suspiciously.

"Sebastian Rule, ma'am. I realize I come unannounced, but if I could speak with the Alpha I can explain. I swear on my honor I mean you and yours no harm."

"All right, come in, but wait by the door. Let me see if Alpha Rodrick is taking visitors," she replied, walking hurriedly away into the house. Sebastian stepped into the house, closing the door behind him. He looked around from where he stood. It looked like any normal house, maybe a few too many knickknacks, but nothing sinister.

"Can I help you?" a voice asked from behind him, coming from the other room.

"Hello, sir, I'm looking for Alpha Rodrick."

"You've found him, but tell me why I have an unannounced, unknown Delta standing in my foyer?" Alpha Rodrick asked calmly but sternly, giving off a no-nonsense vibe.

"I will explain fully, but I ask that this conversation be kept in confidence, Alpha," Sebastian said. When the Alpha nodded, he continued. "I'm looking for a new pack. I've had some issues with my

Alpha, so I contacted the council and asked for a list of packs that don't have a Delta. I've visited a few already. Your pack was on the list. As a Delta, you know I can't just go roaming through the town that has a local pack.

"The first thing I'd like to know is do you want a Delta in your pack?" he asked, giving Alpha Rodrick a once-over. The man looked like a scholar, a scholar with lots of muscles, of course, but still a scholar.

"I have no reason to not want a Delta, but I'm not saying I want any Delta. It would have to be a case-by-case basis. Why don't you join me in my study and we can talk," Rodrick replied, turning and walking away. Sebastian trailed behind him and noticed that the house was a lot larger on the inside than it looked from the outside.

"I appreciate your taking the time to see me, Alpha Rodrick. I do apologize for just dropping in on you, but given the circumstances, I didn't want to broadcast I was looking for a new pack."

"I understand," Rodrick replied, gesturing to a chair across from the one he just took in his study.

"Thank you, Alpha."

"So tell me what your current Alpha has done to make you seek a new home."

"My Alpha seems to think the job of a Delta is to be a hired thug for an Alpha. He punishes me for taking assignments given to me by the council, which, of course, supersedes Alpha authority. Also, he has ordered me on occasion to whip pack members who have broken no laws or gone rogue. He believes in browbeating pack members who don't agree with him."

"Have you reported these actions to the council?"

"Yes, Alpha, I have. You know how long it takes for them to investigate and make a decision. In the meantime, I'm receiving almost nonstop punishments for something I should never be asked to do. I'm not sure how much longer I can take it."

“I don’t blame you. Where does your Alpha think you are now?” Rodrick asked.

“I left word that I had a family emergency. My sister lives on the East Coast with her mate. She knows to say I’m there if anyone calls, and I thought of joining her pack, but they already have a Delta.” Sebastian hoped the Alpha wouldn’t catch his blatant lie. He didn’t even have a sister.

“Are you nervous, son?”

“Yes, sir, you can imagine how bad my punishment would be from my Alpha if he found out I was here.”

“I was wondering why that statement didn’t smell like the truth. It didn’t smell like a lie, mind you, but just not quite right,” Rodrick replied pensively.

“I’m sorry, Alpha, but you understand the risk I’m taking by talking to you.”

“Yes, I do, and I can appreciate the position you’re in. Do you have any mates you would bring to the pack?”

“No, Alpha, I have yet to find my mates, unfortunately.”

“Shame, it’s always nice to have new blood enter a pack,” Rodrick said with some thought. “I’ll tell you what, Sebastian, I’m inclined to say yes, but to be fair, I’d like to call my Betas over and have them meet you.”

“I would be honored, Alpha, thank you,” Sebastian replied with a smile.

“Good, give me a few minutes to make some calls, and feel free to look around my library.” Sebastian just nodded at the Alpha before he turned and walked out of the study, closing the door behind him. It seemed Alpha Rodrick was buying his story, but he could tell the man was intelligent. He’d have to be on guard as to what he said. He stayed seated while he waited for Rodrick but took a good look around the room.

Alpha Rodrick definitely liked to read or at least have a lot of books. He was also very neat. His desk was cleared off except for a

few things and had no clutter in sight. This guy was careful, leaving nothing personal or pack-related out in the open. Smart. There wasn't any way he'd take Sebastian to see the kidnapped human, if there was one.

Sebastian could only hope that he got a tour of pack land, that way he could scavenge the area later. If he was really lucky, maybe one of the Betas would confide in him, tell him more about the Alpha if he wasn't happy with him. He highly doubted that they would say anything to a stranger, unless Rodrick was up to something really awful.

"My Betas will be here in about ten minutes," Rodrick said, coming back into the study. "They both seemed very excited at the possibility of having an experienced Delta in the pack. That would help their job, after all, since one of a Delta's jobs is to handle communication with the council."

"Of course, Alpha. I handle that for my current pack along with most security issues."

"Really? Well, that would be a nice addition to our pack as well," he replied thoughtfully. "Do you mind if I ask some other basic questions while we wait?"

"No, Alpha, my life is an open book to you," Sebastian said with his brightest smile. "I can't think of anything I'd not be willing to tell you, except about my current pack, unless we agree to the change of packs."

"I understand your reluctance, and hopefully in time you will learn to trust me. I feel trust is one of the most important roles of an Alpha. Any pack member should feel they can tell me anything," Rodrick replied with his own smile.

Sebastian patiently answered the Alpha's questions, trying to stay as close to the truth as possible. Most of them were basic, age, education, current role in his pack, hobbies, what he knew about the area, those sorts of things. He started to get into some harder

questions, more theological. What did he see as the role of an Alpha, what did he like about being part of a pack, what did he dislike?

Alpha Rodrick stood as there was a knock on the study door. He let in two men about Sebastian's size, maybe a few inches shorter and less muscular. He stood and shook their hands, and introductions were made. Sebastian had to repeat why he was looking for a new pack, but he had anticipated that.

"Wow, sounds like your pack is all kinds of messed up," the Beta who had been introduced to him as Jake said.

"I can see why you'd want to leave," the other Beta, named Mike, added.

"I appreciate your understanding my position. I've told Alpha Rodrick that I've visited a few packs that didn't have a Delta. They weren't as—How do I put this gently?—accepting of the idea of having a Delta," Sebastian told them.

"Why ever not?" Rodrick asked.

"Being a Delta can be very dangerous, and not all packs like that we have gifts they can't control. One of the packs I saw gave me the distinct impression they would have loved to have my hide. When the Alpha went to call his Betas, he didn't have a door to the kitchen to close, and I could hear part of the conversation. I got the hell out of there as fast as I could!"

"Oh, man! That sucks. We don't feel that way about Deltas here," Mike told him. So far, everyone smelled of the truth and calm, and it really gave him no reason for concern.

"Alpha Rodrick mentioned something about you handling security for your pack. How exactly does that work?" Jake asked.

"I make sure any pack communication is encrypted, mostly by helping pack members install programs on their computers and chips in their phones. None of our communication can be tapped into or recorded. Also, my current Alpha keeps me apprised of all pack situations for my opinion if I feel anyone is becoming a security issue.

I've handled installations of pack security systems, as well as been brought in as an enforcer if need to be.

"Don't get me wrong, I know there really isn't too much of a set job description for a Delta, and I'm flexible. However, the past year I've gone from sometimes being needed as an enforcer to the Alpha's thug. I feel very strongly that goes against the purpose of a Delta and how my gifts should be used," Sebastian told them.

"Son, I agree with you. That's not how we do things here. We are a pretty peaceful pack," Alpha Rodrick replied. "We don't allow domestic abuse or child abuse. We take those laws very seriously."

"How do you feel about vampires?" Mike asked, watching Sebastian's response.

"I'm not a fan. I've only met a couple, but a Delta lives a secluded life. If the pack deals with them or has some as mates, I won't have too much interaction. That being said, my father was killed by one when I was a boy, and I have yet to see a vampire that brings something to a pack. I realize that with my lack of experience being around them, I could be wrong," Sebastian replied with a shrug.

"What about humans?" Jake asked.

"Met a few, seemed nice to me, but I'm not stupid. I know all humans probably aren't nice. I've been sent to hunt some who have found out about werewolves and have made it their mission in life to wipe us out. Other than that, I really don't have an opinion either way. Don't know enough about them to make a choice."

"You seem to have a very accepting nature, Sebastian," Mike said. "We like that in our pack. We're not fans of people with radical opinions."

"I try. I'm a pretty easygoing guy. I admit my opinions of vampires aren't the best, but I'm not on a mission to wipe them all out or anything. You have to understand, I was ten when my father was murdered by one, and that gets ingrained into your very fiber at that age."

"I get that, but as you said, you're not trying to kill them all. So I wouldn't say you have an out-of-whack opinion of them. I think we can all agree given what your family went through. We could all be in the same place," Jake replied.

"Thank you for being so understanding," Sebastian said with a smile.

"So, Alpha Rodrick also told us that you gave your current Alpha some excuse as to why you were away from your pack. No one knows you're here?" Mike asked. That question made the hairs on the back of Sebastian's neck stand up. He didn't want to be caught in the lie, so he simply nodded.

"How do you feel about reporting things to the council?" Rodrick asked, placing his hand on Sebastian's knee. His touch startled Sebastian, so he turned toward the man.

"In general I discuss anything with the inner circle before ever saying anything to the council. The current situation with my current Alpha, however, is to the extreme and needed the council's intervention," he replied.

"So you're more of the school of mind that what happens within a pack stays in the pack?" Mike asked.

"Of course. The council isn't there to play parent to every little thing. But whipping pack members that have broken no laws is way out for normal pack dealings."

"If a pack or its inner circle was breaking human or council laws, though, you would feel the need to report it?" Alpha Rodrick asked, drawing Sebastian's focus.

"No, not necessarily. Most often I would handle it within the pack, unless, like my current Alpha, they couldn't be made to see reason." Sebastian realized the moment he spoke that he had gotten too relaxed with them and forgot that they may be holding a human hostage. As he saw movement out of the corner of his eye and then felt a bright white, sharp pain in his head, he realized he'd said the wrong thing before all he saw was darkness.

Chapter 2

Dobry heard someone unlocking the door of the shed he was being held in. He quickly lay down on the floor and pretended to be passed out from his last beating. There had been so many he'd lost count.

He recognized the voices of the two who *played* with him the most. They were the ones that the *master* kept referring to as Betas, the master being the one Dobry knew was in charge. The two Betas seem to defer everything to him. Dobry wasn't really sure why that was, but he figured it had to be a werewolf thing.

"Well, shit! The little pet is still out," asshole Beta number one said. "I was hoping to play with him some more."

"Keep it in your pants, dude. We have things we need to handle," asshole Beta number two replied.

"I'm bored."

Someone snickered. "Then you can damn well be bored. If Rodrick catches wind of you playing with his little pet without his permission he's going to use you as a dartboard. Besides, we have company coming, and he wants us there."

"Yeah, yeah."

Dobry heard a loud thud close to him, then his captors left and relocked the shed door. Waiting a few minutes before opening his eyes, he was shocked to see they delivered another prisoner. This one was a werewolf just like the ones who kidnapped him. Dobry knew it.

Dobry watched the man curled in the corner of the room for any sign of movement. He wished he could say at the first sign of

movement he would run, but he'd be lying to himself. It was hard to get away when he was locked up in a three-by-three-foot metal cage.

At least they let him keep his blanket. He could cover his nakedness and hide it from the man even if he couldn't hide anything else. The werewolf would know Dobry was human and pretty much fair game the moment he woke up.

All werewolves considered humans fair game. Dobry knew that from personal experience. He didn't know exactly how long he'd been a *pet*, but it was long enough to learn a few things about a society he never knew about before.

Werewolves used humans as pets. At least, that's how he'd been used. Not even an hour after he was brought before the master, a collar was placed around his neck, one he couldn't remove. From then on out, whenever he was released from his cage, he had to walk on all fours and be led around on a leash. He was a pet.

Dobry hated werewolves. They were all the same. They used, abused, and degraded humans any way they could. Just because the man in the corner was also collared didn't mean he would be any different than any of the other werewolves Dobry had met since he'd been captured.

As far as he was concerned, they all needed to be taken out and eliminated. He drew his knees up to his chest and tried to cover himself as best as he could with the ratty blanket the master had allowed him to have. It wasn't much, but it was his, or at least all he had. He wasn't allowed to wear clothes anymore.

Dobry held his breath when he saw a small movement from across the room. He narrowed his eyes as he watched the man start to wake up. The man shook his head a little, groaned, and grabbed his head.

"What the fuck happened?"

Dobry snorted, then quickly lowered his head when the man glanced over at him. He should have stayed quiet.

"Who the hell are you?"

Dobry turned his head away and tried to ignore the man. It didn't pay to get chummy with anyone in this place. Dobry learned that in his first week here when someone he thought he could trust set him up, then laughed as the master whipped him for his escape attempt. It had been a costly lesson, one that took nearly him a week to recover from. Dobry hadn't made that mistake again. He would never trust a werewolf a second time.

"Man, are you deaf or something?"

Dobry turned to look at the man. If he looked at him as simply a man, Dobry would have found him attractive, maybe even stunning. But Dobry knew better. He knew the man was dangerous.

"My name's Sebastian," the man said as he leaned back against the wall. "What's your name?"

Dobry watched the man carefully from under the cover of his hair, ignoring his question. Sebastian had to be at least a few inches over six feet, though it was hard to tell with the man chained up. Dobry was a little confused at how a werewolf could be chained up. They seemed so strong to him.

If someone told him two months ago before he was captured that werewolves were real, he would have laughed in their face. Now, seeing them for himself, it was hard to deny their existence.

He wondered more than once if they were spiking his water with something that made him hallucinate. Even though they barely fed him, it seemed they were more than willing to give him lots of water. They said they didn't want his throat to dry out. They liked his tears and his screams.

Yeah, they were really upstanding people who held him, but they had to have some sort of reason to keep him. And why him? What was the reason they had taken him? Was it because they figured he was a nobody and no one would notice him gone?

Well, that was true enough. Dobry was orphaned as a child, or so the story went, and some American couple came to the orphanage in Poland to adopt him. At first it had been all sunshine and roses, but

after the first several months, the abuse had started. The man who adopted him would beat Dobry when he didn't understand the man or speak English to him.

How was he supposed to know English? They didn't know any Polish and didn't do anything to teach him. He would have learned English at that age, not just to stop the man from beating him, but because it would have made the rest of his life easier. People from the government eventually stepped in, and he never saw the couple who adopted him again.

He'd stayed at some bad places and some not so bad, but the last one was wonderful. Grace, the woman who had taken him in, was from Poland, too. Dobry moved in with her when he was fifteen, still barely able to speak English, and of course never having gone to school. It seemed he fell through the cracks of the system that way. The foster parents who had him before had lied, saying they were homeschooling him.

They had at least given him books on how to learn English, so by that time he could read and write in English. He just didn't know how to speak it. The pronunciation was quite different than Polish, having different letters in the alphabet. But Grace had taught him. He had loved spending time with her, learning, helping her around the house, taking care of her like she took care of him.

She had helped him get up-to-date with his studies, and by the time he was seventeen, he got his GED. Grace had told him several times that he had to be a genius, but what did Dobry know? He'd spent most of his life watching, not understanding, and never being in school, he had nothing to compare it to. She had helped him access libraries of books and information, feeding his addiction to learn everything he had missed out on.

Dobry had been crushed when she died a few months after his eighteenth birthday. She had no children, so she left everything to him. He sold her house and most of her possessions, but kept several things that had significant meaning to him and hit the road. He wanted

to see all the things he had read about, taking small jobs along the way, staying in some places for a few months at a time.

He still had most of the money in his account. It wasn't like he led a lavish lifestyle. He figured he'd use the money when he knew what he wanted out of life. Dobry stopped in this little town, thinking it would be a good place to stay for a while. He got a job as a busboy at the local diner. He liked it.

It took a few weeks to get into the flow of the town, but he always seemed to notice there were several men who gave him strange looks. Dobry tried to pay them no mind, avoiding them as much as he could. He thought he was doing a good job of it.

One night he was walking back to the rundown motel he had been staying at, and they jumped him. When he woke up, he was in the lovely shed he was in now. That had to be at least six weeks ago.

Dobry snapped back to the present when the man groaned again. He glanced over at him to see the man rub the side of his head. A part of Dobry wanted to feel concern. Another part, the scared and abused part, felt that the werewolf probably deserved it.

"Let me guess, you're the human they are holding captive?" the man asked him.

"Yes, I am he," Dobry replied, jumping a little in surprise that the man had guessed his situation so quickly. Was he sent here as a spy? Someone to make him fall into another trap?

"You have an accent," Sebastian said.

"I was born in Poland," Dobry said, feeling slightly insulted. He spoke very good English. "I have only been speaking English the last five years."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one," Dobry replied. "What is your name again?"

"Sebastian," he replied, sitting up. "Sebastian Rule. How about you?"

“Dobry Stanaszek. They’ve had me here about six weeks, I think,” he answered, guessing the next question. When the man started moving toward him, he scurried back against the far wall of his cage.

“I’m not going to hurt you, Dobry, I only wanted to smell you,” Sebastian said, holding out his hands in surrender.

“I don’t know you. You don’t know what they’ve...what’s happened here.” Dobry cocked his head to one side as he regarded the man curiously. “Why are you here?”

“I was sent by the wolf council to investigate allegations that the pack was holding a human hostage.”

“How astute of them,” Dobry snickered. “How did you end up in here with me?”

“They must have smelled my lie about what I was doing here. The next thing I knew, I was getting clobbered over the head,” Sebastian answered. “And I woke up here with you.”

“So you’re one, too? A werewolf?”

“Yes, I’m a special kind of werewolf, though, a Delta. That probably means nothing to you if you’re just now learning about werewolves, but it means I work for the council and enforce our laws. What they’ve done to you breaks several. Most of us aren’t like these people who took you.”

“I guess every race has their own bad.” Dobry nodded, feeling more at ease at the man’s explanation. “I have encountered good and bad of humans.”

“Your English is pretty good, considering you’ve only known it for a few years.”

“Thank you,” Dobry said. “I knew how to read and write it for years longer, but no one would help me with my pronunciation until I was sixteen or so. That made it hard to speak it.”

“I think your accent is sexy,” Sebastian said to him, giving him a wide smile.

“Please, no more, I can’t take any more,” Dobry whispered. He crouched down in his cage and held his small blanket to his chest,

suddenly very afraid Sebastian would play with him as well. His body couldn't take any more beatings, any more torture, or pain.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I was just being honest. I have friends who know I'm here. If I don't check in tonight, they will come for me," he answered, looking over his chains. "I just have to figure out how to get these chains off."

Dobry eyed the man for several moments. "I can pick the locks," he whispered. "I didn't take the chains off earlier in case they came back before you woke up." Dobry gestured to the chains locked around Sebastian's arms, legs, and neck. He felt a need to help the man, to keep someone else from becoming the master's next pet. "You want me to pick your locks?"

"Thank you, Dobry, I'd appreciate the help." Sebastian gave him a kind smile.

Finding the pin he had snagged before in the hopes of picking the lock that held him, he started to work on the man's chains. Dobry hadn't been able to use it on the door because they had the locks on the outside, but maybe he could help the man now.

Quickly picking the locks but not taking off the chains in case his captors came back, he wondered what else he could do. Water! He scooted over to where the water bottle they threw in there yesterday was located.

"I have some water," Dobry said as he held out the bottle. Sebastian smiled and took it from him. Dobry immediately scooted back to the far side of his cage and watched the man take several deep gulps.

"Can you get out of that cage?" Sebastian asked as he handed the water back.

Dobry paused to look at the man through the bars of his cage for a moment, then slowly nodded. "I can get out if I want to, but that's not a real good idea. Master gets very mad if I'm not in my cage when he comes for me."

“Master?” Sebastian snapped, his eyebrows drawing down as his face flushed red with anger.

Dobry dropped the water bottle and scooted back against the far wall of his cage. He held his little blanket tightly in his shaking arms as he watched the man’s hands clench into fists. He prayed he wasn’t about to be beat again. He wasn’t sure his body could handle another beating so soon after that last one.

Sebastian instantly looked contrite. “Dobry, I swear I’m not going to hurt you. I will never lift a hand against you. I know it’s hard for you to trust me considering the circumstances, but please give me a chance.”

Dobry slowly inched forward until he could reach the lock on his cage. He kept his eyes on Sebastian while he fingered the lock, then used his pin to unlock it. It fell to the floor with a loud clang, and the door swung open.

Sebastian held out his hand, waiting. Dobry kept his eyes on Sebastian as he moved toward the door of his cage. It seemed so much safer to be inside than outside, but he wanted to be closer to the man. He couldn’t explain why.

“So, why are you so special?” Dobry asked after he sat down outside the door of his cage. Realizing how that sounded, Dobry quickly held up his hands in apology. “I mean you said you were a different wolf. I did not mean to imply—”

“I get what you meant, Dobry, and I understand you don’t have the same understanding of the language as I do. I promise I won’t assume something until I ask you, okay?”

“Thank you,” he replied, giving Sebastian a nod.

“Deltas are different because in our wolf form, or our werewolf form, we can turn invisible. Supposedly, we were made this way to hunt down rogue or feral wolves. Also, we give off a certain scent that drives wolves, humans, and even vampires a little nuts for us. That way, if we need to hunt them, it distracts them into dealing with their hormones instead of getting away.”

“So you’re saying I should be all over you like duck on his water?” Dobry frowned. “Then how come I’m not?”

“I have a theory on that, but you won’t let me close enough to smell you.” Sebastian chuckled quietly. “The other difference we Deltas have is that we have two mates, not one like normal wolves or werewolves.”

“Werewolves have mates?” Dobry asked, scooting a little closer as his curiosity overwhelmed his better judgment.

“Yes,” Sebastian said, nodding, “werewolves have one mate, or in my case two, that fate has decided is our other half. We can spend our lives looking for our other half. Many of us go our entire lives without finding them.”

“What does that have to do with you smelling—” Dobry started to say, but stopped when he suddenly guessed the answer himself. He swallowed past the sudden lump of fear clogging his throat. “You’re saying I might be your mate? That’s why I’m not affected by your scent?”

“Yes, Alphas, Betas, other Deltas, cubs, and our mates are immune to our scents. Mates will be drawn to us like a normal mate but nothing extra because we are a Delta.”

“I don’t know if I’d use the word drawn.” Dobry grimaced. “I do find you gorgeous, but have you looked in the mirror lately? I’m sure lots of people are drawn to you.”

“Can I just move a little closer to smell you?” Sebastian asked, pointing to the space on the floor next to Dobry. “I promise I won’t touch you, okay? I understand you’ve been through a lot.”

“Okay, just move slowly, please.” Dobry lowered his head, embarrassed at how skittish and beaten down he was.

“You must be my mate,” Sebastian said before he even moved. “All I want to do is hold you in my arms and make your fears go away. I want to comfort you almost as much as I want to tear them apart for ever hurting you, and I promise you I will.”

Not knowing what to say to Sebastian's words, Dobry gradually crawled toward Sebastian. He was so frightened he shook, but he was trying to listen to his heart. It screamed that this man wouldn't hurt him. Dobry's head told him to run and hide. Dobry decided to ignore his head.

Sebastian seemed to take Dobry's lead and slowly crawled toward him, meeting him in the middle of the shed. It was a small shed, so there wasn't far to go. Sebastian moved slowly and still stayed several inches away but seemed to sniff Dobry's neck.

"It is you," Sebastian whispered almost in awe. "I've finally found you."

Dobry looked up to meet Sebastian's stunned gaze and realized their noses were almost touching. He had an overwhelming urge to kiss the man. He was so hot. Dobry didn't know if he'd ever get another chance to kiss a man this sexy. Besides, he needed something to dream about when his mind reeled from too much torture.

He looked up to see the man had his eyes closed, and he leaned in to brush his lips against Sebastian's. A jolt of electricity raced straight to his cock. Dobry wanted more, so much more from him.

Dobry felt a hand touch his neck. He cried out and scooted back to the door of his cage, crouching down to hide his body from further abuse.

"I'm—I am so sorry, Dobry," Sebastian stuttered. "I just wanted to kiss you more. I didn't mean to scare you."

"I know. It's not your fault," Dobry whispered. "I just can't stand the idea of anyone touching me."

"It'll get better," Sebastian promised. "I can wait."

"I can't ask that of you," Dobry said, feeling saddened by his overwhelming fear. He shrugged. "Besides, I want to get the hell out of this town as soon as we get out of here."

"Do you have family?" Sebastian asked. "I mean, where is your home?"

"I don't have a home. The woman who taught me English, my foster mother, passed away about four years ago. I sold her house and started traveling. I wanted to see all the things I had missed out on. I stopped at this town, took a job as a busboy, and decided to stay a bit. Great decision, huh?"

"Well, would you consider staying with me? I know you don't know about mates, but we're meant to be together. It's determined by fate." Sebastian looked a tad bit uncomfortable. He kept glancing down then looking back up. His fingers twisted together. "I swear I'll take good care of you, Dobry. You won't ever be hurt again."

"So you can't have anyone else because fate decided it for you? You never would have chosen me if fate didn't?" Dobry couldn't believe he was upset over that. He bit his lip, wishing he'd kept his mouth shut. Sebastian was a werewolf. Who knew how he'd react.

"No, I'm saying our being together is destiny and I'd like to get to know you better. I'd like to be with you. I'll go as slow as you need me to go, Dobry."

"You mean, like, date?" Dobry asked. He really didn't understand what Sebastian meant. Maybe it was the language barrier. Maybe this was something he hadn't learned yet.

"Mating is for life, Dobry, but if you'd like to start out dating, we can do that," Sebastian said. "Look at it this way, fate gave us a way to recognize each other. What we do from there is up to us. I'm not one to ignore fate. Of all the Deltas, I was the one sent here to find you. We're attracted to each other. Why not see if fate is right?"

Dobry thought about it. Sebastian made a good point. Plus, he was right. Dobry did want him, even with all that had happened. He wanted Sebastian like he wanted his next breath. "Okay, if we get out of this, I'm willing to see where it goes. As long as you understand I'm coming into this, well, damaged."

"You're not damaged, Dobry." Sebastian shook his head. "You've been abused. It's not your fault. You didn't deserve this, and you don't need to be ashamed. We'll get through this, okay?"

“Thanks for the *we*, even if I don’t know you that well. I feel I finally have help,” he replied, tearing up, “that I’m no longer alone. It’s nice to not feel alone.”

“Don’t cry, baby,” Sebastian said as he held his hand out to Dobry. “Can you come to me? I just want to hold you and comfort you. I promise.”

“My heart is telling me to trust you,” Dobry said. “My head is screaming to run, hide from you and everyone.”

“I guess the question is which are you going to listen to?”

That was the question of the day, wasn’t it? Since he didn’t have an answer, Dobry just shrugged. He knew he wanted the comfort. He’d never had much of that in his life, but after what he’d been through, the idea of anyone touching him made him shiver.

“Can I hold you?”

Dobry nodded. Sebastian must have taken that as an okay to touch him. He moved toward Dobry, sitting on the floor next to him. Very slowly, Sebastian touched Dobry on his arm, then around the waist.

Dobry tensed when Sebastian picked him up. He wasn’t so sure he was comfortable sitting in the man’s lap, but the arms that wrapped around him felt wonderful. He laid his head on Sebastian’s chest and waited to see what the man would do.

A little at a time, he was able to relax in Sebastian’s hold and finally sank in and cried. He let out all his tears from everything that had happened in his time as captive.

“It’s okay, baby, ssshhh,” Sebastian whispered in Dobry’s ear. Dobry felt Sebastian’s hand gently run through his hair. “I won’t let them hurt you anymore. I’ll keep you safe. I’ll always keep you safe.”

Dobry heard the words, and somehow they affected his head and his heart. He was no longer frightened of Sebastian. Once he seemed to cry out all his tears, he wanted to think of something, anything else.

“Tell me something happy.” He sniffled.

“Something happy? How about the house I’m having built? It’s where we’re going to live.” Dobry nodded. That sounded like an idea

to him. Sebastian went on. "Well, it's going to have three bedrooms, one really large one. I got the idea from Zac's old house. Zac is a Delta like me.

"My best friend, Aiden, is Zac's mate, along with another man named Matt. Anyways, Zac was sent to kill Aiden because Aiden was going against our old Alpha. That's a huge no-no with werewolves, but our Alpha was going against council laws. Aiden wouldn't do what he wanted. So, afraid that Aiden could beat him in a fight, the Alpha made up some bullshit and got the council to deem him a rogue werewolf." Sebastian chuckled. "As you can guess, werewolves can't be amongst humans in jail or whatever, so they have to be killed if they go rogue or feral."

"Is this your idea of happy?" Dobry interrupted.

"No," Sebastian replied with a chuckle, "but I'm getting to happy. Zac was sent by the council to kill Aiden, but when he got there, he saw Aiden was a good guy. When Zac realized Aiden was also his mate, they called me in to talk to the council. So we were able to escape and went back to Zac's house.

"That's where I was going with this story," Sebastian said. "Zac, like me, always knew he would have two mates and set up his house that way. I designed our house like his old one. It has three bedrooms, one of them really big with a specially ordered bed to fit three adults. I also put in three large closets and a master bathroom with a spa bath, a huge shower, and three side-by-side sinks. There's also going to be two studies, a large kitchen, nice dining room, living room, and a huge deck."

"What else?" Dobry asked, imagining the house in his mind.

"What else?" Sebastian chuckled. "Um, well, a three-car garage and another full bathroom upstairs and a half bath downstairs. I know, I didn't tell you where it is. That might be important. It's a few hours outside of Atlanta. It used to be land that belonged to an old pack that broke up. The town has been deserted for about thirty years or so.

After what happened with Zac and Aiden, we decided to have a pack for just Deltas and their mates.”

“I get that the Alpha was a bad guy, but all of them can’t be, right? Why make your own pack?” Dobry asked, a little confused, but then again, this was a lot of information to take in.

“Well, since only a few of our pack members aren’t affected by our scent, Deltas live on the outskirts of the pack. I mean that in the physical and emotional sense. We can’t go to pack functions, be involved in everyday pack life, nothing. It’s a very lonely, secluded life. And after what happened with Aiden and Zac, we decided that we needed to be centralized. That way all council orders can be verified and hunts can be done in pairs or teams.”

“That makes sense,” Dobry replied. “It helps keep you guys safe.”

“We’re hoping,” Sebastian said. “At least that’s part of the idea.” Dobry felt Sebastian’s lips brush against the side of his head. “Feeling better, baby?” Sebastian asked.

“Yeah, a little,” Dobry answered, surprised that he was.

“Good. A few more hours and I’ll bust us out of here,” Sebastian said. “At nightfall, probably, but I’m going to get us out of here, I promise. You’ve been here for a while, malnourished. I’ll probably have to carry you, so I want you to be prepared for that.”

“How?”

Sebastian frowned. “How will I carry you?”

Dobry rolled his eyes. “How will you get us out of here?”

“Well, I might have to shift forms.” Sebastian gave Dobry what he could only see as a cautious look. “If I do that, are you going to be okay?”

“If it gets us out of here, you could turn into the boogey man and I wouldn’t give a shit.” Dobry snorted.

“You’re very brave, my little mate, very brave.” Sebastian chuckled before kissing Dobry on the head and cheek. Dobry believed him. Sebastian would get them out, and maybe, just maybe, Dobry would never be alone again.

Chapter 3

Alastar was pissed he had to go on this little errand. The Alpha from the local pack wanted his coven leader to look over some business proposal, and his covenmaster sent him to run right over.

Alastar knew he was young compared to most of his coven, but the amount of value the coven placed on birthright was ridiculous. So what if he was an orphan? That made him a second-class vampire because he wasn't born with the right name?

Pulling up in front of the Alpha's house, Alastar shut off his car. He grumbled at being used as an errand boy then put on his happy face. He climbed out of his car and headed to the front door. Knocking on it, he waited.

"Hello?" asked the woman who opened the door.

"Hello, I'm here to speak to Alpha Rodrick," Alastar said sweetly. "I'm the representative from the local coven."

"Your name, young man?"

"Alastar O'Conner, ma'am," he replied, keeping his snarl at bay. *Young man?* He just said he was a fucking vampire. He could be any age as far as she knew. He was probably older than her.

"Please wait here. I'll see if Rodrick is receiving visitors," she replied, starting to shut the door.

"What do you mean *if*?" Alastar snapped. "I drove all the way out here at his request!"

"Well, then I'm sure he's expecting you. Let me check," she answered, sounding annoyed before closing the door.

Of all the nerve!

Alastar was getting tired of people always making themselves out to be more important than they really were. Standing there stewing, debating about leaving, Alastar decided to wait it out. Not because the Alpha deserved it, but he didn't want to deal with his coven leader.

"Please, come in," the woman said, opening the door again. "He's outside on the deck. Follow me."

"Thank you," Alastar said, rolling his eyes when she turned away. He took a quick glance around the house as they walked through. It wasn't too bad of a house. It looked bigger on the inside than it did from the outside. The knickknacks were a little scary. It seemed they collected anything and everything wolf.

"Go ahead," she said, opening the door through the kitchen. Alastar figured it led to the deck, although why he was being led through the kitchen he would never know. He obviously wasn't being given the VIP treatment. Alastar nodded his head to the woman and walked out. Three men sat around a patio table drinking beer.

"Alpha Rodrick?" he asked, looking at each of the men carefully.

"Yes, I'm Rodrick," one of the men said, standing up.

Alastar was having some problems focusing. He smelled something he was drawn to. He couldn't figure out exactly what the scent was except that it was totally exotic. He had an overwhelming urge to track the intoxicating scent to its owner.

"Alpha, I'm Alastar O'Conner," he said. Alastar dug his fingernails into the palms of his hands, trying to remain focused. "I was sent by my coven leader. I was told you have a proposal you'd like him to look at?"

"Ah, yes, but I assumed your coven leader would have come himself," Rodrick said, seemingly annoyed.

"With all due respect, Alpha, our leader is rather busy and unable to come at this time. If we had called you up saying we had a proposal we'd like you to look at, would you have dropped everything and rushed to our coven?"

“Well, of course not, but you’re just—” The Alpha suddenly stopped speaking, catching himself in time before he outright insulted Alastar.

Too late!

“We’re just what? Vampires? Yes, yes, we are,” Alastar replied in his best condescending tone. This Alpha was a total asshole. “I’ll make sure to convey your sentiments to my coven leader. Good night, gentlemen.”

Alastar didn’t even wait for a reply. He just walked down the steps of the deck and headed for the side of the house. He figured it would be easier to walk around the house than go back through it.

Plus, he didn’t want to be trapped inside with these guys. If this was the amount of courtesy their Alpha had, god help the rest of their pack. As he neared the driveway, he heard the Alpha call him back and rant a slew of cuss words.

Laughing to himself, Alastar reached the end of the yard. That’s when that scent hit him again. It was so alluring it made his cock harden almost instantly. Alastar knew his mate was here somewhere!

It was just getting dark. He’d leave for now. If he parked his car a few blocks away and snuck back here, he could figure out who he smelled. The cover of darkness would hide his intrusion back onto the Alpha’s property. His having visited recently would hide his scent.

Moving quickly now as the Alpha’s yells grew closer, Alastar jumped into his car in a flash. Vampires and wolves were alike in strength. Since werewolves shifted and vampires didn’t, vampires had access to their gifts at all times.

Pulling away from the curb and drove down the road. A few moments later, he found a great place to hide his car a few blocks away. Using his speed, he hit the back of the Alpha’s yard in a few minutes. Alastar followed the smell to a small shed. He broke the lock quietly and effortlessly, confused as to why the smell was coming from inside such a dilapidated shack.

“Hello?” he said quietly, opening the door just a crack. “Is someone in here?”

“Who are you?” asked a large man who suddenly stepped into Alastar’s view.

“My name is Alastar O’Conner. I was sent here from the local coven to speak with Alpha Rodrick. I smelled my mate, and thought I should circle back and check it out. This is where the scent led me to.”

“My name is Sebastian Rule,” the man said, stepping into the fading sunlight. Alastar suddenly realized that the man was gorgeous. “I was sent by the wolf council to check on information that this pack was holding a human hostage. They didn’t believe my cover. That’s how I ended up in here.”

“Well, Sebastian, it’s nice to meet you, but I suggest we finish this conversation later,” he said, looking over his shoulder. Though the deck was a good distance away, he could see someone turning in their direction. “Can you move? I have a feeling we’re going to have company really soon.”

“Fuck,” Sebastian said as he ran back into the shed, much to Alastar’s astonishment. A moment later, he was back, a smaller man wrapped in a ratty blue blanket held in his arms. The man was barely conscious, bruises and abrasions covering most of his naked body.

“I’m parked a few blocks away. Hurry, follow me.” Alastar led the way. As soon as the car was in sight, he picked up speed. He had the back door open and climbed into the driver’s seat to start the car by the time Sebastian reached him. As soon as Sebastian got the little man in the backseat and hopped in the passenger seat, Alastar took off.

“We have wolves behind us,” Sebastian told him, hurrying to put his seatbelt on. “Buckle up, baby.”

“You’re a Delta, aren’t you?” Alastar asked.

“Yeah, how did you know?”

“Well, you said the council sent you, and my understanding is that packs don’t get involved with these kinds of things. Deltas do the enforcing. Secondly, you called the man in the backseat *baby*, so I figure he’s your mate,” Alastar replied, all the while driving as fast as he could, trying to lose the wolves. “I also figure I’m your mate considering how I feel toward you, and if you have two mates, you must be a Delta.”

“Yes, you’re my mate,” Sebastian replied. He didn’t look happy about it, though. Alastar figured that for a Delta, finding his mates would make him ecstatic. Sebastian looked ready to toss his cookies. Alastar wasn’t sure what to think of that.

“Thanks for the rescue, by the way,” Sebastian said. “I was going to wait until everyone was asleep before I broke out. But since they took my keys, I’m pretty sure using my car was out of the question.”

“You’re very welcome,” Alastar said. He tried to be friendly, cordial. He didn’t want to piss his mate off before he could figure out why the guy was so upset. “Where are we heading?”

“Dobry, is there anything from your hotel that you have to have?” Sebastian asked the man in the backseat.

“I guess not, but I do have some things of my foster mother’s that I would really like,” Dobry said quietly. In his condition, Alastar was surprised the man was speaking at all.

“Well, we can arrange that,” Alastar replied, smiling Dobry. The man smiled back and told him how to get to his hotel.

“I have something I think I should tell you, Alastar,” Sebastian said.

“Okay, shoot.” Alastar gripped the steering wheel tightly in his hands and braced himself for whatever Sebastian was going to say to him. From the tight clench of Sebastian’s jaw, Alastar was pretty sure he wasn’t going to like it.

“I’m not a fan of vampires. I’ve only met a few, and I don’t know any really, but, well...” Sebastian seemed unable to complete the sentence.

“But what?” Alastar asked softly.

“One murdered my father when I was a boy.”

Fuck!

“I’m so sorry, Sebastian,” Alastar replied. This wasn’t good. “That must have been horrible for you! I can understand your not being a fan of us, but I promise I’m not like that. I’ve never hurt anyone except in defense of myself.”

“I understand, but I’m just not sure—”

“If you can be mated to one?” Alastar felt his heart squeeze in his chest. He didn’t know what he would do if his mate refused to accept him. He couldn’t make Sebastian want him, but he wasn’t sure he could survive without him, either.

“Yeah,” Sebastian replied softly.

“Sebastian?” Dobry said from the backseat.

“Yeah, baby?”

“Look, maybe it’s not my place,” Dobry said, his voice shaking, “but after what those werewolves did to me, I was still willing to trust you. I agreed to try this mating thing out, even though I don’t have any idea what’s going on. Now I know it’s not the same as a vampire killing your father, but Alastar did just rescue us. Doesn’t that show he’s not so bad?”

“Thank you, Dobry,” Alastar said, blushing at the attention both men gave him when he swerved slightly. He couldn’t even hide his shock at what Dobry said. Not that he knew much about humans, but this one seemed to be remarkable.

“Also, the way you explained mates to me, that fate picks them out for you? It seems like you’re asking me to take a leap of faith that you won’t take. Didn’t you say you’d be an idiot to ignore fate?”

“You’re right, Dobry,” Sebastian said, smiling back at the little man before looking across at Alastar. “I’m sorry, Alastar, he’s absolutely right. It’s not your fault a vampire was evil enough to kill my father. And you did just rescue us. I just...” Sebastian pushed his

hand through his hair. "I don't know. I didn't want to hide my past from you."

"I'm glad you told me," Alastar replied, smiling at Sebastian. "While I don't have the same feelings for wolves or humans, I've never been around them, either. It seems we're all starting off on rocky footing. How about we take everything one step at a time?"

"I think that's a great idea," Dobry said.

"Me, too," Sebastian replied, taking Alastar's hand for just a moment. "We'll fill you in on what happened to Dobry later, but the short version is they've been holding him hostage for the past six weeks."

"Why?" Alastar asked. He couldn't possibly imagine why a pack of werewolves would be holding a human hostage. It went against every law that werewolves and vampires had.

"I don't really know," Dobry answered instead of Sebastian. "I was getting some strange looks from a few men I saw at work. Next thing I knew, they jumped me, and I woke up in the shed. I think maybe they knew I was a drifter and no one would notice if I went missing."

"That's horrible, Dobry," Alastar replied gently even though he could feel anger rolling through him—anger and the need for revenge. "I'm really sorry."

"Thanks," the little man said, sitting back in his seat. He looked out the window as if he were deep in thought. Alastar didn't know what else to say to the man. Dobry had been horribly abused, and Alastar wouldn't be surprised if the man didn't give him the time of day.

He glanced over at Sebastian and saw him looking out the window much as Dobry did. Alastar shook his head and got back to the job of driving them to Dobry's motel. Maybe some silence and deep thought would do them all some good.

A little while later, they arrived at Dobry's motel. Alastar was concerned that the little man had been gone for so long, he wouldn't

still have the room. Who knew what would happen to his things? But as it turned out, it was one of those places that could be rented by the month. Dobry paid for four months when he first got to town, so everything was in place.

“Dobry, take my jacket,” Sebastian said as they climbed from the car. “It will cover you a little more decently than that blanket.”

Alastar turned quickly to see Dobry standing behind him in the same ratty old blanket he had wrapped around him when Sebastian came out of the shed. It had so many holes in it that Alastar was surprised Dobry wasn’t shivering with cold.

“I—I want my blanket,” Dobry whispered, clutching it tightly to him.

Sebastian held out a hand. “Honey, it’s okay,” he said. “You don’t have to give up your blanket. I just want to get a little something more on you when we walk into the motel. A man dressed in just a blanket might look a little strange.”

Dobry looked hesitant, then nodded slowly. He kept his tight grip on the blanket as Sebastian wrapped a long coat around his shoulders. As short as Dobry was, it fell nearly to the ground, but it did cover him.

“Come on, baby, let’s go get your stuff,” Sebastian said.

“I don’t have my key anymore,” Dobry said when they reached his room. He sounded embarrassed.

“Not to worry, little one,” Alastar replied, turning the knob forcefully, breaking the lock. He opened the door and stepped back to allow Sebastian and Dobry inside. They quickly got to work getting some of Dobry’s things together.

It was the first time Alastar really got a chance to look at Sebastian. The man was a twelve on a scale of one to ten! He was about six-five, probably around two hundred fifty pounds. He had really long, light blond hair and green eyes that just about made Alastar melt. He watched as Sebastian carried his little mate into the

room and quickly followed directions as to what things Dobry wanted.

Alastar helped by grabbing the bags Sebastian set by the door of the room and quickly put them into his car. They worked well as a team, the three of them. They were in and out of the hotel room in ten minutes, even with Sebastian having to carry Dobry everywhere.

Luckily, Sebastian also thought to have Dobry dress in some of his pajamas instead of jeans and a shirt. He needed soft-feeling clothes against his abused body right now. Dobry never let go of his blanket.

"Dobry, I'm sure you're hungry," Alastar said gently. "I have a granola bar if you'd like. We can stop and get you something, but I think it wise to put as many miles between us and your captors first."

"I understand, and, yes, I would appreciate some easy-to-eat food. They rarely fed me, so I think I have to be careful what I eat until I'm better," Dobry said, smiling, taking the granola bar from him.

"Okay, so what's the plan?" Alastar asked as soon as they were in the car and headed down the road again. He had a few ideas, but most of them involved a flat surface and the three of them being naked. Alastar didn't think that would be a good idea right now. Everyone seemed too on edge for anything like that.

"Well, I assume we can't all go back to your coven?" Sebastian asked.

"Even if you weren't a Delta and bound to drive my coven insane, no, probably not. Vampires have some stupid class system. Since I wasn't born of the right family and I'm an orphan, I'm looked upon as some kind of servant boy. If I had some standing in my coven it would be okay. But since I don't, and I'm sure I'm going to be in trouble for helping you guys, I would say my coven's out," Alastar replied.

"Are you okay leaving your coven to be my mate?" Sebastian asked softly, and Alastar could see him fidgeting with his hands.

“Yes, I wasn’t exactly happy at my coven,” he replied, taking one of Sebastian’s hands in his and giving it a small squeeze. “I have a few friends that can send my things to wherever we end up.”

“Good,” Sebastian said, letting out a breath he seemed to have been holding in. “Well, my new pack is outside Atlanta, so we have quite a drive ahead of us. But for now, if I could use your cell?”

“Yes, of course!” Alastar exclaimed. “Sorry, I wasn’t thinking.” He handed the cell phone to his mate. *His mate!* Just thinking about Sebastian being his mate made him smile and feel warm inside.

“Hey, Zac,” Sebastian said to someone on the phone. “Did Matt tell you where I was?” Pause. “Yeah, something of my story they didn’t buy, knocked me over the head, and I woke up in a shed. I found out they were keeping a human. I have him with me.” Pause again. “Yep, we’re heading home. Could you inform the council? Thanks, man. Oh, I found my mates.”

Sebastian glanced over at Alastar and saw a slight smile on the vampire's handsome face. “One was the human, Dobry, and the other one is a vampire, Alastar. He helped us escape.” Sebastian shook his head and chuckled at whatever the other man told him. “Okay, this is Alastar’s phone. They took mine and my keys. I still have my wallet, though, thankfully. Let me know when you hear from the council. Thanks, Zac.”

Sebastian rubbed a hand over his face as he handed the phone back to Alastar. Sebastian and Dobry both looked wiped. Alastar wanted to do something to make it better for them, but he didn’t know how.

“Is everything okay, Sebastian?” Alastar asked.

“Yeah, another Delta I know, Zac, is calling the council and reporting in for me. Zac is mated to my best friend, Aiden, and another man named Matt. They’re going to get things set up for us when we get there. Thanks for letting me use your phone.”

"No problem, but you reminded me I have to call my coven leader as well," he replied with a grimace. This wouldn't be fun. He dialed the number and waited for someone to answer.

"Hello?" a man answered.

"It's Alastar O'Conner for the leader."

"Hang on. I know he's been waiting to speak to you," the voice replied, laughing. Oh, that can't be good. Alastar really didn't want to have this conversation now, but his leader needed to know.

"Alastar?"

"Yes, Damian, it's Alastar. I'm calling to let you know what happened with the Alpha," he started.

"Yeah, I just got a fucking call from the Alpha. He says you insulted him, stole from him, and ran. What the fuck did you do?"

"I showed up there like you instructed. He was pissed you didn't show up yourself, Damian. I explained politely that you were busy, and would the Alpha come running if we said we had a proposal for him to look at. He told me of course not, but we're just vampires. Alpha Rodrick was a dick and rude to me, not even able to hide his contempt for vampires."

"Well, I have to say, I've never known you to be rude," Damian said, calming down. "But what is this shit about you stealing from him?"

"When I was leaving, I realized I smelled my mate. Not wanting to stick around, though, because I think the Alpha called you there for some type of trap, I left. When I started to leave, he was yelling all sorts of things and then ordered his Betas after me."

"That son of a bitch. He thought he could set me up?"

"I'm not sure, but I did find my mate. It seems Alpha Rodrick was being investigated for holding a human against his will. The Delta sent to investigate was assaulted and thrown in the shed with the human. I discovered all of this when I followed the smell of my mate, broke into the shed, and found them both in there," Alastar explained.

"Is the human okay?"

"He's alive," Alastar replied. He glanced in the rearview mirror at the little man huddled in the backseat, his blue blanket still clutched tightly in his hands. "I'm not exactly sure okay is a word I would use. They had him for six weeks, Damian. The Delta they threw in there earlier today."

"You're mated to a Delta?" Damian asked, his disdain clear. "A wolf?"

"It would appear so, Damian." Alastar felt a strong urge to roll his eyes and tell his coven leader what a dick he was being. There was nothing wrong with being mated to a wolf. It was actually somewhat of an honor for Alastar. His wolf was a Delta.

"Well, I guess that's good enough for you, but you can't bring them back here to the coven."

Alastar did roll his eyes this time. He knew that would be his coven leader's response. "I know. We're heading back to the Delta's pack, but I wanted to tell you that I think Alpha Rodrick was setting a trap for you."

"Well, I appreciate the warning," Damian replied. "I'll handle Rodrick, and let me know when you get settled. I'll have your things sent to you."

"Thank you, Damian, be well," Alastar finished, hanging up the phone and putting it away. "Asshole."

"What?" Sebastian asked, laughing.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to say that out loud." Alastar felt his face heat up. "It's just more of the same shit with my coven. I guess my leader doesn't have a problem with wolves. He just looks down on me for being mated to one. According to him, it's good enough for me. For him I'm sure it wouldn't be. He'd be mated to some noble family or something."

"Are you embarrassed to be mated to a wolf?"

"Fuck no!" Alastar snapped, then immediately regretted it when Dobry shrank back into his seat and Sebastian glared at him. He lowered his voice and spoke again. "A mate is a mate. Human,

vampire, wolf, alien, it doesn't matter. I never got into that superiority shit. We're all equal in my mind. Yeah, just because some of us are stronger or bigger or whatever doesn't make us any better."

"Glad you feel that way," Dobry piped up from the backseat. "Although I might have to draw the line at aliens. Not sure I could get past that."

"It only matters to me what kind of person someone is, not what they are. I've been looked down on all my life for being an orphan or not having the right last name." Alastar waved his hand in the air dismissively. "I could give a shit about all the rest of it."

"Good," Dobry said, yawning. "I'm going to get some sleep. I'm exhausted."

"Here, use my coat as a pillow," Alastar replied, slipping it off as carefully as he could while driving and handing it back to Dobry.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome, Dobry," he said. "And by the way, I think your accent is sexy as hell."

"That seems to be the consensus today." Dobry chuckled, a sound that went straight to Alastar's heart. He promised himself that he'd do whatever he needed to make sure that sound came out of Dobry's mouth on a regular basis.

"So fill me in, Sebastian, what happened today? What's this new pack you were talking about?" Alastar asked a few moments later as Dobry's soft snores filled the back of the car. He wanted to know more about his mate besides the fact that the man was a walking wet dream. Alastar couldn't wait to see him naked. Dobry, either.

He listened intently as Sebastian told him about the Delta pack and the house he was having built. Sebastian explained to him why they decided to form a Delta pack and about the land the wolf council gave to them.

While Alastar was interested in hearing all about the new home he would share with Sebastian and Dobry, he loved the sound of his

mate's voice. It sounded rough, deep, and sexy as hell. And it made Alastar's cock hard as marble.

Sebastian filled Alastar in about Dobry's past and what he knew about the man. It saddened Alastar that someone who seemed as gentle as Dobry had such a bad life. He was only twenty-two, for god's sake. Life wasn't supposed to get that hard until he got older and had to make lifelong decisions.

Well, at least now that Dobry found them, no one would ever hurt him again. Alastar was sure Sebastian wouldn't allow it, and neither would he. Dobry and Sebastian were his to protect now, and he'd do it until the last breath left his body.

Chapter 4

“Sebastian, wake up, baby. I think we’re there.”

Sebastian roused himself and glanced out the window. He was confused for a moment, not immediately recognizing where they were. As they started driving past several dilapidated buildings and a few in different stages of repair, he realized they were in Delta Valley.

“Yeah, guess we are,” he replied. Sebastian wiped the sleep from his eyes, then glanced into the backseat. Dobry was still curled up with his blanket, his head lying on Alastar’s jacket. Sebastian chuckled. The man was just too cute. Not even the bruises on his face or the sunken eyes due to lack of food could draw away the natural good looks of the man.

“What?” Alastar asked.

Sebastian gestured to the backseat. “He’s just so damn cute.”

Alastar smiled. Sebastian could see him sit up a little and glance into the rearview mirror. The man nodded. “He is. I imagine when he gets some food in him and the bruises fade that we’re going to have a hard time keeping our hands off of him.”

Sebastian’s jaw dropped. He suddenly realized that he was mated to both Alastar and Dobry, and they were mated to each other as well. Sebastian learned that from watching Aiden, Zac, and Matt mate. They were all mated to each other. And the idea interested Sebastian.

“You think so, huh?” he drawled as he turned to lean partially against the door. He wanted to get a good look at his mate, his vampire mate. Looking at him, Sebastian never would have guessed that Alastar was a vampire. He didn’t have the typical vamp looks.

Alastar's skin was golden tan, his dark brown hair curling nicely down to his collar. Thick muscles bulged under the tight material of his dress shirt and slacks, which he filled out rather nicely. Sebastian imagined that Alastar could give him quite the ride if the swelling in his slacks was anything to go by.

Suddenly, the space in the car felt claustrophobic. Sebastian needed air. The palms of his hands started to sweat. He rubbed them on the thighs of his jeans, then quickly rolled the window all of the way down. Even the cool air blowing across his face did nothing to ease his discomfort.

"Alastar, can you pull over for a few minutes?" Sebastian asked. "I need to stretch my legs and get a little air."

"Yeah, sure," Alastar said. "Any place specific, or will the side of the road do?"

Sebastian released a heavy breath. "There's a little place just on the other side of town, a road to the right that leads down to the edge of the water. You can pull in there."

Alastar nodded. Sebastian could feel the man's intense gaze on him. He knew he wasn't acting normal, well, as normal as he could be. He was wiggling out a little, and Sebastian knew Alastar could feel it.

Sebastian couldn't explain it. He knew due to their mating that he was supposed to be attracted to Alastar despite his being a vampire. Still, the attraction seemed to go beyond that. Even if they weren't mated, Sebastian felt pretty sure he'd still want Alastar. The man was hot, plain and simple...sexy, drool-worthy, hot.

Sebastian was doomed.

The moment the car came to a stop, Sebastian jumped from it and walked quickly down to the edge of the river. He took several deep breaths and pushed both hands through his hair, grimacing when his fingers got caught in the long tangles.

He hadn't had time to comb out his long hair in nearly twenty-four hours. Sebastian chuckled. His world was going tits over ass, and

he was worried about combing out his hair. Yeah, that made a lot of sense.

“Sebastian, are you okay?”

Sebastian shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans and shuffled his feet on the sandy shore. He looked out over the water and wondered how exactly to answer his mate. The truth seemed too personal, and a lie made his stomach roll.

“You remember how I told you that my father died when I was young?”

“Yes.”

“Before he died, I used to watch my parents together. I’d hide behind my mother’s rosebushes and watch them together in the backyard. I’m pretty sure that they knew I was there because nothing risqué ever went on, but I could still see how much they loved each other. It was almost a tangible thing between them.”

Sebastian heard Alastar walk up to stand slightly behind him. He still didn’t turn to look at the man. He couldn’t. He was too uncomfortable saying what he needed to say to look Alastar directly in the face.

“I learned everything I know about love from watching the two of them together—how I wanted to be with my mate and what I wanted in a mate. Even after my father died, my mother loved him. His name was the last word she ever spoke. I can only hope that they are together now.”

“They are,” Alastar said softly. “Fate wouldn’t be so cruel as to put two people together like that and not let them spend eternity together.”

Sebastian chuckled lightly. “I pray that you’re right.”

“Why are you telling me this, Sebastian?” Alastar asked softly. Sebastian could hear the slight tremble in the man’s voice. “I can’t go back in time and stop your father from being killed. I can only promise that I would never do anything like that.”

“I’m a virgin, Alastar.”

“Well, of cour—” He gave a slight gasp. “You’re what?”

“I wanted what my parents had,” Sebastian said. “I waited. I wanted only to be with my mate, or mates. One-night stands didn’t seem worth it, you know? Why would I want to be with someone who I wouldn’t spend the rest of my life with?”

Sebastian turned around to face Alastar, chuckling softly when he found the man standing there stunned. Alastar’s face was pale, his jaw hanging open. Sebastian reached over and placed his finger under Alastar’s chin, closing his mouth.

“I said, I’m a virgin. I’ve never been fucked or fucked anyone else. I wanted to wait until I met my mates. I’ve never even fooled around. Beyond a lot of fantasies and a strong relationship with my hand, I’ve never been touched by another person, man or woman.”

“Holy shit!”

“That’s it?” Sebastian asked. “That’s all you have to say?”

“You’ve never even had a blow job?”

“Nope.” Sebastian shook his head. The sudden grin that crossed Alastar’s lips scared the crap out of him.

“Want one?”

“You—you want to—here?” Sebastian sputtered.

Alastar stepped forward and reached for the buttons of Sebastian’s pants. He had them unbuttoned, unzipped, and pulled down before Sebastian could even catch his breath. Alastar dropped to his knees right there in the sand and reached for Sebastian’s hard cock.

“Oh, fuck!” Sebastian exclaimed when Alastar swallowed his entire length. He’d never felt anything like it in the world. Warm, wet heat surrounded him. A smooth tongue stroked across the head of his cock, then moved around to lick the underside of the mushroomed head.

“Ala—Alastar,” Sebastian groaned. He’d imagined what a blow job might feel like. The heaven he currently experienced didn’t even come near that. When Alastar swallowed him down to the root,

Sebastian's knees started to buckle. It took every ounce of control he had to lock them in place.

Still, he couldn't stop himself from wrapping his hands in Alastar's dark hair and humping his hips, shoving his cock farther into the man's willing mouth. His balls felt heavy, full, but never more so than when Alastar cupped them in his hand and gently massaged them.

A moan of ecstasy slipped past Sebastian's lips as a spurt of hungry desire spiraled through him. His legs shook from the amount of control he was using to keep from falling down. He never dreamed his mate could pleasure him to this level. Well, he dreamed about it. He just never really thought it would happen.

Sebastian's balls tightened up against his body when he felt Alastar's slick finger move from past his balls to the tight virgin hole beyond. Alastar didn't breach Sebastian, just rubbed over his puckered entrance.

Sebastian wasn't sure if he was happy about that or not. He just knew it blew his mind and the rest of his body. He cried out as lights flashed before his eyes. His hands clenched desperately in Alastar's hair as he thrust forward and erupted in Alastar's mouth, filling him with his seed.

Alastar continued to lick him until Sebastian couldn't take any more. He pulled away and collapsed to the ground next to his mate. His eyes drifted closed, and he panted heavily, having just rocketed through the most intense orgasm of his life.

Hearing a strangled noise above him, Sebastian opened his eyes to see Alastar kneeling over him. His slacks were open, the man's cock wrapped tightly in his hand as stroked himself fiercely. Alastar's face was taut, his lips drawn into a firm line.

But his eyes, his big, beautiful, silver-gray eyes, blazed with passion. Sebastian was mesmerized. He moaned at the erotic picture Alastar made as he sought his own climax. He wanted to see more, to

experience more. Sebastian bit his lip as he hesitated to do what he really wanted. He didn't know what was allowed.

"Touch me," Alastar whispered, his voice sounding strained.

Sebastian reached out slowly and stroked his fingers over the head of Alastar's cock. He was surprised at how silky soft the hard cock felt. He shouldn't be, he'd felt his own cock enough times, but he was.

Alastar's eyes never left his as Sebastian explored, stroking his fingers down the man's steely hard length, then farther to gently cup the man's balls. Alastar just continued to stroke himself from root to tip, then back again.

"Squeeze them tighter, baby."

Sebastian arched an eyebrow but did as his mate directed, applying more pressure to Alastar's balls. The man groaned, his hips pumping forward quickly, then with more force as he thrust faster.

"God, baby," Alastar groaned, "that feels so fucking good. I love feeling your hands on my body, touching me."

Sebastian panted, Alastar's words shattering the hard shell he had built so carefully around himself. The feelings flowing through him were more than sexual. They were life-altering. A slender, delicate thread began to develop between the two of them, one that Sebastian hoped would grow stronger.

A deep feeling of peace entered Sebastian as Alastar cried out and ropes of pearly white cream shot from his cock. He'd done that. He made this big, strong, powerful man cry out in pleasure.

For a long moment, Sebastian felt like he was floating in euphoria and then his breathing began to settle down to a more even beat. He moved toward Alastar, impelled involuntarily by his own passion and need to possess the man.

"Alastar," he whispered as he watched the small pulse beat at the base of the man's throat. His own pulse quickened when Alastar's large hand took his face and held it gently. Alastar leaned down and claimed Sebastian's lips.

It wasn't Sebastian's first kiss, but it might as well have been. It was his first kiss from one of his mates. The kiss was surprisingly gentle, but Sebastian's calm of moments ago was still shattered. The intensity flaring between them rocked Sebastian to his toes.

Alastar finally lifted his head and stared down at him. Sebastian felt the need to look away but didn't. He was a man, a Delta werewolf. He should never be afraid to look anyone in the eyes, let alone a vampire.

As soon as he thought those words, Sebastian's heart ached. He knew he should be ashamed of himself. Alastar hadn't been anything but absolutely wonderful to him. Sebastian needed to give the man a chance even if he felt hesitant.

"Are you okay, Sebastian?"

He nodded, then shook his head a moment later. "I don't know."

"Why don't you fix your pants and we'll talk, okay?" Alastar asked as he fixed his own pants.

Sebastian nodded and stood to his feet. He could feel his face heat up as he stuffed himself back into his pants and zipped up. He couldn't believe he just let someone suck him off right there next to the river. Anyone could have seen them.

"If anyone saw us, Sebastian," Alastar said as he pointed back behind him, "it was the little cutie in the backseat of the car."

Sebastian's eyes widened as he glanced past Alastar to see Dobry watching them through the backseat window. He looked frightened rather than aroused. Sebastian ran a hand through his hair and kicked at a small pile of sand.

"Well, shit!"

"Sebastian, he's going to see us together at some point," Alastar said. "Don't you think he should get used to it sooner rather than later?"

"I don't want him to be afraid anymore, Alastar." Sebastian turned to look at Alastar when he felt the man's hand on his arm. Alastar

looked so needy, so hopeful. In that moment, Sebastian knew he'd give his mate anything.

"Then we need to show him what it means to be with someone you care about." Alastar spoke softly. "He needs to know that intimacy between people, especially mates, is not wrong. It really can be a wonderful thing."

Sebastian frowned, suddenly feeling jealous of anyone Alastar might have been with in the past. "How would you know? You've never been with a mate before."

"No, I haven't, but I've dreamed about it often enough." Alastar cupped Sebastian's cheek. "But nothing I ever dreamed of could ever compare to the reality of you and Dobry. And for that, I will be forever grateful to fate, destiny, and anyone else I need to thank."

Sebastian melted right into Alastar's arms. No one had ever spoken to him like this before. He couldn't deny the truth any longer. He wanted Alastar and Dobry and whatever they brought into his life. Human or vampire, it didn't matter to him. They were his mates.

Sebastian stroked his hand down the side of Alastar's face, smiling when he felt the man leaned into his caress. "Come on, mate, let's take Dobry home and show him what it's like to be mated to a werewolf and a vampire."

Alastar cocked an eyebrow at Sebastian but headed to the car a moment later. Sebastian took just a moment to collect himself, looking out over the riverfront. His life had just taken a turn he never thought it ever would, and he couldn't really say he was saddened by it. Confused, yes, but saddened, no.

With a small chuckle at the twists of fate, Sebastian walked to the car. He climbed in the front passenger seat and buckled up before turning to look back at Dobry. The man still looked pale, his eyes so wide that they dominated his face.

"Hey, Dobry, how are you feeling?" Sebastian asked. "Are you excited about getting to the house? It's not too much farther."

Dobry's stare turned mutinous as he turned to glare at Alastar. "I saw what he did to you," he murmured. "How can you ride in the same car with him after that? You know he'll just want to do it again."

"Dobry, Alastar didn't do anything to me that I didn't want him to do," Sebastian said quickly. "He wouldn't. You said it yourself, Alastar isn't like the vampire that killed my father. He isn't like the men who held you, either."

"Then why did he do that?" Dobry said as he gestured to the waterfront. "Why did he—"

Sebastian unhooked his seatbelt and climbed out of the car to move around and sit in the back beside Dobry. He held his arms out to the man and waited. Dobry took half a second before he threw himself into Sebastian's arms.

Sebastian could no longer deny himself the feel of Dobry's skin. He was drawn to the man as much as he was to Alastar. He wrapped his arms around Dobry's shaking body and gently stroked his hands down the man's back.

"I swear to you, Dobry, Alastar wasn't hurting me," Sebastian whispered against Dobry's head. He turned so that his eyes met Alastar's worried ones over the seat. "He didn't do anything to me that I didn't want him to do, and if I'm really lucky, he'll do it again."

Sebastian hoped that Alastar understood his silent message. He wanted the man to understand that he wanted whatever they could have together, whatever they could build between them. He knew his silent message was received when Alastar smiled and tears prickled the corners of his silver-gray eyes.

Sebastian knew there was something special about Alastar from the very beginning. He was just surprised that it was his understanding nature. Alastar seemed to be taking this all in stride—Sebastian's dislike of vampires and Dobry's fear of just about everything. Nothing seemed to faze him.

"I know that you were horribly abused by the men who had you, Dobry, but not everyone is like that. Neither is intimacy between people. Most times, it's loving and caring and feels wonderful. It doesn't have to be hurtful or filled with pain."

"I don't believe you," Dobry whispered.

Sebastian's heart ached. He looked up at Alastar again, hoping he might have a thought, but the tears silently falling down the man's face just made it worse. But they did give Sebastian an idea. He gently gripped Dobry's face and turned him toward Alastar.

"Does that look like a man who wants to hurt us?" he asked quietly.

Dobry's breath caught in his throat. He sat up and leaned toward Alastar to wipe away one of his tears. Pulling his finger back, he stared down at it for several tense moments before looking back up at Alastar.

"You're crying," Dobry said. "Why are you crying?"

Alastar let out a half snuffle, half chuckle as he wiped his face on the back of his sleeve. "I don't like seeing you in pain. It makes me hurt right here," Alastar said as he thumped his chest right over his heart. "You're my mate. Your pain is my pain."

Sebastian could see Dobry frown at Alastar's words. He knew where Dobry's mind was going before it even got there. "Dobry, you're Alastar's mate as much as you're my mate."

"But, I thought—" Dobry started. He glanced at Sebastian, his confusion written all over his face.

Sebastian shook his head. "Does it make a lot of sense to you for fate to mate me to two separate men and not mate them together, too? I'd be spending half my time with one of you and the other half with Alastar. Does that seem fair to you?"

"No, but," Dobry looked down at his hands as he twisted them together, "I don't know a lot about fair."

"Alastar and I hope to change that, Dobry."

Dobry's eyebrows drew together. He bit his lip. Sebastian knew he wanted to say something but figured the man was afraid to. "Just say it, Dobry," he said gently. "Neither Alastar nor I will ever get upset with you for saying what's on your mind."

"Do I have to—to—" Dobry gestured out the front window to where Alastar had given Sebastian a blow job.

Saddened, but understanding Dobry's fear, Sebastian shook his head. "No, baby, you don't have to do anything you don't want to do. But I want you to understand something. The things that happen between Alastar and me make me feel good. I want them. Alastar wants them. You're going to see us do things together."

Dobry whimpered quietly.

"Dobry, I swear I will never hurt Sebastian," Alastar said. "I can only hope with time that you will understand that what happens between Sebastian and me, when we touch each other or kiss or anything else, we're only doing it to show each other how much we care about each other."

Dobry grabbed for his blanket and scooted back to sit in the corner of the backseat. It reminded Sebastian too much of the way Dobry had crouched down in the cage Alpha Rodrick had him in.

"Dobry, please, won't you come sit with me?" Sebastian asked as he held his arms out again. "I promise just to hold you like I did before. I won't do anything more."

Dobry eyed him warily for a moment, then moved over to sit next to him. Sebastian was too choked up over the amount of trust Dobry was showing to say anything. He glanced at Alastar and saw he was in much the same condition. Sebastian just shook his head as he cradled Dobry to his chest.

Alastar nodded and turned around to start the car. Sebastian waited for the car to start up and begin moving when he heard a sudden gasp from the front seat of the car. He glanced up sharply, his heart pounding when Alastar's face paled.

"What?"

Alastar pointed to the image growing bigger in the rearview mirror. “I think they found us.”

Chapter 5

Dobry glanced through the back window. He could see a car coming down the road. He didn't recognize the car, but he could see that it was being driven like crazy, speeding down the road.

"It's them," he whispered. Fear spiraled through him until he almost couldn't breathe. He turned around to look at Alastar, anxiously slapping the top of the front seat. "Go, Alastar, drive."

The car lurched forward, tires spinning in the sand. Dobry slapped the seat again and again. "Go, go, go!" he cried out. He clutched the seat and dug his fingers in as if he could will the car to move just through his desperation. "Please, go."

"I'm trying, Dobry," Alastar snapped. "The damn car won't move."

"Out!" Sebastian shouted. "Everyone get out of the car and head toward the water. It will mask our scent."

Sheer black fright swept through Dobry. He scrambled out of the car, reaching back in just long enough to grab his blanket. He wasn't going anywhere without that. He didn't bother shutting the door as he raced to the edge of the water.

"Which way now?" he asked as soon as Sebastian and Alastar reached his side.

"I live upriver from town, so north, I think," Sebastian said.

Dobry cocked an eyebrow at him. "You're not sure?"

"Big, bad Delta wolf," Alastar snorted, "lost in his own backyard."

"It's not like I've lived here that long, you know?" Sebastian's face flushed red. The situation struck Dobry as funny. He didn't know

why. It just did. He started laughing, slapping his hand over his mouth so he wouldn't be heard by their pursuers. Sebastian and Alastar just stared at him like he'd lost his mind.

Dobry shook his head, unable to speak a word through his laughter. Sebastian rolled his eyes and grabbed Dobry by the arm, pulling him down to the water. They walked in up to their knees, then headed upstream.

By the time they heard yelling behind them, Dobry's laughter had ended. At the first shout, though, his fear returned. He picked up speed, hurrying alongside Alastar and Sebastian. If the master got him again, Dobry wasn't sure he could live through it.

Time seemed to stand still as they ran. Dobry could see the water splashing around their legs. His heart hammered in his chest. He was starting to get winded, and he knew it. He wasn't in the condition to run at long lengths.

"Sebastian," he said as he reached out for the man, "I can't—I'm gonna—"

Dobry yelped as he was instantly swept up into Sebastian's arms. He quickly wrapped his arms around the man's neck and held on for all he was worth as he tried to keep a hold of his fragile control, which was quickly slipping away.

Glancing past Sebastian's shoulder, he could just barely see the edge of the little sandy outlet where their car was parked. Several men milled about, but none of them seemed to be in pursuit. Dobry patted Sebastian's shoulder to get his attention.

"Sebastian, they're not following us," Dobry said, pointing. "Look."

Dobry grunted when Sebastian suddenly stopped and looked over his shoulder. He could feel the man's chest rising and falling with his rapid breaths. He didn't seem as winded as Dobry felt but close to it.

Alastar bent over and rested his hands on his knees, his breathing as heavy as Sebastian's. "I don't think they saw us."

“Well, they certainly seemed interested enough in the car,” Sebastian said.

Dobry suddenly thought of all of his foster mother’s things that he had in the car. His heart ached thinking they might be damaged. He hugged his blanket closer to his chest. At least he still had that.

“Can you call your friends?” Alastar asked as he stood up and pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. Sebastian took the phone and handed Dobry over in exchange. Dobry looked up to find Alastar staring back down at him.

“Hey,” Dobry said weakly.

Alastar smiled. “Hey.”

Dobry couldn’t resist the grin on Alastar’s face. “Come here often?” He snickered.

Alastar chuckled. “Not too often, but I think I might enjoy it now that I have someone to share it with.” He jiggled Dobry a little in his arms as he glanced around the river and the tree-lined shore. “What do you think, Dobry, picnics along the riverbank? Skinny dipping in the summertime?”

“Skinny dipping?” Dobry choked. The image of Sebastian and Alastar running around naked on the shore of the river had an effect on Dobry’s body that he hadn’t felt in a very long time. It aroused him and made him wish that summer was already here.

“Sure,” Alastar replied. “There’s nothing like the feeling of cool water on your naked skin on a sunny summer afternoon. Haven’t you ever been skinny dipping?”

“Uh, no.”

“Well, we’re just gonna have to fix that, now won’t we?”

Before Dobry could answer, Sebastian stepped over to them and snapped the cell phone closed. He held the phone out to Alastar and reached for Dobry. Alastar hesitated for a moment as if he didn’t want to give Dobry up, then slowly handed him over.

Dobry wrapped his arms around Sebastian’s neck and glanced back at Alastar. The man’s face had fallen. He looked saddened but in

a way that Dobry didn't quite understand. Dobry reached a hand out to him.

"Maybe later you can tell me more about summertime skinny dipping?"

Alastar smiled and gripped his hand. "I'd like that." He looked over at Sebastian. "So, what did your friends say? Can they help us?"

Sebastian nodded. "Zac said he and Aiden would get to us as soon as they could. In the meantime, they want us to huddle down and hide. They're going to come down the riverbank in wolf form so our friends," Sebastian gestured to their pursuers, "won't see them."

Alastar nodded as if he understood. Dobry didn't have a clue what that meant. Dobry felt a warm glow flow through him as he realized that no matter what the situation, Alastar and Sebastian would protect him from any and all harm.

He'd never had that before, someone who cared for him and protected him, at least not to this degree. Dobry buried his face in Sebastian's neck as tears prickled the corners of his eyes. He suddenly felt overwhelmed by the emotions swamping him.

Alastar and Sebastian seemed to want to give him so much, and they asked for nothing in return. They even went out of their way to make sure that Dobry felt comfortable. How could he deny them anything?

If they wanted him in a physical manner, how could he possibly say no to them? He knew they wouldn't hurt him, that they'd be as gentle as possible. Surely he could endure long enough to give them what they wanted? He'd been through so much worse.

With a sense of conviction, Dobry drew in a deep breath and forbade himself to tremble at his new resolve. He'd suffered horrible things at the hands of the master and his goons. He could give himself into the hands of Alastar and Sebastian much easier. They, at least, seemed to care about him.

"Where are we going to hide?" Dobry asked.

Sebastian and Alastar both glanced around them. There wasn't much, a sandy beach, some rocks and bushes, and a lot of trees. Dobry assessed the area as well. He'd gotten very good at finding small places to hide.

"There," he said as he pointed to a small cluster of trees and undergrowth several feet from the water. "We can hide there."

Sebastian carried Dobry closer, Alastar walking behind them through the water. Several large trees had fallen down, creating a small hidden cave covered by overgrowth and broken branches. It was just far enough from the water to be dry but close enough that their scent might be hidden.

"That looks perfect," Sebastian said as he set Dobry on his feet. "Let me check it out first, make sure there's no creepy crawlies inside."

Dobry was in full support of that idea. He'd felt enough things crawling over his skin while held in the shed to last him a lifetime. If Sebastian was willing to check the place out first, Dobry would take it.

"Are you going to be okay, little one?" Alastar asked as he stepped up to stand beside him. He stood close but not so close that they touched. Alastar seemed willing to give Dobry plenty of space.

"I'm good," Dobry said. "I'll be better when this is all done, but I'll survive until then. I've survived worse."

"You have, Dobry, and I am very proud of you," Alastar said, much to Dobry's astonishment. "A lesser man would not have made it through what you have. You're very brave."

"And you're out of your mind," Dobry replied.

"Why?" Alastar asked. "Because I believe you're brave? A lot of people would have lost it after going through what you did. Not you, though. Not only did you persevere, you escaped with your mind intact. You've also found your mates and have the opportunity to live a long, happy, and healthy life."

Dobry wasn't sure he saw things the same way that Alastar did, but he couldn't deny the man's assumptions. He had survived what was done to him. He wasn't sure he still retained his sanity, but he could string two sentences together.

He glanced over to see Alastar looking between him, where Sebastian went, and behind them. Alastar's brow furrowed and his face filled with worry. Dobry made a decision he hoped wouldn't come back to bite him in the ass.

He held his hand out to Alastar. "You can hold my hand if you're scared." At Alastar's shocked look, Dobry shrugged. "Sebastian seems to think that holding hands or cuddling when you're scared makes everything better."

Alastar reached out and took the hand that Dobry held out to him. "I couldn't agree more. We find solace in the arms of our mates. That's the way it should be."

"Why?" Dobry still didn't understand this whole mating thing. How could someone just accept another person into their lives because fate said so? What if they didn't like each other? What if they didn't get along?

"Let me try and explain it from Sebastian's point of view. Sebastian is a Delta. He emits a pheromone that draws other werewolves to him like bees to honey. Because of that and the duties he has to perform as a Delta, he's basically ostracized from werewolf society. He doesn't have friends, family, or anyone he can go to for comfort and care." Alastar's gaze went to the trees and bushes that Sebastian had walked into. He grimaced. "He doesn't have anyone to care for him, to love him. So, fate chose two mates for him, us, to give him solace. Without us, he's all alone."

Dobry frowned. "What about his family? I know his parents are dead, but doesn't he have aunts and uncles, cousins?"

"He might, but the moment he came of age and took over his duties as a Delta, he was pushed away from his family. He's not even allowed to attend regular werewolf functions because of the

pheromones he emits. He could cause a riot when other werewolves try to get to him.”

“That’s horrible,” Dobry whispered.

“It is, but fate balances that out by giving him two mates. It’s our job to give Sebastian a home, someplace to come back to when his duty to the council is done. Fate wouldn’t choose mates for Sebastian who couldn’t give that to him.” Alastar smiled and held up their clasped hands. “It chooses mates who each bring something to the relationship. We each have something that is unique to us and makes us perfect for each other.”

“What could I possibly have that is unique?” Dobry scoffed. “I can barely stand to have anyone touch me let alone do anything more. All I’ve brought to this relationship is more problems. I think fate screwed up this time.”

“I disagree, Dobry,” Alastar said. “I think fate brought someone to both Sebastian and me who is just about perfect for us.”

“How can you say that?”

“Did you know that Sebastian is a virgin?”

Dobry’s mouth dropped open. “What?”

Alastar nodded. “Sebastian is a virgin. He wanted to wait until he was with his mates before he gave that gift away. He has a very strong sense of how things should be between mates.”

“And what does that have to do with me?” Dobry asked. He pulled his hand away from Alastar’s grasp and started pacing. “Do you know what they did to me while they had me? Do you know the things they made me do?”

“I have a pretty good idea, yeah.”

“I’m tainted goods.” Dobry laughed harshly. “I hate to say this, Alastar, but fate fucked you over. It gave you an angel and a devil, heaven and hell.”

“Fate gave me exactly what I needed, a man who has experienced too much to believe in love and a man who has experienced nothing

of love. Hopefully, I can teach you both that what we have is worth fighting for.”

Dobry’s brows drew together in an agonized expression. “You’re crazy, off your flippin’ rocker,” he whispered.

The beginning of a smile tipped the corner of Alastar’s lips. “I may be, but I’m okay with that if it means I get to have both you and Sebastian.”

“You know I can’t...” Dobry managed to reply through stiff lips.

“I know, baby, and I would never force you to do anything you don’t want to,” Alastar replied. “I just hope that, in time, you will give Sebastian and me a chance to prove to you that not all intimacy between people is bad. It can be very nice, in fact.”

“I saw what you did to Sebastian,” Dobry whispered as images of the two men on the sandy ground filled his mind. “His face, it was—it was—” Dobry shook his head. “He looked like he was in pain.”

“That wasn’t pain, Dobry.” Dobry jumped around, startled to hear a voice speaking from behind him. He found Sebastian standing there, a slight smile on his lips, his face flushed with color. “He wasn’t hurting me.”

“You said that, but—”

“I swear on my life that Alastar wasn’t hurting me,” Sebastian said. “That look on my face wasn’t pain, Dobry, it was pleasure.”

Dobry frowned. “You liked it?”

“I already told you that back in the car,” Sebastian said. “But I don’t think you’re going to believe me until you experience it and find out that stuff like that can bring as much pleasure as it does pain. It just depends on who you’re doing it with.”

Sebastian and Alastar had tried to explain this to Dobry back in the car, but he didn’t believe them then, and he didn’t believe them now. He crossed his arms over his chest and stared both men down.

“Fine, prove it.”

“Prove it?” Sebastian’s eyebrows shot up nearly to his hairline. “Here? Now?”

“Yes,” Dobry replied. “You keep saying that it’s different when you’re with someone who cares. You keep saying that both of you care. Prove it.”

Dobry expected either of his mates to laugh at him or say that this wasn’t the time or place. He didn’t expect Alastar to step forward and grab his hand, pulling him into the little cavern of trees and bushes that they’d found to hide in.

His mind reeled as Sebastian sat down on the hard ground and Alastar directed him to sit between Sebastian’s legs. Dobry cautiously took a step forward and sat down between Sebastian’s muscular legs. He leaned back, feeling the man’s hands gently settle on his waist.

Alastar knelt down in front of him. “If I do anything you don’t want, or if you’re uncomfortable at any time, you just say something, okay? Sebastian and I want this to be an enjoyable experience for you, not a frightening one.”

Dobry nodded but still couldn’t keep from shaking when Alastar reached for the waistband of his pajama bottoms. Alastar moved slowly, giving Dobry plenty of opportunity to stop him.

“Well,” Alastar said as he viewed Dobry’s limp cock, “this won’t do. This won’t do at all.” He reached down and gently touched Dobry, the first kind touch Dobry had felt there in weeks, if ever. “We’re just going to have to fix it.”

He was so matter of fact that Dobry started to laugh. Alastar acted as if this were just an everyday occurrence instead of a life-altering one. Still, after all of that, Dobry wasn’t prepared when Alastar took the organ into his mouth and started gently sucking.

“Holy fucking shit!” he exclaimed as he arched back into Sebastian’s chest. That was nothing like the hard grabbing and pulling he’d experienced at the hands of Alpha Rodrick and his Betas.

“Just sit back and enjoy it, baby,” Sebastian whispered in his ear. “Alastar’s going to take good care of you.”

Dobry was kind of coming to the same conclusion. No wonder Sebastian had made funny faces and cried out when Alastar was on

his knees in the sand. The man's mouth was extraordinary. Dobry could feel himself harden right up, his cock filling Alastar's mouth. The harder he became, the harder Alastar worked.

Dobry was positive he was going to lose his mind and then he felt Sebastian's hands move over his chest, gently pinching and caressing his nipples and abdomen. That only inflamed Dobry more.

He didn't understand the heat building in his body, was afraid of it, in fact. He'd never felt anything like it. It didn't hurt exactly, but the pressure was unimaginable. It made him ache. It made him want. It made him squirm, trying to get more.

His hands curled around Sebastian's arms. He needed something to hold on to, something to ground him. He ended up using them as leverage so he could thrust his cock into Alastar's hot mouth as he cried out.

Sharp canine teeth sank into Dobry's neck at the same time that he exploded into the most intense orgasm he ever remembered having, not that he'd had that many—like two. And those were from strangers in the backrooms of bars.

The mouth clamped around his neck sucked at the same time the mouth around his cock did. The two were connected. Dobry could feel that, like an invisible rope inside of his body between his neck and his cock.

His body was so sensitive, he could feel the very air brushing across his skin. Dobry couldn't move, melted as he was. He just lay there panting as Alastar slowly lifted his head and leaned in to gently kiss him.

"Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

Dobry shook his head, unable to put into words exactly what he was feeling. He knew he must have made quite the picture, though. His skin was flushed, his legs spread open wide to reveal his spent cock. He didn't even have the energy to cover himself.

“Now, I need you to do something for me, Dobry,” Alastar said as he scooted closer and reached for his zipper. “I loved what I just did to you, and I hope you enjoyed it just as much.”

Dobry nodded quickly. He wasn’t going to lie about it. He had enjoyed it. He more than enjoyed it. He wanted more, which scared him as much as it excited him.

“There is a slight side effect to doing something like that when you’re with someone you care about,” Alastar explained as he unzipped his pants and fished his cock out.

Dobry’s eyes widened, and he gulped when he got a good look at the engorged shaft. He glanced up at Alastar quickly, afraid that the man wanted him to suck it. Alastar shook his head as if he could read Dobry’s mind and took his cock in hand.

“You don’t have to do anything but lie there and let me look at you.”

Dobry thought his eyes had widened to their limit. He was wrong. They widened even more at Alastar’s words. The man didn’t want anything from him? When Alastar winked, Dobry arched an eyebrow at him.

“There is something you could do for the sexy man behind you, though.”

Dobry looked over his shoulder at Sebastian. The man’s jaw was clenched tight, his eyes blazing with repressed passion. It was hard for Dobry to tear his eyes away from the look in Sebastian’s eyes, but he was curious as to what Alastar meant.

“Just remember that you can stop this anytime you want,” Alastar said. “All you have to do is say something, okay?”

Dobry nodded.

“Sebastian, would you lift Dobry up for a moment?”

Dobry yelped when Sebastian grabbed him by his hips and lifted him right up in the air. He had no idea what Alastar was doing, but he heard the sound of a zipper going down. A moment later, Sebastian lowered him back down.

Dobry stiffened and started to pull away when he felt Sebastian's hard cock press against his back. Alastar's hands instantly caressed him, soothing him until he relaxed.

"It's okay, baby, Sebastian's just going to put his cock between your legs. He's not going to come inside of you unless you ask."

Oh yeah, like that was going to happen.

"Now, close your legs around him as tight as you can," Alastar directed.

Dobry closed his legs, frowning when he felt something slick and hard between them. He glanced down, surprised to see Sebastian's cock glistening in the low light of their little cave. A quick look up at Alastar had the man chuckling.

"He's lubed up for easier movement."

Dobry nodded like he understood. He didn't, not until Sebastian started moving. He quickly caught on and tightened his thighs around the man's cock. The tighter he squeezed, the harsher Sebastian's breathing became until it worked into a full moan.

Sebastian's hands dug into his hips, and the man lifted him up and down, thrusting his cock in and out of Dobry's legs. Dobry reached down and lightly caressed the head of Sebastian's cock. He wasn't sure if that was the thing to do until he heard a loud roar behind him and wet cream filled his hand.

He was surprised to find his own cock filled again, sticking up from his groin, just inches from Sebastian's cock. Out of curiosity, Dobry scooped up a bit of Sebastian's hot seed and rubbed it over himself.

Shock rocketed through Dobry when his balls suddenly tightened up against his body. He stroked himself again, his breath catching in his throat as pleasure ripped through his body. He couldn't keep himself from doing it more, doing it quicker.

"Fuck!"

Dobry's eyes snapped up. Alastar was watching him as he stroked his own cock. His eyes weren't on Dobry's face, rather the movement of his hand. The faster Dobry stroked, the faster Alastar did.

It was like a chain reaction. Dobry cried out, ropes of seed shooting from his cock to mingle with Sebastian's. Before his cry had even finished, Alastar bellowed out his own release, shooting all over Dobry. He stroked his cock a couple more times, then fell forward to rest on his hands, his body hovering over the top of Dobry's.

Alastar panted several times and then grinned. He reached over to wipe away a small drop of cum off Dobry's cheek, licking it off his finger. "And that, my dear mate, is what it feels like to be with people who care about you."

Chapter 6

“You all about done in there, or do you need a few more minutes?”

Alastar growled as he quickly turned toward the voice he could hear behind him. He put his body between Dobry and Sebastian, ready to take on whoever stood outside their little love nest.

“Zac, you son of a bitch,” Sebastian shouted from behind Alastar, “have you ever heard of privacy?”

“Have you ever heard of *there’s a time and place for everything*?” Zac replied. “This isn’t it, dude.”

Alastar heard rustling behind him and realized that Sebastian was getting dressed. He quickly did the same and then turned to help Dobry pull up his pants. The man seemed a little melted, which thrilled Alastar.

He wanted Dobry melted. It meant the man was relaxed and had enjoyed himself, which had been Alastar’s intention. Sexual relations between mates were wonderful. Alastar may have just been mated, but even he knew that.

Once everyone was dressed, Alastar grabbed Dobry’s blanket and held it out to him. The man seemed to have a strong attachment to the battered fabric. “Here, baby, you don’t want to forget this.”

“Thanks,” Dobry whispered, his face burning.

Alastar couldn’t have that. He reached over and cupped Dobry’s face in his hand, raising it up so he could look into the man’s eyes. “Hey, it’s nothing to be embarrassed about. I imagine we’ll get caught fooling around plenty of times.”

"It's not that," Dobry replied, pulling away to drop his gaze down to his chest.

"Then what is it?" Alastar asked quietly, wanting to keep their conversation between the two of them. "Did you not want to do what we did?"

"No, no, that was fine," Dobry replied. "It was better than fine, actually. It's just—" Dobry held up his blanket, not meeting Alastar's eyes. "I'm a full-grown man. I shouldn't have a blanky. What will people think?"

"Who gives a fuck?" Alastar chuckled. He grabbed the blanket and tucked it into Dobry's arms, pulling the edge around his shoulders. "If you need a blanket, it's no one's business but yours."

"You don't think it's weird?"

"Dobry, I'm a vampire. I drink blood to stay alive. I doubt there is anything you could do that I would find weird."

Dobry smiled and pulled his blanket closer to his chest. Alastar started to turn away when Dobry's face suddenly paled, and he reached out a hand. "Dobry?"

"You have to feed," Dobry said. "Don't vampires need to feed? Why haven't you? Will you die if you don't feed? And what about the sunlight? Don't you, like, burst into a ball of flames when sunlight hits you or something? Can you eat garlic?"

Alastar laughed. "Yes, I have to feed but not too often. I'm good for a while, and before you ask, I do not kill those I feed from. That is forbidden. If you do, they send out enforcers like Sebastian to hunt us down. We're not allowed to kill unless we are defending ourselves."

"And the garlic? The sunshine?"

"I love garlic, especially with a little olive oil and fettuccini," Alastar replied. "Sunlight turning us into balls of fire is just a myth."

"Can you die?"

"Of course," Alastar replied. "We may be a little harder to kill than the average person, but we die just like anyone else, especially if you cut our heads off."

Dobry shuddered, his face going a little green. “Okay, that’s a fairly nauseating thought.”

“Glad you think so.” Alastar chuckled. He started to turn and head out of their little tree cave when he felt Dobry’s hand on his arm. He turned to look down at the smaller man.

“Thank you for—” Dobry gestured to where they had all been lying. “It was—it was—well, it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be.”

Alastar patted Dobry’s hand. “Any time, Dobry, and I mean that.” He wiggled his eyebrows until Dobry laughed. “Anytime.”

“And wouldn’t you be surprised as shit if I took you up on that offer,” Dobry said as he pulled away and walked past Alastar.

Alastar’s jaw dropped as he watched Dobry saunter out to join Sebastian and his friends, his hips moving seductively. He wasn’t sure he’d ever have Dobry pegged. One minute the man was afraid of his own shadow, the next he was making sexual innuendoes. He was adorable!

Alastar chuckled as he followed Dobry outside, stopping suddenly when two sets of strange eyes turned to look at him. His hackles immediately rose when he saw how close the brown-haired man stood to Sebastian. It was too close as far as he was concerned. He reached over and grabbed Sebastian’s arm, pulling his mate away from the man.

Sebastian just chuckled. “Aiden, Zac, I’d like you to meet my mate, Alastar.”

Alastar stared at the hands held out to him for a moment, then shook them both. He felt like an idiot. Sebastian was his mate. Alastar shouldn’t be jealous of his friends. Still, he felt better when Sebastian stepped closer and leaned against him.

“And this gorgeous little guy,” Sebastian said as he grabbed Dobry and pulled him over to stand between them, “is our Dobry.”

“Hello, Dobry,” Zac said gently. “My name is Zac. I guess you could say I’m the Alpha of this little crew.”

Dobry shrank back from the hand Zac held out. Alastar immediately stepped closer to give Dobry his support. "Not all Alphas are bad, Dobry, remember? Just like all vampires aren't bad," he said softly. "Besides, do you think Sebastian would introduce you to anyone he didn't trust explicitly?"

"No, I guess not," Dobry replied, but he still didn't take Zac's hand.

"So," Zac said, dropping his hand and stepping back to stand next to Aiden like nothing was wrong, "want to tell me what kind of trouble you've gotten yourself into this time, Sebastian?"

"Psychotic Alpha bent on skewering my ass to the wall and stealing my mates away." Sebastian shrugged. "Pretty much the usual thing."

Alastar snorted, getting a glare from Sebastian in response. "You don't think it's a little more involved than 'pretty much the usual thing?'"

Sebastian rolled his eyes. "The council called me in because Alpha Rodrick had kidnapped a human, Dobry. I was sent in to investigate. Apparently, the Alpha didn't believe my cover story and knocked my ass out, tossing me into a shed with Dobry."

"And?" Alastar asked when Sebastian stopped speaking.

"And I discovered that Dobry was my mate. Alastar came to speak with the Alpha and scented us. He rescued us from the shed, and we've been on the run ever since."

"And?"

"And what?" Sebastian asked. "I told them everything."

"Well, you might have mentioned the fact that said psychotic Alpha is still after us," Alastar said.

"I kind of figured that was a given considering I called them for help."

"Uh, guys," Dobry said softly, "I don't want to break into this little love fest you two seem to have going on, but I thought it would

be good to mention that said psychotic Alpha is presently coming up the riverbank toward us.”

Alastar’s head snapped around, and he groaned. “Shit!”

“Aiden,” Zac said, “I want you and Alastar to take Dobry up the river toward the house. Sebastian and I will shift and divert the Alpha’s attention while you three get away.”

Aiden leaned over to kiss Zac, which Alastar thought was a very good idea. He did the same with Sebastian, claiming the man’s lips in a long, passionate kiss. He tried to put all of his promises for their future into the kiss. He wanted Sebastian to know he’d be waiting.

“Me, too,” Sebastian said as if reading his mind.

Alastar pulled away from Sebastian to find Dobry standing next to him, his lips puckered for a kiss. He chuckled and pointed. “I do believe you have a request to fill, mate.”

“Gladly,” Sebastian said as he drew Dobry into his arms to kiss the man. Alastar ached to be part of their kiss but knew Dobry taking this step on his own was far more important.

Alastar suddenly had an armful of Dobry when Sebastian pushed the man away. Sebastian ran his hand down the side of Dobry’s face, then Alastar’s. “Take good care of our baby, Alastar.”

“Always,” Alastar replied. “You just make sure you take care of yourself and come home to us.”

Sebastian smiled. “Always.”

Alastar wrapped his arms around Dobry and held him as they watched Sebastian and Zac transform into werewolves and then fade away until they couldn’t see anything. Alastar shuddered. He knew about Deltas. How could he not? He was a vampire. He just never saw one transform before.

“Come on, baby,” he said as he started moving up the river, pulling Dobry with him, “the best way that we can help Sebastian right now is to head upstream so he doesn’t have to worry about us.”

“What about us worrying about him?” Dobry snorted.

"I don't think that will ever change." He patted Dobry's slumped shoulder. "Sebastian has a very dangerous job, Dobry. You need to be prepared for that. The only thing we can do is give him something to fight for, a home to come back to."

"Is that one of those fate things you were talking about?"

"Yeah, it is," Alastar replied. "Sebastian needs us to keep him grounded, to give him something in his life that makes all he goes through worthwhile."

"Okay, I get it that I need someone to keep me safe, someone to protect me. I even get it that we're supposed to be Sebastian's safe harbor, so to speak," Dobry said as they trudged upstream. "But what do you get out of this?"

"You and Sebastian."

"Not good enough. Try again."

Alastar shrugged. "I don't have a family, Dobry, I'm an orphan. I'm not even accepted into my coven as a full member because of that. You and Sebastian give me a family."

"And it's that simple for you?"

"When you've dreamed your entire life of having a family, yeah."

Chapter 7

Sebastian and Zac quickly shed their clothes and shifted into their chameleon form. Taking off along the bank of the river, they approached Alastar's car in moments. Adrenaline pumping, Sebastian was ready for the fight and some major payback.

"Delta, I smell Delta," Jake said loudly just before they were in striking distance.

"There's two of them," Rodrick bellowed as they started to race back to their cars. "We know you're there, Sebastian, why don't you show yourself?"

Yeah, right, like I'm that stupid, Sebastian thought. He was able to get a good bite into the Beta Mike's leg before the man pulled it into the car. Once the others were back in their car with guns drawn, Zac and Sebastian had to back off. It was too easy to tell their position if they attacked the car.

"We know where you live now," Rodrick growled from the passenger's seat. "We'll be back to take care of you and the vampire, and I will reclaim my little pet."

Sebastian was just about to launch at the car, fuck giving away where he was. Rodrick had just threatened his mates. He was going to die. The car peeled out, shooting gravel and sand all over the place before Sebastian could reach them.

Knowing there was no way to catch the car, Sebastian changed direction and went upriver after his mates. After what Rodrick said, he needed to know they were safe. His heart wouldn't climb down from his throat until he saw them.

Zac must have felt the same. Sebastian could feel the other Delta running right beside him. They didn't even bother with their clothes. The adrenaline that had built up for the expected fight now had no way to be burnt off.

That's one of the main reasons Deltas had two mates. They could become incredibly dangerous if they didn't have another outlet for all the energy and aggression that built up during a fight.

Picking up his mates' scents inflamed Sebastian even more. He followed the trail back to Zac's house, not even shifting back to human form until he needed to open the door. He walked in naked, with Zac right behind him.

Sebastian barely noticed Alastar and Dobry's shocked expressions as he threw Dobry over his shoulder and grabbed Alastar's hand, yanking him down the hallway to his room. He kicked the door shut, knowing Zac was probably doing the same with his mates.

He tossed Dobry on the bed, landing on top of his little man as he dragged Alastar down with them. He claimed Dobry's lips, relishing in the little man's moans. Sebastian made quick work of Dobry's clothes as he saw Alastar doing the same with his own.

"Hot damn!" Alastar said as he crawled up the bed next to Sebastian and started to touch him and Dobry.

"You're going to have to tell me when to stop, Dobry," Sebastian growled. "I want you too much to stop on my own." He waited for Dobry to nod his consent before diving back in to smash his lips against Dobry's.

Sebastian moaned, breaking their kiss as he felt Alastar's hands caress his ass. He rolled them over so Dobry straddled him and pulled Alastar toward them. Sebastian started kissing Dobry and pulling Alastar in for the hottest three-way kiss ever. Not breaking the kiss, he reached out and took Alastar's hard cock in his hand.

"I want this in my ass, now!" he demanded. "Baby, you're going to ride me while Alastar fucks me, okay?"

“Yes,” Dobry hissed, his eyes full of lust and anticipation, not fear. Alastar handed Sebastian the lube. Getting his fingers slicked up, Sebastian reached around and started running them over Dobry’s ass crack.

He put pressure over Dobry’s tight little hole, making sure it was good and lubed. Sebastian leaned up and nibbled on Dobry’s neck as he slid in one finger, wiggling it around. He gasped as he felt Alastar do the same from between his legs.

Sebastian loved the look on Dobry’s face as the little man humped his hips back against his finger. Slipping in a second finger, he kissed his way down from Dobry’s neck to lick his nipples. He looked up when he heard Dobry cry out, just in time to see him thrash before coming all over both of them.

“Fuck, Alastar,” he moaned, “you wouldn’t believe how beautiful our baby is when he comes.”

“Oh, I believe it.” Alastar chuckled, sliding another finger into Sebastian, much to his delight. “I’ve seen it, and it’s amazing. Just as amazing as our baby himself.” Alastar leaned forward and placed kisses all over Dobry’s neck and shoulder while still getting Sebastian ready.

“You okay, baby?” Sebastian asked when Dobry opened his eyes again. “Did you like that?”

“Uh-huh, again” was all it seemed Dobry could pant out.

“Oh, yeah, little one,” Alastar growled, “we’re going to do that a lot more.”

Sebastian spread his legs more, bracing his feet to give Alastar better access to his ass. He slipped a third finger into Dobry. Alastar slid a third one into Sebastian. The room was filled with so many moans and groans of pleasure, it was impossible to decide who was making what noise.

Sebastian felt Alastar remove his fingers and inserted his cock. His ass clenched as Alastar pushed past the first ring of muscles.

“Fuck, Sebastian, you’re so damn tight.”

"It's my first time," he answered, panting softly between words as Alastar filled him, "and it's perfect. Me and both my mates."

Dobry's smile wobbled as he looked down at him. Sebastian realized how emotional this was for him. He was surprised when his little mate leaned over and kissed him lovingly. "It is perfect."

Once Alastar was in him all the way, he helped Sebastian lift Dobry up and lower him onto Sebastian's waiting cock. Dobry cried out, his cock spurting more white cream all over Sebastian's abs and chest.

"Fuck," Alastar moaned, "did our baby just come again?"

"Yes," Sebastian hissed as Dobry's muscles clamped down on him like a vise. He was almost all the way into his little mate, gritting his teeth, trying not to come as well. Once everyone was in place and Dobry came back down from his climax, they started to move.

Alastar wrapped an arm around Dobry, lifting him up and down off Sebastian's cock as he thrust into Sebastian. The feeling of a hard cock in his ass while Dobry's tight ass surrounded his cock was almost too much for Sebastian to handle.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Dobry moaned every time he sank back down on Sebastian's cock. Sebastian felt Alastar pick up the pace as he gently lowered Dobry down to his chest.

"Mine," Sebastian growled, wrapping his arms around Dobry. "I want to claim you, Dobry."

Dobry only smiled at him as he moaned and then tilted his head to the side, exposing his neck to Sebastian. The thrill that gesture sent through Sebastian was beyond words. He sank his canines into Dobry's soft flesh, moaning as the taste of his little mate filled his mouth.

At the same time, Alastar increased the ferocity of his thrusts, leaning over to claim the other side of Dobry's neck. It moved something in Sebastian to know that he and Alastar were both claiming their little mate at the same time. He felt like he was finally coming home.

Dobry screamed his release as Sebastian felt his little mate's cum shoot all over him again. It was enough to send him into his own orgasm, his head flying back as he cried out. He felt his muscles hold tightly onto Alastar's cock as Dobry's clamped down on his.

Sebastian thrust his hips up into his little mate the last few times before he fell back, completely spent. As Dobry collapsed on him, he felt Alastar's orgasm starting to ebb, then Alastar fell on top of both of them.

Sebastian just lay there, completely sated as he stroked one hand down Dobry's side and the other down Alastar's.

"Holy fucking hell," Alastar hissed as he carefully pulled out of Sebastian.

Sebastian groaned as he felt the emptiness of Alastar's cock leaving him. His mate flopped on the bed next to him, snuggling close to him and Dobry.

"That was better than I could have ever imagined," he admitted, turning toward Alastar. "Thank you."

"Thank you." Alastar chuckled, kissing him softly as Sebastian wrapped an arm around his neck. "You still have me to claim."

"Hmm, I think I'm going to enjoy that." He snickered, kissing Alastar again. "But first, we have to do something with our baby here. It seems we wore him out."

He saw Alastar's head snap to look at Dobry, concern in his face until he saw Dobry snoring softly on Sebastian's chest. He had a huge smile on his mouth. Both men looked at each other and laughed quietly, not wanting to wake their mate.

Sebastian lifted his little mate off of him, laying him gently on the side of the bed. He rolled back over toward his other mate, giving him an evil grin.

"Now, about this claiming you thing," he whispered against Alastar's lips as he rolled on top of his mate. "Just what did you have in mind?"

“Well, I was thinking maybe something hot,” Alastar replied, grabbing Sebastian’s hardening cock, “rough, and passionate. We can have sex differently together than we can with Dobry. We have to be gentle with our baby. We can play as hard as we want with each other.”

“I like the way your mind works, my mate,” Sebastian answered, humping his hips as his cock slid in Alastar’s hand. “So you want it rough, do you?”

“Oh, yeah,” Alastar groaned.

“Roll over to the side of the bed,” Sebastian answered, reaching for the lube. He was surprised when he turned back and Alastar had moved off the bed. He bent over the side, bracing himself on his hands, wiggling his eyebrows.

“We wouldn’t want to wake our tuckered out little mate,” Alastar smirked. “Besides, you can get better leverage this way.”

Sebastian growled. The images Alastar put in his head just about undid him. He rolled off the bed onto his feet and positioned himself right behind Alastar. His hands shook as he poured lube on his fingers and his now rock-hard cock.

“Start with two fingers. I like a little bit of pain,” Alastar said. He glanced back over his shoulders. Sebastian could see his fangs extend, Alastar licking them enticingly. “Don’t hold back, my big, strong Delta. Fuck my ass raw.”

Sebastian groaned at Alastar’s words. Hot damn! He slid two fingers into his mate’s tight ass, meeting just a little resistance, but Alastar’s moans of pleasure spurred him on. Sebastian thrust his fingers in the rest of the way and started to scissor them around.

“Enough. I want your cock, now,” Alastar growled, looking at him from over his shoulder. “Shove that big cock in my ass.”

Sebastian loved how vocal Alastar was and didn’t waste any time removing his fingers. Lining his cock up to Alastar’s little puckered hole, he shoved himself all the way in with one hard thrust.

“Fuck yeah, that’s it,” his mate cried out, pushing back against him. “Give me all you’ve got, Sebastian.”

“You’re so fucking tight, I’m not going to last long,” he groaned. Sebastian started off hard and fast, using all of his strength to fuck his mate. His hands gripped Alastar’s hips tightly, his fingernails digging into the man’s flesh.

Alastar moved his body just as hard and fast, meeting Sebastian’s every thrust. Sebastian grunted, wrapping one arm under Alastar’s chest. The other he placed on his mate’s shoulders to pull Alastar up as he fucked him.

“Yes, yes, fuck me good. Just like that,” Alastar grunted in between thrusts. “I’m almost there. Claim me.”

“Mine, always mine,” Sebastian growled as he leaned his head down and sank his canines into Alastar’s neck. He heard his mate cry out, Alastar’s body shuddering as his inner muscles worked Sebastian’s cock.

Sebastian lasted a few more thrusts before following his mate over the edge of the cliff. As every last drop of his seed was milked out of his cock by Alastar, both men collapsed on the bed.

“That was fan-fucking-tastic,” Alastar moaned. “My ass is going to be feeling that for a few days.”

“Was I too rough?” Sebastian asked, separating them, suddenly concerned for his mate. Alastar was a vampire, but Sebastian was still bigger than him. He could do a lot of damage to his smaller mate if he wasn’t careful.

“No way, I loved it.” Alastar laughed. Sebastian leaned into the hand Alastar cupped around his cheek. “I don’t always like sex like that, but once in a while I crave a rough, wild fuck.”

“Good to know.” Sebastian snickered as he lay back down on the bed, pulling Alastar closer to him. “So are you happy, my mate? Now that I’ve claimed you and you’re mine?”

“Yes,” Alastar said, snuggling against Sebastian’s chest. “Are you happy, Sebastian?”

“Yeah, I am. I can’t get this goofy grin off my face.” He chuckled. “I have my mates, we set the bed on fire, we’re all safe. Life is good.”

“It is good, isn’t it?” Alastar smiled against his chest.

Sebastian knew he had to tell his mates what had happened with Rodrick, but right now wasn’t the time. After he heard Alastar’s breathing change to deep slumbered breaths, he picked the man up and moved him next to Dobry.

He rolled off the bed as carefully as he could and walked into the bathroom. It took him just a moment to clean up and grab a couple of washcloths. Going back into the bedroom, he cleaned up his mates, too.

He tossed the washcloths into the bathroom hamper, then tucked both his mates into bed, pulling the comforter up to their chests. Sebastian smiled when Alastar and Dobry seemed to seek each other out at the same time, not settling down until they had their arms wrapped around each other. That’s what being mates meant.

Sebastian grabbed clean jeans, threw them on, and headed out to the living room. He found Zac sitting there with Matt’s laptop, typing away.

“Your mates sleeping, too?” Sebastian asked as he plopped down on the couch next to him.

“Yeah, you’ll find they tire out faster than you do.” Zac snickered. “And wipe that silly grin off your face. We have work to do.”

“I can’t,” Sebastian replied, feeling the blush on his face. “I’ve waited so long to find my mates. To finally have them, claim them, I just can’t help it. I’m so happy!”

“I know. It wasn’t that long ago I found mine,” Zac answered as he sat back against the couch. “It’s amazing how perfect they are for us.”

“Yeah, how do you ever get out of bed?” Sebastian chuckled. “I mean, I know we were taught all about our sex drive. But we all just finished, and Alastar and I went at it again, and I still was having trouble leaving them.”

“You learn to control it better.” Zac laughed. “Plus, unless you plan to fuck them to death, you have to give them time to rest, recover.”

“Good point,” he snorted. He wouldn’t ever do anything to hurt his mates. “So, did we hear back from the council yet?”

“No,” Zac grumbled. “I sent them an update on what happened by the river. I was just e-mailing them when you came into the room. I sent them the request to have Rodrick eliminated, especially after threatening your mates. I suggest you do the same.”

“Good idea,” Sebastian replied, taking the laptop from Zac when it was offered. He got to work typing up his report, making sure to include every detail about the condition he found Dobry in.

He explained how Alastar, a vampire, had to rescue them and that Rodrick had seemed to be setting up the local coven as well. The council took threats against the delicate peace they had with vampires very seriously.

While there were probably more werewolves than vampires, they couldn’t risk going to war with them. Right now, their two species lived together in harmony. They mostly stayed out of each other’s way, but had some business dealings go on.

Sebastian hoped that would get the council moving faster. They made a lot of money working with the vampires and wouldn’t risk the current balance because of one crazy Alpha.

He was just finishing up when he realized he heard voices in the kitchen. Following the sounds, he saw his mates sitting around the table talking with Zac and his mates.

“Everyone met?” he asked, walking over to mess up Aiden’s hair. His head shot up when he heard a growl. Alastar had a look of pure possession and rage on his face, fangs extended. “Alastar, Aiden and I grew up together. We’re like brothers.”

“Sorry,” Alastar said, pulling himself back together as Sebastian walked over and picked up Dobry. Sitting down with Dobry on his

lap, he wrapped an arm around Alastar and pulled him closer. "I'm not used to this feeling."

"I know, sweetheart," Sebastian replied. He leaned in to kiss his mate. "But I think it's sexy as hell when you growl."

When he lifted his head from the kiss, Sebastian almost burst out laughing. There on his lap with his lips pursed for a kiss was Dobry, waiting patiently for his turn. "Now for my baby's kiss." He pressed his mouth on Dobry's, loving that his little mate was opening up for them.

"You'll get used to Sebastian and Aiden's relationship," Zac said to Alastar. "It was hard for me in the beginning, too."

"Sebastian's dad and my dad were best friends," Aiden explained. "When his dad died, my dad kind of adopted Sebastian. We were already good friends, but we really became brothers. My dad would bring Sebastian along on camping trips, worked with both of us on building strength and endurance. I'm mated, Alastar, and very happily. You really have nothing to worry about from me."

"In my brain I know that, Aiden," Alastar replied, blushing. "But it's like as soon as I saw him touching you, it set my hairs on end. Watching my mate touch another man..." Alastar shook his head. "I'm not sure it's something I'll ever get used to."

"I get it," Aiden chuckled, "and it's okay."

Sebastian pulled away from Dobry's luscious lips and took a quick drink of the man's juice. He winked at Dobry, then looked over at Aiden. "We should show them the game we used to play, Aiden."

"That's a good idea," his friend said, nodding and snuggling closer into Zac and Matt. "It will keep us all on our toes."

"What game?" Matt asked from Zac's lap, his eyebrows drawn together in confusion.

"Aiden and I used to play this game. It was kind of like tag," Sebastian explained. "I'd be in chameleon form and Aiden would try to find me, pounce on me. Then we'd switch. No teeth, of course,

well, unless we were fighting like brothers do. But we were careful with claws and not hurting each other.”

“What do you mean chameleon form?” Dobry asked curiously.

“Remember I told you how Deltas are special, baby?” Sebastian answered. He handed Dobry over to Alastar. “I’m going to shift and show you, okay? It’s just me, so don’t be scared.”

“Okay,” Dobry answered quietly, but still looking very apprehensive.

Sebastian stepped out of the kitchen and shed his jeans. No need to strip in front of everyone. He shifted into normal wolf form and went back into the kitchen.

“Cool,” Dobry whispered, “does he know it’s me?”

Answering Dobry’s question, he went over by his mate, let out a little yip, and licked Dobry’s face, which, of course, sent him into peals of giggles.

“This is our normal wolf form,” Zac explained. “Aiden and Matt shift that way as well. But their fur is the color of their hair, and as Matt is smaller than us, his wolf is smaller, too.”

“His fur is so soft,” Dobry said in amazement as he pet Sebastian.

Sebastian moved his head under Dobry’s hand, loving the feel of his mate touching him. He loved his mates touching him in any form. Sebastian was shocked at how accepting his little mate was at his change, though. Dobry had come a long way.

“Now where Deltas are different,” Zac continued, “is that we have two other forms. Our chameleon form that only Deltas can do.”

Sebastian took his cue and shifted into chameleon form, turning invisible.

“He’s gone,” Dobry exclaimed. “Where did he go?”

“Not to worry, baby,” Alastar said. “It’s just like when he disappeared down at the riverbank.”

I’m still here, Sebastian thought.

Why can I hear you? Alastar asked in his head.

Is that you, Alastar? He heard Matt ask in his mind next.

“Holy shit,” Alastar whispered. “Zac, can you guys all communicate in your mind?”

“Yes,” Zac replied, his eyes growing wide. “You can hear Sebastian?”

“We both can,” Dobry answered. “Why, aren’t we supposed to?”

“Well, wolves can,” Zac said carefully. “I’ve never known of vampires or humans being able to do it. But then I’ve never known anyone mated to a vampire or human, either. Have you, Sebastian?”

Right, like I can answer you right now, Zac, he thought.

“He says he can’t answer you right now,” Alastar laughed. “I think he wants you to tell us, Sebastian, and we can tell him.”

Oh, duh, right. No, I’ve never known anyone mated to either a human or a vampire. I’m not complaining. This is wicked cool! I love that I can talk to you guys this way, he thought back. Sebastian, to drive his point home, went and licked both his mates while still invisible.

“That’s going to take some getting used to,” Dobry giggled and squirmed on Alastar’s lap. “You said two forms. What’s the other one?”

“This one can be a little scary, Dobry,” Zac said, “so be prepared. But it’s still Sebastian.”

Again, taking his cue, he shifted into their wolfman form, half wolf, half man, like werewolves were normally portrayed in the movies. Sebastian knew he had to be frightening. He was over seven feet tall. He was massive all over, which now included his growing erection.

“Sebastian?” Dobry asked quietly.

“Yeah, it’s me, baby,” he answered, his voice coming out in a deep, growling tone. He knelt down next to Alastar so he was face to face with Dobry. “I won’t hurt you.”

“I know,” his little mate said, “it’s just—wow. You’re huge.”

“In lots of places,” Alastar purred. “We’ll have to see what else we can do with you in this form.”

Sebastian's mouth dropped open at the blatant sexual remark his mate just made. It also made him uncomfortable because other people were around. Trying to kneel differently to cover himself, he knew his cock was rock hard.

"Behave, Alastar," he said, winking, "we're not alone right now."

"Right." Aiden laughed. "Like he didn't say anything I've not thought or tried. You're going to love it, Alastar."

Sebastian turned his shocked expression toward his best friend, who looked up at Zac, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Aiden," Zac groaned. "Good night, you guys."

Sebastian watched as Zac picked Matt up, threw him over his shoulder, and gave his ass a nice smack. Zac grabbed Aiden and dragged him along with him as they made themselves scarce in the blink of an eye.

"Nice one, Alastar." He laughed. "Dobry, is it okay if I touch you?"

Dobry nodded, and Sebastian cupped the side of his head in one hand, being very careful of his claws. He stilled when his little mate reached out and touched his muzzled face.

"You're still so soft," Dobry said, leaning closer. Feeling playful, Sebastian licked Dobry's face. "That tickles."

"Hmm, it gives me ideas," Alastar purred again. "Your tongue got bigger, too."

"Yeah, everything's bigger in this form," Sebastian answered, not getting where his mate was going. "What does a larger tongue have—oh!"

"What?" Dobry asked, looking between Sebastian and Alastar. "I don't get it."

"I'm saying our mate has a bigger tongue," Alastar said, starting to nibble on Dobry's neck. "The better to lick every inch of our bodies, don't you think, baby?"

"Yes," Dobry hissed. He squirmed on Alastar's lap. "I like that idea."

Deciding to join in the fun, Sebastian pulled down Dobry's pajama pants. Growling when he saw his little mate's hard cock, he leaned in and licked it.

"What does it feel like, Dobry?" Alastar asked, stroking their baby's chest. "Do you like it?"

"Hell yes!" Dobry moaned, arching his back and thrusting his hips toward Sebastian's long tongue. "It's rougher than normal. But it doesn't hurt. It feels fantastic."

"You don't mind that I look like this when I do it?" Sebastian asked as he lifted his head to look up at Dobry. He needed to know that the little man wasn't afraid of him.

"No," Dobry said as he reached out to touch Sebastian's face. "It's still you, just different. I know you would never hurt me."

"You're so perfect, baby," Sebastian whispered. He leaned into Dobry's hand before moving back down to lick his cock. "My senses are stronger like this. I can smell and taste more of you."

"Oh, this is going to be fun," Alastar groaned, going back to attacking Dobry's neck. He pinched Dobry's nipples while Sebastian licked every inch of their little mate's cock. Dobry squirmed and groaned as Sebastian lapped at him. Finally, Sebastian extended his tongue all the way, encircling Dobry's cock.

"Oh, shit," Dobry moaned, "I can't—"

His words were interrupted by his orgasm. Sebastian felt it come and swallowed Dobry's cock all the way down. He was very careful to keep his long teeth from biting as his little mate erupted into his mouth. Sebastian swallowed all of Dobry's seed, loving the taste of the man.

While Dobry was coming back down from his climax, Sebastian licked him clean as Alastar nibbled at the mating mark on Dobry's neck. Sebastian looked up to see his baby panting, his eyes wide as he met Sebastian's gaze.

"Wow," Dobry whispered, "I didn't think that could get any better."

“Bed!” Alastar growled as he stood up with Dobry in his arms.
“Bed, right now!”

Sebastian chuckled and followed, grabbing his discarded jeans on the way. He was starting to wonder if Alastar had as large of a sex drive as he did. They sure as shit were going to have fun finding out!

Chapter 8

“Hey, Matt,” Dobry said as he walked into the man’s office, “do you have anything I can do around here? I’m kind of going a little stir crazy.”

Matt swung around in his chair, his blond hair flopping across his forehead. “Hey, yeah, sure, what do you do?”

“Do?” Dobry asked.

“Well, yeah, I mean, do you know computers or something like that?”

“Um, well, I can get around one pretty easily, but I can’t, like,” Dobry shrugged, “build one or anything.”

“What’s your area of expertise then?”

“Expertise?” Dobry repeated.

Matt laughed. “What kind of jobs have you had?”

“Oh, well, I’ve worked a few different jobs,” he said. “I guess I haven’t decided what I want to be yet now that I’m all grown up and all.”

“So, what have you done?”

“I worked in a mechanic’s shop for a while, but it quickly became apparent that I don’t know my way around an engine block.” Dobry snorted. “I can barely change a tire let alone repair something.”

Matt chuckled. “So cars are out. Anything else?”

Dobry shrugged. “I washed dishes for a while.” He grimaced. “Kind of like to avoid that if I can.”

“Done.”

“I did some cooking but none of that fancy stuff.”

“Cooking?” Matt sat forward. “What kind of cooking?”

“The usual stuff, I guess, eggs, bacon, cinnamon rolls, basic breakfast type stuff.”

“You can cook cinnamon rolls?” Matt licked his lips as if drops of drool threatened to escape. “Real cinnamon rolls, like from scratch?”

Dobry frowned. “Is there any other way to make them?”

“Dude!” Matt exclaimed as he jumped to his feet. Dobry shrank back from the man as he reached for him. Matt just leaned over and grabbed his hand, dragging him to his feet anyway. “You have so got to make cinnamon rolls. I would kill for fresh cinnamon rolls. There isn’t a bakery within fifty miles of here. It’s been weeks since I had one.”

Dobry laughed and let Matt drag him to the kitchen. The man looked so excited that Dobry couldn’t say no. Matt practically bounced on his feet. “What do you need? Can I help? Can you teach me to make cinnamon rolls? I’m a good student.”

“Slow down, Matt,” Dobry said. “You’re going to hyperventilate.”

“Dude, you just don’t understand,” Matt groaned. “We’re talking about cinnamon rolls, dude. You have no idea how long—”

“I need eggs and flour and sugar and—”

“Whatever you need, man...” Matt said as he started grabbing stuff out of the cupboards. Dobry read off the list of ingredients he would need from memory. He’d made enough cinnamon rolls to know the recipe by heart. He once worked in a bakery for a year.

It didn’t take Dobry any time at all to get the dough mixed together and rising in a bowl. He laid a pastry cover over it and turned to wink at Matt’s eager face. “We have about forty-five minutes until these rise. Want to walk down by the lake?”

“Yeah, sure, we can do that.” Matt’s eyes strayed to the bowl of dough, grimacing. “Forty-five whole minutes?”

“You want them to rise, don’t you?” Dobry asked. He patted Matt on the arm as he walked by. “Don’t worry, we let these rise, roll them

out, add the filling and cut them, then put them in a pan. They rise once more and then we bake them and ice them.”

“Ooohhh, icing. I love icing.” Matt started bouncing again as he walked toward the door. Dobry wasn’t sure the man needed any icing. The stuff was pure sugar. “Can I lick the bowl?”

“Yeah, sure, why not?” Dobry chuckled. Matt would be Zac and Aiden’s problem then. Dobry pushed his hands into the pockets of his jeans as they started down to the lake. This really was a beautiful place, one where Dobry knew he’d be happy to live.

He pointed down the shore a little ways. “I’m hoping to talk Sebastian into putting a little dock right over there. We can get a boat and moor it there, take it out on the lake and swim or fish or just laze about in the sun.”

“That would be cool,” Matt replied. “I love it out here. It’s nothing like where I grew up.”

“Where was that?”

“Back West. Nothing but sagebrush and weeds.” Matt shrugged. “I guess it wasn’t too bad, but this is much nicer. You can really smell the clean country air here. Back home, if you inhaled you were more likely to get a lung full of dust.”

“Sounds...uh...inviting.”

“Yeah.” Matt chuckled. “I’ve only been here a few weeks, and already I don’t ever want to leave. Zac wasn’t too keen on the idea of the council selling us land that used to belong to another pack, but this place is great. I don’t know why anyone would ever want to leave.”

“Is that what happened?” Dobry asked. “Did the other pack leave?”

Matt shrugged. “We don’t know. It happened about thirty years ago, and the council won’t talk about it. So far, I haven’t been able to find anything online, either, and I’m pretty damn good at finding information when I want to. That’s kind of what I do, you know?”

“Seriously? You’re like a hacker or something?”

Matt nodded. “My job is officially office manager or something like that. I basically help with all communication between Zac and the council. When we’re given a mission, I research it first, then give the information to Zac. It helps him be prepared for the things the council *doesn’t* tell him.”

“And brings him home safe to you and Aiden,” Dobry added.

Matt chuckled. “And brings him home safe to me and Aiden.”

Dobry frowned. “I don’t think any of my meager talents will help with that.”

“So you can’t help bring them home safe, so what?” Matt asked as he bumped shoulders with Dobry. “Dude, if you can make cinnamon rolls then you can give them something to come home to. That’s just as important, you know?”

Dobry shuffled his feet, kicking at the ground beneath them. “I can make paczki, too.”

“Paczki?”

“Jelly-filled donuts with fresh fruit,” Dobry replied, “very yummy. It’s a Polish pastry that my grandmother used to make when I was a child.”

“I’ve died and gone to heaven,” Matt groaned. “Dude, you have no idea how much I’ve missed having desserts. None of us can cook worth shit. We’re lucky we haven’t poisoned each other by now.”

Dobry chuckled. “Well, I can’t cook much, but I do have a few recipes up my sleeve.”

“And that, my dear Dobry, is what you can give to the group. Believe me when I say it would be greatly appreciated. We’re both mated to big, hungry Alpha males, each and every one of them. They have big appetites.”

“They eat a lot, too.” Dobry realized what he’d said and instantly felt his face heat up. Matt nearly fell over laughing, much to Dobry’s chagrin.

“Dude, you have no idea.”

“Well, I kind of do,” Dobry said. “I’ve had more sex in the last week...”

“It kind of happens that way when you’re mated to a Delta.”

“Naw, I never thought I’d like sex again after what Alpha Rodrick and his Betas did to me. I mean, I fooled around a little before that but nothing major. After that, though,” Dobry shook his head, “I didn’t think I’d ever want to be touched again, and now I can’t seem to get enough. How sick is that?”

“It’s not sick, Dobry,” Matt insisted. “It’s called being mated.”

“I guess,” Dobry replied, but he wasn’t so sure. He craved Sebastian and Alastar’s touch like he did air. He hated being away from either of them and usually became as hard as a rock the minute he scented either of them.

“Answer me this, then,” Matt said. “Do you love them?”

“Of course!” Dobry snapped, turning to glare at Matt. “I wouldn’t be with them if I didn’t love them.” He waved his hand in the air. “This mating thing may be some sort of biological pheromone shit for Sebastian and Alastar, but it’s not for me. I’m here because I want to be here.”

Matt grinned. “Dude, you just answered your own question.”

Dobry frowned. “What fucking question?”

“You wondered why it was so easy to have sex with Sebastian and Alastar after what that Alpha did to you,” Matt said. “It’s simple. You love them, and they love you. That means anything is possible between the three of you.”

“Shit, I need to sit down.” Dobry pressed his hand against his temple. He suddenly felt overwhelmed, confused, and just a bit anxious.

“Dobry, are you okay?” Matt asked as he helped him over to a fallen log. “Should I get Sebastian or Alastar? Do you need to go back to the house?”

Dobry shook his head, then wished he hadn’t. It twirled so much his eyes watered. The sudden blinding pain behind his eyes didn’t

help. Dobry's stomach rolled. He covered his mouth with his hand and tried to breathe through his nose, afraid he was going to throw up.

"That's it," Matt said. "I'm going to go get your mates."

He started to turn away when Dobry cried out, pain rocketing through his body from head to toe. It was so intense that Dobry started panting. He'd never felt such a level of pain, not even when Alpha Rodrick tortured him.

"Ma-Matt," he whispered desperately. "I don't—I don't know wha—"

He felt Matt cradle him in his arms. "It's okay," he said. Dobry could hear the worry in his voice, the panic. "Sebastian and Alastar should be here soon. They'll take care of you."

It hurt to breathe, to blink, to even think. Dobry's heart pounded in his chest. He was going to die. He just knew it. And he'd never get the chance to tell Sebastian or Alastar how he felt. He grabbed blindly at Matt's shirt.

"Tell Seb—Sebastian and Alastar that I—that I—"

"They know, Dobry, I swear they know."

As the pain intensified to a point that quickly became unbearable, Dobry opened his mouth to scream. As suddenly as it started, the pain was gone, leaving Dobry stunned. His body ached from exertion, but the intense pain was gone.

Dobry blinked several times. He glanced up at Matt to find the man staring down at him, his mouth hanging open. "What just happened?" he asked.

Matt shook his head. He looked beyond speech. Dobry knew how he felt. He was as confused as Matt. The pain he experienced had been intense, but it had left just as quickly as it came. He didn't understand it.

"I think we need to get back to the house," Dobry said weakly.

Matt nodded and held out a hand to help Dobry stand. Dobry climbed to his feet, feeling Matt's arm wrap around his waist. His legs

shook so bad that each step was slow and measured as they started back toward the house.

“Something’s wrong, Matt,” Dobry whispered. “I don’t know what it is, but something is wrong.”

“I thought you were going to die, Dobry.”

“So did I,” Dobry replied, “but the pain’s all gone, all of it. It’s like it never happened.”

“What do you think caused it?”

Dobry shook his head. “I haven’t a fucking clue. Just get me to the house. We can figure it out once we get there. Maybe Zac or one of the other guys has an idea.”

Matt nodded. Dobry could feel him quicken his pace. He knew he’d scared Matt just as much as he had been scared himself. He also knew that he needed to get to Sebastian and Alastar. The feelings of urgency and anxiety wouldn’t leave him even if the pain had.

Just as they came to the edge of the deck, Dobry stopped. Something wasn’t right. He couldn’t put his finger on exactly what, but he knew something was out of place. He let his eyes slowly roam over the patio, looking for something, anything.

Dobry had no idea what he was looking for or if he’d even recognize it if he saw it. He just knew that something wasn’t right. There really wasn’t much to see on the patio—a BBQ, a patio table, some potted plants, and lounging chairs. Everything looked as it did when he and Matt left for the lake.

Except for the way the lounge chairs were positioned. They had faced the lake when he and Matt went for their walk. Now, one was facing the patio table, and the other one was right where it should be. Anything could have disturbed it, so why did it disturb Dobry so much?

“Matt, wasn’t that chair facing the lake when we left?”

Matt frowned as he looked at the lounge. “Yeah, I guess. Why?”

“Something isn’t right.”

“The lounge?” Matt asked. Dobry could hear the confusion in his voice. “Dobry—”

“It’s not just the lounge, Matt,” Dobry insisted. “Something is wrong. Can’t you feel it?”

Matt started to shake his head when they both heard a strangled cry from inside the house. Dobry froze. Matt froze. They both stared at the patio doors as if they might be able to see what was going on inside by sheer will alone.

“What was that?” Matt whispered.

Dobry shook his head, afraid to speak. He grabbed Matt’s hand and pulled him along as he crept up to the side of the patio doors. He pressed his body back against the wall, putting his arm out in front of Matt to get him to do the same.

Taking a deep breath, Dobry peeked around the edge of the patio door. They opened out from the small breakfast nook off the kitchen. Dobry could only see as far as the kitchen archway.

He motioned to Matt to follow him and slowly opened the door. The farther Dobry stepped into the house, the more he could see out of place—a cup knocked over on the counter, a fallen piece of mail on the floor. They were small things, but they shouldn’t have been there.

Dobry thought that Matt might be a little neurotic. He always liked things just thus and so, very clean and very organized. He got quite upset if they weren’t. He’d never leave a cup knocked over or a piece of mail on the floor. It would drive him crazy.

To Dobry, that meant things were out of place. Add that to the groan they heard from farther inside the house and he had no doubt that something was wrong. Dobry stepped quietly and slowly over to the kitchen archway.

Once again, he flattened himself against the wall, then peered around the edge. Just as quickly, he moved back and pressed himself back against the wall, only this time, he covered his mouth with his hand to keep from crying out.

Sebastian, Alastar, Zac, and Aiden all knelt on the living room floor, their arms crossed behind their heads. Dobry counted four heavily armed men surrounding them. The man who scared him the most, Alpha Rodrick, paced back and forth between the fireplace and Dobry's family. Sebastian seemed to be glaring at one particular goon.

Dobry motioned for Matt to go to the pantry and followed after him. The moment he closed the pantry door, he heaved a huge sigh, closed his eyes, and leaned back against one of the pantry shelves. He didn't know how in the hell they were going to get out of this mess.

"What?" Matt whispered. Dobry opened his eyes to look at the man. Matt looked anxious, desperate, his eyes wide and the corners of his mouth pulled down into a frown. "What did you see?"

"It's Alpha Rodrick," Dobry said. "He has the guys."

"Which ones?"

Dobry swallowed, his heart aching. "All of them."

* * * *

Alastar fumed as he watched Alpha Rodrick pace in front of the fireplace. The man was a complete ass, but apparently, he was a smart ass. He'd been able to capture him, Sebastian, Zac, and Aiden. Alastar just hoped that Dobry and Matt got away.

He was still stunned at how easily Alpha Rodrick had captured them. One minute they were all laughing and walking into the house. The next thing Alastar knew, armed men jumped out of every corner of the house and attacked them.

Alastar was all ready to attack when Alpha Rodrick made it clear that he held Dobry and Matt prisoner in another room. After that, all four men had given up without a fight. What else could they do?

It wasn't until they were kneeling on the floor in the living room, their arms crossed behind their heads, that Alpha Rodrick and his armed goons started laughing and filled them in on the truth.

Alastar knew that Sebastian, Zac, and Aiden felt his relief when they learned that Alpha Rodrick didn't have their little mates. He just wished he knew where they were. He hoped it was a long ways from here, but he seriously doubted it.

Alastar had seen the dough rising in the kitchen when he walked in. He knew his mate was close by. He even thought for a moment that he smelled him, but then the scent of cinnamon filled the room, overriding anything else he might have scented.

"You don't know how much pleasure this brings me," Alpha Rodrick said as he gazed down at all four of them. He reached down and grabbed a large handful of Sebastian's hair and yanked his head back. "Not only do I get my little pet back, but I get a Delta as well. I'm a very lucky boy."

Sebastian pulled his hair away, yanking his head back from the Alpha. "You can go fuck yourself," he growled. "You're never going to get your hands on Dobry."

"Oh, but I will," the Alpha said as he wiggled his fingers to get the loose hair that had come out of Sebastian's head when he pulled away off his hand. "My little pet will come running the moment he learns that I have you. That's the wonderful thing about being mated. He won't be able to stay away from you."

"Dobry is a human." Alastar smirked. "He doesn't have the same bond that we do. After what you did to him, he couldn't care less what happens to us. He'll head for the hills as fast as he can run."

The cold laugh that Alpha Rodrick let out sent a chill down Alastar's spine. He knew he should have taken the guy out when he had the chance. The man didn't need to live, and Alastar would take great delight in fixing that.

"Dobry can be a lot of...well, he can be entertaining, but he was getting kind of stale. He didn't put up as much fight toward the end. I think this new little mate to your friends here would make a suitable replacement."

Alastar should have warned Zac and Aiden what kind of man Alpha Rodrick was. He liked to see people react to his words. He regretted that when he saw the two men struggle and start to fight, only to be hit over the heads by the butts of the guns Alpha Rodrick's goons held.

Both men fell forward onto the floor, grabbing for their heads as they grunted loudly. Alastar tried to hold his anger under control when he saw the blood on Zac and Aiden's heads as they sat back up. Alpha Rodrick would pay for that as well as everything else he had done.

"And as a wonderful bonus," the Alpha said as he stroked his finger down first Zac's face, then Sebastian's. "I have two Deltas in my care, instead of just one." Alpha Rodrick laughed viciously. "Just think, boys, we now have two men who can sneak into any coven, pack, or compound without being seen."

Alastar suddenly knew Alpha Rodrick's game, and it made his stomach roll with a fear he hadn't felt in years. "You knew," he whispered. "How did you know?"

The Alpha laughed again. "Oh, I have my ways." He wagged a finger at Alastar. "I'm just surprised you caught on to my little plan so quickly. But then, you always were a smart one, Alastar. I've always liked that about you."

"What in the hell is he talking about, Alastar?" Sebastian hissed.

"Yes, Alastar," Alpha Rodrick snickered, "tell your dear mate what I'm talking about."

"Alpha Rodrick didn't take Dobry to be his pet, not for the long term. That was just a bonus for him. He needed Dobry because he's your mate," Alastar began. "I thought he planned to capture my coven leader, but what he really wanted was me. He never had any intention of kidnapping Damian."

"Why?"

Alastar could hear the confusion in his mate's voice. It was almost overridden by the anxiety. He detested telling Sebastian the

conclusion he had come to concerning Alpha Rodrick. Sebastian was going to be devastated.

“The same reason he let it be known that he held a human,” Alastar finally answered. “He wanted a Delta to come to the rescue. He wanted *you* to come to Dobry’s rescue. Somehow, he knew that Dobry and I were your mates.”

“What the hell are you talking about, Alastar?” Sebastian gritted through his teeth. Alastar could tell that his mate was starting to get the idea. “I didn’t even know about you two until I smelled you.”

“He knew who we were, Sebastian, and he wanted us for that very reason,” Alastar said as he looked Sebastian in the eyes and saw the dawning of horror in his face. “He needs Dobry and me as leverage to keep you in line so you’ll work for him and do all the dirty little deeds he wants done. If you don’t, he’ll kill us.”

Chapter 9

Dobry leaned back against the kitchen wall and took a deep breath. His mind reeled with what he was hearing. Every degrading little thing that Alpha Rodrick and his Betas did to him had just been a bonus? They just wanted him to keep Sebastian in line?

He had no idea how Alpha Rodrick even knew who he was. That was a mystery to be solved another time. Right now, Dobry's main concern was rescuing his and Matt's mates. They could deal with everything else later.

Dobry motioned to Matt, and they both headed to the kitchen counter and the nice display of cutting knives in the knife holder. Dobry took three, one for each hand and a third that he wrapped in a washrag and shoved in the back of his pants.

"You go around to the front door," he directed Matt. "Make some sort of noise, a diversion, then get the hell out of there. I'll wait here until I hear you, then move in. Maybe you can come in through a bedroom window or something? Save my ass if this goes tits up."

Matt nodded and hurried out the patio doors. Dobry watched him until the man disappeared from sight and then walked over to the edge of the kitchen archway. His heart pounded as he pressed himself against the wall and waited for Matt's diversion.

It seemed like forever before Dobry heard a loud clank from the other side of the house and then the doorbell rang. He peered around the corner just in time to see two of the four armed men head toward the front door. That left two armed men and Alpha Rodrick.

Dobry had no idea what he was doing as he scooted around the corner into the living room. He gripped the knives tightly in his

hands. The blades pointed down his arms, the sharp edges out. He held them slightly behind his body as he crept across the room.

Just as he reached the edge of the living room couch, Sebastian looked up and saw him. The man's face paled considerably. He looked terrified. Dobry knew how he felt. His heart thudded so fast in his chest he was sure everyone could hear it.

No, Dobry! Sebastian shouted into his mind. *Go back, hide. Don't let Alpha Rodrick see you. Please.*

Dobry shook his head. *I can't leave you here, Sebastian, you know that,* he sent back to him silently.

Shit! Sebastian snapped just before he jumped to his feet and raced toward Alpha Rodrick.

Dobry was momentarily startled by Sebastian's speed when he saw the man shift in mid-leap. One moment Sebastian was a man jumping through the air, and the next moment, he was a huge werewolf sinking his teeth into the arm of Alpha Rodrick.

The Alpha shouted, and all hell broke out. People started shouting, growling, shifting, and fighting. Dobry swiped the knives in his hands at the nearest goon to him. One blade connected, cutting a strip across the man's stomach. The other caught nothing but air.

Before Dobry could swing again, the man jumped at him. They both crashed to the floor. Pain exploded through Dobry as the goon landed on top of him. The air rushed from his lungs. Dobry lay there stunned for a moment. It was just long enough for the man to get the knives out of his hands and hold one of them against Dobry's throat.

Dobry swallowed, then quickly wished he hadn't when he felt the blade cut into his throat. He tried not to swallow again and looked up into the deep blue eyes of the man holding him down to the floor.

"That was really stupid," the man snarled down at him. Dobry's eyes widened when the man's snarl turned into a grin. "But pretty damn ballsy for a human."

"Wha—" Dobry started to ask when the man suddenly rolled to his feet in one motion and held out his hand to Dobry.

“Come on, human, you need to get out of here while we finish this,” the man said. When Dobry just stared up at him, not taking his hand, he flipped the handle of one of the knives around and held it out to Dobry. “Does this make you feel better?”

Dobry nodded slowly and took the knife. He climbed to his feet, keeping his eyes on the stranger just in case. He didn’t know what the man’s game was, but Dobry didn’t trust him. The man just grinned at him and then turned to jump back into the fray.

Dobry stared after him for a moment, then looked down at the knife in his hand. The man had surprised him. Not only had he not hurt Dobry, but he’d given one of the knives back. Dobry suddenly thought that maybe the man wasn’t on Alpha Rodrick’s side, especially when he saw the man attack one of the other goons.

Before Dobry could make sense of what he saw, he heard a loud crash from the other side of the room. He turned to see Alpha Rodrick trying to escape out of one of the living room windows. The loud crash Dobry heard was a small stool going through the window glass.

Dobry would have thought that the Alpha would go through the front door or the kitchen, but a quick look in both directions showed that they were blocked by fighting. The window was Alpha Rodrick’s only escape.

After everything that had been done to him and the things that Alpha Rodrick planned to do, Dobry wasn’t about to let the man escape. He deserved to pay for what he did. Not knowing what else to do, Dobry ran across the room and stabbed at the Alpha’s legs as the man started to climb through the window. A loud, agonized cry was his reward.

Dobry stabbed again and again. He felt his hands slick with blood, his fingers cramping with the ferocity of his movements. The sounds of fighting behind him faded away as Alpha Rodrick’s cries of pain filled him.

His mind was in a blood-filled haze, revenge and payback the only things that he could think of as he stabbed at the Alpha. The man had done so much to him, horrible things. He deserved to die!

Dobry didn't realize that he was screaming until someone suddenly grabbed his arm and stopped him from stabbing at the Alpha again. He turned to defend himself, the knife raised in his hand, until he saw Alastar standing before him.

Dobry cried out and dropped the knife, throwing himself at Alastar. Strong arms wrapped around him, cradling him to Alastar's chest. Dobry could feel kisses placed on his head, his neck, his cheek.

"Ssshhh, I've got you, baby," Alastar whispered in between kisses. "I'm not going to let anything happen to you."

Dobry held on to Alastar as tight as he could, burying his face in the man's neck and inhaling his scent. It was musky, masculine, and tinged with a hint of sweat and blood, but it was all Alastar.

"How's our baby?"

Dobry lifted his head when he heard Sebastian's voice, turning in his direction. "Sebastian," he breathed, reaching out to the man. Sebastian was instantly there. He didn't move Dobry out of Alastar's arms, rather enclosed them both in his.

"He's good," Alastar replied. "He saved us."

"He's going to get his ass paddled for not getting out of here when he could," Sebastian snapped. "He had no business coming in here, and he knows it."

"Oh, I don't know," said a voice from a few feet away, "I think he gave us just the opening we needed to catch this asshole."

Dobry peeked over Sebastian's shoulder to see the man who took him down and then gave his knife back standing there grinning at him. The man stepped over and held out his hand to shake.

"The name's Constantine, Constantine Stylianios," he said as he winked. "Nice to finally meet you, Dobry."

"Who—"

“He’s a pain in the ass, but he also happens to be a Delta,” Sebastian said. He turned Dobry and Alastar in his arms so they could see the man too, before glaring over at Constantine. “My guess would be that he’s here on council business.”

Constantine clasped his hands behind his back and smiled at Sebastian. “Normally, that would be true. However, this time I’m here on my own accord. I got wind of Alpha Rodrick’s little scheme and decided to investigate on my own.” He chuckled. “Imagine my surprise when it led me to you, Sebastian.”

“Wait,” Dobry said. “If you’re a Delta, then why were you working for Alpha Rodrick?” Dobry glanced over at the Alpha, relief filling him when he saw Zac and Aiden tying the man up and wrapping his injuries. The Alpha was apparently alive.

Dobry wasn’t sure if that made him happy or not. He didn’t necessarily want to kill the man, but he did want him to pay for the things he’d done. He just hoped the wolf council would give the Alpha what he had coming to him.

“So, why were you working for Alpha Rodrick?” he asked as he turned back to Constantine.

The man shrugged. “I figured the easiest way to find out the information I needed was to get close to him.” Constantine pointed to two of the men tied up on the floor. “Besides Jake and Mike here, his Betas, no one gets close to him except those guarding him, those who do his dirty work.”

“And that would be you?” Sebastian sneered.

“Dumbshit never even knew I was a Delta, let alone a wolf.” Constantine chuckled.

“Are you sure about that?” Alastar asked. “He seemed to know all about me and Dobry being Sebastian’s mates. He wanted Sebastian because he’s a Delta. How do you know he didn’t just let you think he bought your story so he could get another Delta in his grasp?”

Constantine shook his head. “No, he didn’t know. I haven’t found my mates yet, so how could he know anything?”

“You might want to rethink that statement,” Sebastian said as he walked over to wrap an arm around Dobry. “I didn’t know Dobry was my mate until I met him, and Alpha Rodrick already had him. You heard him. He even knew about Alastar before I did.”

“Are you sure he wasn’t fucking with you, Sebastian?” Constantine asked. “That just doesn’t make sense. How can anyone know who your mate is before you smell them? It’s not like there’s a mating book with all of our names or something.”

“I know this might be none of my business,” Dobry said, “but maybe that’s what you should be investigating instead of what Alpha Rodrick was up to. It seems to me that it might be the bigger mystery.”

“I think I know where you should start,” Matt said, joining the group. “When I was looking into Alpha Rodrick, I noticed he was paying a man named Owen Carell. I couldn’t find anything out on the man. He seems to be nonexistent. All I got was a town in Michigan where the checks were being deposited. There was nothing in Rodrick’s files that said why he was paying the guy.”

“That’s my brilliant little mate,” Zac said, wrapping his arms around Matt. “If there was anything more to be found on this Owen, my baby would have found it.”

“Be careful going up that way,” Alastar threw in. “Our coven was told by other covens that there’s some turf war going on between packs of Chicago, Wisconsin, and Michigan. No one knew how bad it was, but bad enough the covens up there told us to be wary of traveling the area.”

“Thanks for the heads-up,” Constantine replied. “Always good to know what you’re walking into. So, what do we think? This Owen guy is some kind of mating expert? He magically knows who’s mated to who and gets paid to tell people? That could be a huge issue for shit Alphas like Rodrick to know that information.”

“But on the other hand,” Dobry said softly from Sebastian’s arms, “think how nice it would be to help other wolves looking for their

mates? This guy could help couples find each other. I think that would be really cool!”

“Always with the big heart, my baby,” Sebastian said, leaning over to kiss his lips. Dobry melted into the kiss, instantly getting hard and squirming against his mate. “My loving little mate.”

“I try,” he replied, looking up at Sebastian lovingly. “You make it really easy.”

Chapter 10

Sebastian could barely keep his chuckle to himself as he watched Dobry from his hiding spot in the branches of a nearby tree. He loved playing hide and seek with his mates. Dobry was getting better at it every time they played.

It only took Dobry ten minutes to track Sebastian down to the tree he was currently in. Sebastian grinned. Dobry was just too cute. In the three weeks since Alpha Rodrick had attacked them and lost, mostly due to Dobry's interference, Dobry had come almost completely out of his shell.

He was like a new man, laughing all of the time, happy and content. He even started initiating sex with both Sebastian and Alastar. The man even still came at the drop of a hat, which Sebastian and Alastar both enjoyed immensely.

There were times when Sebastian could see the shadows of the past creep into Dobry's eyes. He'd start thinking about the past and the things Alpha Rodrick did to him. A good cuddle usually put the twinkle back in Dobry's baby blues.

Sebastian knew it wouldn't always be easy for them, though. Alpha Rodrick had been condemned to death by the council, and his sentence was to be carried out soon. In the meantime, he was being held under guard. Sebastian knew that Dobry wouldn't feel relieved until the sentence was carried out.

Dobry stuck his nose in the air and took a deep breath, a small smile playing out over his lush lips. "I know you're here, Sebastian. I can smell you."

Sebastian slapped his hand over his mouth to keep his deep chuckle from escaping. A moment later, he almost swallowed his tongue when Dobry began to strip off his clothes. His mate was surprising him more and more every day they spent together.

Dobry laid his shirt out on the grass and then settled down on top of it. He grabbed his cock in one hand, the other going to his nipple. Sebastian licked his lips as he watched Dobry start to stroke his hard shaft.

"This would be a lot more fun if you joined me," Dobry said quietly.

Sebastian couldn't shimmy down the tree fast enough. He leapt the last few feet and landed on the ground next to Dobry. Shifting from chameleon form to man, Sebastian was grateful that he was already naked.

He knelt on the ground and crawled up between Dobry's thighs, reaching for the man's bobbing cock. Just as he settled his mouth around the erect organ, Dobry reached out and grabbed him.

"Got you!"

Sebastian's head jerked up, and his mouth dropped open in surprise as Dobry rolled with laughter. He couldn't believe the little shit caught him, but he had, fair and square. Sebastian walked right into the sexy little trap Dobry set for him.

"So you did," Sebastian remarked as he wrapped his arms around Dobry and rolled onto his back. "Now that you have me, what do you plan to do with me?"

"Well," Dobry said as he sat up, straddling Sebastian's chest, "just as soon as Alastar gets here with the lube, I'll show you."

"If this isn't a sight to get any man hard," Alastar said, joining them. He pointed to Dobry. "And I want that little ass."

Sebastian's jaw dropped as he watched his mate shed his clothes, then drop to his knees and sink his fangs into Dobry's perfect round ass.

“Oh, fuck,” Dobry moaned, humping his hips along Sebastian’s chest. It was seconds before his baby’s cock erupted, shooting load after load of white seed over his chest and mouth. Sebastian chuckled as he wiped some off his cheek, then met Dobry’s eyes and licked his hand.

“Did he come?” Alastar asked, raising his head from Dobry’s ass. “I love watching our baby come.”

“Definitely gives new meaning to the phrase *bite my ass*.” Sebastian chuckled.

“This is the only game I like,” Dobry replied, his breathing returning to normal. “Well, the only game I like better than hide and seek.”

“What game is that, baby?” Sebastian asked as he started to rub Alastar’s hip.

“How many times can we make Dobry come,” his little mate said with a smirk. “It’s the best game ever!”

“It’s certainly my favorite.” Alastar chuckled. “Now I want my prize. Roll over, baby.”

Sebastian heard Dobry mumble into his chest, but he couldn’t make out what he said. “What did you say, baby?”

“When do I get to be in someone’s ass?” Dobry mumbled again. Sebastian looked over at Alastar, who looked as shocked as he felt. The man’s mouth hung open, his eyebrows nearly up to his hairline.

“Is that what you want, Dobry?” Alastar asked cautiously. “You want to be on the giving end?”

“I’ve never been on that end,” Dobry complained, lifting his head. “I’d like to at least try it.”

“Well, then, by all means,” Alastar said, getting on his hands and knees. “I volunteer my ass for the taking.”

“Really?” Dobry whispered. “You’d let me do that?”

“Of course I would, Dobry,” Alastar replied gently. “We’re mates. If you want to try something, then all you have to do is say something.”

"I'd let you, too, baby," Sebastian added, pushing Dobry's hair off his face. "You give us so much. We want to give you what you want, too."

He watched Dobry's eyes fill with tears. *I love you both so much.*

We love you, too, baby, Sebastian replied through their mental link, realizing Dobry couldn't speak.

We love you so much, Dobry, Alastar added. *You make our little threesome complete. I love Sebastian just as much, but you are the glue that holds us all together. We would do anything for you, baby.*

Dobry didn't say anything as he climbed off Sebastian, crawled to Alastar, and kissed him. Then he grabbed the lube and moved behind Alastar to get him ready.

"My ass," Dobry said, smacking Alastar's ass, giggling. Then he leaned down and bit Alastar's ass, which made their mate moan in pleasure and pre-cum glisten at the end of his hard cock.

"All yours, Dobry, all yours," Alastar groaned as their baby slipped in two lubed fingers. Sebastian decided he'd done enough watching. It was time to get in on this. He rolled to his knees and moved around behind Dobry.

Taking the lube from his little mate, he rubbed some on to his cock before squirting more on his fingers. Sebastian slid one finger into Dobry's perfect, tight, little hole and wiggled it around.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god." Dobry started to moan and pushed back on his finger. Sebastian slipped in a second finger as he growled and licked his sexy mate's neck. Dobry tasted like heaven.

"Now, Dobry. Fuck me now, please," Alastar begged, wiggling his ass. "I'm ready. Please? I'm so ready for your gorgeous cock to be in me."

Sebastian slid in a third finger, hurrying to catch up as Dobry slid his cock into their mate's waiting ass. Just as Dobry sunk balls deep in Alastar, Sebastian removed his fingers, scooted forward, and started to work his cock into Dobry.

Dobry cried out at the penetration and started thrusting his hips. He pushed into Alastar, then moved back out, impaling himself on Sebastian. It was the perfect combination of movements.

He let his little mate work them both. This was Dobry's show, after all, his time to play with what he liked. As Dobry's rhythm began to falter, Sebastian reached around him, grabbing Alastar's hips. He thrust forward into Dobry, causing his little mate to thrust forward into Alastar. All three groaned at the feeling, spurring Sebastian on.

Moving his hips faster, it wasn't long before Dobry cried out his release, followed shortly by Alastar. Sebastian knew he wasn't far behind as Dobry's muscles squeezed his cock. A few more thrusts forward and Sebastian was shouting out his climax, pounding into Dobry. Both of them collapsed onto Alastar, Sebastian holding up most of his weight on his arms.

"Really," Alastar panted, "this is so much better than hide and seek."

All three mates looked back and forth between each other before bursting out laughing, holding each other tightly.

This is perfect, Sebastian thought, just the way it should be.

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.

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Though she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. 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 and Joyee Flynn

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