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*Ménage Amour*



# DRAGON MINE

North American Dragon Series



Joyee Flynn



# **DRAGON MINE**

**Joyce Flynn**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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## **DEDICATION**

To Stormy, without your help, pretty lady, I wouldn't be here with my first solo book. Thank you for the wisdom, advice, guidance, and the continued love and support.

# **DRAGON MINE**

**JOYEE FLYNN**

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## **Chapter 1**

Gabriel Panlong got out of his truck, glad he'd finally found a parking spot. He drove four hours to Portland to reach the nearest store that carried the supplies he needed for his horses. Normally they came with his shipment of feed, but this month his supplier told him they were on backorder since they were a low seller. If only his competition knew that's what made his horses such healthy, perfect breeders and racers.

Walking along the couple blocks toward the store, he heard grunting coming from the alley. Worried someone was hurt, he decided to take a few extra moments and check it out. He only got about ten feet into the alley when he saw where the grunting was coming from, and no one was hurt. Gabriel felt himself grow rock hard at the sight before him.

Two of the most gorgeous, hottest men he'd ever seen were having sex. One was braced against the brick wall with one hand, his jeans around his ankles. He had to be five foot seven and no more than one hundred forty pounds, with light blond hair that was curly and a little long. The other man was maybe five foot eight, one hundred fifty-five pounds with dark brown hair that was shorter. Both were amazing.

The man with the dark hair was pounding his cock into the blond while stroking the blond's cock. He had one arm wrapped around the smaller man lovingly and was kissing his neck and shoulder. The blond man reached back with his other hand and squeezed the dark-haired man's ass. They were so gone in the throes of passion they didn't even notice Gabriel standing there stunned, watching them.

Hell, he doubted they would notice if a tornado hit around them, they were so focused. Feeling guilty he was watching something so intimate, Gabriel forced his feet to move. He headed back toward the store, not believing what he just witnessed. Well, at least he'd have some new material the next time he had to take care of himself.

It didn't take him long to find what he needed in the store. Most humans used the vitamins as supplements. At least that meant there were some. The older clerk gave him a strange look as he paid, which Gabriel ignored. It wasn't like he was ever going to see the man again. Saying thank you, he headed back out the store and got only a few steps before he froze. His incredible sense of smell was picking up a scent he knew well, blood.

Gabriel took off in the direction of the smell, cringing when it led him back to the alley where he had witnessed such beauty. Sure enough, as he rounded the corner, he heard different grunts, the painful kind. He dropped his bag and flew into action, shifting partially so his claw and wings were out.

"Dragon!" one of the men beating the shit out of the little blond yelled. Five men were hitting and kicking the two smaller, gorgeous men, who were obviously defeated, lying on the ground barely conscious.

Fucking humans, Gabriel thought as he went wild on the five men. Always picking on the small or anyone different.

He'd seen it so many times in his centuries, and forty years ago, it was directed at his kind.

Dispatching one man with a wing, he hit another with his fisted claw. When those two were down, he made quick work of the other



three. After all five lay bloodied and unconscious, he checked on the hot smaller men. They were both badly hurt but alive. It didn't look like there was any serious damage, mostly cuts and bruises that were going to turn pretty colors.

Not knowing what else to do, he gently threw one man over each shoulder. Heading back to the truck, he almost tripped over his bag at the end of the alley. Good thing he didn't leave that behind. He would have been seriously pissed if he had to find another store. Once at the truck, he got the passenger door open and put the blond man on the seat. Opening the back door, he laid the dark-haired man down in the back seat.

The man now in his back seat seemed to be in worse shape than the smaller blond man. He probably tried to protect the blond, and while admirable, there was no way to protect him against five men. Humans just weren't built that way.

After Gabriel felt they were strapped in and not in too much pain, he got in the driver's seat and headed back toward his ranch. Now that he got a closer look at the two men, he saw their jeans had seen much better days. It looked like both men hadn't eaten a real meal in weeks, maybe months. They both had older bruises on them and needed a shower badly.

Gabriel wasn't sure if they were runaways. They looked too old for that. But then again, he wasn't the best judge of age. If anyone looked at him, they'd never guess he was eight hundred and sixty years old. Dragons didn't age like humans, growing until about thirty, then after that barely aging each passing decade.

He looked over at the blond man, feeling despair. Gabriel knew what it was like to be different and not accepted. After thousands of years of living in secret, humans had discovered proof that dragons existed. In the early 1970s one of the dragons had gone on a killing spree, immortality getting the better of him. When he was sentenced to death by electric chair, the prison had a shock when the man wouldn't die.

The crazy dragon made a show of shifting and breaking out of jail in front of hundreds of witnesses and news crews. There wasn't any hiding that situation.

While humans had legends of dragons, they never guessed they were shifters. Dragons looked exactly like other humans, except they were able to shift into dragons, or shift partially depending on the need.

Humans, being human, hated what was different or scary and decided dragons were evil. Once that decision was made, mandates across the world went out for dragons to be eradicated. Imagine their surprise when they found out there were thousands upon thousands of dragons across the world, only coming out from hiding to defend their race.

Some of the world's leaders had the idea that the way to take out the dragons was to kill off their women. The world went to hell in a chaotic mob mentality, making the Salem witch trials look like a day at the park. Humans came up with the most outlandish tests to determine if someone was a dragon. The shifters almost wanted to laugh at how ridiculous it all was, but the humans were killing innocent people.

Dragons watched from a distance, waiting for the right time to strike at the mob leaders so the war could stop. The craziest part of the whole thing was there weren't any female dragons. There never had been. It had something to do with genetics that Gabriel never bothered to even try and understand.

Finally, after about twenty-five years of war and killings, the main leaders of the human side had been taken out and enough people had died that the war drifted to an end. The end result being almost the same number of dragons but billions of humans gone, most killed by their own race. Humans had virtually wiped out the females of their species, leaving the handful left to be fought over by larger alpha males.

The human alpha males spent so much time fighting each other for everything that they now mostly ignored the existence of dragons. That left a good portion of the human population like the two men in his truck. Smaller, more docile men, who didn't feel the need to battle for everything. They lived as they did before the dragon wars—they grew up, learned, worked, loved, played, and lived their lives.

Gabriel heard a small whimper, drawing his attention back to the present. The blond-haired man had moved in his sleep and seemed to put pressure on his injury. He was grateful they were almost back at the ranch where he could tend to their wounds and get them cleaned up. How was he supposed to do that while they were unconscious?

Thinking about it while he pulled into the ranch and parked, he gently unloaded the man in the back seat first. It just seemed rude to see them naked the first time when he didn't even know their names. As he placed the dark-haired man in his bed, he turned to go back for the blond man. He was just trying to help them, but they had been abused. They were going to wake up in a strange place with someone they had never met before.

As he grabbed the smaller man, he made the decision to let them clean up themselves when they were awake. Locking the truck behind him, he carried the blond man back to his room. He'd have to feed them, too. They weren't much more than skin and bones. Placing him gently on the bed next to the dark-haired man, Gabriel retrieved a few washcloths and wet them with warm water.

Going back to the men, he gently cleaned their faces, trying to get all the dirt out of their cuts. Then he placed some towels and clean clothes at the end of the bed for them. The clothes were way too big, of course, but at least they'd be covered. Hopefully, that should tell them that Gabriel had no intention of hurting them. As it was dark now, he turned on the bathroom light so they could see where to get cleaned up.

He made his way back to the kitchen, leaving his bedroom door open as well. Gabriel pulled out a variety of food. Not knowing what

the men liked, he figured more options were better. Besides, everything could be reheated later, if need be. He started scrambling eggs while the pasta was boiling and the bacon was in the frying pan. Gabriel chuckled when he started to realize just how much food he'd made.

About an hour after he had cleaned them up, Gabriel heard a noise in the hallway. Turning around he saw the blond man limp into the kitchen.

"Hi," Gabriel said, slowly walking to the man.

"Where are we?" the man asked just before he collapsed. As quick as a flash, Gabriel was there to catch him.

"Where does it hurt, little one?" he asked gently.

"Everywhere," the man whimpered, "I wanted to get clean, but I didn't think I could by myself."

"I don't mind helping you, but I didn't think I should while you were still out," he said, lifting the man into his arms and heading toward the bedroom. "I'm Gabriel Panlong. I walked by as you and your friend were beaten up."

"I know, you saved us," the man whispered. "Gabriel."

"Yes?" he replied.

"Are we going to stay here with you now? Does this make us your slaves, because you took us from the other men?" the little man asked. Fear, stark and vivid, glittered in his eyes.

Gabriel just stared at him in shock as he sat down on the edge of the tub to run the water. "What's your name?"

"Neil. Neil Murphy."

"Okay, Neil, you can stay here as long as you want," Gabriel said, slowly pulling off the man's clothes. "But you're not my slaves. I don't have slaves. I don't want slaves. You're here as my guests at my home, okay? I brought you back here because you were both hurt and unconscious, and I couldn't just leave you there. Those men were hurting you. I just couldn't do it."

"So, we're free?"

“Yes, Neil, you’re free,” he whispered, turning off the nozzle of the tub when it was filled. “I just want to help you get better, that’s all. I promise.”

“Thank you, Gabriel,” Neil said, leaning closer against him. Gabriel had to bite back a groan. Neil was gorgeous, naked, and snuggling in his arms.

“You’re welcome, Neil,” he replied, picking him up and lowering him in the tub. “Can you sit up on your own? Or do you need me to stay and help?”

“Will you help? It hurts to move,” Neil answered. Gabriel held Neil with one arm while trying to pull off his shirt so it didn’t get wet. “You don’t have to.”

“It’s okay, Neil, I don’t mind at all,” he said, grabbing the soap. “Do you want to tell me what happened? Why did you ask me if you were my slave?”

“Can I tell you later?” Neil asked quietly. “It hurts to talk, and my head hurts.”

“Okay, baby, you can tell me later,” Gabriel replied, tears coming to his eyes at the obvious pain this beautiful man was in. “I made some food. I figured you’d be hungry when you woke up. I wasn’t sure what you liked, so I made a few different things.”

“Thank you,” Neil moaned as Gabriel washed his back. After a few moments, when they were almost done, Neil spoke up again. “You’re a dragon, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” he answered, looking away, afraid of what he was going to find in Neil’s face.

“That’s so cool,” Neil said. “I think it would be bad-ass to be able to fly.”

“Really?” His head whipped back to look at Neil. “You’re not horrified or disgusted? You’re not scared of me?”

“No, why would I be?” Neil answered. “You’ve been nothing but nice to me. So you can change into a dragon? You’re still a person.”

“Thank you, Neil,” Gabriel whispered. “Most people don’t think that way. Either people run when they find out or try to kill me.”

“Well, I’m not going to run, and I’m pretty sure you’d kick my ass if I tried to hurt you.” Neil giggled as they finished up. Gabriel pulled out the drain, then lifted Neil out and onto his lap. At the same time, he grabbed a towel and helped him dry off. When they were done, he carried Neil into the bedroom and helped him pull on shorts. He didn’t put on a shirt so Gabriel could look at his wounds.

“If you want, I can take you flying with me,” he offered as he carried Neil back to the kitchen. Gabriel set the small man down on the counter and grabbed the first aid kit.

“I’d like that,” Neil answered, looking into his eyes. Gabriel could get lost in Neil’s bright, cobalt-blue eyes. They were almost magical. He had to shake himself back to reality.

“How old are you?” he asked, looking Neil over for cuts.

“Twenty-one. You?” “

“Just a tad older.” Gabriel chuckled as he put antiseptic on one of the cuts on Neil’s shoulder. His skin was so soft that Gabriel just wanted to run his hands all over the little man’s body. His seductive young frame and wholesome good looks caused Gabriel’s heart to race.

“How much older is a tad?” Neil raised an eyebrow.

“That depends. Do you like older men?” Gabriel asked, laughing. “Eight hundred and sixty.”

“Holy shit,” Neil whispered. “That’s really fucking old.”

“I guess,” Gabriel replied, lowering his head. Yeah, it was old, but it wasn’t like he looked old. Well, good to know that mattered so much to humans.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that.” Neil touched Gabriel’s face, which made him gasp and look up. “I just meant, I can’t imagine what it would be like to live that long.”

“Lonely,” Gabriel whispered as Neil ran his thumb over his lip. Was Neil hitting on him? God, he hoped so. But what would this hot little man want with a large, bulky dragon?

“Do you want to kiss me?” Neil asked, leaning closer. Gabriel couldn’t speak. His heart caught in his throat, so he nodded. “I’d like you to kiss me.”

Gabriel didn’t need to be told twice. He leaned in and brushed his lips against Neil’s. The shock it sent went straight to his cock. His large hand took Neil’s face and held it gently before going back for another kiss. This one a little longer, running his tongue over Neil’s mouth. When the little man moaned and opened his lips, Gabriel took the advantage and slid his tongue into Neil’s lips. Slowly running it around his mouth, Gabriel explored every inch of it.

When he felt Neil’s tongue go into his, Gabriel grabbed Neil’s ass, pulling him closer to the edge of the counter. He heard Neil cry out and immediately broke the kiss.

“I’m sorry, Neil, I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s okay. I just have a bruise there,” Neil said, blushing. “It wasn’t because I didn’t like the kiss. I did.”

“I did, too. A lot.” Gabriel kissed the tip of Neil’s nose. “Let’s get you something to eat before it gets cold.”

“Okay,” Neil said, looking at him. Gabriel gently picked him back up and carried him over to the kitchen table. After he put Neil down, he started putting dishes of food in front of him. “I don’t think you made enough, Gabriel,” he said, giggling.

“Yeah, well, I don’t have guests often.” Gabriel felt his face heat up. “And I wasn’t sure what you liked.”

“Should we see if Ryan’s up?” Neil asked before shoveling eggs into his mouth.

“That’s his name,” he replied. “I’ll go check.”

He left Neil in the kitchen stuffing his face and headed to his bedroom. Once there, he sat on the bed next to Ryan, gently shaking him.

“Neil?” Ryan groaned.

“No, Neil’s in the kitchen,” Gabriel answered. “I came to see if you’re hungry.”

“Neil—they were hurting him,” Ryan whispered. “Did they get him?”

“No, you’re both safe,” Gabriel replied, wrapping an arm around the man’s shoulders to help him sit up. “I walked up on the fight and put a stop to it. You were both unconscious. I didn’t know what to do, so I brought you home. Are you hungry?”

“Yes,” Ryan answered, wiping the sleep out of his eyes. Gabriel picked him up, cringing when Ryan cried out in pain. They made their way to the kitchen where Neil was gulping down juice. “Neil, are you okay?”

“Yeah, Gabriel helped me clean up,” Neil said. “And he made us all this food.”

“What do you want?” Ryan asked skeptically, eyeing Gabriel.

“Nothing, Ryan,” he answered, hurt, but reminded himself what they had been through. “I couldn’t just leave you there unconscious and bleeding. I brought you to my home so you were safe.”

Ryan didn’t seem convinced and exchanged a glance with Neil before taking food for himself. Gabriel sat down as well and loaded up his plate with spaghetti and meatballs.

“If you want, when you’re done eating, I left out clean towels,” he said, putting the dish back. “There are also some clean clothes, but they’re my size. Sorry, I don’t have anything smaller.”

“Thank you,” Ryan replied, still looking wary.

“Neil asked me if you both were my slaves now.” Gabriel decided to address the elephant in the room. “I told him I don’t have any slaves and I don’t want any. I’m not keeping you prisoner here. You’re my guests. You can leave anytime you want, okay?”

“Okay,” Ryan Tate answered, seeming to relax a little. “We’ll be out of your hair in the morning.”



“Gabriel said we could stay,” Neil said, his fork halfway to his mouth. “He’s a dragon, and people have been mean to him, too. I saw him save us, Ryan, before I blacked out.”

“Why would you want us to stay?” Ryan asked cautiously. “What would we have to do for you?”

“Look, Ryan,” Gabriel sighed. “I don’t know all you’ve been through, but considering how you both act, I’ve got a pretty good idea that you’ve been mistreated badly. I assume you live out on the streets. Neil’s only twenty-one, and you can’t be more than a few years older. I’m eight hundred and sixty, and I’ve lived most of my life alone, always hiding that I’m a dragon or people knowing what I am and hiding from me.

“I’d like you to stay at least until you heal and maybe get a few meals in you. If you want to stay longer, I could always use some help around the ranch. But to be honest, it’s just nice to have other people around. And for some reason, you guys aren’t freaked out that I’m a dragon.”

“So we don’t have to sleep in your bed?” Ryan asked, raising an eyebrow.

“No!” Gabriel dropped his fork. “What kind of man do you take me for? Do you think I just take men in and...” Gabriel stopped himself and closed his eyes, taking a deep breath as the realization hit him. “You weren’t just worker slaves, were you? You were both forced sex slaves.”

He watched as both men nodded, their faces turning bright red. Neil’s eyes filled with tears that started to run down his face. Gabriel reached over and brushed the tears away.

“I’m sorry that happened to you,” he whispered. “There’s nothing I can say to make it better. I can only be honest with you. Yes, I’m gay. I think you are both the most gorgeous men I’ve ever seen. Do I want you? Fuck yes, but I will not force or coerce you. I don’t want sex like that. You’re welcome to stay and get better. Past that, you can

stay and help me work the ranch. That's your choice. Sex doesn't come into any of it."

Ryan and Neil exchanged a look with each other before looking back at Gabriel. Neil was smiling while Ryan had the *we'll see* look. After a few moments of the three of them staring at each other, they went back to eating.

"I'll get the guest rooms set up for you guys," Gabriel said while eating. "I put you in my bed, figuring when you woke up, you'd feel better if you were together."

"Thank you, Gabriel," Neil said, smiling at him again. "What kind of ranch do you have?"

"Horses. I breed them." He was grateful for the change in topic. "I breed horses that are used for racing and breeding."

"Can I ride one?" Neil asked, his eyes lighting up.

"Have you ever been on a horse before?" Gabriel asked, concerned. His horses weren't ponies or easy-ride mares.

"No, I've never even seen a horse before, but I've read about them."

"Well, my horses are pretty big, not easy to control." He rushed to finish when he saw Neil's disappointment at his answer. "You'd have to ride with me a few times until I could teach you how to ride on your own."

"I'd like that," Neil said, brightening back up. "Can I ask you something, Gabriel?"

"Sure," Gabriel answered, shrugging his shoulders as he finished eating.

"Would you let us see you change into a dragon?" Neil asked hesitantly. "I didn't know if it was rude to ask."

"It's not rude," he said, chuckling. "Besides, I offered to take you flying. I'd have to shift in front of you, anyway. But that has to wait until you're better."

"Cool," Neil answered, looking over at Ryan curiously. Ryan just kept eating, not even reacting to the conversation.

“Ryan, I’ll give you the guest room with the bathroom, seeing as Neil’s already cleaned up,” Gabriel said. “Neil, you want to see your room?”

“Sure, I’m getting tired. I’m sorry I can’t help with the dishes.”

“It’s okay, you can when you feel better,” Gabriel replied, smiling. “For now, all you have to focus on is getting better.” He stood up and went to Neil, picking him up easily in his arms and walking with him to the guest room. Gabriel pulled back the covers before laying Neil down, and every time his gaze met Neil’s, his heart turned over in response.

“You’re a good cook, Gabriel,” Neil said, smiling as he snuggled down in the covers. “Thanks again for everything.”

“You’re welcome, Neil.” Gabriel smiled back, trying not to wish Neil was snuggling into bed with him. He turned off the light and closed the door behind him, returning to the kitchen.

“Thanks for the food,” Ryan said, looking at his hands. “It was really nice of you.”

“You’re welcome, Ryan.” Gabriel started to clear the table. “Can you walk, or do you need help to the guest room?”

“I’m not sure,” Ryan replied quietly. “I think I need help.”

“It’s no problem, Ryan.” He chuckled, walking over and picking up the man. “You guys aren’t exactly porkers. I think I can handle carrying you just fine. Are you going to be able to clean up?”

“Um,” Ryan started to say, uncertainty in his eyes.

“It’s up to you, Ryan,” Gabriel said softly. “I can just help you get cleaned up. It won’t be any more than that.”

“If you could help me stand, I could shower myself.”

Gabriel didn’t say anything more as he carried Ryan to his bathroom and turned on the shower. He lowered Ryan to his feet and helped him stand as they both undressed. Fuck! Ryan was as hot as Neil. He couldn’t help his cock getting hard. He felt really bad about it until he noticed Ryan was getting hard as well. Gabriel decided to ignore that they were hard as he helped Ryan get into the shower.

“You’re hard,” Ryan whispered as he leaned back against Gabriel’s chest, starting to wash himself.

“I know, I’m sorry,” he answered, swallowing loudly. “I can’t help that I think you’re sexy as hell, Ryan.”

“I’m hard, too,” Ryan replied, moaning as Gabriel held Ryan’s hips to hold him up. “I think you’re really hot.”

“Thank you,” Gabriel said, not sure what else to say. “Is this okay? Are you in pain?”

“No,” Ryan answered. “But I don’t think I can wash my back or hair.”

Gabriel bit back a groan as he helped Ryan turn around and lean on his chest. He felt Ryan relax, sinking into his protective embrace. He reached around Ryan and soaped up his back, and then he reached for the shampoo and washed his hair. When Ryan started to fall, he caught himself by wrapping an arm around Gabriel, his hand landing on Gabriel’s ass. That time Gabriel couldn’t bite back his groan.

He finished helping Ryan wash off, then braced him as they got out of the shower. Gabriel wrapped a towel around his waist as he turned and dried Ryan. Lifting him up, they walked out of the bathroom. He grabbed the clean clothes and headed for the guest room. Without a word, he sat Ryan down on the bed and handed him the clothes.

“Thank you, Gabriel,” Ryan said quietly. “Good night.”

“Good night, Ryan. I’ll see you in the morning,” Gabriel answered as he walked to the door and closed it behind him. He leaned against it for a moment, trying to calm back down. He’d never had such a hard time keeping his hands to himself. He couldn’t stop imagining running his hands all over Ryan’s naked body.

Giving himself a shake, he headed back to the kitchen to clean up. Ten minutes later, he was crawling into bed, wondering what he had gotten himself into. Two hot, sexy men were in his house, and he couldn’t touch either of them.

## Chapter 2

Neil woke up in the middle of the night, scared when he didn't know where he was. He wasn't sleeping on the floor. Was he in a bed? His mind raced over the past few days, meeting Ryan, escaping with Ryan. Then they were caught and beaten, then...Gabriel. He was safe in Gabriel's house, in the guest room. Letting out a sigh of relief, he remembered he was safe.

He also realized he didn't want to be sleeping alone. He wanted to be in Gabriel's room. He left the room and walked down the hallway to Gabriel's. He stood outside the door for a minute. Gabriel had said no sex. What if he wanted to have sex with Gabriel? Neil knew he wasn't ready to have sex right now, but he really liked kissing Gabriel. Deciding to take the chance, he opened the door and peeked in.

"Neil? Is that you, baby?" Gabriel asked from the bed, sitting up.

"Yeah, can I sleep in here with you?" he asked, fidgeting. "I mean, if it's okay. If you want me to."

"Sure, you can sleep in here." Gabriel gestured him over. Neil closed the door and quickly went to the big bed. He slid in where Gabriel had moved the covers and snuggled against him. Gabriel pulled the covers back over them and wrapped an arm around Neil, holding him securely to his chest. It wasn't until then that Neil realized something.

"You're naked," he whispered. "And you're hard."

"Shit. Sorry, Neil," Gabriel said, starting to move. "I forgot when you woke me up."

“No, don’t.” Neil grabbed Gabriel’s arm and rolled on his back. “I like that you’re naked. But are you hard because of me?”

“Um, yeah, sorry,” Gabriel answered softly. “I can’t help it.”

“I don’t want you to,” Neil replied, rising up to kiss Gabriel’s lips. They looked so rough, but they were actually soft. “I’m hard because of you, too.”

“Neil, you don’t have to, baby,” Gabriel whispered against his lips. “You can stay here and not feel like you have to be with me. I wasn’t lying about that.”

“I know, but I want to.” He touched Gabriel’s red hair. “I like the way you make me feel. I feel safe with you, and when you touch me, my heart races. I want you to touch me.”

Gabriel seemed to think about it for a few moments, searching Neil’s eyes. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I know I can’t have sex yet, but that doesn’t mean we can’t kiss or touch,” Neil replied, trying to pull Gabriel back down. He was about as effective as he would be trying to lift a car.

“You are so beautiful. Why would you want me?” Gabriel asked.

“Are you kidding? Have you ever looked in the mirror?” Neil answered, completely shocked that Gabriel didn’t know how fucking hot he was. “You’re hot, Gabe. You’re strong, and ripped, and absolutely sexy.”

That seemed to be enough for Gabriel. He lowered his head back down to Neil’s mouth. Neil moaned and spread his legs for Gabriel to crawl between. When he didn’t, Neil reached down to touch Gabriel’s chest, letting his hands roam over his body.

“Are you sure this is okay?” Gabriel asked, breaking the kiss. “I don’t want you to feel like you have to. I only want you here if you want to be here.”

Not saying anything, Neil took the man’s hand and placed it over his rock-hard cock. “I want to be here, Gabe. I promise.”

“I like that,” Gabriel whispered.

“Like what?”

“That you call me Gabe. I’ve never had a nickname before.”

“Well, now you do, Gabe,” he moaned as Gabriel moved his hand slowly over Neil’s cock. Just as he was going to try and pull Gabriel between his legs again, the man moved on his own. Neil reached up and took Gabriel’s cock in his hand. Fuck! The man was hung like a horse. No wonder he knew so much about horses. Gabriel had to be at least eleven inches and wide enough that Neil could barely reach around it.

“Oh, fuck, baby,” Gabriel hissed, burying his head in Neil’s neck. “God, it’s been so long, I’m not going to last. I haven’t had anyone touch me in forever.”

“I’ve never had anyone touch me there, besides Ryan, that I’ve wanted to touch me there.” The words came out of his mouth before he thought about them.

“I’m sorry, baby,” Gabriel whispered. “I won’t let anyone hurt you ever again. I promise, Neil. As long as you’re here, whether in my bed or not, I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

“I know,” he answered, starting to move his hand over the man’s huge, hard cock. Gabriel claimed his lips again, kissing him fiercely this time. Neil met his passion with his own. Forgetting all the times he’d been touched when he hadn’t wanted to, he was lost in how much he loved Gabriel touching him now.

“Baby, I’m coming. I’m there,” Gabriel panted above him. “Oh, fuck.”

“Come, Gabriel, I’m close,” he said, stroking him faster. Just as he felt Gabriel stiffen, the man lowered his head and licked Neil’s neck. That was all it took to push him over the edge. He cried out Gabriel’s name as his cock exploded. He felt Gabriel’s sharp teeth run over his neck, and for some reason, he wanted the man to bite him.

“No,” Gabriel screamed, pulling his head back and coming all over Neil and his hand. He thrust his hips a few times before collapsing to the side of Neil’s body. Neil knew something had

happened besides Gabriel's orgasm, but he wasn't sure how to ask. After a few minutes of silence, he decided to bite the bullet.

"Did I do something wrong, Gabe?" he asked softly.

"No, baby, you did everything right," Gabriel replied, grabbing his hand. "I almost did something very wrong."

"You were going to bite me," he said, confused. "So what? I wanted you to."

"Neil, this is important." Gabriel rolled over so they were facing each other. "You could tell I was going to bite you, and you wanted me to?"

"Yeah, I did," Neil answered. "I never thought I was into biting, but when you were going to, I really wanted it."

"Wow, okay," Gabriel whispered before getting up and cleaning up. He brought back a warm washcloth and cleaned up Neil as well. "Biting during sex means something different for dragons than it does for humans."

"What does it mean?" He sat up slowly, forgetting for a minute he was still injured. They sat there for a few moments looking at each other, completely naked, knees touching.

"It's how dragons mate," Gabriel explained. "That's how we claim our mates."

"Would that be so bad?" Neil asked softly, tears blinding his eyes and choking his voice. "Being mated to me?"

"No, baby, that's not what I mean at all," Gabriel said quickly, pulling Neil into his lap. "I'm not saying I don't want to be mated to you. It would be wrong of me to claim you without even talking to you about it first, don't you think?"

"Yeah," he replied, wiping away the tears. It wasn't about Gabriel not wanting him. Gabriel didn't want to take the choice away from Neil. He was relieved Gabriel felt that way. He snuggled closer and wrapped his arms around Gabriel's waist.

"What surprised me so much is that you said you wanted me to bite you," Gabriel continued. "That means you felt the need to mate



as I did. I didn't even realize I was compelled to bite you, to claim you until I almost did. It was like I needed to bite you more than I needed to breathe."

"What does it mean to be mated to a dragon?" Neil asked. "Is that like being married?"

"Yes, but way more serious." Gabriel kissed the top of Neil's head. "It means you're mine. No one else could ever have you again, or I'd go pretty much crazy and kill whoever did. I know there's something between you and Ryan, and I'm not trying to get in the way of that. Also, we mate for life. Since my life is pretty much immortal, mating me would mean yours would be, too."

"I'd live forever with you?" Neil asked in awe, his eyes widening as he looked up at Gabriel. "Wow, yeah, that's something I'd need to think about."

"There's more," Gabriel continued, sighing noticeably. "There aren't any women dragons."

"Then how do you have babies?" Neil asked hesitantly but closed his eyes when he guessed where this conversation was going.

"Yeah, our mates have them," Gabriel answered, brushing Neil's hair out of his face. "When we have sex with our mates, a knot extends from our cock. When that happens, along with our seed, it changes our mates internally, getting their bodies ready to be impregnated. I don't know all the biology of it because I've never had a mate, and, well, I am pretty old. It's been a long time since I've even thought about this."

"Basically, my sperm would help a womb grow inside you for the baby. When the baby's ready to be born, the womb connects to your rectum, and the baby comes out there. The womb comes back out as well, and your body returns to normal," he finished, completely tense.

"You're serious," Neil whispered, swallowing past the lump in his throat. "If we mate, I'd have your baby."

"Yeah," Gabriel replied, his shoulders slumping. "Now you see why mating you without talking to you would be so bad?"

“Um, yeah, thanks for stopping yourself,” he said, trying not to sound like a dickhead. “I appreciate you respecting me enough to give me the choice.”

“I’ve never had the urge before, so I almost didn’t even realize it was happening,” Gabriel replied. “I would never willingly take away your choices, baby. I hope you know that.”

“I do, Gabe,” he replied, yawning. “For now, I think we need to get to know each other better before considering tying ourselves together for eternity. And I’m starting to fall asleep.”

“Okay, baby.” Gabriel scooted them back by the pillows and lay down. He still kept his arms around Neil as they pulled the covers up and over them.

“Good night, Gabe,” Neil said as his eyes drifted close. He’d really have a lot to think about tomorrow and for a while after that.

\* \* \* \*

Neil woke up the next morning alone. Wanting to find Gabriel and not thinking, he climbed out of bed naked to look for him. The kitchen was empty when he got there, but the coffee pot was half full and turned on. Figuring Gabriel went to do chores, Neil decided to go check on Ryan. Opening the door quietly, he walked in and sat on Ryan’s bed.

“So, what, you’re going to be in his bed last night,” Ryan said, opening his eyes, “and my bed this morning?”

“It’s not like that, Ryan,” he said softly. “I came to check on you. I know you were hurt worse than I was.”

“Yeah, you came in here naked, Neil.”

“Shit, I wasn’t paying attention.”

“You’re at attention now.” Ryan gestured to Neil’s now hard cock.

“Sorry, you mentioned us together in bed,” he answered, blushing. “Gabriel and I messed around last night. I woke up scared and

realized I didn't want to be alone. I wanted to be in Gabriel's bed. It doesn't mean I didn't want you there, too. Don't tell me you don't think Gabriel is hot."

"I'd be lying," Ryan said. "He helped me shower last night. We were both hard, naked, water running all over our bodies."

"Oh, fuck that's hot," Neil moaned, feeling his cock twitch.

"You're not jealous?" Ryan asked.

"No, I like you, Ryan," he answered, touching Ryan's face. "I like Gabriel, too. You like me, and you think Gabriel's hot, obviously, if you were both hard. You wanted each other. Why can't the three of us be together?"

"Why would I want to share you?" Ryan countered, pulling Neil's arm so he fell onto him. "Maybe I just want you all to myself."

Neil squirmed as Ryan rolled them over so he was on top.

"You want Gabriel, too," Neil whispered as Ryan leaned down to kiss him. "That's why."

The rest of his argument was cut off as Ryan crushed his mouth to Neil's. The kiss was hot, full of pent-up sexual frustration Ryan must have felt. Ryan had been naked under the sheets as well, so their cocks rubbed against each other.

"What if he doesn't want both of us?" Ryan asked, thrusting his hips. "What if he only wants you? Who will you pick?"

Neil just groaned as Ryan's hands went to his ass and squeezed. Ryan moved for a second, and when he came back, Neil felt cold lube all over his ass crack. He squealed and squirmed at the feeling of the cold liquid. Ryan quickly pushed a finger into Neil's ass, both of them groaning at the feeling. He leaned up and kissed Ryan again, just as Ryan slid in a second finger, scissoring them around.

"Did he fuck you, Neil?" Ryan asked, thrusting faster. "Do I still get to be your first? The first person you choose to have in this ass?"

"No, Gabriel and I didn't have sex." He moaned as Ryan removed his fingers from Neil's ass. "You're my first."

“Good,” Ryan replied, sliding in his cock into Neil’s ass. “Fuck, Neil, you’re so tight.”

“Only because your cock is huge,” he hissed, loving the full feeling of Ryan’s cock in his ass. They’d never gotten to finish what they started in the alley. Those assholes found them fucking and ripped them apart before beating the shit out of them.

“What if he doesn’t want both of us, Neil?” Ryan asked again. “What then? Who will you choose?”

“We won’t know until we all talk,” Neil moaned, but he felt annoyed. “Do you want to fuck me, or are you proving a point? Because if you’re trying to prove something, then get off me. If you want to fuck me, then fuck me.”

“I’m sorry,” Ryan said, freezing for a minute. “You’re right. I want to fuck you, Neil. I just can’t stand the idea of losing you.”

“We’re here right now, Ryan,” Neil replied, the anger leaving his voice. “It’s just right now, and I want you to take me. We’ll talk to Gabriel later, okay?”

“Okay, Neil.” Ryan leaned down to kiss him again as his hips picked up the rhythm. Neil moved his hips, meeting Ryan’s so his cock went in deeper. As Ryan thrust faster, his kisses became deeper, needier. Neil needed Ryan as much as Ryan needed him. They had shared so much together in their short time knowing each other.

“Ryan, I’m coming,” Neil cried out seconds before his cock exploded. Reams of white seed filled the space between them. He heard Ryan cry out his release the same time he heard a growl coming from the doorway. A few more thrusts and Ryan collapsed on top of him. They both heard the growl that time, because both turned to see Gabriel in the open doorway. And, boy, was he ever pissed.

“The door was open,” Gabriel growled. “I heard noises and thought maybe Ryan had fallen. I didn’t mean to interrupt the fun.”

Neil watched in horror as Gabriel spun on his heel and stormed out of the room. Ryan got off of him, muttering something as Neil reached for the shorts meant for Ryan. Quickly wiping himself clean

with part of the sheet, he pulled on the shorts and went after Gabriel. Granted, it wasn't like he could run after the beating yesterday and the sex this morning. Gabriel wasn't in the kitchen, so he headed toward the front door.

He walked outside to find Gabriel out on the porch, sitting on a bench, his arms resting on his knees and his head buried in his hands.

"Gabe," Neil said as he sat beside him. "I'm sorry you walked in on us like that. Ryan heard us last night and was worried I would choose you over him."

"So what, you chose Ryan?" Gabriel asked, sniffing. "Who do you want, Neil?"

"Both of you," he answered. "And you want Ryan as much as Ryan wants you. He told me how you were both hard for each other in the shower last night. Ryan's afraid you only want me. You pretty much walked in on Ryan making himself feel better by proving I want him, too."

"You want both of us?" Gabriel asked, finally lifting his head. "Ryan wants me, too?"

"Yes and yes." Neil moved Gabriel's arm so he could climb into his lap. "I just seem to be the only one who's able to say what he wants. I want you, Gabriel. I want you to touch me, to fuck me, to love me. That doesn't take away from me wanting the same from Ryan."

"I want that, too, Neil," Gabriel whispered. "But I can't claim you until you think about what I said last night."

"We'll figure that part out, Gabe," he replied, wrapping his arms around Gabriel's neck. "For right now, you and Ryan need to pull your heads out of your asses and realize you want each other. So the question is, Gabe, what are you going to do about it?"

Gabriel didn't say anything, just pressed his lips firmly against Neil's. Then he moved Neil off his lap, stood, and walked back into the house. Neil sat there, watching Gabriel leave, hoping that Gabriel and Ryan worked this out. Maybe he was being selfish for wanting

both of them. But fuck, they wanted each other too! They needed to stop being such dumb asses and just admit it. Neil hoped he'd put enough fuel to the fire for that to happen.

## Chapter 3

Ryan sat in the middle of the bed, the sheet pulled back up over him. He was such a dickhead. He probably just blew the best thing they ever had going for them. Ryan was just so upset from hearing Neil and Gabriel last night. Neil was hot, and Gabriel was gorgeous. Now they had each other, what did they need him for?

It wasn't like Ryan had never been pitched to the side before. It was the story of his life. But after meeting Neil, he thought he'd finally found someone who'd never get rid of him. It was him and Neil against the world. Now, Neil was sleeping in Gabriel's bed, and Ryan was all alone. Still, he was an ass for trying to insert himself the way he did. Neil trusted him, and he protected Neil as best he could. It seemed he had to start protecting Neil from himself.

Ryan didn't even bother looking up when someone walked back into the room and closed the door. He gasped when Gabriel hopped on the bed, pushing Ryan backward to lie down. Before he could say anything, Gabriel mashed his lips down on Ryan's. Melting into the kiss, he wrapped his arms around Gabriel's neck and moaned.

"Do you want me?" Gabriel asked roughly as he broke the kiss. "I need to know you want this, Ryan."

"Yes," he panted, opening his eyes to look into Gabriel's bright green ones. They were full of desire, desire for him. "More than anything, yes, I want you."

"That's all I needed to know." Gabriel growled and ripped off his shirt before returning to kissing Ryan.

He was so lost in the kiss he barely noticed when the sheet disappeared. When Gabriel started kissing along his jaw, Ryan

reached for Gabriel's cock to find his hands already there, trying to get his pants off. Instead, Ryan moved his hands along Gabriel's back, loving the feel of all his hard, strong muscles.

"Fuck, you are so gorgeous," Ryan moaned, kissing Gabriel's chest. "You're so strong, every inch of you is covered in hard muscles."

"You think I'm gorgeous?" Gabriel asked as he discarded his jeans, looking back up to Ryan. "Really?"

"Yes, really." He ran his hands over Gabriel's strong chest. Ryan felt wonderful when he felt the man shiver at his touch. "You're like a wet dream come to life."

"I think you are one of the most beautiful sights of my entire life," Gabriel said, his gaze slowly taking in every inch of Ryan's naked body. "I want to lick your sexy little body."

"Kiss me first," Ryan replied, opening his arms for Gabriel. The huge man lay over Ryan, and his form completely surrounded his own, making him feel safe and wanted. Ryan opened his legs wider, wrapping them around Gabriel's hips. They both groaned when their hard cocks started rubbing together.

"You feel so good, Ryan," Gabriel whispered against his ear as his hands slid down and grabbed Ryan's ass. Lifting him up so their cocks rubbed harder against each other, it didn't take long until Ryan was close to coming. "So fucking good."

"I'm almost there, Gabriel," he panted, kissing the man's neck. "Come with me."

"Almost, Ryan," Gabriel growled, licking the side of his neck. For some reason, Ryan wanted to bare his neck to Gabriel. He tilted his head to the side, feeling the man's teeth run along his neck. It was so hot it sent him over the edge. Crying out his release, his cock erupted between them.

"No, not yet," Gabriel panted, lifting his head up as he roared out his orgasm. Both of them coming all over each other, it was like heaven. After a few moments, Gabriel collapsed backward, bringing



Ryan down on his chest. Ryan could feel Gabriel's racing heart under his head, the loud beating calming him.

"That was so fucking hot," Neil said from the doorway, causing both of them to look up. Neil was standing there, completely flushed, his hand gently stroking his now spent cock.

"You liked that, baby?" Gabriel chuckled. "I think we had fun, too. Well, I did. Ryan?"

"Oh yeah, I had lots of fun." He giggled and buried his head in Gabriel's chest. "I have a question, though."

"Probably the same one I had last night," Neil answered, coming to sit on the bed next to them. "You wanted Gabriel to bite you, right?"

"Yeah, you wanted it, too?" he asked, confused. Ryan was definitely missing something.

"Oh yeah, I totally wanted him to bite me." Neil giggled. "You want to fill him in, Gabe?"

"It's the draw for us to mate," Gabriel explained, sitting up and moving Ryan to straddle his lap. "Dragons mate for life. We claim our mates by biting them, leaving our mark on their necks for everyone to see they've been claimed. That's what you felt—my need to claim you and your need to be claimed by me."

"So, if Neil felt it, too," he said slowly, trying to figure this out, "then we're both your mates?"

"You could be, if we decide to," Gabriel answered gently. "There are a few things you need to know first. One, if I claim you, you stay human but you live as long as I do. Which could quite possibly be forever. Two, dragons don't have any women in their species. We mate with men, and men have our children."

"I'm sorry, run that by me again?" Ryan asked, his jaw dropping, which had Neil laughing. "You've heard this part, I take it?"

"Yes, Gabe and I had this discussion last night," Neil said, getting serious.

“When we mate, there’s a knot that extends from my cock,” Gabriel continued. “It latches on to you inside, and the seed that’s released changes your body to get ready for a baby. It allows a womb to form so the child can grow in you. When it’s time for it to be born, your womb will attach itself to your anus. The baby comes out that way.”

“Well, fuck, that’s a new one,” Ryan said, snorting. “Of all the things I was ready for you to warn me about, that wasn’t one of them.”

“Sorry.” Gabriel lowered his head.

“No, Gabriel.” He took the man’s face in his hands. “I don’t mean it’s a bad thing. It’s just a little out there from what we’re raised to know about having babies. It’s an idea that’s going to take some time to sink in, okay? I’m not picking on you or trying to be a jerk. I just need to wrap my mind around it.”

“Okay, that I can understand,” Gabriel said, a half smile crossing his lips before he kissed Ryan. “I just wanted you to know what that bite means.”

“I appreciate that. Does that mean you want to mate with us? Or me?”

“I said we should take some time to get to know each other,” Neil threw in, “before we even start talking about being tied together for all eternity.”

“Good point,” Ryan said, nodding. “But I’m not against the idea. I’m just not sure it’s a yes yet, if that makes sense.”

“It makes sense,” Gabriel replied. “I’m pretty much at the same place.”

“On to more pressing matters,” Neil said, wrapping his arms around both of them.

“What, baby?” Gabriel chuckled.

“I’m hungry.” Neil pouted his bottom lip. “Feed me.”

“Well, we can’t have you hungry,” Gabriel said as they all got off the bed. “I’m too fond of this ass to let it waste away and go flat.” Ryan laughed as Gabriel gave Neil’s ass a loud smack.

“Let’s get cleaned up first,” Ryan said, heading to the bathroom. “And then we need to figure out some form of clothes.”

“Why?” Gabriel and Neil said together, causing them both to laugh.

Ryan watched as Gabriel and Neil laughed and chased each other about while they all got cleaned up and dressed. He really wished sometimes that he were more trusting. It would be nice to believe Gabriel wasn’t using them for something.

Since they were still sore from their beating, Gabriel insisted Ryan and Neil sit at the table while he made something for lunch.

“So, I was thinking,” Gabriel said when lunch was ready and they all sat down. “Maybe we should spend some time shopping online for you guys. Get you some clothes that might actually fit you. Anything else you might need?”

Ryan quickly looked at Neil, their communication silent as they agreed this was not a conversation they wanted to have. If they told Gabriel they didn’t have any money, he might start asking more questions. Eventually he’d know what they’d been through, and he wouldn’t want them after that. Gabriel would surely see them as damaged and not worth keeping.

“Ryan, Neil,” Gabriel said softly, drawing their gazes back to him. “I know you don’t have any money. I don’t want you to worry about that. I have lots and lots of money. I’ve been alive for centuries, and it’s hard not to accumulate wealth when you’ve been around that long. What I don’t have is fun. I’ve been happier in the day you’ve been here than I can remember. I’ve never had anyone to share that money with. Do you understand?”

Ryan looked at Neil again. It was obvious he was as confused as Ryan. They both shook their heads.

“Money doesn’t mean anything to me,” Gabriel explained. “It can’t buy me companionship, or make me laugh, or care about me. You guys can. If I can use that money that is just sitting there to make you comfortable or get you stuff you need, that would make it useful for once.”

“And what do you want in return?” Ryan asked skeptically, not liking this conversation. It really wasn’t helping him trust Gabriel more.

“Nothing, Ryan,” Gabriel replied, taken back. “A thank you and a kiss, if you want. Hopefully, it will make you guys happy to have some of your own things. And when you’re happy, it makes me happy.”

“Ryan’s not trying to hurt your feelings, Gabe,” Neil said, getting up and climbing onto Gabriel’s lap. “We just haven’t ever had anyone in our lives do something nice for us and not want something in return.”

“I’m sorry that’s how life has been for you both,” Gabriel whispered. “I just wanted to do something nice to show you I really like having you here.”

“I know, Gabe,” Neil answered, kissing him gently. “You just have to be patient with us, okay? You’re nothing like what we’re used to, in a good way. We’re both pretty much scared of our own shadows. Well, at least I am.”

“I don’t want you to be scared of me,” Gabriel said, his eyes tearing up.

“We’re not scared of you,” Ryan explained. “We’re scared of getting hurt. Waiting for the other shoe to drop, if that’s how you want to put it.”

“Okay, well, I guess I can see how you’d feel that way,” Gabriel replied. “Think of it this way. As much as I like you both running around in nothing but my shirts,” to make his point, he slipped his hands under Neil’s shirt and squeezed his ass, “at some point and time, I’m thinking you’d like to wear real clothes. How about we get

you guys some stuff, and we'll say you can repay me by helping me on the ranch? Would that work?"

"Yes," Neil moaned, leaning back into Gabriel's hands playing with his ass. Ryan just nodded, entranced in Neil's movements and pleasure. Ryan rubbed his now hard cock through his shorts as Gabriel whipped off Neil's shirt. He lifted the little man onto the table, and as Gabriel looked into Neil's eyes, he swallowed Neil's cock whole. "Oh, fuck."

"Shit," Ryan hissed, watching.

"Ryan," Neil groaned, gesturing for him to come closer. "I want your cock in my mouth." Ryan almost melted into the floor at his request. He leaned over to kiss Neil first before dropping his shorts. He stepped closer to the table and guided his cock into Neil's open mouth.

"Fuck me," Ryan moaned as Neil's tongue went to work on him.

Gabriel must have done something Neil really enjoyed, because he started sucking furiously on Ryan's cock. He thrust his hips a few times into Neil's mouth, unable to stop himself, before exploding his load down Neil's throat. While Neil and Gabriel were still preoccupied, Ryan recovered, then had an idea.

Quietly crawling under the table, he stopped between Gabriel's legs and reached for the zipper of his jeans. Gabriel tensed up before relaxing and spreading his legs wider to allow Ryan access. Undoing the fly of his jeans, Ryan was astounded at what he found. He had felt Gabriel's cock when they were rubbing together earlier, but he hadn't had much of a chance to look at it.

His cock had to be at least ten or eleven inches fully erect, like it was now. Ryan would never get that all the way in his mouth. How would he ever get that in his ass? He wrapped both hands around the massive cock and started moving them while he licked and explored the mushroom head.

Ryan heard Neil cry out his release above him and smiled. Neil was so gorgeous when he came. He couldn't get enough of seeing it.

He wanted to watch Neil in the throes of passion for the rest of his life. The images in his head of Gabriel pleasing Neil spurred him on to suck more of the man's massive cock.

"Oh, fuck, *piccola*, that feels wonderful," Gabriel grunted as his hands grabbed on to Ryan's hair. "Please don't stop, *piccola*."

Ryan felt invigorated to be giving the large, sexy man so much pleasure. He worked one hand faster while the other hand went to massage Gabriel's balls. It didn't take long for the man to stiffen up before roaring out his release. Ryan quickly swallowed spurt after spurt of Gabriel's cum, licking the rest off his now softening cock when he was done.

He looked up at Gabriel's hooded gaze and smiled. The man smiled gently back before picking him up and placing Ryan in his lap. Gabriel kissed him gently, then laid kisses all along his chin and neck.

"Thank you, *piccola*, that was amazing."

"Gabriel, what does that word mean?" Ryan asked, snuggling his head into Gabriel's neck.

"It's how you say baby in Italian," Gabriel whispered against his ear. "Not baby like infant, more like 'my baby', like I call Neil. You're my baby, too, at least I'd like you to be. So I called you it in Italian so you knew I was referring to you and not Neil. Why? Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I do." Ryan smiled against Gabriel's neck then planted soft kisses on it. "I like it a lot. I want to be your baby, too."

"Now we all have nicknames." Neil giggled, sitting on the table naked. "I'm baby, Ryan's *piccola*, and Gabriel's Gabe. Though I have some other ideas of what to call him."

"Ugh, you're going to be the death of me," Gabriel groaned. "As much as I'd love to find out, I have to get back to the horses. Do either of you know how to use a computer?"

"I do," Ryan said, scrunching his eyebrows together as Gabriel lowered him from his lap. "Why?"

"I was going to get my laptop for you." Gabriel walked over to the counter to grab a sleek, expensive-looking laptop. "Here is my debit card for when you check out. I wrote down my banking information and the address here. Just type that in and have it shipped here, okay?"

"You trust us with this?" Neil asked, his eyes wide. "Why?"

"Because I know neither of you would intentionally hurt me," Gabriel answered easily, shrugging his shoulders. "Order whatever you guys need or want. Have fun with it. But after that, maybe you guys should get some rest. You're still healing."

"Okay, but only if you join us when you get back in." Neil wiggled his eyebrows. He leaned up his head, lips puckered, waiting for his kiss. It made Gabriel and Ryan both chuckle, but Ryan wanted a kiss, too, so he stood there and did the same.

"What did I do before I met the two of you?" Gabriel asked, kissing Neil and then Ryan before heading out the door.

"Can you believe he trusts us?" Neil asked, hopping off the table and grabbing his shirt. "I don't know that I've ever had anyone trust me like that besides you."

"I know," Ryan replied. "I think he's trying to show we can trust him by showing he trusts us. It's either really smart and sweet, or very tricky of him."

"Come on, Gabe's given us plenty of reasons to believe he's not going to abuse us." They pulled chairs in front of the computer. "Even the guys who tricked us before were never this nice to us."

"That's true," Ryan answered thoughtfully as they connected to the Internet. "But I don't think we should let him bite us until we're sure."

"Okay, I can agree on that," Neil muttered. "If we know for sure, though, I want him to. I want to stay here with him, Ryan. I think he really cares about us, and I really like him. And as freaked out as I was at first, I kind of like the idea of having Gabe's baby."

"I'm not sure yet, Neil," he answered softly as he found the right clothing website. "Would you do it without me? If I say no, will you still stay?"

"I don't know, Ryan," Neil replied. "Let's not talk about that until you decide, okay? We're in a good mood, having fun. Let's not put a damper on it."

Ryan agreed with Neil, and he showed him by leaning over and kissing him. It was full of promise, the promise of being happy, of being together, of being a family.

"After we shop for clothes," Ryan said when they broke the kiss, "we need to shop for a few other things. Have you seen the size of Gabriel's cock? It's massive. There's no way we can fit that in our asses without preparing for it."

"What do you mean?" Neil asked as they added pajamas in their sizes to their shopping cart.

"I'll show you when we're done," he replied, pointing to the jeans he liked. They spent the next twenty minutes picking out jeans, shirts, boxers, sneakers, and a few other items. When they were done, they looked at each other when the total came up.

"Do you think that's too much?" Neil asked, looking worried. "I mean, he told us to get all this, right?"

"Yeah, he did," Ryan replied, not sure what to do. "Let's remove some of it. We can wash clothes more often."

"Good idea." Neil nodded. "I don't want Gabriel thinking we're trying to take advantage of him. It was really nice to offer this for us, and I don't want to abuse it."

Ryan agreed. After they removed about a third of the stuff, they checked out and had everything shipped to the ranch. Then Ryan found a sex toy site that delivered. He glanced over when he saw Neil's eyes bug out of his head.

"This was what I was talking about."

"Butt plugs?" Neil asked sounding confused. "What are those for?"



“To stretch us out,” he answered, chuckling. “You work up in size so you can be with someone bigger than you. Otherwise, it would really hurt to have Gabriel’s cock in our asses. We’ll each get the three-size set, okay?”

“If you say so, Ryan,” Neil said, looking skeptical. “But you’re going to have to show me how to use it.”

“My pleasure,” he purred as he leaned in to nibble on Neil’s ear. “I love anything to do with your tight little ass.”

“Hey, I have a nice ass.” Neil giggled as he squirmed. Ryan knew Neil’s ears were a hot spot for him.

“Yes, you do,” Ryan groaned as he focused back on the laptop, finishing their transaction. “Okay, all done. Race you to bed!”

Ryan ran to Gabriel’s bedroom with Neil on his heels as they both leapt for the bed and landed on top of each other. They giggled as they untangled themselves before they realized they were both hard and their cocks were pressing together. Ryan leaned over and pulled off Neil’s shirt, mashing his lips to Neil’s. In response, Neil took off Ryan’s shorts so they were completely skin-to-skin.

“I want you to ride me, Neil,” Ryan moaned, leaning over to grab the lube. “I want in your ass so badly.”

“Take my ass, Ryan, please,” Neil panted, straddling Ryan and rubbing their cocks together. He grabbed the lube from Ryan, poured some on his fingers, then reached behind to get himself ready. By the time Ryan was done rubbing lube onto his cock, Neil was positioning himself over him.

“You are so perfect, Neil,” he whispered, having trouble catching his breath at the sight of Neil aroused and moving onto Ryan’s waiting cock. They both moaned as Neil lowered himself down until he bottomed out. Ryan grasped his hips to help Neil as he slowly began working his cock in and out of Neil.

“Ryan, this feels so good,” Neil grunted, picking up the pace. “I need more.”

“I know,” he said, smiling and reaching for Neil’s cock, stroking it. “Is that what you needed, Neil?”

“Yes,” Neil hissed, rocking himself faster. Ryan matched the pace until he thought his eyes were going to roll into the back of his head. Just as he was going to warn Neil he was coming, Neil cried out and his cock exploded. Jets of white seed landed all over Ryan’s hand and stomach. The muscles inside Neil clamped down on his cock, and Ryan screamed as he thrust up into Neil, riding out his orgasm.

Neil collapsed on top of him, ignoring the spunk he lay upon. Ryan wrapped his arms around Neil when he snuggled his head under Ryan’s. Sometime after coming down from their climaxes, they both found sleep.

## Chapter 4

Gabriel came back a few hours after feeding the horses and mucking some stalls. He laughed when he saw that lunch hadn't been cleaned up. His men were very literal. If he said order clothes and take a nap, he was pretty sure that was what they did, and all they did. As he washed the dishes, he hoped one day they would feel more comfortable, freer to do what they wanted.

After listening to them today, he tried his best not to pull them both into his arms and promise to protect them from the world. Ryan and Neil probably never had a single person love them or take care of them. It was going to be hard to get them to understand that's all he wanted to do. Gabriel wanted them to be happy, to love them. All he really wanted was their love back in return, when they were ready to give it.

He walked into the bedroom and clamped a hand over his mouth to keep himself from laughing. Both his men were on the bed, naked. Neil was collapsed on top of Ryan, Ryan's cock still in Neil's ass. It seemed they had some fun while he was out working. Gabriel was sad he missed it.

Turning into the bathroom, he turned on the tub and poured in some bubble bath. He was going to have to wake them up to get them clean. Waiting for the tub to fill, he headed back to his laptop to see what they bought. Gabriel shook his head when he saw they only spent a few hundred dollars. That wouldn't buy many clothes, especially for two of them.

Gabriel decided he'd have to order much more for them later. Jotting down the sizes they ordered, he closed the laptop and checked

on the tub. He went back to the bed and gently picked up Neil, pulling him close to his chest.

“Wake up, baby,” he whispered as he kissed Neil’s face gently. “Wake up, sleepy.”

“Gabe, my Gabe,” Neil said, opening his eyes and smiling. “Missed you.”

“I missed you, too, baby,” Gabriel replied. “Time to get you cleaned up. Seems you fell asleep after sex with Ryan.”

“Oh, sorry,” Neil said, his face flushing. “It just kind of happened.”

Gabriel just nodded. He wasn’t upset. He just wished he had been there for it. He went back to wake up Ryan, who was just as cute when he woke up. Getting both his little men in the large tub, he quickly stripped off his clothes to join them. He loved that both of them were watching his every move intently.

Once he was in the tub, he let out a groan as he felt the hot water seep into his weary muscles. Gabriel knew he had to bring up the lack of stuff they bought, but how could he do that without raising issues?

“So, guys, I saw the receipt for what you bought,” he said, keeping his voice even. As quick as a rabbit, Neil went over to Ryan. He pushed Neil behind him, blocking him from the perceived threat.

“We put a lot of the stuff back,” Ryan said quickly. “You didn’t tell us how much to spend. We didn’t mean to go over what you wanted.”

“Ryan, Neil, come here,” Gabriel whispered, crossing the large tub to them. “I’m not upset that you spent too much. I’m not upset at all. I just wanted to say you could have spent a lot more. I thought you would have spent more. I just wanted to know why you didn’t”

“You’re not mad?” Neil asked, peeking around Ryan. “Really?”

“Really, baby,” he answered, moving to take them both in his arms. “I’m not upset, *piccola*.”

“Sorry,” Ryan said, snuggling closer into Gabriel’s shoulder. “The men who used to have us would get that tone of voice before they beat us.”

“I’m not going to beat you, ever,” Gabriel answered, choking back tears. “I would gladly give every dollar I have to never see that look of fear again. Especially pointed at me. You never have to fear me.”

“We can’t help it,” Neil whispered. “It’s not that we’re afraid of you. It’s just instinct for us to hide when someone talks to us like that. The cool, even tone like you’re holding back your anger—they used to tell us we weren’t worth getting angry over.”

“I was trying to keep my tone even,” Gabriel replied, sighing. “I didn’t want you to think I was mad, but I ended up doing exactly the wrong thing.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Gabe.” Neil kissed his lips. “We’re not scared of you. We’re just scared of being abused again.”

“I know, baby.” He planted kisses all over Neil’s face and then Ryan’s. “I’ll never abuse you. I’d rather die than hurt either of you.”

“Thank you,” Ryan said as he exchanged a look with Neil. “I think you’ve been working too hard today. You need to let us take care of you.”

Gabriel didn’t really know what Ryan meant as they got up off his lap. He caught on quickly when Neil grabbed the soap and Ryan took a clean washcloth off the shelf by the tub. After handing it to Neil, Ryan took the bottle of shampoo and poured some in his hand. His gorgeous men proceeded to wash Gabriel’s hair and body.

“I don’t deserve either of you.” He groaned as Neil washed his chest and Ryan rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. “Much less both of you to take care of me like this. I don’t think anyone’s ever taken care of me, ever.”

“You want to take care of us,” Neil said with lust-filled eyes as he worked the washcloth lower. “Why wouldn’t we want to take care of you, too?”

"I guess that makes sense." He hissed as Neil started to wash his rock-hard cock. "I've just never had anyone want to before."

"We want to, Gabe," Ryan whispered as he nibbled on Gabriel's earlobe. Ryan's other hand started to caress his sac as Neil worked his cock. "We want you to be happy."

"I've very, very happy right now," Gabriel panted. He was so close to coming. "That feels amazing, I love it when you touch me."

His words must have spurred on both smaller men, because they started working him faster. This wasn't where he had seen taking a bath to end up, but he sure as hell wasn't complaining. Gabriel groaned as he started thrusting his hips up into Neil's grasp. When Neil leaned in and started kissing the other side of his neck, that's all it took. Gabriel cried out his release, coming harder than he could ever remember.

The reality of his two hot little men touching him like this, at the same time, was too much for him. Spurt after spurt of his seed exploded from his cock until he thought his balls had nothing left to give ever again.

"Did you like that, Gabe?" Neil purred in his ear. "Did we take good care of you?"

"Fantastic care of me." Gabriel chuckled as his heart started to slow down. "Thank you, my loves."

\* \* \* \*

A week later, both Neil and Ryan had healed. To Gabriel's surprise, Ryan had taken to the domestic duties of the house. He was always making sure their bed was made and that the dishes and laundry were done. Even more surprising was when Ryan asked Gabriel to teach him how to cook. They started off with the basics, scrambled eggs, pasta, and roasted chicken. But Ryan had mastered those quickly and branched out.

Most times Gabriel would come in from the morning feeding of the horses to lunch made and Ryan on his laptop looking up recipes. Both men learned how to navigate the computer amazingly quickly. The clothes they originally ordered and the extras Gabriel bought had arrived. Gabriel was surprised how much he missed both of them running around in his clothes.

He knew they needed their own things to make them feel more at home, but it always thrilled him to see them in his shirts. The ache to claim them was becoming stronger every day, almost to the point he had to avoid doing anything remotely sexual with either man.

Neil ended up loving to work the ranch with Gabriel, following him and learning everything he could about horses and how to take care of them. It was no surprise that the first day Neil wasn't in pain he wanted to go riding with Gabriel. They fell into a regular routine of taking a ride before lunch. Neil was incredibly astute and caught on to riding and handling horses easily.

Neil becoming adept at handling Gabriel's horses almost made him sad. While he was thrilled Neil was so happy, he loved holding his little man close to his chest while they rode one of the horses. Gabriel decided that today was their last day riding together, and tomorrow Neil would be able to ride his own horse.

"I think tomorrow you'll be ready, baby," Gabriel told Neil as he hopped up behind Neil on his horse. "You should be more than able to handle the horse we've been riding on your own."

"Oh, good," Neil replied, not sounding as happy as Gabriel would have thought. "I'll bet you'll be glad to get back to riding on your own."

"Actually, the opposite," Gabriel replied quietly. "I was thinking of saying you needed more time with me."

"Why?" Neil turned his head around to look into Gabriel's eyes.

"I like riding with you," he admitted, his face flushing. "I love the way you feel in my arms, snug against my chest. Our time riding together has become really special to me."

"I like it, too," Neil answered, puckering his lips for a kiss. It was one of the most endearing things his baby did. Gabriel was always more than willing to oblige, like now. "Maybe we could still ride together sometimes, I mean, if you want to."

"I want to very much, baby." Gabriel smiled as he snuggled his face into Neil's curls. He started the horse into a gallop and was surprised when Neil let out a moan and started shaking in his arms. "What's wrong, Neil?"

"Feels so good, almost too good," his little man panted. Gabriel couldn't figure out what Neil was talking about as his moans continued. "Wanted to get ready for you."

"What do you mean, Neil?" he asked, almost concerned, but Neil's moans seemed to be pleasurable. "Get ready for me how?"

"Ryan said we couldn't take you," Neil grunted in between gallops. He must have realized he wasn't making much sense, so he grabbed Gabriel's hand and moved it to his erection. "We've been preparing ourselves to have sex with you."

"Oh, fuck," Gabriel groaned, realizing what Neil meant. "Baby, do you have a butt plug in?"

"Yes," Neil hissed, moving his hips so his hard cock rubbed against Gabriel's hand harder. "Touch me, Gabe."

Gabriel grabbed Neil's cock through his jeans and spurred the horse to move faster. "Do you like that, baby? Are you going to come for me?"

"Yes, so close," Neil whimpered, leaning his head back on Gabriel's chest. "I want you so badly, Gabe."

Just as he was going to tell Neil that he wanted him, too, Neil cried out loudly and came. Gabriel bit back his groan as his own dick swelled in his jeans. He wanted in Neil's little ass so badly it hurt. The past week they had still made out, giving each other hand and blow jobs. But none of them had sex yet. Gabriel was trying not to pressure them into mating with him. He only wanted them as his mates if they wanted to be.



“You are so beautiful when you come, Neil,” he said as he turned the horse back toward the house. “I could watch you orgasm a thousand times a day for the rest of my life.”

“I think a thousand a day would kill me.” Neil giggled and snuggled back into Gabriel’s chest. “But I’d be willing to try.”

“I wouldn’t be willing to risk you or Ryan.” He chuckled as they reached the house. Gabriel slid off the horse and then lifted Neil down. “Go on and get cleaned up for lunch. I’ll see to the horse and be in shortly.”

“Thanks, Gabe,” Neil answered, tilting his head up and waiting for his kiss. “That was the best ride yet.”

Gabriel almost swallowed his tongue when he kissed Neil and the little man rubbed his cock through his jeans suggestively. He smiled and gave Neil a smack on the ass as he turned away to run into the house. Gabriel had lived so many years, and yet he couldn’t think of a time he’d been as happy as he was the past week with Neil and Ryan.

He shook his head and laughed as he led the horse into the stable. Gabriel couldn’t get over how quickly he had fallen in love with both men. Love? Where had that come from? Did he really love Neil and Ryan? Just the thought of them not in his life made his chest hurt. Yes, he was madly in love, and he couldn’t wait to tell them.

Finishing up with the horse, he hurried back toward the house. Gabriel walked into the kitchen to find lunch ready but otherwise empty. He headed back to their room, loving that it was now their room. Ever since the day in the bathtub when Neil and Ryan had washed him, they had slept in his bed.

“So what are we going to do, Ryan?” he heard Neil ask from where he stood in the hallway. It made Gabriel stop in his tracks.

“I guess that depends. How do you feel for him?” Ryan replied. “I mean, can you picture our lives without Gabriel anymore?”

“No, but I love you,” Neil answered. “I love Gabe, too, though.”

"I love you, too, Neil," Ryan replied, sniffing. It killed Gabriel that his little *piccola* was crying. "I just don't think Gabriel wants me. I think he keeps me around because he loves you."

"That's not true," Neil and Gabriel said at the same time as he walked into the bedroom. "I love you, *piccola*. I realized how much I love you both while I was in the stable and raced in here to tell you. But then I heard part of your conversation."

"You love me?" Ryan whispered, his eyes as big as saucers, as if in awe. "Really?"

"Yes, I love you, Ryan," he answered as he sat on the bed and lifted Ryan into his arms. "I love you, and I love Neil. The idea of either of you not in my life makes my chest hurt. I don't love Neil and only want you around because of him. I love you, Ryan, because you are who you are. You're a lot tougher than you give yourself credit for. I know you would protect me or Neil with your life without even thinking about it."

"Of course I would—" Ryan started to say but Gabriel interrupted him.

"I love that you want to help make this a home for both of us," Gabriel continued. "You do any little thing you can to take care of us. I know you've been hurt before and it's hard for you to trust again, yet here you are trying, *piccola*. You already trust Neil, I know that. All I want is for you to trust and love me, too."

"I do love you, Gabriel," Ryan whispered before his body started shaking with the sobs he must have been withholding. "Please don't get rid of me. I just want to stay here with you and Neil forever."

"I want that, too, *piccola*," Gabriel replied, holding Ryan tighter to his chest. "I hope you and Neil will stay with me forever."

"Then why have you barely touched me the past couple of days?" Ryan asked in between sobs. "I thought you didn't want me anymore!"

"Oh, Ryan, that's not it at all," he answered, kissing Ryan's hair. "I've had trouble controlling myself around you both. I want to take

you and claim you so badly it hurts. I'm scared I would bite you without thinking or being able to stop myself."

"You want me that badly?" Ryan replied, lifting his head to look into Gabriel's eyes. "Neil, too?"

"Yes, I do," Gabriel whispered against Ryan's lips, then gently licked them. "I can't control myself around you and Neil. All I want to do is make love to you and make you mine forever. I've been so scared to bring it up. I didn't want to push you. I swear I never meant to make you feel unwanted."

To prove his point, he took Ryan's hand and moved it to his thick erection that was about to break out of his jeans.

"I want you both more than I want air," he said as Ryan squeezed his cock through his jeans. "I wake up so hard with you both next to me that I have to run and jack off in the shower. The idea of being buried in your hot little ass keeps me up at night."

"We came to a decision," Neil said, crawling closer to them. "We both want you to claim us, Gabe. Ryan just wasn't sure you still wanted both of us. Ryan and I were deciding what to do when you came in. I had just told Ryan I even want to have your baby. That's how much I love you, Gabe."

"Oh, baby," he cried out, grabbing Neil into their embrace. "You both make me so happy, I don't even have the words."

"I want you to claim me, too, Gabe," Ryan whispered. "If you really still want me, I'm all yours. Well, I'm Neil's, too. I want you both."

"*Piccola*, you don't know how much I want you." Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Neil told me how you came up with the idea to prepare yourselves for me. It means so much to me that you were so thoughtful."

"Will you do it now?" Ryan asked, his eyes still showing how scared he was of rejection.

"If you're ready, I don't want to wait another moment to make you mine forever," Gabriel answered before mashing his lips down to Ryan's. "I can't claim you both at the same time."

"I'll wait for you guys in the kitchen," Neil said before kissing them both quickly. "Gabe can claim me after lunch."

"Are you sure, Neil?" Ryan answered, turning toward Neil. "I feel like I'm kicking you out."

"No, silly." Neil giggled. "This is your guys' moment. Gabe and I will have ours later."

Gabriel watched Neil climb off the bed, stunned that his baby realized Ryan needed to be claimed first. Ryan needed that reassurance of being wanted so badly that Gabriel had to do it right now.

"Are you ready, Ryan?" he asked after Neil left the room. "Will you let me claim you?"

"Yes, Gabe," Ryan answered, taking off his shirt. "I want you to take me now."

"Thank god," Gabriel moaned, lowering his lips back down to Ryan's. He poured all his passion and desire for Ryan into that kiss. He lowered Ryan back onto the bed as he made quick work of removing their clothes. Gabriel's massive body surrounded every inch of his little mate. Starting to kiss his way down Ryan's body, he made sure to pay special attention to his nipples.

They were such a hot spot for Ryan, Gabriel thought one day he could get his mate to come just from playing with them. For now, he was able to keep moving down, no longer able to wait to get inside Ryan's ass. When he got to his mate's hard cock, he licked the head a few times before lifting Ryan's legs up toward his chest. He gasped at the wondrous sight of Ryan spread out before him like a buffet.

"You are so amazing, *piccola*," he groaned before reaching and pulling out the butt plug Ryan was wearing, too. "Fuck, I'm going to play with these plugs and your ass over and over again."

"Not now. I want your cock in me," Ryan panted. "Please, Gabe."

“Later, I promise. Right now, I’m dying to get inside this tight ass.” He grabbed the lube off the nightstand. Gabriel lubed up his cock and fingers, sliding two into Ryan just to make sure he was stretched and ready for him. It would kill him if his size ever hurt either of his mates, so he needed to be sure. When the two fingers were easily sucked into Ryan’s tight hole, he slipped in a third. He groaned when the third went right in. Ryan was ready.

“On your hands and knees, Ryan,” Gabriel growled, releasing Ryan’s legs. “That’s how dragons claim their mates.”

Ryan looked up at him for a second, his eyes filled with part lust and part excitement. Then he rolled over, laying his head down on a pillow and sticking his ass in the air for Gabriel. Gabriel took a deep breath, lined up his cock, and slowly began to push in.

“Oh, fuck, you feel even better than I thought, Ryan,” he groaned as he pushed in. Once Gabriel was balls deep in, he fought to stay still so his *piccola* could adjust to his size. “Are you ready, Ryan?”

“Yes, please,” Ryan moaned, pushing himself back against Gabriel, trying to impale himself on Gabriel’s cock. “Gabe, take me now. I need you to take me.”

“I’m not going to last long, *piccola*,” he grunted, starting to thrust in and out of Ryan. “I’ve wanted you for too long.”

“I’ve wanted you, too,” Ryan groaned as he started thrusting his hips back to meet Gabriel’s. “Harder, Gabe, fuck me harder.”

“You are so perfect for me, Ryan.” He picked up the pace and force. Being inside Ryan was as close as Gabriel thought he would ever get to heaven. His little mate’s body was absolutely flawless to him. “I love you, Ryan”

“I love you, Gabe,” Ryan answered. “I’m so close.”

“Come for me, my love,” Gabriel said, thrusting even faster, holding desperately tight on to his hips. He was afraid of leaving bruises, but his drive to claim Ryan had taken over. Gabriel pounded into his mate, holding nothing back. He never wanted this moment to end.

“Fuck, right there,” Ryan cried out, starting to stiffen because of his impending orgasm.

“Mine, mine always,” he growled before leaning over and sinking his extended canines into Ryan’s neck. Gabriel heard Ryan scream out in pleasure as his muscles caressed Gabriel’s cock. That was all it took to push him over the edge, too. He raised his head and roared out his release. Gabriel pistoned into Ryan the last few times before his knot extended and locked him inside Ryan.

“Oh, fuck, Gabe,” Ryan moaned loudly. “Don’t stop moving. It attached on to my sweet spot. I’m going to come again.”

“Come for me, my mate,” Gabriel said, moving his hips in a circle. He couldn’t move all that much since the knot attached them, but he wanted to give Ryan every ounce of pleasure he could. “I want you to come again, *piccola*.”

“Yes,” Ryan hissed as Gabriel reached around and grabbed his hard cock and stroked it. It always amazed him how quickly both of his men could recover. Gabriel thought he would have gotten hard again if he wasn’t still experiencing wave after wave of his climax. Ryan’s cum shot all over his hand and the sheets as his little mate came again.

“You taste as good as you look,” Gabriel said, licking Ryan’s seed off his hand as his knot receded. He slowly pulled his spent cock out of his mate’s ass. They both groaned at the sensations it sent through their bodies. “Fuck, that was more than I could ever have imagined.”

“Am I really yours forever now?” Ryan asked as Gabriel collapsed on the bed next to him.

“Yes, Ryan,” he answered, smiling and pulling his little mate back against his chest. “Always and forever mine. I love you so much, *piccola*.”

“I love you, too, Gabe,” Ryan replied, burrowing his head into Gabriel’s chest. “That was amazing. Will it always be like that?”

“I hope so.” Gabriel chuckled. “Maybe we’ll even get better with practice.”

## Chapter 5

Neil knew he made the right choice giving Gabriel and Ryan time together. Ryan especially needed it to fight his fears of Gabriel not wanting him. It was still killing Neil that they were just down the hall having hot sex and he was left to listen. After several minutes of pacing the kitchen, he decided to go get some air. He grabbed one of the books he ordered online and headed out to the front porch.

He remembered liking to read as a kid, but it had become a passion. Now that he had the freedom to choose what to do with his time, Neil read as often as possible. Granted, it had only been a week, but he'd already read at least a dozen books. It was amusing where his tastes ran. He either liked romance novels with a happy ending or history books.

Figuring it had to do with the lack of happiness in his life thus far, the romance novels made sense. He also thought the history books interested him because he didn't get to be in school very long. Neil had realized yesterday that he wanted to get his high school diploma. Maybe he'd talk to Gabe and Ryan about that over lunch, if they weren't too wiped from their amazing sex.

Frustrated with himself, he tried to focus on his book again. It wasn't like he was jealous—he knew Gabe and Ryan both loved him—he just felt left out, which was silly. They needed alone time to be claimed. So why was he feeling so insecure? It had been his idea to give them some time alone, and it wasn't like they kicked him out.

Neil decided he wasn't going to get any reading done. He tossed the book on the porch swing and headed to the stable. At least he could help out with some chores if his mind wasn't going to shut up.

When he got there, Neil started mucking up one of the stalls. After a few minutes, he pulled off his shirt to try and battle the heat.

His mind started to wander back to all the times he'd been left out before. Even as a child, sitting at the orphanage watching other children be chosen to go to loving homes. Every time he'd been passed over, he had cried. Neil knew it was silly to take it so personally, but he couldn't help how he felt. When he was finally chosen at thirteen, the whole thing had been a sham.

Neil thought he'd been adopted by a loving couple that had other orphaned children they were raising. Instead, he had been passed along to a disturbed older man who liked young boys. He knew something was wrong the moment the couple took him to the man's home. Neil had been frantic to leave, finally silenced when the older man slapped him.

He crawled to the corner of the room and tucked himself into as small of a target as possible. When the couple who adopted him finished their discussion with the man, they left. That's when his hell started. The man made Neil call him Papa. Papa pulled Neil onto his lap and explained the rules of living at his home. Even while Papa was telling him how his life would be, Neil knew this would not be the loving home he had always wanted.

Looking back now, Neil could see that Papa was a lot like the creepy old guy on *Family Guy*. Yeah, he'd been beaten for disobeying, but other than that, the real punishment was mental.

After Papa deemed Neil to be too old at sixteen, he was sold into slavery. He was bought by a militia group that decided all women were part dragon, so instead, they kept a few *pets*—other boys like Neil, who were beaten, mistreated, and used like property. Neil wasn't treated quite as badly as the other boys, though. The group's leader had deemed Neil his personal pet.

His first day with the group, the leader used, abused, and beaten him hard. Neil had been left in a small room with a sink to tend to his own wounds. Every day after that, the leader would come to his room.



He still had some of the scars on his back and legs from those beatings. For almost three years, he spent time as the leader's pet.

The leader normally came to Neil's room twice a day, mostly to force himself on Neil. There were rare occasions where the leader was drunk and just wanted someone to beat. At first, Neil tried to resist all of it, but he was so much smaller and weaker than the other man. So he resigned himself to his life and stopped fighting.

Then one night, Neil heard gunfire and small explosions. He hoped that finally someone was there to rescue him. Instead, it had been another lawless group taking over the leader and his men. They tossed Neil into the back of a van and took him to the compound where he met Ryan.

Ryan saved Neil on his first day from one of the other sex slaves. It seemed the other men in his position had taken to acting out against the other slaves. One of them tried to rape Neil his first night there, but Ryan stepped in and fought the other man off. They became instant friends and grew into lovers, though they both agreed they wouldn't have sex until they were able to escape.

It took several months of careful planning, but finally one night when the men who held them had a party, they escaped. They ran as fast and far away as they could. Neil and Ryan had only been free a few weeks when the men had caught up to them in the alley. Neil thought they were going to die that day until Gabriel stepped in and saved them. He owed his life to Ryan and Gabriel.

So why was he still upset that they were having sex together without him? A hand on his shoulder snapped him out of his thoughts.

"No!" he screamed and spun around with the pitchfork to fight. Neil dropped the pitchfork when he realized it was just Gabriel.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Gabriel asked, opening his arms for Neil. "I didn't mean to scare you. I called your name a few times, but you seemed to be lost in your thoughts."

"Sorry," Neil answered, embarrassed but still not going to Gabriel. "I wasn't paying attention."

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” Gabriel looked concerned. “Why are you still standing there like I’m going to hit you?”

“I’m fine. Did you have fun with Ryan?” he snapped, not able to control his emotions. “I bet it was real fun without me.”

“Neil, you said you wanted to give us some alone time,” Gabriel said, moving slowly toward him. “Why are you so upset?”

“I don’t know,” Neil whispered. “I know it was my idea.”

“Can you come here, baby?”

“No, I don’t want to.”

“Why not, Neil?”

“I don’t know,” Neil cried out as he fell to his knees. He couldn’t hold back the sobs any longer. It was ridiculous that he was crying, but the tears came anyway. Neil was in Gabriel’s arms the second after he collapsed on the floor of the stable.

“Baby, tell me what I did wrong,” Gabriel pleaded. “Please tell me how I hurt you.”

“You didn’t, Gabe,” he answered, feeling stupid. “I don’t know why I’m so upset. I wanted you to have some time alone with Ryan, but then I felt so left out. I tried to read, but my mind just kept racing to all the other times I’d been left out before. Then it was like everything bad that ever happened to me was replayed in my mind. I couldn’t stop it.”

“No one will ever hurt you again, Neil,” Gabriel cooed, running his hands through Neil’s hair. “I won’t let them.”

“What if you don’t want me anymore?” He sniffled as the tears finally started to dry up. “Now that you have Ryan, you don’t really need a second mate.”

“I didn’t really need a mate at all, baby,” Gabriel explained. “I want you both. I still want you, even more now that I’ve claimed Ryan. I want to share that with you as well.”

“I’m so sorry, Gabe,” Neil said, the tears starting again. “I don’t know why I’m being so stupid.”

“Neil, listen to me.” Gabriel grabbed his chin gently so Neil had to look at him. “You are not being stupid. You’ve been hurt so badly in the past, I understand why you’re scared. But I’m telling you I want you, Neil. I want you more and more every day to be mine. I will do whatever you want to belong to you, baby.”

“Really? You want to belong to me?” Neil asked, shocked. He’d realized that he’d be Gabriel’s once he was claimed, but he never thought of Gabriel being his. “I guess I didn’t think of it that way.”

“Being mated means we belong to each other,” Gabriel answered. “I belong to you just as much as you belong to me. It’s not just if you want to be mine. I’m also asking if you want me to be yours, Neil.”

“Yes, I want you,” Neil whispered, blushing. “You and Ryan are all I’ve ever wanted.”

“I want you to be my mate, baby,” Gabriel told him, stroking his back. “If you’re not ready, we can wait as long as you need.”

“No! I don’t want to wait anymore. I want you forever, and I want you to claim me now so you can’t change your mind.”

“Won’t ever happen, baby.” Gabriel chuckled. “I love you. I want you forever, Neil. I’m not going to change my mind or ever want you less than I do right now.”

“What if you do? It’s happened to me before.”

“Not with me, it hasn’t,” Gabriel replied firmly. “I will want you forever, never going to change. Mating ties us together forever. That bond cannot be broken.”

“I want you forever, too,” he answered, turning his head up and puckering his lips for a kiss. Neil knew it was silly that he did, but Gabriel seemed to like it. It was Neil’s own insecurities that made him do it. Neil could tell Gabe that he wanted a kiss, and Gabe had to choose to kiss him or not. That way Neil always knew Gabriel wanted to kiss him, not that he had just taken a kiss.

“Let’s get you inside and cleaned up, okay?” Gabriel asked, standing with Neil still in his arms. “Ryan’s asleep, so we have some time for just us.”

"I love Ryan, but I like when we have time for just us," Neil answered, feeling selfish. "Is that bad of me?"

"Not at all, baby." Gabriel kissed him again. "I feel the same way."

"All right, then." Neil giggled. "Let's knock me up."

"Neil, you kill me." Gabe laughed loudly. "You make me feel younger than I have in centuries."

"Yeah, well, an old guy like you, I've got to keep you on your toes."

"Old guy, huh?" Gabriel snickered as he flipped Neil over his shoulder and swatted his ass. Gabriel kept spanking him every few steps as he raced back to the house. "I'll show you what this old guy's got to give you."

"Oh, fuck, that feels good," Neil moaned, surprised he liked being spanked. "Don't stop."

"Stop what? Don't stop this?" Gabriel chuckled, smacking his ass. "Oh, I think my little baby likes that."

"Yes," he hissed as Gabe kept swatting his ass. Neil squeaked as he was placed on his feet in the bathroom. He started undressing slowly, teasing his big dragon. "I've been a very bad boy."

"How bad?" Gabriel growled as Neil started unzipping his jeans, his shirt already gone. "Does my little mate need a spanking?"

"Oh, yeah," he groaned as he spun around and pulled down his jeans, sticking his ass in the air and wiggling it. "I need to be spanked, then fucked hard."

"Baby, you have no idea the sight before me." Gabriel stroked Neil's ass. "I'm going to have trouble controlling myself."

"Who asked for control?" Neil panted as his dragon started spanking him. "Oh, fuck, Gabe. Just like that."

He heard clothes tearing behind him, and Neil had to bite back a giggle at how much he loved to drive Gabe crazy with lust. Neil kicked off his shoes and jeans, his ass still on display. He moaned loudly as Gabe smacked his ass, his hard cock pushing against the

butt plug in Neil's ass. Gabriel picked him up around the waist, still bent over, and walked them into the shower.

"This ass is mine," his dragon growled as he turned on the water. He pulled Neil up to brace his hands against the wall, and Neil cried out when Gabriel pulled the butt plug out of his ass quickly. "Fuck, you are so gorgeous."

"I'm coming," Neil grunted and his mate quickly grabbed his cock and stroked it. "Yes, Gabe, more."

"Anything you want, baby," Gabe smacked his ass again. "Come for me, my love."

"Gabe!" he screamed as he came harder than he ever remembered coming before. Neil's whole body shook from the force of his orgasm. His dragon wrapped an arm around his chest to hold him up as spurt after spurt of his seed hit the shower wall. "Fuck me, Gabe."

"Let's give you a minute, baby," Gabriel said between grinding teeth. "I think you need some recover time."

"No, shove that huge cock in my ass now," Neil whimpered, not wanting the pleasure to stop. "Please, now. I need you now, Gabe."

"Yes," Gabe hissed, starting to work his cock into Neil's prepared ass. "Oh, fuck, baby. You're so goddamn tight, it's better than heaven."

"I've never been this full before," he panted as Gabe worked more and more into his ass. Neil was starting to wonder if Gabe's cock would even be able to fit in his ass. It seemed to go on forever. "So good. So big."

"I love you, Neil," Gabe groaned once he finally bottomed out. "Fuck, just give me a minute to savor this."

"I love you, too, Gabe." Neil tried to adjust to Gabe's huge size. After a few minutes, he was finally ready. "Okay, Gabe, fuck me. I want you to claim me."

"Baby, those words are music to my ears," his dragon growled as he started moving in and out of Neil's ass. "Oh, fuck, you feel amazing."

Neil braced his hands against the shower wall and locked his elbows as he felt Gabe's hands grab on to his hips. He loved it when Ryan took him. Ryan was full of such passion. But Gabe in him was so different, though he loved it equally. At each thrust of Gabe's hips, he cried out in the pure bliss of finally being with his dragon.

"Come for me again, baby," Gabriel grunted even as he started to move faster. "I want you to orgasm one more time, Neil."

"Spank me," he hissed out, loving how Gabe wasn't holding back with him. His dragon fucked him even harder, smacking his ass every time he pulled out right before he plunged right back in. "Fuck, Gabe, almost there. You like my tight little ass, don't you, my big dragon."

Neil's words must have undone Gabriel because his hand started slapping Neil's ass even harder. He screamed as he started to come, feeling Gabriel lick the side of his neck. It felt almost as good as when his mate finally sank his canines into his neck. Neil was almost hoarse from screaming out in pleasure so loudly. A few moments later, Gabriel roared out his release.

Just as Neil's orgasm was slowing, he felt Gabe's knot latch on to his prostate. It sent Neil into another whirlwind orgasm as he felt Gabriel's hot seed fill his ass. He loved knowing Gabriel couldn't pull right out after sex. They were attached for even longer.

"That was un-fucking-believable," Neil panted as Gabe still moved his hips around, drawing out both their orgasms. He felt close to passing out. But just as Neil's legs were about to give out, Gabe wrapped both arms around him and slid them to the floor. He giggled, on a complete high from the life-altering sex, and from Gabe's cock still attached inside him.

"What's so funny, baby?" Gabriel asked, licking the side of Neil's neck. "I didn't think that was a laughable performance."

"No, that's not why I was laughing," he replied, trying to catch his breath. "I was giggling because we have forced snuggle time with your knot latched on to me."

“Knot or no knot, I still like snuggling with my baby,” Gabriel purred, burying his head in Neil’s wet hair. “It just keeps you from running away from me after sex.”

“I’d never run from you, Gabe,” Neil answered, turning his head to look into his mate’s eyes. “I love you. I’d be attached to you always, even if it meant always having your cock in my ass.”

“Hmm, I like the sound of that,” Gabe said as the knot finally receded. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“Maybe a little.” He giggled again, snuggling back into Gabe’s embrace. “But I loved every second of it. I didn’t know I liked being spanked by you. It was also great to find out I could have multiple orgasms. Thank you, Gabe.”

“Thank me?” Gabriel chuckled. “It was my pleasure. You’re mine forever now, Neil. I’ve never been so happy in my entire, very long life.”

“Me, too, even if mine has been way shorter,” Neil answered seriously. “Do you think I’m pregnant now?”

“I don’t know.” Gabriel stood them both up, and Neil groaned as Gabe’s cock slipped from his ass. “You and Ryan are the only mates I’ve ever had. The knot only comes out with true mates.”

“How long until we know?” he asked as they started to shower, his legs still shaking. “I mean, there has to be rules for this, right?”

“I guess,” Gabe answered, looking pensive. “The Sheriff is a friend of mine. He’s a dragon, too, though he doesn’t have mates. He might know.”

“Okay, I’m sorry if I’m spoiling the moment,” he whispered, blushing. “I just want to know what to expect.”

“You’re not ruining anything, baby.” Gabe kissed him softly. “I love the idea of our baby growing inside you.”

“Really? You want children that much? Why didn’t you tell me that?”

“I always wanted kids,” Gabriel answered as he washed Neil’s hair. “But as we were mating, the knowledge that our child might be

growing inside you made me realize how much I really want us to have a baby.”

“How often can we have them?” he asked, trying not to show how much he wanted a reason for Gabriel to keep him around in the future. “I mean, you’re not going to knock me up every time we have sex, right?”

“No, only every three years.” Gabe chuckled. “Three years after the baby is born, your body will know it’s time again if we want and let your body transform to carry another child.”

“I’d like that,” Neil whispered, tilting his head and puckering up for another kiss. Gabriel immediately complied, deepening the kiss this time. “I love the idea of having your babies.”

“Me, too, Neil.” Gabriel stroked the side of his face tenderly. Neil loved when Gabe touched him so gently, lovingly, like he was now. “We could have as many babies as you want.”

Neil wasn’t sure what to say. He’d really have to see how the first pregnancy went. But if it went well, Neil knew he would have as many kids as Gabriel wanted. It ensured his mate keeping him around. He knew he shouldn’t be so insecure about Gabe wanting him, but Neil couldn’t help it. A week didn’t clear out almost twenty years of being mistreated and unwanted.

When they were done showering, Gabriel dried Neil, then himself. Both were so beat that they left lunch for after nap time. They crawled into bed naked on either side of Ryan.

“It feels great, doesn’t it?” Ryan asked, turning his head to kiss Neil.

“Yeah, it really does,” Neil answered, smiling

“We found someone to love us.” Ryan’s eyes filled with tears. “We finally have a home and two people who love us. What more could we want?”

“Nothing, Ryan,” Neil replied, keeping his real answer to himself. “Not a damn thing.”



Neil wondered, as they all started to sleep, why he didn't feel more secure that Gabriel just mated with him? Maybe it would take more time to sink in that this was forever. Deciding that had to be it, that he was still in shock, Neil closed his eyes and tried to get some sleep.

## Chapter 6

Ryan awoke the next morning to squeaks in the mattress and Gabriel's grunts. He rolled over to see what the hell was going on. He tried to hold back his laugh as he witnessed Neil on his back and Gabe buried balls-deep in him. The urge to laugh quickly turned to lust as he watched them fuck. Gabriel was holding Neil's legs wide apart, gripping on to Neil's ankles as he fucked his tight hole like his life depended on it.

Not wanting to be left out, Ryan reached out and grabbed Neil's hard cock and started to stroke it. That seemed to break whatever lust-filled haze both men were in as they both turned and smiled at him. He groaned as Neil reached for his now rock-solid cock and stroked it as well.

"I want to suck you, Ryan," Neil whimpered and Ryan was more than happy to oblige. Moving to the head of the bed, he grabbed his cock and slid it into Neil's waiting mouth. Ryan's head fell back on his shoulders as he moaned, the feeling of Neil's hot mouth on his dick was too much. Before he even realized what was going on, Ryan's hips started thrusting forward until his cock hit the back of Neil's throat.

"Now that's a fucking beautiful sight," Gabriel growled, thrusting into Neil faster. "Come for me, baby. I'm almost there."

As if Neil's cock was obeying Gabriel's command, it erupted, shooting stream after stream of white seed all over Gabriel's stomach. The sight pushed Ryan over the edge as he cried out his release deep in Neil's throat. Seconds later, Gabriel roared out his release into Neil as well.

“Fuck, that was one hell of a wake up,” Ryan panted a few moments later when he finally came back down from his orgasm. Deciding to be daring, he pulled his spent cock out of Neil’s mouth and leaned over to lick the cum off Gabe’s abs. When he heard both of his mates groan, it spurred him on to clean Gabriel’s entire stomach.

“That’s so hot, Ryan,” Neil said as Ryan was finishing up. “I’m getting hard all over again.”

“We can’t have that.” Gabriel chuckled as he pulled out of Neil, smacking his ass. “Ryan, do you think you could help our baby out?”

“I think so,” Ryan answered with an evil grin, realizing his cock had recovered. He started to crawl between Neil’s legs when Gabriel smacked his ass again. Ryan was just about to turn and yell at their dragon when he noticed Neil’s face. Their baby seemed to enjoy that, even going so far as to pull his knees to his chest, giving Gabriel full access to his ass.

“Again,” Neil whimpered to Ryan’s astonishment. “Please, Gabe.”

“We figured out last night that our baby likes to be spanked.” Gabriel chuckled, seeing the look on Ryan’s face. “He keeps saying he’s going to get into lots of trouble so we have to spank him often.”

“Wow,” Ryan hissed, amazed at how much Neil enjoyed Gabriel’s spankings. He moved between Neil’s legs and slid right into his tight little hole as Gabriel’s hand landed on his ass again. “Fuck, he’s still so tight after you just fucked him.”

“And now I’m going to fuck you, *piccola*,” Gabriel whispered as his tongue outlined Ryan’s ear. “I think it’s time for the three of us to be together.”

“Oh, yeah,” Ryan hissed, trying to hold off thrusting into Neil. His reward was Gabriel’s lubed fingers pushing into his ass. He not only loved the feeling, but was touched how Gabriel always seemed to have their safety in mind. Most men he’d ever known would just force

their dicks into his ass, but not Gabriel. He made sure to prepare Ryan, not taking the chance to hurt him.

“Move, damnit!” Neil cried out under him, snapping Ryan back from his thoughts. “I’m dying here.”

“Patience, baby,” Gabriel cooed. “Ryan’s almost ready.”

Ryan felt a third finger slide into his ass and bit his lip, trying to focus on how good it felt. It took all his control not to move and impale himself on Gabriel’s fingers. He groaned when Gabriel pulled his fingers out, missing the loss.

“You ready, *piccola*?” Gabriel asked.

“Yes, yes fuck me,” Ryan whimpered. “Please, Gabe. Don’t tease me.”

“No teasing, love,” Gabriel replied as he started to work his cock into Ryan’s ass. “I just wanted to make sure.”

“Oh, fuck, that’s good,” Ryan hissed. Gabriel grabbed his hips and started moving him back and forth, working Ryan’s cock in and out of Neil as Gabriel pushed farther into Ryan. Once Gabriel was seated balls-deep into Ryan, he took over. Every time Gabe thrust into Ryan, it caused him to push into Neil. The feeling of being taken at the same time as fucking Neil was overwhelming. “Too much, Gabe. It’s too much.”

“We’ve got you, *piccola*,” Gabriel grunted, moving his hips faster. “Just feel, Ryan. We’ll catch you.”

“Fuck, fuck,” Ryan cried, leaning over Neil to kiss him. He felt Neil’s hands running over his back while Gabe held his hips tightly. Ryan had never felt this out of control. He couldn’t seem to separate all the different feelings he was having. When Gabriel started to fuck him harder, he would have screamed his pleasure if not for his lips on Neil’s. He pulled back from the kiss, trying to catch his breath.

“Ryan,” Neil whimpered. “Ryan, look at me. Oh, god, Ryan, this is amazing.”

He opened his eyes and looked into Neil’s, seeing all the emotions he felt for Ryan. It centered him, helped him ride out the pleasure he

was feeling instead of trying to control it. Gabriel leaned over and licked his bite on Ryan's neck. That was all it took to send him over the edge. Ryan screamed as he came, filling Neil with his seed. Seconds later, he registered Gabe roar out his release behind him. Then Gabriel's wonderful knot extended and locked on to his prostate.

"Shit, I'm still coming," Ryan cried out as Gabriel circled his hips, causing another orgasm for Ryan. His vision started to get hazy as he watched Neil coming below him. Ryan knew someone was talking to him, but he couldn't seem to hear as the darkness overtook him.

\* \* \* \*

Ryan woke later in the day, cleaned up and alone in the big bed. He quickly got up and threw on some clothes. After making the bed, he went out into the kitchen. There was a half filled coffee pot and dishes in the sink. His mates had probably made their own breakfast and headed out to work on the ranch.

Putting on some music, he started humming as he cleaned up the dishes and got some coffee for himself. Just as he put the mug to his lips, Ryan realized something was off. Taking a deeper sniff of the coffee, he wrinkled his nose. The coffee smelled horrible. Maybe it had been sitting on the burner too long. He walked over to the sink and emptied the mug. Not giving it another thought, Ryan continued his morning chores.

Once the kitchen was cleaned and lunch was ready, he went to check on the laundry situation. He smiled when he heard his mates enter the house. Ryan still couldn't get over what they had shared that morning.

"*Piccola?* Are you here?" Gabe called out.

"Be right there," he answered as he set the washing machine. Walking back to the kitchen, Gabe and Neil were already sitting down

at the table, waiting for him before eating. "Anyone need anything while I'm up?"

"Just a kiss," Neil replied, turning his head up and puckering his lips. Ryan chuckled as leaned down to kiss him, then Gabriel.

"Did you get some good sleep?" Gabriel asked as Ryan sat down.

"Yes, it seems this morning's workout really tuckered me out." He giggled as he reached for a sandwich. "I can't imagine why."

"I wasn't too rough with you, was I?" Gabe asked, showing genuine concern. "I was a little worried when you passed out."

"No, you were perfect," Ryan replied before taking a bite of his lunch. Immediately, he spat it back out. "Something's rotten on these sandwiches."

"Taste's fine to me," Gabe answered, raising an eyebrow. "Are you getting sick?"

"It tastes funny to me, too," Neil said, taking the sandwich apart. "Breakfast smelled off to me, as well."

"That's weird. How could we be sick, but Gabriel is fine?" Ryan asked, moments before Neil jumped up and ran to the bathroom. Astonished, Ryan and Gabriel stared at each other a few moments before racing after him.

"Baby, are you okay?" Gabriel threw open the bathroom door. Neil was kneeling over the toilet, throwing up. Ryan leaned over him, holding Neil's longer curls back from falling in the way. Gabriel handed him a cold wash rag that he put on the back of Neil's neck.

"I'm fine," Neil said when he was done, sitting back on his heels. "I've not been feeling well all morning."

"We shouldn't have had sex if you were sick, Neil," Ryan said, worried they made it worse. "Is this the first time you threw up?"

"I was okay when I woke up, even during the sex," Neil answered, lying down on the cool tile floor. "It started after I smelled breakfast and then I threw up after I ate."

“Do dragons get sick, Gabe?” Ryan asked, trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together. “Maybe that’s why we’re not feeling well and you’re okay.”

“It’s harder for us to get sick, like with the flu,” Gabriel replied, looking pensive. “We can’t catch communicable diseases, like HIV or hepatitis. I don’t think that’s what it is, though.”

“What is it, then?” Neil sat back up. “It can’t be food poisoning.”

“No, that wouldn’t affect your sense of smell,” Gabriel answered, tears coming to his eyes. That really confused Ryan. What could be so bad to make their big dragon cry? “I think its morning sickness.”

“You think we’re...” Neil started to say quietly. “How could we be already? I mean, you just claimed us last night.”

“It’s not like a normal pregnancy,” Gabriel answered, kneeling in front of them. “I carry everything needed to make a baby. I remember it works fast. I saw it in other dragons when I was younger.”

“I’m pregnant?” Ryan asked in shock, feeling a little dizzy. “I’m...wow. Well...um, yeah.”

“Just breathe, Ryan,” Gabriel said quickly. “Put your head between your knees, long deep breaths.”

Gabe helped Ryan into the position, rubbing his back as he breathed. After a few minutes, he felt better and sat back up.

“What do we do now?” Neil asked, looking as stunned as Ryan felt. “How do we tell for sure?”

“I run into town and go to the pharmacy,” Gabriel replied, smiling. “Just as if it were a normal pregnancy, we have you both take tests.”

“I need to lie down,” Ryan said, but before he could even stand, Gabriel lifted him into his arms. “Thanks, Gabe.”

“No problem, *piccola*,” Gabriel answered, kissing him softly. They went into the bedroom where Gabriel very gently laid him down on the bed. “Just rest, okay? I know this is all happening fast.”

“Yeah, I thought I’d have more time for this to sink in,” Ryan replied. “I’m not sorry you claimed me, Gabe. Just shocked I might be pregnant already.”

“I know, but thank you for saying that,” Gabriel said, smiling at him. “I’m going to go get Neil.”

With that, Gabe turned and left the room for a few minutes. Ryan tried to control his breathing and heart rate. When Gabe came back, he had a giggling Neil in his arms.

“Gabe, we’re fine,” Neil said, still laughing. “If we are pregnant, are you going to carry us everywhere the entire time?”

“I’d carry you both always, if you let me,” Gabe answered, his face turning bright red. “I like carrying my mates. It gives me a chance to hold you close.”

“You can hold me whenever you want,” Neil said softly, puckering his lips for a kiss. Ryan was once again in awe of how gently Gabriel treated them. He watched Gabe give Neil a quick kiss before receiving his own.

“I’ll be back in a bit. You guys get some rest,” Gabriel said as he left them in the room. Just then he felt Neil snuggle up closer to him, so he wrapped an arm around Neil’s shoulders.

“He really loves us,” Ryan whispered with a certain amount of awe. “Did you ever think this was how our story would be?”

“No, I thought we’d both be dead,” Neil answered, sniffing. “I’d rather have died in that alley than gone back to where we were.”

“I know, baby,” he said gently, hugging Neil to him tighter. “I felt the same way. We won’t ever go back there now. I won’t let us, and Gabe won’t let us go.”

“I hope not,” Neil sighed. “Can you believe we might be pregnant?”

“Not really,” Ryan answered, chuckling. “I guess I didn’t think about it being this instantaneous. Did you?”

“No, I wished it was,” Neil said, pausing, almost seeming to think about how to phrase his next words. “But that was my own



insecurities about Gabe having to keep me now if I was carrying his baby. I just wasn't thinking about what comes with being pregnant. If I've got to deal with months of feeling like this, shoot me now."

"I don't think it will be like that. I think women are only sick in the beginning, if at all."

"You think?"

"I remember reading that somewhere," Ryan answered. "But what do I know? I've never been around a pregnant woman."

"Me neither." Neil giggled. "Not in the places we've been."

"Yeah," he replied in a noncommittal way. Neil didn't know that much about his history, and if it was up to Ryan, he never would. "We should get some rest."

"Night, Ryan. I love you."

"I love you, too, Neil," Ryan answered, not tired at all. Instead, he stared at the ceiling, holding on to Neil tightly. Partially for Neil's comfort, partially for his own.

Unlike Neil, Ryan had known his parents. His first memories weren't of an orphanage. Ryan grew up with brothers, sisters, a mom, and a dad. He had been the baby, the mistake of the family. His dad made lots of money, doing what, Ryan never knew. But, he did know it exploited the war between humans and dragons. What kind of person did that? Made money off other people's pain and suffering?

The kind of person who sold their young son when he realized Ryan was different. Ryan didn't even know he was gay at eleven, or that some people didn't like it. He just remembered his father never seemed to love him. His mother didn't do anything, always obeying his father.

Ryan was the youngest by fifteen years, so by the time he started having real memories, his siblings were all grown up. Ryan had watched in horror as his father sold off his two older sisters to the highest bidders. At least he made sure they were married to men of power and were to be treated well. His two older brothers ended up going into the family business. Whatever that was.

One of Ryan's earliest memories had been sitting by himself at the edge of the pool while his brothers, sisters, and parents played at the other end, completely ignoring the fact that he even existed. Not wanting to get in trouble, he sat there, dipping his feet in the cool water. Finally, his father swam across the pool to him, saying if he wanted to join them, Ryan needed to learn how to swim.

The next thing Ryan knew, his father picked him up, then dumped him into the water. "Sink or swim time, boy," Ryan heard as the water rushed over his head. He struggled, trying to even doggy paddle. But when his father dropped him, Ryan sank right to the bottom of the pool. Once he finally surfaced, he paddled over to grab the side of the pool.

"Fucking kid can't even swim," his father said before turning and going back to the other end of the pool. He shouldn't have been surprised no one helped him in the pool. No one ever went against his father. Ryan had been five at the time. He pulled himself along until he reached the stairs of the pool and climbed out. Running as fast as he could to the house, Ryan didn't cry until he was safely in his room, or should he say the attic.

Ryan slept in the old attic alone. Once, he made the mistake of crying out for his mother when he woke in the middle of the night, scared. His father had come up there and gave him such a beating he couldn't move for two days. No one came to check on him or clean him up.

It seemed that as long as he could remember he was on his own. He never had any friends. He wasn't even allowed at school, as if his parents had always known they were going to sell him into slavery. As strange as the thought was, Ryan found it particularly comforting. That way, it was never his fault, never anything he did wrong. Not that anyone ever deserved to be sold into slavery.

Ryan always wondered why his mother didn't just have an abortion. Why keep him if they never wanted him? He used to curse his maker that his parents hadn't aborted him. Every day he spent in

slavery, every time he was raped, during every beating, always the same curse.

Until he met Neil. Neil was like a shining beacon of innocence, even after everything he had been through. He hadn't let himself be warped and twisted by the things done to him, not like the other guys. Ryan fought hard to keep his sanity, praying for death as opposed to becoming monsters like the other slaves.

Ryan had been close to giving up when Neil came to the place he was being held. Instantly, Ryan felt protective of the smaller man. Neil looked like an angel, light blond hair and wide, scared blue eyes. Even coated in dirt and malnourished, Neil gave Ryan hope again.

Gabriel's truck pulling in the driveway pulled Ryan out of his morose thoughts. He slipped out of bed, making sure Neil didn't wake up, and headed into the kitchen. Just as he finished clearing off the table from leftover breakfast dishes, Gabe walked in the door.

"I thought you were resting, *piccola*," Gabe said as he dropped off his arm load of bags on the table and walked over to Ryan.

"I rested, but I couldn't sleep," he answered, sighing as Gabriel wrapped his strong arms around him. "I made sure Neil fell asleep and stayed with him. But when I heard you pull in, I wanted to see what you got."

"I might have gone a little overboard," Gabriel replied, letting Ryan go. "I didn't mean to. I just got excited."

"I can see that." Ryan chuckled, going over to the dozen or so bags Gabe had carried in. "Weren't you just supposed to get a couple of pregnancy tests?"

"Yeah, but then I thought, what if you guys weren't pregnant but sick? So then I got some medicine to help. But I didn't really know what to get. It's not like I ever get sick," Gabriel said, starting to ramble. "Then I saw some things that were there for people who are pregnant. And I thought maybe I should get that stuff, too. Well, you can see how I got a little out of hand."

“It means the world to me that you did,” Ryan said, taking Gabe’s hand and pulling him into a hug. “You always want to take care of us. It means you love us, Gabe. Thank you so much.”

“Thank you for loving me back, *piccola*,” Gabe whispered in Ryan’s hair. “You and Neil are my whole world now. You make my life worth living.”

“I feel the same, Gabe,” he replied, tilting his head back so Gabe could lean down and kiss him. Ryan couldn’t get enough of Gabe’s deep kisses. He felt them throughout his body, down to his toes. When they finally came up for air, Ryan continued. “I guess it’s test time, huh?”

“If you’re ready.” Gabe looked at him carefully, as if not wanting to scare him.

“It’s okay, Gabe,” he replied, patting him on the arm to reassure him. “I’m ready.”

## Chapter 7

Gabriel paced outside the bathroom door, impatiently waiting for his mates to let him in and see the results of the pregnancy tests. After Ryan assured Gabriel he was ready, they woke up Neil, who raced to grab the test before dragging Ryan into the bathroom with him.

That was five minutes ago. Gabriel was sure he was going to lose his mind if he had to wait any longer.

“Guys, can I please come in?” he asked as he knocked on the door.

“Yeah,” he heard Neil say before he opened the door.

He was shocked to see both of them sitting on the floor, each staring at a pregnancy test in their hand. Without a word, he sat between them, looking at one test, then the other. Gabriel couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Both of them were pregnant! He pulled each of them into his lap, hugging them fiercely as he started crying.

“Gabe, why are you crying?” Neil asked, leaning back to wipe away his tears.

“I’m just so happy,” he replied, sniffing. “I’m sorry if that’s not what you guys wanted to hear right now. You seem in shock.”

“That’s a good way to put it.” Ryan chuckled. “But that doesn’t mean we’re not happy about it.”

“I’m thrilled,” Neil answered. “But, yeah, shocked, stunned. Any of those work for how I feel, too.”

“I am, too,” Gabriel said, kissing each of them. “But I’m also just really, really happy.”

“We’re going to have a baby,” Ryan whispered, looking more scared than anything. “We’re going to have two babies. I don’t know anything about babies, Gabe.”

“Neither do I, *piccola*,” Gabriel replied. “I don’t think any new parents do. We’ll learn, okay? I’ll order some books, and the three of us will figure it out together. I love you both so much.”

“I love you, too, Gabe,” Neil said, puckering up his lips for another kiss. Gabriel was more than willing to comply. “You’re going to be a daddy, Gabe.”

“So are you, baby.” He chuckled, then stood up with both of his small men in his arms and brought them into the kitchen. “Let me sort through some of this stuff for what you’re going to need.”

He quickly sorted through the bags, putting all the medicine he bought on the counter and arranging what they needed on the table. Gabriel sat down between the two of them while they just stared at everything on the table.

“These are your prenatal vitamins,” Gabriel said after a few minutes, breaking the silence. “I got some ginger for each of you. It helps with the morning sickness. A lot of this stuff you might not even need, but I wanted to be prepared in case you did.”

“Of course you did, Gabe.” Neil giggled. “I love how you also got two of everything. Ryan and I can share, you know.”

“I know, but this way you each have your own.” He chuckled. “That way, if you need it, you don’t have to go looking for it.”

“We’re going to have to turn one of the spare bedrooms into a nursery,” Neil said, starting to get excited. “And do some serious shopping for these little guys.”

“Anything you want, baby,” Gabriel answered, pulling Neil into his lap. Then he turned and did the same with Ryan. “Anything either of you want.”

“Your cock in my ass,” Ryan mumbled, probably thinking Gabriel wouldn’t hear him.

“My pleasure, *piccola*.” He laughed as he picked both of them up over his shoulders and stood. Gabriel rushed into the bedroom as both of his men laughed right along with him. He dropped them on the bed, more gently than usual, feeling the need to be extra careful with them. Lightning quick, he shed his clothes, watching his mates intently as they did the same.

“I think Gabe should be in the middle this time.” Neil giggled, wiggling his eyebrows at Gabriel.

“I would fucking love that,” he groaned, all the blood in his body instantly surging to his groin. “I’ve never been fucked before.”

“Really?” Ryan and Neil asked at the same time, turning serious.

“Yes, really,” Gabriel answered, feeling very unsure of himself suddenly. “I’ve not really been with all that many men, but everyone always assumes I like to be the top.”

“Why didn’t you tell us, Gabe?” Ryan asked, crawling across the bed toward him. When he was close enough, he took Gabriel’s face in his hands. “We would have tried that with you, Gabe. You always said you wanted to fuck us. How could we know you’d want to try being bottom?”

“I did want to be inside each of you,” Gabriel answered sheepishly. “I love the feeling of being in your tight little asses. But I always knew I would want to feel my mates inside me as well. Does that make sense?”

“Perfect sense,” Neil replied, crawling near them, too. “Sometimes, sex is just sex. But with your mates you want to experience everything there is to experience.”

“Yes, that’s what I’ve always wanted,” he whispered, feeling incredibly vulnerable. “Is that okay to want?”

“Of course it is, Gabe,” Ryan answered, leaning in to kiss him. “If there’s anything the three of us want, there’s no reason we can’t try it. Look at you and Neil with the spanking. Watching Neil get so into it, I was going to ask you later if I could try it. I might not like being spanked, but I won’t know until we try. If you want one of us inside

you, I'd love to try it. Honestly, the only person I've ever topped was Neil."

"And I've never topped anyone," Neil said, blushing. "I'm always the smallest. No one ever lets me top."

"I didn't know you wanted to," Ryan answered, surprise written all over his face. "I'd love you to be inside me, Neil."

"Well, that's good to know," Neil giggled. "But right now, you said you wanted Gabe in your ass."

"And I want you in mine," Gabriel said quietly. "If you want to, that is."

"Oh, yeah, I want to," Neil purred, rubbing his naked body against the front of Gabriel's, causing him to moan. "You get Ryan ready while I get you ready, my big dragon."

"Gladly." Gabriel groaned and reaching for the lube as Ryan smiled and lay back on the bed. He lubed up his cock and then his fingers before handing the lube to Neil. Making sure to rim Ryan before sliding in a finger caused Ryan to squirm under him. Just then he felt Neil pouring cool lube down the crack of his ass.

"You're going to love this, Gabe," Neil said softly before sinking a finger into Gabriel's ass. Gabriel let out a loud moan before leaning forward to give Neil better access to him, taking one of Ryan's nipples in his mouth at the same time. He slid a second finger into Ryan the same time Neil slipped another finger into him.

Granted, Neil had a big cock for his size, but it wasn't as large as Gabriel's. Knowing that, Gabriel quickly worked to stretch Ryan so they would be ready together. His third finger sank into Ryan easily, showing he was almost ready for Gabriel. Just then, Neil did something to Gabriel that he couldn't put into words.

"Oh, fuck, baby, that feels so good," he cried out loudly. "What are you doing to me?"

"Stretching you out while making sure to hit your sweet spot," Neil answered before leaning over and biting Gabriel's ass. The amount of pleasure mixed with the slight pain of Neil's bite drove



Gabriel wild with need. Thankfully, Ryan was ready. Gabriel pulled his fingers out of Ryan's ass and quickly replaced them with his hard cock. Slowly, he sank into Ryan's ass, working his cock in and out so he didn't hurt his little *piccola*.

"I'm all the way in," Gabriel hissed when he bottomed out, leaning forward to give Neil access to his ass again. Neil pulled out his fingers and thrust his cock in to the hilt in one shot. "Oh, fuck, that was better than I imagined it, baby."

"It gets better," Neil moaned. "Your ass is so tight around my cock. I'm not going to last long, Gabe."

"Fuck me hard, baby," Gabriel replied. "Fuck me with everything you've got."

Neil took him at his word, grunting as he thrust in and out of Gabriel with enough force to thrust him into Ryan.

"This is amazing," Gabriel cried out. "My cock in one mate, and the other in my ass. I've never felt so full, so complete. Oh, fuck, harder, baby."

"I'm almost there, Gabe," Neil panted, tightening his grip on Gabriel's hips. Gabriel leaned down, sinking his canines into Ryan's neck. Ryan screamed out his climax, filling up the space between them with his seed. His muscles clamped down on Gabriel's cock, causing him to fall over the edge of bliss with Ryan.

Gabriel's orgasm set off his muscles to milk Neil's cock, because just then he felt Neil's seed fill his ass as Neil cried out behind him. A few more erratic thrusts before they both collapsed, he and Neil completely spent. Gabriel was careful not to fall directly on Ryan but almost to the side of him. It was hard because the knot in his cock was still attached to Ryan's prostate.

"Wow," Gabriel said after a few moments, still panting. "So that's what that feels like."

They all turned so they could see each other's faces and just stared for a moment before breaking into peals of laughter. Yeah, that's about what it felt like.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next few weeks, it seemed one or all of them were on the laptop, either doing research on babies or buying things the babies would need. Gabriel was more than willing to let his little mates decorate and figure out how they wanted the nursery to be set up. He only stepped in when the heavy lifting, assembling, or painting was required.

Though the books said his mates were fully able to do those things, Gabriel was being over-protective. He had everything he always wanted, and he wasn't going to let anything happen to risk that. The beginning of the fourth week, his buddy Sheriff Todd Zelner finally got back to him about dragon mates being pregnant.

"Hello?" Gabriel said, answering his cell phone.

"Gabriel? It's Todd Zelner," the man on the other end of the line said.

"Hey, Todd," he answered, letting go of the breath he didn't even realize he was holding. "Tell me you found something out?"

"Yes, I did," Todd replied, seeming hesitant to share what he learned.

"What's wrong, Todd?"

"Nothing's wrong." Todd sighed. "I talked to some other dragons who knew dragons that had mates who gave birth. There are some things you need to know. For instance, dragons don't have the same gestation period as humans."

"What does that mean? My mates will be pregnant longer than nine months?" Gabriel didn't try to hide the shock from his voice.

Shit! Ryan and Neil were not going to like that.

"No, shorter, actually. Only about four and a half to five months."

"Well, that's good, right?"

"I guess you could look at it that way." Todd chuckled. "But think of it this way, a human baby needs nine months to grow and develop.

If a dragon baby grows that much faster, it's more crucial that everything go smoothly. You get what I'm saying, Gabriel?"

"Yeah," he answered, rubbing his eyes to try and stop the tension growing there. "Does that mean they're on bed rest? Or no sex? Tell me, what I should be doing differently than in the books?"

"Well, they're going to need to eat a lot more than a pregnant woman," Todd answered. "I wouldn't go so far as bed rest, at least for now. But I would make sure there's no vigorous sex."

"Great, they're hornier than they were before they got pregnant." Gabriel rolled his eyes. That conversation with his mates wasn't going to go well. "What else?"

"Both your mates are on the smaller side, plus they don't have wide hips like a woman. They might not be able to have a natural birth."

"You mean they have to have a C-section?" Gabriel whispered, tears starting to burn his eyes. "I can't just take them to the hospital for that. You know how humans still are with known dragons or dragon mates."

"I know," Todd said gently. "I talked to a dragon that's a doctor. I explained your situation, and he's willing to come stay with you for the weeks around the expected birth. That way if they can't have a natural birth, he'll be there. He's good, Gabriel. I've got friends that have turned to him before."

"Thanks, Todd," he replied, feeling slightly better. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate this, man."

"Hey, you'd do the same for me," Todd said, snickering. "If you had any other friends besides me, that is."

"I go for quality of friend, not quantity." Gabriel chuckled.

"Yeah, yeah, you sweet talker."

"Thanks again, Todd. If you find out anything else, let me know, okay?"

"You got it, Gabriel. Take care of your men."

"I will," Gabriel promised as they hung up the phone. Now he had to go talk to his mates. Fuck! He so didn't want to have to tell them this. He rubbed his hands over his face a few more times before standing up and heading to the nursery.

"What do you think of Nicholas?" Neil asked Ryan as they sat on the floor and folded the latest baby clothes that had been delivered.

"I like it," Ryan answered. "Do we know Gabriel's dads' names? Maybe we could use one of those?"

"No, I don't want either of our sons named after them," Gabriel said softly as he walked into the room to join them. He took another deep breath before sitting down on the floor with them. "I appreciate it, Ryan. I do. But I didn't part well with my fathers. I don't even know if they are still alive. You both are my family now. We can name our babies whatever we want, okay?"

"Sure, Gabe," Ryan said, looking at him closely. "But that's not what's wrong, is it?"

"No, it's not," Gabriel replied, almost glad at how perceptive Ryan always was. That way he had to tell them, not just ruin their fun. "I just got off the phone with my friend Todd. He talked to some of his dragon friends who know dragons whose mates have had babies."

"It's not good news, is it?" Neil asked, looking scared. That was the last look Gabriel ever wanted to see on his little mate's face, ever.

"It's not bad news, just not what we were really expecting," Gabriel answered. "I swear I didn't know. I would have told you upfront."

"We know that, Gabe," Ryan said, taking his hand. "Just tell us. We'll deal with it together. I promise."

"Dragon pregnancies are only four and a half to five months long," Gabriel said quickly before he lost his nerve. "Since you guys are smaller and don't have birthing hips like women, there's a good chance you'll have to have a C-section. Todd called a dragon doctor that a friend told him about, and he's going to come stay with us when

it gets close to the time for the babies to be born. He'll be here to help in case the babies can't come out on their own."

"Gabe, it's okay," Neil said, taking his other hand. "We didn't know we wouldn't be carrying the babies as long. We did kind of figure they wouldn't be natural births, though."

"You did?" Gabriel asked, looking at both of them in shock. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"We weren't really sure," Ryan answered, shrugging his shoulders. "Just, the more we read about a baby being born, it started to seem that's the way it would go. I mean, the baby is going to grow to about the size of a football. I don't think either of us could push a football out of us without dislocating our hips first."

"I'm so sorry," Gabriel said, starting to cry as he pulled both his wonderful, loving mates into a hug. "I wouldn't risk either of you like this if I had known."

"Gabe, it's really okay," Neil said, rubbing his back. "Humans have C-sections all the time. It's really not that big of a deal."

"Really?" Gabriel asked as tears streamed down his face. "I can't lose either of you."

"We're not going anywhere, Gabe." Ryan kissed Gabriel's cheek and ran his fingers through his hair. "I know I was born as a C-section. I was an accidental birth. My mom was older when she had me. It was safer for her to have me that way than a natural birth. I'm not worried about having a C-section at all."

"I love you both so much," Gabriel said, starting to cry all over again. "I don't deserve either of you."

"Yes, you do," Neil said, crawling onto his lap. "We love you just as much, Gabe. You are so wonderful to both of us. I never doubt that you love me or will take care of me."

"Me neither," Ryan said quietly. "And after my past, I never thought I would find love. Or know how to love back."

"What do you mean, your past?" Neil asked. "I thought you had the same past as me. Or something like it?"

“No, I didn’t,” Ryan replied, tears starting to form in his eyes as well. “You always kind of assumed we had the same past. It hurt too much to talk about mine, so I never told you differently. I’m sorry, Neil.”

“Ryan, there’s no need to be sorry,” Neil said, leaning over to hug Ryan. “You can tell us if you want, but you don’t have to, Ryan. I love you no matter what, okay?”

Gabriel leaned over and wrapped his arms around both of his mates. “Me, too, *piccola*,” he whispered into Ryan’s hair.

“Thanks, but it’s probably better that you know,” Ryan sniffled. “At least it will explain why I’m always such a pain in the ass.”

“You are not,” Gabriel said sternly, moving so he could take Ryan’s chin to make Ryan meet his gaze. “You are not a pain in the ass, Ryan. You’ve been hurt before, and you’re cautious. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“Okay,” Ryan whispered before leaning back in to hug Neil and Gabriel. “I wasn’t an orphan like Neil. I knew my family. I was the youngest of five kids. They made sure I knew I was not planned, that I was a mistake. My parents fed and clothed me, but I lived in the attic mostly. I wasn’t allowed to have friends or even go to school. When I was eleven, they sold me into slavery.”

“Your own parents?” Neil cried out. “How could they do that to their own son?”

“I don’t know,” Ryan answered quietly. “I was the youngest by about fifteen years. My sisters were married off and my brothers took over my dad’s business. I don’t know what he did. All I know is he profited off the war with the dragons. I’m not sure they ever loved me. I always thought there was something wrong with me, that I was defective.”

“You’re not defective, *piccola*,” Gabriel replied. “You’re a wonderful man. Your parents are monsters. No matter if something was wrong with you, you never treat your own family that way. No one should ever be a slave.”

"I know that now. You both taught me that," Ryan said, still crying. "But I was just a kid then. I didn't know any better."

"I'm so sorry, Ryan," Neil said before giving him a soft kiss. "We love you. We're your family now. And anyone who tries to hurt you will have to go through me first."

"And me," Gabriel threw in, kissing Ryan as well. "I won't let anyone take either of you from me. And I'm a big bad dragon."

"We've not seen you shift yet," Neil said, giggling.

"Yeah, will you shift for us, Gabe?" Ryan asked, wiping the rest of his tears away. "I've wanted to see since you told us."

"Sure, you guys want to see now?" Gabriel released both his mates from his hold. He almost laughed when both of them smiled and nodded adamantly. "Okay, well, let's go outside, then."

"Cool!" Neil hopped off his lap and helped Ryan stand up. They all headed out to the front porch.

Once there, both his mates sat down on the steps while he walked off the steps and started to undress.

"Oh, damn, now I'm getting hard," Ryan moaned.

Gabriel just chuckled. He loved the reaction his mates had to his body. After he was naked, his clothes in a pile on the porch, Gabriel closed his eyes and pictured his dragon.

Almost instantly he felt his body reform into the shape of a dragon. Long ago when he first started shifting, it had hurt. A person's body just isn't used to that kind of change. But as time went on, the more experienced he became, shifting wasn't a big deal anymore.

He turned his now very large head toward Ryan and Neil when he heard them gasp. Gabriel knew what he looked like, changing from a man of six foot three inches to a twenty-foot-long dragon. He slowly lowered his head in a submissive gesture and walked the few feet to where his mates sat on the porch.

"You're beautiful, Gabe," Neil said as he reached out to pet Gabriel. He turned his face into Neil's hand, loving the feel of his

mate touching him, even in his dragon form. “You can understand us, right?”

Gabriel nodded his large head, unable to communicate with them like this.

“Can you breathe fire?” Ryan asked, reaching out to touch him as well. Again, Gabriel nodded his head slowly so as not to startle them. “Can you show us?”

That was a little trickier of a request. Gabriel took several steps away from his mates and the house. Once he was sure he was far enough away, he turned his head upward, opened his mouth, and let the fire flow from it. When he was done, he figured they’d ask about flying next. He took a few running steps, flapped his wings, and took to the air.

Gabriel felt the thrill run through his body as he always did when he flew. It was one of the most freeing experiences anyone could ever have. He circled the house a few times, keeping low in the skies to not draw unwanted attention. Finally deciding it was time to return to his mates, he landed gently on the ground and tucked his wings back.

He headed back to the porch, wanting to make sure his mates were done touching and seeing him in his dragon form.

“This is so cool,” Neil squealed, standing up and coming over to Gabriel. He ran both his hands down Gabriel’s back, seeming to need to touch him to make sure his change was real. After a few moments, Ryan joined in on the other side of him. Gabriel couldn’t help but shiver from both his mates’ touches.

“Can you change right back?” Ryan asked, coming back to stand in front of Gabriel.

Gabriel closed his eyes and thought of himself as human again, and as soon as he thought it, his body began to shift. Seconds later he opened his eyes and knelt on the ground. He didn’t normally shift back so quickly, and Gabriel forgot it could be tiring.

“You okay, Gabe?” Neil asked, his tone full of worry as he knelt down next to him.



"I'm fine, baby," Gabriel answered, turning his head to smile at Neil. "I just normally stay in dragon form longer. I forgot shifting back and forth wears on me."

"I'm so sorry, Gabe." Ryan wrapped his arms around Gabriel from behind. "You didn't have to change right back. I was just curious."

"No, it's okay, *piccola*," Gabriel chuckled. "It's my fault. I was so busy showing off I wasn't using my head. I love that you both think it's cool that I can shift."

"It was probably the coolest thing I've ever seen," Neil said, hugging Gabriel as well. "Thank you for showing us."

"Yeah, Gabe," Ryan said, starting to kiss his neck. "It was really cool. You're so powerful. I find that incredibly sexy."

"Wait. Before you get me all turned on, there are a few more things we need to talk about that I learned from Todd."

"Like what?" Ryan asked as he kissed along the nape of Gabriel's neck.

"*Piccola*, please, you have to stop, or I can't think," Gabriel said, moaning. Neil then stroked his chest and stomach. "Oh, fuck, you guys, I can't think when you do that. You turn me into lust-filled goo."

"That's the point," Neil purred as he ran his tongue along Gabriel's jaw, ending at his ear. He started to nibble on it, which was a complete hot spot for Gabriel. He felt on fire with desire, one mate kneeling in front of him, touching and licking him, the other behind him doing the same.

"I want to fuck your ass," Ryan hissed, licking his other ear. "While you suck off Neil."

"Oh, god," Gabriel moaned, all thoughts and sanity leaving him. He gently pushed Neil back to lie down on the grass before pulling down Neil's shorts. Gabriel leaned over and swallowed Neil's cock down as he spread his legs and presented his ass for Ryan.

His mate must have come prepared, because a moment later, Gabriel felt Ryan's lubed fingers slide into his ass. He thrust his hips back, impaling himself onto Ryan's fingers. Gabriel let Neil's cock slide out of his mouth with a pop, then leaned over to suck on his balls, moaning the entire time. Gabriel whimpered when Ryan slid his fingers out.

"Fuck, you're tight, Gabe," Ryan whispered as he slowly pushed his cock into Gabriel's ass. Gabriel released Neil's balls and went back to sucking his cock with renewed vigor. Ryan grunted behind him, thrusting as hard and fast as he could into Gabriel, who met Ryan's every thrust with his own, the sounds of flesh meeting flesh driving him almost insane with eroticism.

"Gabe, I'm coming," Neil cried out, and in moments his cock erupted in Gabriel's mouth. Gabriel swallowed spurt after spurt of his mate's cum, loving the taste of it.

"Ryan!" Gabriel yelled after releasing Neil's cock, when his mate changed the angle of his thrusts. His mate's big cock was hitting his sweet spot each time he pushed in or pulled out. A few minutes of that and Gabriel was ready to climax. "I'm going to come, *piccola*."

"Come for me, my big dragon," Ryan grunted, pounding into Gabriel even harder. "I want your ass to milk my cock."

That was all it took to send Gabriel over the edge into orgasmic bliss. He roared out his release, then heard Ryan cry out behind him even before his own climax was done. Ryan's seed filled Gabriel's ass, then his spent mate collapsed on top of him. They all stayed where they were for a few minutes, panting, trying to catch their breath.

"Fuck," Gabriel said, gulping more air. "If I had known you guys would be turned on by me shifting, I would have done it when I first met you."

"I didn't know it would," Ryan said and chuckled.

“Me neither.” Neil giggled as they all lay there in one naked pile in the front yard. Thankfully, they hadn’t had any visitors during their little romp. What an interruption that would have been.

## Chapter 8

Neil lay in the big bed he shared with his mates, thinking about how his life had changed so much the past few months. It seemed like a lifetime ago that he and Ryan were on the run for their lives, not three and a half months ago. If he needed a visual on how different his life was, all he needed to do was look at his stomach.

Over halfway into his pregnancy already, he felt like a whale. Neil just didn't have a small baby bump anymore, everyone could tell he was pregnant. That or he had started drinking enough beer to have a large gut. Ryan had grown about the same amount he had but wasn't as gracious about it. He constantly cussed up a storm about getting fatter and not fitting into his clothes.

But Neil knew Ryan was as happy to carry Gabe's child as he was. He caught Ryan more than once talking to his stomach, telling the baby how much Ryan loved him. Neil was just glad the morning sickness passed after the first few weeks. That had been a nightmare. With the shorter gestation time, they were supposed to be eating so much more, which was difficult to do when everything they ate made them want to vomit.

Neil sat up suddenly when he heard a crash in the kitchen. Gabriel was at a horse auction, and Ryan said he was going to do some laundry. Neil rolled out of bed, walking quickly toward the kitchen when he heard Ryan yell.

"Ryan?" he called out just before he got to the kitchen, but stopped in his tracks when he got there. Ryan had two large kitchen knives in his hands as two men advanced on him. The two men were

the ones from the alley, but if they were here, where were the other three?

“Come here, you little whore,” another man said to Neil’s right as he grabbed Neil’s arm. Fighting on instinct, Neil kicked the large man in the knee, causing him to let go.

“There are five of us, you stupid slut,” one of the men edging toward Ryan said with a sneer.

Neil ran to be at Ryan’s back, grabbing a frying pan off the counter as he went. There they stood, back-to-back, two guys coming at Ryan’s front as three came toward Neil.

“Fuck you,” Ryan spat out as he lunged to slice the closer man. He must have made some contact because one of the men screamed. Neil wasn’t about to turn around and see what happened. He had to keep watch of the three guys creeping toward him. Seeing he was right by the knife block on the counter, Neil grabbed another knife from it.

“How did you find us?” Neil asked, not really caring about the answer but hoping to buy some time.

“It wasn’t hard,” said one of the men facing Ryan, snickering. “We saw the dragon pull up and go into the alley before he left and went into that store. I got a good look at his truck. He was easy to find. It was more about waiting around until he was gone for the day to come in and get you pieces of shit back.”

One of the men tried to grab Neil then, but he saw in time and used the frying pan like a tennis racket and backhanded the guy’s head. There was a satisfying crack as the man went down just a few feet from them. Deciding it was now or never, Neil threw the knife in his right hand at the closer of the two men still standing. The guy used his arm to deflect it but let out a howl of pain, so Neil knew he must have done some damage.

Reaching again with his right hand, Neil grabbed another knife and threw it again. He kept grabbing them and throwing as quickly as he could without taking his eyes off his attackers. Not having done

much damage, Neil was bumped from behind by Ryan before he could reach a fifth knife. It threw him off his balance, allowing one of the men to grab his arm with the frying pan. Neil went forward when the guy pulled on him and tried to punch his face.

Instead, Neil hit the guy in the shoulder and lost his frying pan. Once the guy had a grip on both of Neil's arms, the other man punched him in the face, then the stomach. Neil looked up in time to see that Ryan wasn't doing much better, though he still had one knife he was using to wrestle the last of his two attackers.

"Your dragon's not here to save you," the man holding Neil hissed in his ear. "As soon as we get you back, I'm going to fuck you until you bleed for cutting up my arm."

That caused Neil to panic, fighting with everything he had. He bit the man's arm only to have the other man knee him hard in the stomach.

"Shit, Gus, you idiot," the man holding Neil shouted. "They've mated with the dragon, and they're pregnant. You can't hit his stomach."

"Who fucking cares?" Gus asked, helping the first guy drag Neil out of the kitchen toward the front door.

"The boss does," the first man answered. "When he found out his whores were knocked up with baby dragons, he was ecstatic. Do you know what he could do with two dragons? I'm sure they'd do anything we wanted to keep their dads safe."

"No!" Neil wailed, realizing finally how bad the situation was. It was one thing to try and drag them back to being sex slaves, but he couldn't let them hurt their babies. Just as they were out the front door, Neil got a glimpse of the other man carrying an unconscious Ryan.

Neil fought as much as he could with two men holding him, even as they pushed him into the back seat of an SUV. Unfortunately, the SUV seemed to have child safety locks. The door could only be

reopened from the outside or by the driver. Seconds later, Ryan was thrown in the back seat next to him from the other side of the car.

Needing to make sure Ryan was still alive, Neil turned to check his pulse. It was strong and steady. Ryan was only unconscious. Well, at least that was something. Gus and the other guy got in the front, started up the SUV, and peeled out. Neil was frantic, trying to think of something to do. He wouldn't let them take Ryan and their babies.

Just as they turned onto the main road, Neil saw Gabe's truck coming toward them. Moving as if he was passing out, Neil hit the button to unroll the window.

Then, as quick as he could, he stuck his head out. "Gabe! Gabe, help us!" he screamed for all he was worth.

Neil was yanked back inside the SUV, hitting the back of his head on the side of the window as he went. Stars burst behind his eyes, and it took a few moments for his vision to clear.

When it did, he could see that Gabe's truck had pulled off to the side of the road. They had already passed it, but if Gabriel pulled over he had to have at least seen Neil. Suddenly, something landed on the roof of the SUV. Neil shrank down in his seat.

"Fuck! It's the dragon," Gus yelled to the driver, and Neil saw Gabe's tail out of the corner of his eye. Gabe got off the roof, and Neil could see flames shooting up the side of the SUV. The tires popped loudly, and the SUV skidded out of control. Neil was thrown from his seat against the door as the SUV spun off the road, sliding backward into a ditch.

The last thing Neil saw before he blacked out was Gabe, still in dragon form, ripping off the driver's door and pulling him from the car. Neil smiled. He'd done it, and he saved Ryan and the babies. Then all he saw was black.

\* \* \* \*

Neil awoke to the sound of hushed voices in the hallway, then realized he was lying in his bed. He was home, and Gabe had saved them. Neil turned his head and found Ryan lying peacefully next to him.

"I'm sorry, Gabriel, I did everything I could," Neil heard a strange man say.

"No!" Gabriel cried quietly. "No, it can't be."

Hearing Gabe's cries scared him, and as he rolled to get up, sharp pain stabbed through his body. He cried out loudly, trying not to move, hoping the pain would pass.

"Neil, don't move, sweetheart," Gabe said as he ran into the room. "Just lie still for now."

"What can't be?" Neil asked, completely panicked. "Is it Ryan? He's going to be okay, right?"

"Ryan's fine," a strange man said as he walked into the room as well. "He has a mild concussion and a sprained shoulder. I'm Dr. Benedict, Neil."

"Hello," Neil said to him quickly before turning back to Gabe. "Then what's wrong, Gabe? Why were you crying?"

"Neil, you were hurt pretty bad." Gabriel sat on the bed next to Neil. "They hit you repeatedly in the stomach."

"The baby?" Neil asked, tears starting to burn his eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Neil," Gabriel answered, starting to cry again. "The baby didn't make it."

"No," Neil whispered in horror. "No, that's not true. He's right here."

Neil went to gesture to his stomach, only to see his stomach bandaged up. He tore at the bandages, but Gabriel stopped him.

"There was nothing the doctor could do, Neil," Gabriel said, holding Neil's hands. "There was too much damage. I thought I was going to lose both of you."

"You took the baby out of me?" Neil asked, shaking his head, trying to make sense of what Gabe was saying. It couldn't be true.



“He had already died, Neil,” Dr. Benedict said, stepping closer. “One of the injuries to your abdomen hurt the baby beyond repair. We had to take him out, or you would have died with him.”

“No!” Neil wailed loudly, fighting against Gabriel to try and rip off his bandages and stitches.

“I’m going to have to sedate him, Gabriel,” Dr. Benedict said loudly over Neil’s cries. “He’s going to hurt himself!”

“Do it,” Gabriel said, tears falling freely down his face. “Neil, I love you.”

“The baby can’t be dead,” Neil whimpered as he felt the doctor stick a needle in his arm. Slowly, the need to fight seemed to leave him as he slipped into the blissful dark.

## Chapter 9

Ryan watched Gabe once again carry an exhausted Neil into the spare bedroom. He felt completely helpless and distraught. No matter what they did or said, they couldn't seem to get through to Neil. He wasn't eating, never seemed to sleep unless he collapsed from exhaustion, and always woke screaming from his nightmares.

It had been weeks since their attempted kidnapping and Neil losing the baby. Gabe buried the baby on the ranch about a half mile away from the house. Ryan ordered a tasteful headstone and had it engraved.

*Nicolas—His life was taken away before he ever got the chance to live.*

Neil spent every waking moment at the grave, crying.

No matter what Gabriel or Ryan said, they couldn't get him to leave it until he finally fell asleep. Then Gabriel would go out there and bring Neil back into the house, hoping Neil would finally sleep without any nightmares. After Neil had woken back up that first day, the effects of the doctor's sedation gone, he wouldn't talk to anyone. It had been weeks since he even said one word.

"I don't know how much longer I can take this, Ryan," Gabe said as he came into the kitchen and sat at the table with Ryan.

"I feel the same way." Ryan sighed and took Gabe's hand. "But what can we do? He won't talk to us, and we can't force him to eat."

"He won't even be in the same bed as us," Gabe replied, tears filling his eyes. "I mean, he moved out of our room right after it all happened. But the other night I went to sleep next to him in the guest room. He got up without a word and left."

"I don't know how to help him, Gabe."

"I know, *piccola*," Gabe answered, pulling Ryan onto his lap. "I meant to ask you, what happened with the crib? I saw it in the garbage outside yesterday."

"While you were running the horses yesterday," Ryan began, knowing telling Gabe would make him feel even worse, "I heard Neil screaming, so I ran into the nursery and found him beating the crib with a hammer. I didn't know what to do. I just stood there and cried, watching him. When he was done, he threw the hammer on the ground and went back outside to the baby's grave."

"I cleaned it all up and threw it in the outside garbage behind the barn. I didn't think it would help him any to see it again," Ryan finished.

"He's in so much pain," Gabe whispered, almost as if to himself. "If I could at least get him to talk to us, maybe we could help. I feel the loss of our baby, too, as I know you do. I just don't know what to do to make Neil feel better. Maybe I should call the doctor tomorrow. Much more of this and I'm afraid we'll lose Neil, too. He can't go this long without eating. He's skin and bones."

"I know, but even when I try to talk to him it's like he can't hear me. He's so wrapped up in his mind, it's like we don't exist."

They sat there a few more minutes, holding each other. After a while, a noise from the hallway drew their attention. Ryan looked up to see Neil walking toward them with a bag in his hand. Without even looking at them, he headed toward the front door.

Ryan quickly got off of Gabe's lap as they raced to block Neil from leaving. Gabe grabbed their mate by the arms. "Where are you going, Neil?"

"I'm leaving," Neil answered, his voice dry and cracked from weeks of not being used besides to scream and cry. "I can't be here anymore."

"Neil, please, talk to us," Ryan begged, hugging Neil from behind. "Please, Neil, don't just leave us. Let us help."

"I can't," Neil answered, trying to break their hold on him. "Let me go."

"No, I can't, Neil," Gabe said. "I love you, Neil. Ryan and I both love you so much. You can't leave us."

"You can't," Neil whispered.

"We can't what, Neil?" Ryan asked before it hit him what Neil meant. "We can't love you? We do, Neil. We love you so much."

"You can't, not anymore," Neil said, crying again. "Not anymore. I wasn't strong enough."

"Neil, we do—" Gabe started to say but was interrupted.

"You can't love me anymore!" Neil yelled, yanking away from them. "Not after I lost our baby. You can't possibly love me after that. I was too weak to keep our baby alive. You just feel sorry for me."

"Neil, listen to me," Gabe said forcefully, holding Neil's face in his big hands. "It wasn't your fault, Neil. You didn't do anything wrong. It was my fault we lost the baby. I love you. I will love you to the day I die. If you leave me, it will kill something inside me. It wasn't your fault, baby. It was mine. I wasn't here to protect you like I promised. It's my fault we lost the baby."

"Stop it, both of you!" Ryan screamed as loud as he could. He panted, his heart racing as both Neil and Gabe turned their heads slowly to look at him. It was almost like something out of a horror movie, realizing they weren't alone. "It's neither of your faults! Those men did this. It's not your fault, Gabe, for not being here. You couldn't have possibly known they would try and take us."

"And you didn't do anything wrong, Neil! It wasn't about how strong you are. Those men hurt you. They did this to us. They hurt us and killed the baby inside you, Neil. You didn't do anything to hurt the baby. You saved our lives and our other son by what you did. It's horrible we lost the baby. Nicolas can never be replaced. We'll feel his loss always," Ryan continued, lowering the volume of his voice.

"But you can't just give up. You can't join Nicolas," Ryan said as he moved to touch Neil's face. "I know part of you wants to, that's

why you won't eat. But you can't, Neil. Our baby wouldn't have wanted that, and our son who's going to be born soon won't want to lose one of his fathers."

"He's not my son," Neil said quietly. "I lost my son."

"Yes, you did," Gabe stated. "We all lost a son. Ryan's right, though, we still have a son that we need to love and raise. It doesn't matter if he's mine and Ryan's biological son. He's all of ours, Neil. Just as Nicolas was. The three of us as are a family, we're all mates. Any child is all of our child."

"I can't help you and Ryan raise your baby," Neil whispered. "I just can't."

"He's your baby, too, Neil," Ryan said, bringing Neil's face close to his. "You love this baby as much as you love Nicolas, right?"

"Of course, but—"

"There's no but, Neil," Gabe whispered gently. "That's what it means to be a father, not whose DNA the baby has. I never thought of Nicolas as mine and your baby and the baby inside Ryan as his and mine. It's always been both babies were ours, all three of ours."

"I feel the same way, Neil," Ryan said, kneeling next to Gabe. "They were always our babies. Losing Nicolas was horrible, something no parent should ever have to go through. And we will never forget him. We still have a son coming who needs us, all of us."

"I just feel such pain," Neil whimpered. "I don't know how to go on."

"For starters," Gabe said between peppering Neil's face with kisses, "you have to talk to us. Let us in, Neil. We can't help you if you don't let us."

"Okay, Gabe," Neil whispered as his lips met Gabe's. Ryan leaned in to kiss Neil as well. Right now, their mate needed them in every way. They couldn't bring back what they had lost, but they could show Neil how much they still loved him.

"Don't ever talk of leaving us again," Ryan said against Neil's lips. "We need you, Neil. You make the three of us a family."

“We love you so much, Neil,” Gabe threw in. “It’s been killing us, watching you in pain, not knowing how to help you.”

“I’m sorry,” Neil replied, leaning his head on Gabe’s shoulder as they slid to the floor next to Ryan. “I just didn’t know how.”

“We know, Neil,” Ryan cooed, joining their hug. “We know you didn’t. You have nothing to be sorry about.”

Neil lay there in Gabe and Ryan’s arms and finally let them help him as he sobbed out his pain and grief. Ryan wasn’t sure about Gabe’s tears, but he knew his were more from relief that they had finally gotten through to Neil. Losing the baby was horrible, but Ryan knew they’d never recover from losing Neil.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next few weeks, Ryan and Gabe helped slowly pull Neil back from his abyss of despair. Ryan made sure to always make meals he knew Neil loved. He was ecstatic when Neil joined them for breakfast the morning after he finally spoke. He didn’t eat much to start off, but over time, he was back to his normal portions and gaining back a little of the weight he had lost.

After a few days, Neil started sleeping with them again in their bed, always sure to lie between Gabe and Ryan. Ryan hadn’t heard Neil wake from a nightmare since he rejoined them in their room. Gabe and Ryan did their best not to push him, just support him as best they could. They lavished affection on their little mate, letting him know they were there for him.

Neil still went to visit the baby’s grave every day, but the visits were growing shorter and shorter. And much to Ryan’s surprise, Neil left the grave on his own. He no longer needed Gabriel to bring him back into the house.

Today, though, Neil had gone out to help Gabriel with the ranch for the first time since everything had happened. Ryan was running around—well, more like waddling around—trying to make as many

meals that could be frozen until they wanted to eat them. Dr. Benedict was coming to check up on him later today, and Ryan actually hoped to deliver the baby.

The baby, whom the three of them decided to name Daniel, was so strong, Ryan's ribs hurt from him kicking. If he was inside Ryan much longer, he'd probably end up breaking one of Ryan's ribs. Just as he finished putting together a second lasagna, Neil came in from outside covered in dirt. He gave Ryan a quick but heat-filled kiss and headed to their bedroom.

Ryan stood there, shocked, for a few moments. Neil had started kissing and touching them again, but nothing with that amount of heat. Before he could think about what he was doing, he followed Neil. Ryan watched, feeling himself grow hard as Neil stood in the shower soaping himself up. Deciding to take a chance, he quickly shed his clothes.

Neil turned and looked surprised when Ryan opened the door to the shower and joined him. Ryan grabbed the soap from Neil and started to wash Neil's tight body.

"That feels so good, Ryan," Neil moaned, leaning into Ryan's hands wherever they touched him.

"You feel good, Neil," Ryan whispered back, kissing along Neil's jawline before reaching his lips. "I want you, Neil."

"Can you still have sex?" Neil asked quietly. "I don't want to hurt the baby."

"I can if we're gentle," Ryan said as Neil touched him. "Let me make love to you, Neil."

"Yes, oh god, yes." Neil groaned and reached for the waterproof lube they kept in the shower. "I need you inside me, Ryan."

"Turn around," Ryan said, moving so Neil could lean over and brace his hands against the wall of the shower. Without another word, Ryan poured some lube on his fingers before rubbing them around Neil's tight hole. Slowly, Ryan pushed in a finger, remembering to be

gentle. Neil hadn't had sex since before the kidnapping, and Ryan didn't want to hurt him.

When he could slide one finger in and out easily, Ryan sank a second finger into Neil. His mate's moan of pleasure assured Ryan he wasn't hurting him. Scissoring his fingers for a minute or two to stretch Neil, he then slid in a third finger. Once Neil was ready, Ryan pulled out his fingers, smiling when Neil whimpered at their loss.

Quickly lubing up his hard cock, Ryan threw the bottle to the side of the shower and grabbed Neil's ass. He gently massaged it as he lined up his cock and started to slide into Neil's tight ass. Ryan stayed still for a few moments, allowing Neil to adjust to his size, when he finally bottomed out.

"I love you, Neil," Ryan said softly as he pushed on Neil's back to have him bend over more. With Ryan's large stomach in the way, Neil had to almost completely bend over to have sex.

"I love you, too, Ryan," Neil answered, looking over his shoulder to meet Ryan's gaze. Ryan started a slow and gentle rhythm, making sure to hit Neil's prostate with each thrust. There were no words to be said, only their moans of pleasure and the sounds of flesh slapping flesh. Ryan knew having sex couldn't heal Neil's heart, but being together like this again was a good start.

Ryan started to feel his balls draw up, signaling his impending orgasm. Moments later, his cock exploded, filling Neil with his warm seed. Between Ryan's climax and all the pressure he put on Neil's prostate, seconds later, Neil's muscles clamped down on him. Neil cried out his release, reaching down and stroking his cock.

"Are you okay?" Ryan asked after their orgasms had subsided but while they were still panting. "I know it's been a while. I tried to be gentle."

"It was perfect," Neil said as they pulled apart, turning so Ryan could see something he thought he might never see again. Neil was smiling at him. Ryan just about threw himself at Neil, kissing him fiercely as he started crying.



“Ryan, what’s wrong?” He pulled back from him, eyebrows scrunched together.

“Nothing,” Ryan sniffled, trying to pull himself back together. “I just didn’t know if I would ever see you smile again, Neil. Seeing it, I don’t know, I just needed to kiss you again.”

“It’s okay, you can kiss me anytime you want, Ryan,” Neil said, snickering. It wasn’t the giggle that Ryan and Gabriel loved so much, but again, it was a start. Ryan finished cleaning off and stepped out of the shower, leaving Neil to finish up. Quickly throwing on a shirt and pajama pants, Ryan went back into the kitchen, suddenly needing to sit down.

The baby was kicking up a storm, and it seemed he was getting in on the excitement as well. He started rubbing his stomach, trying to calm the baby down. Ryan looked up when he heard Gabriel come in from the kitchen door and saw Sheriff Todd with him.

“Hey, *piccola*, how are you feeling?” Gabriel asked, giving him a kiss.

“I’m fine, baby’s kicking like a mad boy,” Ryan said, laughing. “You’d think there was a whole soccer team in there. Hey, Todd, how’s it going?”

“Same ol’, same ol’,” Todd said, chuckling. “You know how it is.”

Ryan smiled politely even though he really didn’t have a clue as to what Todd meant. He liked Sheriff Todd, but he did have a strange sense of humor.

“Todd and I were talking about the men who held you and Neil all those years,” Gabe said quietly as he sat down next to Ryan. “He’s hoping you can give him some details, maybe a location. Todd wants to go in and shut those guys down permanently.”

“You can do that?” Ryan asked, his eyes wide. “You have to be careful. Those guys are armed to the teeth.”

Ryan was about to say more, but he heard Neil coming out of the bedroom. He didn’t want to discuss this around Neil. After sharing a

look with Gabe, he knew he felt the same way. Neil walked into the kitchen in his fluffy robe, walked to Gabe, and straddled his lap. Then, to everyone's surprise, Neil opened the robe so Gabe, and only Gabe, could see his naked body.

"Oh, Neil," Gabe groaned, eyeing every inch of their mate. "Are you trying to tease me?"

"No," Neil said, chuckling and leaning in to kiss Gabe. "Ryan and I just made love in the shower, but I'm still hard. Now I want to make love with my big dragon."

Gabe looked like he swallowed his tongue, quickly looking to Ryan, who nodded, then back to Neil. Without another word, he swooped Neil up in his arms, stood, and raced into their bedroom, kicking the door closed behind them.

Ryan and Sheriff Todd sat a moment before they both burst out laughing.

"That boy is not subtle," Todd said when their laughs finally died down. "But I'm glad to see he's getting back to normal."

"Me, too, Todd," Ryan said, wiping away his tears of laughter. "He's been through such hell. Gabe and I were worried we might never get him back."

"Well, Gabriel's lucky to have you both," Todd said, looking at his hands. "I hope I can find a mate who loves me as much as you both love him."

"You will, Todd," Ryan answered, taking the big Sheriff's hand. "He's out there. You'll find him."

"I hope so," Todd replied, smiling and squeezing Ryan's hand. "Now, tell me all about these assholes who held you. I've got some contacts who know about the situation. We want to go in and fry these guys."

"That sounds like the perfect punishment for them," Ryan said, chuckling. He filled Todd in on all he knew. He couldn't help smiling to himself as he did, finally feeling for everything those men had taken from Neil and Ryan that they were finally going to get theirs.

## Epilogue

“Daniel asleep?” Gabriel asked as Neil climbed back into bed with him and Ryan.

“Yeah, he’s snoring. It’s so damn cute.” Neil giggled as he snuggled between the two of them.

“He has your stomach,” Ryan said, snickering. “That boy eats more than a horse.”

“He’s a growing dragon. He needs all the food he can get.” Neil laughed before giving each of them a good night kiss. “Besides, I don’t eat as much as Gabe.”

“No, but Gabe is twice your size,” Ryan replied. “And still he doesn’t eat twice what you do. Some meals you eat more than he does.”

“Hey, I need my strength, too,” Neil said, pouting and causing Ryan and Gabriel to laugh.

It had been a month since Ryan delivered a healthy baby boy. There hadn’t been any complications, and baby and dad had come through just fine. Neil and Ryan both healed completely from everything, and Daniel was the most gorgeous baby Gabriel had ever seen. He had everything he ever wanted and couldn’t stop smiling.

“Because I’m pregnant,” Neil finished quietly.

“You’re what?” Gabriel asked, sitting up to look down at his little mate. “What? How?”

“When Dr. Benedict was here delivering Daniel, he and I had a talk about what happened,” Neil explained. “He told me since I didn’t have the baby, my body wouldn’t wait the three years like normal to get pregnant again. I took a test earlier today, and I’m pregnant.”

“Oh, baby, that’s wonderful,” Gabriel said, pulling Neil to him. “It is, right?”

“Yeah, it’s great,” Neil said, giggling. “I’m happy about it.”

“Another newborn.” Ryan chuckled. “One’s running us ragged. We’ve got our work cut out for us. I’m so excited!”

“It’s perfect,” Gabriel said, kissing both his mates furiously. “Just like my mates.”

“No baby can replace Nicolas,” Neil said solemnly when they all stopped kissing. “But Ryan was right all along. Life doesn’t stop because of tragedy. We always planned on having a houseful of kids, so it seemed like the right time to try again.”

“Who knew you were hot and smart?” Gabriel asked, looking at Ryan.

“You did, dragon mine,” Ryan said, leaning over to bring his face right up to Gabriel’s and Neil’s. “You did when you asked us both to spend eternity with you.”

And Gabriel did. He knew from the moment he asked them it was the best decision he would ever make. Eternity with two men he loved with his entire heart and who loved him back.

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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. She kept writing, short stories, romance, mystical, and of course adding in hot cowboys any chance she could. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

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