



DYING

Assassin

WOLF HAREM SERIES, BOOK 3

JOYEE FLYNN

DYING *Assassin*

WOLF HAREM # 3

JOYEE FLYNN

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Cover Artist: Reese Dante

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ISBN # 978-1-920484-24-8

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PUBLISHER

SILVER PUBLISHING

<http://www.silverpublishing.info>

TRADEMARKS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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Viagra: Pfizer Inc.
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DEDICATION

To Adam:

*I wouldn't have been able to finish this book without you.
Thank you for helping me get through such a rough patch
in my life, it meant the world to me. Your constant checking
on me, listening to me complain, & cry was what got me
through.*

*You're my favorite person to turn to when I'm upset
because you can always make me laugh no matter what.
You're the best thing that's come into my life since I moved
and I'm forever glad I met you.*

CHAPTER 1

Ryder's Perspective

"Someone's pulling in the driveway," I called out to Spencer, too lazy to get up myself. Plus, I was rubbing our piglet, Gilbert's, stomach and he was making happy noises.

"Did you guys order me anything?" Spencer asked as he peered out the window. I exchanged a glance with Luc and shook my head. We hadn't ordered anything since Dean's snazzy cane. Spence headed for the front door, and I turned my attention back to Gilbert.

"I have a package for a Spencer Fallon?" the delivery guy asked.

"I'm him," Spencer replied, taking the electronic signature thingy and scribbling his name. He gave the box a funny look as the delivery guy left and knelt down by it. Turning to look at us again, he said "This is weird."

"It smells familiar," Dean said standing up, and walked towards Spencer as he pulled off the tape. "Like when I used to work demolitions... Spencer, *no!*"

The change in Dean's tone caused me to jump and look back to Spencer who was pulling the lip of the box open. Dean sprinted for him, dropping his cane and diving to tackle Spencer. Luc and I got the idea. I grabbed Gilbert

and ran for the office, Luc right behind me. We only got about two steps when the explosion went off, throwing us off our feet. I turned at the last second to keep from squishing Gilbert as Luc fell to the side of me.

Both of us turned in slow motion to look back towards the front door. It, along with most of the foyer, wasn't there anymore. We jumped to our feet as quick as rabbits; Luc went straight for Spencer and Dean while I went to put Gilbert in his pen in the dining room where it was safe. My ears were ringing so loudly that when I made it back to them, Luc was shouting something and I couldn't hear him. Then I saw how bad everything was.

There was blood everywhere. Spencer had huge gashes on his legs and midsection. Dean looked as if most of his back was sliced off of him. Still not knowing what Luc was saying, I stepped over them to get supplies from the kitchen. I went into the pantry and grabbed the stack of clean kitchen towels, then the bigger first aid kit from the utility room.

When I got back, Luc had already moved Dean off of Spencer and taken off his shirt. He was holding it to Spencer's stomach as he pointed at me, then at Dean. That, I understood. Kneeling next to Dean, who was lying face down, I pulled out the piece of wood stuck in his shoulder

and pressed one of the towels down on the wound.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Luc said, and I realized he was yelling even though it sounded faint to me. I was glad at least my hearing was returning.

"I'm going to call Max and get his doctor here," I screamed at him.

"He's on the East Coast, how will that help us?" Luc shouted back.

"We can't take them to a human hospital, and someone could have heard the blast," I answered, pulling my cell out of my pocket. "I'm open to suggestions, Luc."

"Yeah, I've got no fucking clue," he said, nodding at me to make the call. I pulled up my phone book on my cell with one hand while keeping pressure on the biggest of Dean's wounds with the other.

"Hello? Hello is anyone there?" I yelled when I couldn't hear the ringing anymore. "It's Ryder Jenkins, I need Max. It's an emergency, and I can barely hear."

"Ryder, what's wrong?" Max bellowed on the other end of the line.

"Someone sent Spencer a package, it was a bomb," I replied. "Luc and I are okay, besides some ringing in the ears, but they're hurt bad, Max. We don't know if anyone heard the explosion; we could have humans here any

minute. What do we do?"

"Are they conscious?"

"No, they're both out, but alive."

"I've got a friend with a jet; with flight time the doc should be there in four hours," Max said. "Get them to a guest room and clean up evidence that there were people in the explosion. Call the human authorities and tell them no one was hurt. Make up some story, Ryder. If they come and you weren't the ones to call them, they'll be suspicious."

"Thanks, Max," I answered as we hung up. I relayed what he said to Luc, and we got to moving them. Once we had them in the guest room upstairs in the back, I made a decision. "I'll handle the police, you stay with them."

"Why me?" he asked, trying to clean them up enough to see where the wounds were.

"You've had vet training, and it's more medical than anything I have," I answered, thinking it was logical.

"Fair enough, but start cleaning before you call," he replied. I was glad we'd brought up the first aid kit and towels already. Racing back downstairs, I started wiping down the walls. Then I looked around and realized it looked too clean. Taking a few pieces of burnt wood, I rubbed it against the walls I'd just wiped. I smiled at how it looked, realizing I wasn't just a cute face sometimes.

"Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?" the operator asked when she answered.

"Hi, this is Ryder Jenkins," I yelled into the phone, then gave her my address. "We had a package delivered to the house, and it exploded. I wasn't hurt, but I'm pretty sure this is when you call the police."

"Was anyone hurt or there besides you, Mr. Jenkins?"

"No, ma'am," I answered, relaying the story Luc and I had worked out. "I started tearing open the tape, but it was stuck. I went to the kitchen to grab a knife and left the box at the door because it was heavy. It exploded when I was in there."

"We'll send units out immediately," she replied, relaying the address and giving out some codes over the radio. "Do you need any medical attention?"

"No, my ears are ringing, but it's already going away." We said our goodbyes and hung up. I went back to finishing my cleaning, making sure to stick all the bloodied paper towels I used into the grill outside. Just as I heard sirens getting close, I finished up. Quickly I rubbed some more burnt wood on the walls then went to wash the blood off me.

"Mr. Jenkins?" someone called out from what had

been the front door.

"I'm here," I said, coming out of the downstairs bathroom.

"Is anyone else here or hurt, sir?" one of the policemen asked me.

"No, my partners are in Rapid City doing some shopping," I answered. "I called to let them know what was going on. They're coming home as soon as possible. Please, come into the kitchen."

"What the hell happened here?" he asked as he stepped over all the debris.

"We had a delivery," I replied, shaking my head. "There wasn't a return address, and it was addressed to my partner."

"You opened someone else's mail?" he asked, raising an eyebrow at me.

"Do you open your wife's mail or take packages for her?" I answered, giving him the same look right back.

"Good point," he chuckled. "I'm Deputy Wilcowski, by the way. This is Officer Reynolds." The deputy was a big guy, probably played lots of football in high school, if not college. Officer Reynolds was more medium height and weight. I found himself staring at Deputy Wilcowski because, not only was he attractive, but he had kind eyes,

which was rare.

"I'm sorry, nice to meet you both. Please forgive my manners," I said, trying to smile as I shook their hands. "I'm not thinking straight right now. After it happened I sat in the kitchen for a while before I even realized I should call you."

"Shock works that way," the deputy replied gently as we all took seats at the kitchen table. "Now, start from the beginning and tell me what happened."

"I heard someone pulling up the drive," I started to say then took a deep breath. I didn't like lying to the police, though I understood why it was a necessary evil. "We got a medium size package for Spencer Fallon, my partner. It was maybe twelve inches by eighteen inches wide, a box. I signed for it, and he left it in the doorway. I started to pull back the tape, but I couldn't get it all, so I went back to the kitchen to get a knife."

"Why not take the box with you?" the officer asked, taking notes.

"I went to pick up it, but it was heavy," I answered. "I figured maybe once I got it open either I could take it out and bring it out of the doorway, or maybe it was parts. Honestly, I figured it was for the car Dean has been rebuilding."

"Then why wasn't it addressed to Dean?" he asked. Damn, he was sharp.

"Good point." I shrugged, not having to work hard to play dumb on that one. "I guess I wasn't really paying attention. I remember Dean said he ordered something for the car, but it could have been from the mechanics in town."

"Okay, so you went to get a knife," the Deputy said, guiding me back to the story.

"I got about four feet into the kitchen when it exploded," I replied, shivering. "It knocked me off my feet, and I'm just getting the ringing in my ears to stop. I can't imagine what it would have done to me if I'd still been kneeling next to it."

I was having the hardest time not tearing up then; telling the story was reminding me that two of them men I loved were upstairs in bad shape. But then I realized if my story had been true, I could get away with crying.

"Do you or Mr. Fallon have any enemies?" the Deputy asked, being incredibly nice about all this; he really was a sweet guy.

"Not that I know of, everyone's been great since we moved here," I answered honestly. We talked some more, they asked questions, I answered and vice versa. The

deputy seemed embarrassed that they couldn't be much more help than tracking down the package through the shipping company.

"I'm pretty sure this is the first explosion Brookings has ever had," he said, wiping his hands on his pants as he stood. "Since it wasn't the United States Postal Service, I don't have to get the Feds involved, and I'd prefer not to."

"Um, I guess let's see what your search comes up with," I answered as I led them to the door. Or the hole in the front of the house that used to be the door, I guess. "I'll ask Spencer when he gets home, but I don't really have a clue what to do. If you don't think the Feds are needed, I see no reason not to trust you."

"I have no problem calling them in if we hit a dead end," the deputy said, nodding in agreement. "But if we call them in before they're needed, it normally just turns into a pissing match and that helps no one."

"Then do what you think is best. I appreciate you coming out here and checking into this," I said. "Wish I'd gotten to meet the local law enforcement some other way."

"Fair enough," the officer chuckled as he left and walked to the car.

"Are you okay to be alone, Mr. Jenkins?" Deputy Wilcowski asked, taking my arm and staring into my eyes.

I saw the genuine concern for my safety. "We can stay until your men get home if that would make you feel better."

"I'm okay, really," I replied, patting his hand. "I really just want to go lay down for a bit. This is just a lot to take in."

"Alright, but if you need anything else, you'll call?"

"I promise. Thanks again, deputy," I said as he started to walk away. I waved goodbye after they got in their cruiser and headed down the driveway. As soon as they were out of sight, I raced up the stairs to where Luc and the guys were.

"We good?" he asked as I reached him. I nodded and went back to cleaning Dean's back and wounds.

"You're going to have to stitch up that gash; it's healing but it needs help."

"Tell me what to do," I said, not liking the idea of sewing up his side.

"See how I did it to this wound here?" Luc replied, pointing to Spencer's stomach. I looked over and saw the one he'd finished as he was working on another one.

"Doesn't have to be pretty, just keep the wound closed until it can heal on its own. Don't worry about scars; I don't have any from the night I almost died, so I'm assuming werewolves don't get them."

"Good point," I answered, feeling better knowing that detail. He handed me some fishing line and a very large needle. He saw that I wasn't loving this idea and gave me a quick kiss.

"They can't feel it, Ryder, and they need the help," he said gently. I nodded, knowing he was right, but I simply didn't like the idea of sticking the fat needle into Dean. Sucking it up, I threaded the needle, cut off what I needed and got to work. Several minutes later, I was done.

"What about all the blood they lost? Don't we need to replace some of it?" I asked, looking from Dean to Luc.

"Yeah, I don't know about that." He sighed, rubbing his eyes and face with a clean towel. "I know our blood is clean, but do werewolves have different types? I guess the doc will have to answer that for us. I'm not a fan of the idea of that jackass being here again."

"Beggars can't be choosers, Luc," I said, rubbing his back. We hugged for a few minutes, both of us shaking from the constant adrenaline that our bodies had been pumping. Then we went back to cleaning up our men and doing whatever busywork we could before the doc got here.

* * * *

Several hours later, we had Spencer and Dean cleaned up and most of the debris from the explosion bagged as well. Right now though, Luc and I were pacing around downstairs as the doctor named Doc took care of our guys. I'd done everything I could think of to stay distracted, played with Gilbert, started making dinner, and rewashed the walls of the hallway and foyer.

"They're both going to be fine in a few days," Doc said as he came down the stairs. "I gave them both a couple of pints of blood to replace what they lost. Also, I pumped them full of sedatives; let them sleep through as much of the healing and pain as they can."

"When should we expect them back up?" Luc asked.

"The effects of the medication will last a while." The doc checked his watch. "I estimate another eight to ten hours, but they might just eat and pass back out," he answered as he pulled out some bottles from his bag. "These are very strong painkillers, since our bodies metabolize everything so quickly."

"How often should we give them to Spence and Dean?" I asked as I reached for the bottles.

"Let's not have the ex-drug addict be in charge of the pills, shall we?" Doc snickered as he pulled them back

from me and to Luc.

"Get the fuck out of our house," Luc growled, snatching the bottles. "I don't know what problem you have with us, but you can't speak to Ryder like that."

"Luc, it's fine, I understand," I said, putting my hand on his arm. "The doc is right, even if he's callous and ill-mannered. But you should know I've been clean for almost five months and only thought about even taking drugs once."

"Then you beat the odds, congratulations," the doctor answered gently. "You're right, that was callous. And I don't have a problem with any of you; I'm not a fan of being shipped out when another pack needs me. On top of which, my daughter should be going into labor any day now, and I didn't want to leave her."

"I'm sorry you got pulled into this and dragged away from where you're needed," Luc replied, rolling his neck and calming down. "We wouldn't have called you if the situation wasn't dire. I didn't have a clue what I was doing and kind of went on instinct. We needed help."

"I understand that," Doc answered, putting his hand on Luc's shoulder. "You did a great job, you need to know that. They would have healed just fine with what you did. I just sped up the recovery time by giving them the blood

and drugs. Even being worried about my daughter, I wouldn't turn right around and leave if I wasn't completely confident they would be just fine."

"We appreciate that, Doc," I said, smiling up at him. "Is this your first grandchild?"

"It is," he replied, getting this wide shit-eating grin on his face. "My daughter was pregnant few years ago but lost the baby in the first trimester. Unfortunately shifters have a higher rate of miscarriage than humans do. Needless to say we were all devastated, but they decided to try again and this time everything seems fine."

"Boy or girl?" Luc asked as we led him to the door. Luc had gone and picked up the doc and had to drive him back to the airport.

"A boy, they've named him Francis," he answered.

"Best of luck, Doc, our thoughts will be with you," I said, shaking his hand and saying our goodbyes. He smiled at me then left with Luc. I went upstairs to be with my men, needing to see for myself that they were on the mend. Spencer was on his back, while Dean was sleeping on his stomach; both looking peaceful and pain free. I crawled into the bed and lay down between them, hoping they could feel I was there with them and that it might help.

CHAPTER 2

Back to Spencer's Perspective

I awoke to a dull throbbing in my head, stomach, and thighs. Opening my eyes I could see it was dark out. Had I been napping? And why was I in the guest room? Then the day's events hit me like a ton of bricks; the package, the explosion, everything.

"How much pain are you in?" Ryder asked me quietly as he sat up and stared down at me. He reached out and gently pushed my hair away from my forehead. "You guys had us scared."

"Dean. Is Dean alright?" I replied, my throat as dry as the desert. "Can I get something to drink?"

"Let's start with some ice chips and see how you do," Luc said from a chair next to the bed. He picked up a cup from the nightstand with a spoon and fed me some. Of course it was cold, but at least my throat didn't feel as dry then.

"Dean's fine; you both are," Ryder answered me, tears overflowing his eyes. "We called Max, and he sent the doc over on a private jet. He gave you a transfusion and sedatives, but said you would be just fine. He also left us pain medicine for you both if you want some."

"Yeah, that sounds good," I replied as I tried to sit up and pain shot through my body. "How long have I been out?"

"Almost twenty hours," Luc answered, checking his watch. "The explosion happened at nine in the morning and it's not even five am yet. The doctor said you'd be fine in a few days, but you need your rest."

"Are you hungry?" Ryder asked as he opened a bottle and shook a few pills into his hand.

"No, just thirsty, confused, and in pain," I replied, glancing over to see Dean lying on the other side of Ryder. "How bad is he?"

"He took most of it to his shoulder and back," Luc explained as he and Ryder helped me sit up. "I was more worried about you. You had some pretty good size gashes in your abdomen."

Ryder leaned in and gave me a quick kiss before feeding me the pills and holding the glass of water to my lips. I drank it down greedily, swallowing the pills before he pulled it away. "Go slow, Spence. You've been through a lot."

"You guys are okay? You weren't hurt?" I asked, gazing over their bodies in the dark.

"We had some temporary hearing loss and ringing

in our ears, but nothing major," Luc said. "We've taken care of everything, Spence. Right now you just worry about getting better, okay?"

"But I have so many questions," I replied, scared at how bad the aftermath of a bomb going off in our house was. "Did anyone hear the explosion? How bad is the house?"

"Spencer, you have to stay calm," Ryder said firmly. "We'll tell you everything later when you're not all drugged up. Please just trust us, okay? I promise everything's okay, and we've handled what needed to be done for now."

"I do trust you, but it's scarier not knowing," I replied, feeling my eyes droop as the pain pills started kicking in. "Those are some good drugs."

"They'll help you and Dean rest and recoup." Ryder giggled as he helped me slide back down into bed. "We'll fill you in when you wake back up, just take it easy now."

"They're making me sleepy and really horny," I moaned as my cock started to fill. "Can I fuck you in my sleep, baby?"

"Wow, those pills work fast," Luc replied. "Not sure about one of the side effects being the patient gets horny though."

"My cock feels like it's going to explode, it's so hard," I answered, throwing back the sheet so they could see. "I need so bad."

"Spencer Fallon, you're in no shape to be thinking about sex," Ryder said firmly, but then started giggling.

"Please, baby, I don't know what's happening to me," I whimpered. I was feeling half drunk and sleepy, and half wanting to fuck my men until they couldn't walk for a week.

"You're too injured to have sex, Spence," Luc answered gently. "Try to relax and get some sleep; maybe the side effects will go away then."

"Luc, could you sleep with this big of a fucking hard-on?" I whined, never hearing the high octave I was speaking come out of my mouth before. "Please, some just touch me. It doesn't have to be sex, but I'm so hard it almost hurts."

"If I give you some release, will you go to bed and be a good patient?" Ryder asked as he moved down the bed.

"I promise, baby. I'll do whatever you guys want, just please help me," I begged. He gave me a quick nod and rolled his eyes at Luc.

"The things our man will do for a blow job," he

chuckled before leaning over and licking the head of my cock.

"I'm not doing this on purpose," I moaned as he took me into his mouth.

"We believe you, Spencer," Luc whispered as he leaned over and licked my lips. I pulled his head down to mine and mashed our lips together. I groaned into the kiss as Ryder started massaging and tugging on my sac. He started swallowing my dick all the way down, his nose rubbing against my skin. Ryder had taken to waxing us all down there, saying we'd love the feeling. As always, my baby had been right.

"Fuck, baby. That's it, suck my cock with that hot mouth," I grunted after Luc pulled away. Luc and Ryder gently held down my hips so that I couldn't thrust up into his mouth. My men might know me too well sometimes. But then again, they knew my injuries better than I did. The harder Ryder sucked and played with me, the more I felt like my body was going to overheat with need.

Luc smirked at me as he leaned over and pulled both my nipples. My men knew I liked some pain with my pleasure at times, now being one of them. I cried out their names as I came hard, shooting my vast load down Ryder's throat. He simply smiled up at me as he swallowed my cum

down and kept sucking on me. When I was finally spent, he licked my softening cock gently, cleaning it before moving to the side of me and pulling the sheet back over me.

"Thank you, my loves," I panted as I pulled Ryder up to me and tucked him at my side. "That was so bizarre; I almost felt like a cat in heat, I don't get it."

"It was fun to watch though," Dean mumbled. Ryder jumped up, and Luc ran to the other side of the bed as I turned to see him.

"How bad are you?" I asked.

"Worse off than you if you're up for blow jobs," he snickered then coughed.

"Side effect from the pain meds," Luc answered for me as he helped Dean onto his side and fed him some ice chips. "You're going to have to stay off your left side and back, Dean. That's where you took most of your injuries. Spencer had his on his lower right side, stomach, and legs."

"We gonna live?" Dean asked as Luc and Ryder moved him to sit up, putting pillows behind his right shoulder only.

"You're going to be just fine, big guy," Ryder whispered before leaning in and giving him a kiss. "Doc was here and checked you guys out and left some pain meds."

"Pain meds sound good," he mumbled as Luc fed him more ice chips. Ryder moved off the bed, and grabbed Dean a few pills and a glass of water. He gently crawled back up the bed and slipped them in Dean's mouth before making him drink some water.

"After we get you to pass back out, I'm going to take the bandages off your shoulder and let some air get at your wounds," Luc said. "You guys are on bed rest for the next couple of days."

"I'm cool with that," Dean chuckled. "I feel like shit."

"That's better than being dead!" Ryder snapped, and I saw he had tears in his eyes again. Dean and I both reached for him at the same time, which was easy since he was kneeling in between us. "I'm sorry, we were just so scared."

"Sorry, baby," Dean replied softly and pulled Ryder down for another kiss. I started to get hard again from watching their passion. What the fuck was wrong with me? I just came minutes ago. "It's not that bad, really nothing compared to regrowing a leg."

"No one else is allowed to get hurt; I can't take watching the men I love in pain," Ryder whispered, snuggling down on Dean's good side.

"I love you too, sweetheart," Dean moaned. I watched as he reached down, slid his hand into Ryder's boxers, and started stroking Ryder's cock. "What is wrong with me? All I can think about is fucking you, baby."

"I'm just that irresistible," Ryder hissed as he pulled off his shorts and threw a leg over Dean's. "Everyone just wants a piece of me."

"I actually want all of you," Dean replied, reaching for Luc as well. He glanced at me. "Is this what you were feeling? Like your balls were so blue they were going to explode, and not in a good way?"

"Yeah, that's a perfect description actually," I answered, reaching down for my dick again. "And it's coming back watching you guys."

"Wait, you guys are injured," Luc said, trying to be the voice of reason as he pulled away from Dean.

"I don't really care about that right now," Dean moaned before kissing Ryder.

"Yeah, I don't either." I agreed, pulled the sheet off again to show Luc my hard-on. "I'm almost in pain again, I'm so hard."

"Fine, but I'm calling Doc in the morning about these side effects," Luc snickered as he moved around the bed towards me. "You won't heal much if all we're doing is

giving you hand and blow jobs."

"Fine," I growled, pulling him on the bed, barely noticing the pain when he hit the wound on my leg. "But right now, I want your sweet ass."

"How are we going to do that, Spence?" Luc asked, looking up from my cock to my eyes.

"I don't fucking care, just please help me," I whimpered, tearing off his pajama pants. As soon as I got a look at his hot naked body I just about dragged him up to my lips. I kissed Luc fiercely, thrusting my tongue into his mouth.

"Where's the lube?" Dean asked. I was too busy trying to reach Luc's tonsils with my tongue to answer. Seconds later, I felt cool slick poured on my fingers. Immediately, I attacked Luc's ass, rubbing copious amounts around his hole before pushing a finger in. He groaned and melted into the kiss too, straddling me carefully so I had better access to his ass. I pushed in a second finger and he gasped into my mouth.

"I'm sorry, Luc. I can't seem to control myself," I whispered against his lips. "All I can think about is sinking my cock into your tight hole."

"Do it, I need to feel you too," he groaned as he pushed back against my fingers. "It just seems wrong to

want to make love to you when you were hurt. But after today, I needed to feel my men, make sure you were really alive."

"I'm not going anywhere, Luc," I answered, staring into his beautiful eyes. "We're incredibly hard to kill."

"I know, but I was still scared," Luc said. "You have no idea what it did to me to see you and Dean like that."

"I agree," Ryder moaned as he lowered himself onto Dean's dick. Seemed they were moving faster than we were. Deciding to make up for that, I slid a third, then a fourth finger into Luc.

"Ride me, Luc," I begged when he was stretched out enough. I quickly pulled my fingers out of his ass and helped him move over my groin. He smiled at me as he placed the head of my cock against his hole and started to impale himself on it. I glanced over to Dean and Ryder. They were kissing passionately as Ryder worked himself up and down Dean's huge dick. Dean was stroking Ryder's cock with his right hand, which was his uninjured side.

"So full." Luc hissed when he was seated fully on me. "I can't believe you guys are up for sex after what happened today."

"What can we say? We're animals with hot men," I

snickered as he moved on me. I moaned loudly and grabbed his hips, loving the feel of his ass caressing my cock. Luc's eyes glazed over as he leaned over and braced himself against my shoulders, fucking himself on my dick. "So fucking sexy, Luc. Ride my cock, sweetheart. I want you to paint my chest with your cum."

"Oh fuck," Luc gasped before mashing his lips down to mine. I knew Ryder and Luc both got extremely wound up with a little dirty talk, and I was always more than willing to oblige.

"Yeah, Luc, just like that. You love my big cock in your tight little ass," I hissed. I held his hips firmly, pulling him down hard on me. "Touch yourself, Luc. Let me see how much you're enjoying my dick."

"I love how dirty your mouth is," he grunted as he fucked himself harder. He removed one hand from my shoulder and started stroking himself. "You always know just what to say."

I gave him a feral smile and pulled him closer to my mouth. "After I come in your sweet ass, I'm going to eat my seed out of your stretched hole."

"Oh fuck, Spencer," Luc moaned. "That's so fucking hot."

"Then we'll get Ryder to lick all your spunk off my

chest and kiss Dean with it." I moaned, feeling my already tight sac draw up. "Maybe they'll help clean your ass up too."

"You're going to kill me," he panted. We both turned when we heard Dean and Ryder cry out, looking just in time to see them climax together. Ryder started coming so hard his first stream of seed hit Dean in the face. "Oh shit, that's hot."

"Come for me now, Luc," I growled as I dug my fingers into his hips and ass. "I'm almost there."

"Yes," he hissed as he stiffened up, before screaming out his release. I felt his muscles clamp down on my dick and that was all it took to push me over into joining him.

"Luc!" I cried out as my cock exploded in his ass. I kept pulling him down hard on my dick, trying to draw out my orgasm. His tight little hole milked every last drop from my cock before he collapsed on my chest, careful of my injuries.

"You are a very dirty-minded man, Spencer Fallon," he panted as he threw his arms around my neck. "If you're a good patient, Ryder and I will play with the double-sided dildo you love so much."

"I'll be good, I want to see that," Dean groaned.

"Okay, no more sex talk. I'm feeling more sleepy than horny now, and I don't want that burning need to come back."

"I agree," I said, yawning. I took Luc's face in my hands and gave him a quick kiss. "You were fantastic, Luc. But I think I'm about to pass out now, so don't take it personally. You know how much I love you."

"I do," he whispered against my lips. "It's okay, Spence. Fall asleep. You need it to heal."

"Thank you, my love," I replied, eyes drooping as my hands suddenly felt heavy. I still felt drunk-ish, tired, and it was pulling me under. The last thing I saw before letting the pills work their magic was Luc's smiling face and sparkling eyes.

* * * *

The next day, Luc checked in with Doc about the side effects. He said they were normal for weres, that our system immediately produced more hormones when foreign items were introduced. The pain killers caused our bodies to create more adrenaline, testosterone, and every hormone that was tied to sexual desire. So while it took away our pain, it was like a very, very large Viagra for us

as well.

Luc had wanted us to stop taking them, but the doctor explained they were also muscle relaxers that would help healing since our bodies weren't under the stress of pain. After the first day, Ryder and Luc always made sure to be stretched and ready, since we didn't have the best control.

Ryder had called in a crew to rebuild the front door and foyer, against Dean's wishes. Dean had been adamant that he would fix everything as soon as we were back on our feet.

"I almost lost two of the men I love. I want it fixed so I can stop looking at the constant fucking reminder of that. Besides, you don't need to be lugging shit around as soon as you start feeling better," Ryder had yelled, crossing his arms over his chest. Dean and I shared a look, knowing full well Ryder would get his way. It wasn't very often when Ryder wanted something or put his foot down, but when he did, he got it.

So, three days after the explosion, everything was fixed and we were back on our feet. One of the side effects for Dean was that he was way more aggressive than normal, wanting to slam his cock into all of us. While strange for Dean, who truly preferred to be a bottom, I had

no problem with it. He had the biggest dick of all of us, in length and width. I'd been patiently waiting for the time Dean wanted to fuck me with it.

"Take every inch of me into your tight ass," Dean grunted as he pounded into me. I was bent over, my hands braced on the back of the couch as he fucked me like a mad man. Both Ryder and Luc were lying on the couches in the living room, half exhausted from our constant attentions. When we had worn them out, Dean and I started taking each other. If the pills didn't have us passing out, all we could think about was our hard-ons that never seemed to go down.

"Harder, Dean, I want it harder," I moaned. I pushed back against him as he thrust into my ass.

"Bend over the couch," he ordered, and I gladly complied. I loved how the soft leather rubbed against my cock as we moved. It ended up that position put my face in Ryder's groin. I reached down and put his soft dick into my mouth.

"Spence, I've come three times already today. I can't get hard again," Ryder whined, spreading his legs for my roaming hands.

"I like playing with you when you're soft too, baby," I moaned, then swallowed him back down.

"How many more days are you on the pills?" Ryder asked.

"My sex crazed man has finally reached his limit?" Dean chuckled. He was only teasing since I was pretty sure we'd fucked each of them at least four times already today and it was only one in the afternoon.

"I need more recovery time," Ryder gasped as I played with the plug in his ass while blowing him. They'd decided it was the best way to stay ready for us, always putting the butt plugs back in when we were done. I wasn't really sure they needed them, considering we didn't leave them alone for more than an hour at a time while we were awake.

"Your ass is like heaven, Spence," Dean groaned seconds before crying out and filling my hole with his seed. I reached down and ran my thumb over the slit of my cock, moaning around Ryder's soft dick as I came. Carefully moving so I shot my load all over the floor because I knew Ryder would have a fit if I ruined the leather couches he'd picked out.

"I need more," I growled as Dean pulled out of me.

"Not me, I'm ready for nap time," Dean yawned. He walked around the couch and lay down next to Ryder. They snuggled close together, half of Ryder sprawled out over

Dean. I stalked over to Luc, who smiled up at me as he held his arms open to me. Lifting him up, I threw him over my shoulder as I walked us into the kitchen. I gently laid him down on the island counter and pulled out his plug.

"I'm not going to be able to walk for a week after you guys are done with us." Luc snickered as I squirted some lube on my dick. We had started leaving bottles lying around everywhere so we didn't have to resort to spit because we were so impatient.

"I'll just have to carry you everywhere," I purred as I moved in between his legs and threw them over my shoulders. I lined up my cock and thrust balls deep into him in one shot. We both groaned loudly as I started a hard and fast pace. "I love you so much, Luc."

"I love you too, marathon man," Luc panted as I pegged his prostate with every thrust. "I might miss these pills when you're done with them in a couple of days."

That froze me in midmotion. "Are you saying our sex life isn't enough for you?"

"No!" Luc gasped, propping himself up on his elbows and staring into my eyes. "I love our sex life, all of ours. It's just that you and Dean are so aggressive and can't seem to get enough of us. I like that I'm barely recovered and one of my big strong men is throwing me down on a

flat surface to take me. The look in your eyes is just so intense, like you need me more than air."

"I always feel that way about you, Luc," I replied, leaning forward to kiss him. It also had my cock pushing into him farther as he folded over in half to accommodate me. "I love all of you more than I can put into words."

"I know that, and I feel the same way," Luc said, nodding. "Maybe I just didn't know I liked a little caveman action now and again. I mean it's hot when you throw me over your shoulder and fuck me as if you were branding me."

"I am branding you as mine," I growled as I started thrusting into him again. "I'm going to tattoo Spencer's, Dean's, and Ryder's on your sweet ass."

"Fine by me," he moaned as he writhed around under me. I realized I did like the idea of marking him as mine. My hips seemed to take on a life of their own as I pounded into him faster than I'd ever seen myself move. "You really like that idea, don't you, Spence?"

"Yes," I hissed out, the visual pushing me over the edge. I screamed out Luc's name as my dick exploded in his ass, filling him with my cum. Slumping down on him when I was spent, I rested my chin on his chest and let his legs fall off my shoulders. "What if we all got a matching

tattoo? Something just for the four of us; I think that's better than wedding bands."

"Hmm, I liked the idea of you guys being marked as mine," Luc groaned as I pulled out of him. "Guess it's the wolf in me."

"Or the wolf that was just in you." I snickered as I lifted him up into my arms and walked us back to the living room. Ryder and Dean were fast asleep, wrapped around each other. I lay down on the other couch as Luc sprawled over me like a blanket. While I knew that the medicine didn't affect my desire for my men, only my endurance, Luc made a valid point. I didn't show them often enough how desperately I needed them, and that was something I was going to change.

CHAPTER 3

"We just got done with the security footage from the shipping company," Deputy Wilcowski told me over the phone a few days later. It ended up the package was traced to a 'pack and ship' store back in New York. The guy paid in cash and didn't put a return address on any of the forms.

"You guys get anything?" I asked, pretty sure I already knew the answer.

"No, we couldn't get enough facial features to make a positive ID," the deputy sighed. "He was wearing a ball cap and knew where the cameras were. We're going through footage from traffic cams from the same time, trying to get the guy walking into the store."

"I appreciate all the work you guys are putting into this," I replied, wiping a hand over my face in frustration.

"I gotta ask, Spencer. I know you said you didn't know why someone would want to kill you," he said gently. "But we pulled your background, and I can think of billions of reasons why someone might want you dead. Any chance you changed something with your company recently? Or who's in charge of it?"

"No, I've left that all alone..." I answered, stopping

when a thought hit me. "Fuck!"

"Want to share?" Wilcowski chuckled in the phone.

"I sent my attorney a rough draft of my changed will," I grumbled. "I'm changing the beneficiaries to my partners instead of my trustee who runs the company."

"Would he have seen these changes?"

"Yeah, because if I die, he's not running the company anymore either. Ryder, Dean, and Luc would or choose someone they wanted to run it."

"So if you die before these changes go through, this guy gets everything?" The deputy asked, then let out a long whistle. "I'd say that's some pretty sweet motive there."

"I'm realizing that," I snickered. "His name is Greg Payton. He's been running the company for over ten years; I mean, he's always been a good guy to me."

"Things change, Spencer," he replied softly. "I'll dig into this guy and get back to you, but he seems like the only candidate to want you dead."

"I don't think I've pissed anyone else off," I chuckled. I thanked him again, and the deputy said he'd be in touch before we hung up. Next I had to go fill my men in on all of this. Grabbing the file folders with my new will and the surprise I had for Ryder, I headed out of my office to go find them.

"How are you feeling?" Luc asked, glancing up from the textbook he was studying from when I entered the living room.

"Physically? I'm fine, mentally not so much," I answered honestly. "I need to talk with everyone, can you take a break?"

"Sure, Spence," he replied, closing the book and coming over to me. Luc threw his arms around my neck and kissed me passionately.

"What was that for?" I panted when he pulled away.

"I don't like it when you frown," Luc said, smiling widely. "Getting kissed always makes you smile."

"And hard," I snickered as I smacked his firm ass.

"Be nice, I'm still walking funny." He winked at me as he took my hand and led us into the kitchen. Dean and Ryder were sitting at the table laughing while eating a snack.

"I need to talk to everyone," I said as Luc and I sat down. "I just got off the phone with Deputy Wilcowski, and we think we figured out why someone would want me dead."

"It's that guy who's in charge of everything, isn't it?" Ryder growled, narrowing his eyes at me. "But why now?"

"Because I'm changing my will," I answered,

glancing from one to the other of my men. I passed them each one of the folders, holding back what I had special for Ryder. "I sent the changes over to my attorney a couple of weeks ago, but we've been so busy I've not discussed it with you guys yet."

"Spencer," Dean whispered, as he read the document in front of him. "Are you nuts? You can't leave all of this to us!"

"I'm immortal," I replied, shrugging. "But if something does happen to me, I want the people I love taken care of."

"You are not allowed to die, Spencer Fallon," Ryder exclaimed throwing the folder at the table before standing and stalking over to me. He grabbed my chair and pulled it out before straddling my lap. Ryder took my face in his hands. "You cannot ever leave me, Spence. I wouldn't make it without you."

"Oh, Ryder," I whispered and hugged him fiercely. "I'm not going anywhere, baby. This is just a precautionary thing, I promise."

"Fine, but if you die, I will find some witch to curse you into haunting us forever," Ryder replied, sticking out his lower lip. I chuckled as I leaned forward and nipped it quickly. "Or some way to make you a zombie that doesn't

eat brains."

"Alright, no more late night horror movies for Ryder," Luc snickered before getting serious. "Is this what you really want, Spencer?"

"Yeah, I would feel better knowing you were taken care of," I answered, quick to finish when I saw the evil look Ryder was giving me. "But I'm not going anywhere, so really it's just a formality. And I have something else for Ryder."

"Me?" he asked, raising an eyebrow at me as he wiggled his hips on my lap. "Should I get naked now or are we relocating before you fuck me?"

"Dirty, dirty hot man." I hissed as my cock got hard. "No, it's not about sex. Remember when we moved here and you were talking about maybe continuing with school after you get your GED?"

"Of course, I wanted to know what degree would be best to help me know how to run or work for a charity organization," he replied, his eyebrows drawing together.

"Well, we're in the last quarter of the year and this is normally when I start figuring out what charities to donate some of the company's profits to," I explained, smiling at him like a loon. "I thought maybe you'd like to get your feet wet in that charity work and help me figure

out where to donate it."

"You trust me to do that?" Ryder gasped, his eyes going wide like saucers. "Spencer, I don't know anything about this stuff."

"We've got a couple of months to decide," I replied gently. "It's only the beginning of October; I have until the end of December to donate so it counts for this year's taxes. You can do some research in between your studies, figure out which ones you like and tell me. Then I can run them past my business manager, he can dig and check out their financials, make sure they're all legit and what not."

"Are you sure I can do this?" Ryder asked, as he started fidgeting and pulling on my shirt. "I don't want to screw this up."

"You won't be doing this alone, baby," I answered. Running my hands up and down his back and shoulders to comfort his nerves, I continued. "You can ask me any questions you want; we can even research some of them together. But I'd like you to help me with this."

"I love you," he whispered against my lips before kissing me. "Thank you for trusting me."

"I've always had faith in you, Ryder," I said firmly, staring into his eyes. "I don't just love you for your hot little body and dirty mind. You're compassionate, caring,

creative, smart, and loving. You're the first person that came to mind when I thought of who I could get to help me figure out where to donate."

"You're just saying that to get into my pants." Ryder sniffled, always unable to take a compliment.

"I can get in your pants and ass anytime I want," I replied, holding his head in my hands so he couldn't look away. "I'm telling you the truth. You don't see yourself as the rest of us you. You are an amazing man we all love more than ourselves. I love you, Luc, and Dean all the same, but you are the glue that makes us a family. We'd be nothing without you, baby."

"I can ask you whatever questions I want, even if they're totally stupid?" Ryder asked, searching my face. "I don't want to make a mistake."

"I think the only stupid question you ever ask me is if I'm in the mood for sex." I snickered as I ran my hands over his firm ass. I leaned in and hissed in his ear, "I'm always in the mood for you."

"Okay, I'll do it," he said, rubbing his groin over mine. "As long as I get to have naked lunches with the boss while he fucks me in his office."

"Dirty, dirty hot man," I said again, laughing when he winked at me. "Promise me you won't freak out when

you see how much I'm donating, okay?"

"I'll try," he replied, raising an eyebrow at me.

I reached behind him and grabbed the yearly reports where I'd figured out how much I could donate this year. Handing it to him, Ryder's mouth dropped open as his eyes darted from me to the sheet of paper.

"You want me in charge of this?" Ryder gasped. He went pale as he looked at me again before his eyes rolled back in his head and he fainted in my arms.

"That much, huh?" Luc snickered as I leaned Ryder against my chest. "I think you picked the right person to help, Spence."

"You guys aren't mad?" I asked, glancing at them.

"Not at all," Dean answered, smiling widely. "I agree with you, Ryder doesn't see his own value. I think it's a fantastic idea to help him start seeing himself as more than his previous profession."

"I concur," Luc said nodding. "And I agree that he's the glue that makes us a family."

"Can I ask how much he's going to be donating?" Dean asked, looking uncomfortable. "I'm sorry, but I'm dying of curiosity here."

"Me too," Luc added. I chuckled as I slid the piece of paper across the table at them. They both stared at it,

mouths hanging open. "Seventy four million dollars? Yeah, I'd pass out too if I was in charge of that."

"Do I have to donate it to an existing charity?"

Ryder asked as he came around.

"What do you mean, baby?"

"With that kind of money, we could start our own charity, Spencer," he answered, sitting up and looking at me.

"Honey, you still look pretty pale," I said carefully, confused as to what he was saying and worried about him.

"We don't have to talk about this right now."

"I want to," Ryder replied. "I wanted to get into charity work to help people who were in the same situation I was. Gay men or women whose families don't accept them and leave them to fend for themselves on the street. What if we could start a foundation to help them?"

"I think that is a fantastic idea," I answered, my heart full of pride for the man I love. "How would you want to go about it?"

"I have no friggin' clue," he giggled. "I mean, existing charities are great, but maybe we could do more on our own. Does that make sense?"

"Smart and hot. How did I ever get so lucky?" I asked, my hands roaming his body.

"You saw more in me than a common street whore," Ryder replied quietly. "For some crazy reason, you believe in me and it's why I love you so fucking much."

"I saw, and still see, a gorgeous, tender man who was put in a horrible position and who wanted to get away from it. All I did was help you do that, you did everything else, Ryder," I said honestly, staring into his eyes.

"Make love to me, Spencer," he said, running his fingers through my hair. "I need you so badly right now."

"We'll be back," I said to Luc and Dean as I flew out of my seat. Ryder wrapped his arms and legs around me as I raced up to our room. I had just laid him down on the bed and pulled off my shirt when the doorbell rang. We shared a horrified look, both of us hoping it wasn't another package, then raced towards the front door.

"What do you want with, Spencer?" Dean growled as he picked the small man up by the shirt. "Are you the follow-up for the bomb?"

"Bomb! What bomb?" he squeaked as he held onto Dean's forearms. Ryder and I ran down the stairs and joined them in the foyer. "Mr. Payton sent me to speak with Mr. Fallon about a few business things."

"Like what?" I asked as I put my hand on Dean's shoulder. When I got that close to them, the smell of death

filled my nostrils so severely I wanted to gag. "Dean, let him go, he's sick."

"How did you know?" The man gasped, growing even paler as Dean lowered him to his feet.

"You have all the physical markers," I answered quickly, realizing I'd given away too much. "What do you have, six months?"

"Three," the man whispered, tears forming in his eyes. "I have stage four, incurable lymphoma."

"I'm sorry," I said honestly. "I'm Spencer, these are my partners Dean and Ryder."

"Ethan Beckham," he replied, extending his hand, which I shook. "May we speak in private?"

"No," Dean growled, looming over the much smaller man. Ethan couldn't be more than five-four and a hundred twenty pounds dripping wet. But he was breathtaking. His features were so delicate and alluring, I had trouble not staring. He had ear-length, jet black hair and eyes so light blue they almost looked lavender.

"I don't keep anything from my partners, Ethan," I answered. "Plus, I don't think Dean trusts you."

"Okay, well, Mr. Payton had some concerns about the changes to your will," Ethan said, his eyes darting around.

"I'll just bet he did." Ryder snorted from behind me.
"Fucking bastard."

"Let's take this conversation into the living room," I said, feeling as if I would need to sit down for this one. Ryder led the way as Dean pulled up the rear. Once we were all seated, Ethan opened his briefcase and handed me a few papers.

"Mr. Payton understands your desire to change the will so your partners are benefactors," Ethan explained then cleared his throat. "The only changes he had issue with were who runs the company if you should die. None of your partners have the skill set or education to run a multi-billion conglomerate. Mr. Payton would like to suggest that instead they are allowed to name a trustee in their place as long as the board approves their candidate."

"That sounds reasonable," Ryder said, glancing at me.

"It sounds like Payton's trying to cover his ass since the bomb didn't kill you," Dean replied. I looked at him; surprise must have been written all over my face, because he continued. "You didn't die, Spencer. He's scrambling to make it seem as if he doesn't have a problem with the will, just a few suggestions so that the focus is off of him."

"I really do love smart men," I purred, rubbing his

thigh as I leaned in to kiss him.

"Wow," Ethan gasped, getting our attention again.

"Sorry, didn't mean to say that out loud."

"You have a problem with us kissing in our own home?" Dean asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Not at all, it was just unexpected," Ethan replied, fidgeting with his hands. "I meant my reaction to it."

"Yeah, I like watching them kiss too," Ryder said, then laughed. I glanced at him, confused until he gestured to the bulge in Ethan's slacks. "He's gay. And who wouldn't think the two of you kissing is hot?"

"Again, I'm sorry," Ethan replied, his face flushing bright red. He moved his briefcase over his lap and suddenly needed to look anywhere but at us. "Mr. Payton thought it would be better to send a representative to speak on his behalf instead of sending an email."

"When were you told to come out here?" Ryder asked, leaning forward and resting his forearms on his knees. "Spencer sent these changes weeks ago, why come now?"

"I just do what I-I'm told," Ethan stuttered, looking very nervous as his forehead broke out in a sweat.

"Try again," Dean answered. "I'm not buying your bullshit, Ethan."

"I should go now that we've discussed our business," Ethan said quietly. He stood so fast that the contents of his briefcase spilled all over the floor, including a nine millimeter. Dean was on him in an instant, hand wrapped around Ethan's throat.

"You brought a gun into our home!" Dean yelled in his face, and I thought Ethan was going to pass out.

"Explain yourself before I crush your windpipe, Ethan."

"Back down, big guy," Ryder said carefully as he stood and rubbed his hands over Dean's back. I went and retrieved the gun, tucking it in the back of my jeans. "He can't answer if he can't breathe."

"Right," Dean replied, releasing Ethan. The man's eyes were wide as he turned and tried to flee. Instantly I moved across the room and blocked his way. He ran right into me, and I grabbed his shoulder to balance him so he didn't fall.

"How did you move that fast?" Ethan gasped, not even trying to pull away.

"Doesn't matter," I answered firmly. "Why are you here with a gun?"

"I told him I couldn't do it, I've never even used a gun," Ethan said quickly. "When he said he'd take care of all my medical bills so my family didn't have to, he didn't

tell me what he wanted me to do. But he did pay them and I was trapped and he didn't seem to care if I got killed in the process even if I'm already dying..."

"Ethan, calm down," I replied gently, cutting off his ramble. "No one's going to kill you; I simply need to know what's going on."

"I'm so sorry, I didn't want to do it," Ethan sobbed, his legs collapsing so fast I barely caught him in time. "I didn't know what to do."

I pulled him into my arms and hugged him without even thinking about it. Dean and Ryder both looked at me as if I'd lost my mind. Who hugs the guy that came there to kill you? But there was no way Ethan was a murderer; I just didn't know what he was yet.

"Did Greg Payton send you here to kill me?" I asked when he finally started to calm down.

"Yes," he whispered, burying his face in my shirt. "I was supposed to get you alone and shoot you. He figured someone might kill me in the process, but I'm already dead anyway. I swear I didn't want to do it, but he threatened my family. He said he'd already paid my medical bills and would go after them when I was dead if I didn't do this."

"It's okay, we're going to figure this out, Ethan," I answered, trying to soothe him. Every protective instinct I

had was triggered by the smaller, shaking man in my arms. Besides lusting after him, I wanted to take care of him. I glanced over to Ryder. "Call Max and ask him."

"You can't be serious!" Dean yelled, catching on to what I was getting at. I wanted to know if we turned Ethan would the cancer be cured. We'd read through the manual Max had given us, but it didn't say anything about cancer.

"Let's just find out," I replied, trying to defuse the situation. "I'm not agreeing to anything yet, but it's a good question."

"What is?" Ethan asked, looking up at me as he started to pull away. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Right now, I'm going to get you something to drink and sit you down in the kitchen." I smiled down at him as I took his hand and led him through the hallway. Once at the kitchen table I helped him sit down before he fell over. Ethan looked incredibly ill and was still shaking. I grabbed a couple of glasses and poured us some orange juice before sitting down next to him.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered, staring down at his lap.

"I know that," I answered, reaching out and lifting his chin so he had to look at me. "I don't think you would have gone through with it. How about we start over and

you explain everything to me? We'll see if we can't help you, okay?"

"Why are you being so nice to me?"

"Because I know what it's like to feel trapped and desperate," I answered. I saw Dean join us out of the corner of my eye as he sat across the table from us. "No one's going to hurt you, Ethan."

"Okay," he said, glancing between me and Dean. I turned his face back to focus on me as he took several deep breaths. "I applied at Fallon Industries a little over a year ago and got an entry level position. When I applied for insurance, I had to go get a physical. That's when they discovered I was sick. Of course I didn't get the insurance, and the treatments they tried started putting me in serious debt. It started affecting my job; I kept calling in sick from the chemo and radiation."

"How did you end up talking with Payton?" Dean asked, the tone of his voice changing drastically.

"He called me into his office one day," Ethan answered, pausing to take a few gulps of juice. "He said he'd gotten my medical records and asked if I would be willing to do some special assignments to pay off my bills. He knew I was beyond any help at that point and said he felt bad for me and wanted to help."

"What type of special projects?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"At first I acted as tour guide for a few investors," Ethan explained and gave a shrug. "Kind of like arm candy for the gay clients the company wanted to wine and dine. It wasn't like I was told to have sex with them or anything, mainly just look after them."

"Hang on one second, Ethan," I said, seeing Ryder standing in the doorway. I got up and went over to him, giving him a quick kiss on his cute frown.

"Max says yes, turning him would cure him," Ryder whispered in my ear. "As long as his organs haven't started failing it should work. He's asking the council for approval on our behalf in case we decide to do it because we're crunched for time depending how bad off Ethan is."

"Thank you, baby," I said, before giving him another kiss.

"Spencer, I'm going to be honest here," he replied as he reached out to touch my face. "I don't like the way you look at him, it's making me jealous. I swear it's taking me everything I have not to walk around naked right now so you'll fuck me in front of him and he'll know you're mine."

"Would that really make you feel better?" I asked with a smirk, feeling myself getting hard at the idea.

"Because that sounds really hot to me."

"Spencer!" Ryder exclaimed, throwing his arms in the air. "I don't want to be replaced here!"

"What?" I gasped, pulling Ryder up into my arms. As always he wrapped his arms and legs around me. "Did you not hear me earlier today, Ryder? No one could ever replace you, not ever! And I will never, ever let you go, baby. I love you. It would kill me to not be with you."

"I'm sorry, I know that," he said as he licked along my neck. "I shouldn't be so quick to get jealous, but I always feel like this is a dream I'm going to wake up from one day."

"Never, Ryder, I swear it," I groaned as he started leaving me love bites. "We will always be together."

"Okay, then you can turn him," Ryder replied, tightening his legs around me. "As long as he doesn't cut in on my one-on-one time with you."

"I don't know what I want to do yet, baby," I answered, pushing him against the wall of the kitchen. "I think maybe I see in him what you instantly saw in Dean. Everything in me is screaming to help him."

"It doesn't hurt that he's hot," Ryder moaned as I rubbed our erections against each other.

"Yeah, he is," I said, seeing the wariness in Ryder's

eyes. "But no better looking than you are, just different."

"We're going to need a bigger bed," he replied.

"Maybe," I answered with a shrug as I lowered him down to his feet.

"I've seen that look on you before, Spence," Ryder said quietly.

"When?" I asked, confused by the way he was acting.

"When you talked about changing me," he whispered before turning and walking out of the kitchen. I stood there shocked, letting his words sink in slowly. Had I already decided that I was going to save Ethan? And if so, what would that mean for our family?

CHAPTER 4

"Are we going to turn him?" Dean asked softly. I jumped, surprised I hadn't heard him leave the table and approach me. "What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Ryder," I answered, running my fingers through my hair. I glanced over at Dean, turning away from the doorway that Ryder had just walked through. "Can you tell me that you can let Ethan die knowing we can save him?"

"No, I guess not." Dean sighed, hugging me to him. "I just don't want to fuck up our family; we work as a foursome."

"I feel the same way," I replied, hugging him back. "Will you stay with Ethan and get the rest of the story? I need to give Ryder some one-on-one time; he's worried I'm replacing him."

"Of all of us, Ryder is the one who has to worry the least of that happening," Dean said as we parted.

"I'm never getting rid of any of you," I whispered against his lips. Reaching behind his head I pulled him to me, immediately thrusting my tongue in his mouth. We both groaned as our tongues slid across each other's, raising the passion level of the kiss. Several moments later we parted, panting heavily. I caught Ethan's look of lust out of

the corner of my eye.

"Go take care of our baby, I'll speak with Ethan," Dean said, releasing me.

"Thanks, Dean," I replied, turning to leave. I sniffed out my man, finding him in the dining room playing with Gilbert. He barely had time to put the piglet down before I was on him. I pushed him down on the hardwood floor, inserting myself between his legs. "Do not ever doubt my love for you, Ryder. I need you so badly it's like nothing I've ever felt."

"I'm sorry," he whispered turning his head away. I quickly grabbed his chin with my right hand and moved it so he was looking at me again. "I'm scared and I can't help the way I feel."

"I get that, I do, baby," I answered more gently. "But I have never given you any reason to doubt me or think you are replaceable in my life. I know you have insecurities, we all do. Sometimes you have to fight them and see what's really there instead of what you're afraid of."

"I'll try, please don't be mad at me," Ryder said, tears forming in his eyes.

"I'm not mad, Ryder," I whispered, grinding my erection against his groin. "I'm just going to have to spend the rest of our lives proving how important you are to me."

How much I need you, always."

"I need you now, Spence." He moaned, pulling off my shirt. Seeing Ryder desperate and full of lust for me snapped whatever control I had. I almost shredded his jeans trying to yank them off of him.

"How do you want it, baby?" I asked before latching onto one of his hard nipples. He hissed and squirmed under me as he unzipped my fly.

"I want my wolf," he whimpered, pulling out my cock. "I want my loving wolf to fuck me and claim me again."

"What?" I gasped, raising my head to stare at him. "You want me to bite you?"

"It can't hurt me," Ryder replied, taking my face in his hands. "I'm immune to the venom now; I want you to mark me as yours."

"Luc and I were just talking about this," I whispered, searching his eyes. "I think we should get matching tattoos marking us as belonging to each other."

"Fuck, that's hot," he moaned, pulling off my pants. "I want that too. Now shift and fuck me as only my wolf man can."

"Whatever my baby wants," I purred, letting the change roll over me. "I'm going to lick every inch of you,

Ryder."

His eyes went wide as a huge grin went over his face. I started at his ear, slowly licking all around it before working my way down his neck. Then I went along his jaw line and up to his other ear.

"I'm so going to come just from this." He panted as I licked along his collar bone. I smiled as I worked down to his nipples. Licking each individual muscle in his stomach, then his belly button, down to his hips. "I can't take anymore teasing!"

"I've still got to stretch you, baby."

"No, no you don't, I've been wearing the plug," Ryder whimpered. "I liked how you and Dean kept needing us so bad you couldn't hold on long enough to stretch us. So I thought I'd still wear the plug."

"That's my dirty love," I growled my approval. I leapt to my feet, taking Ryder with me as I moved to the dining room table. Flipping him over on his stomach, I had a perfect view of his ass with the pretty blue plug. I flicked the end of it with my finger, watching as Ryder went ballistic. "This is the most perfect ass ever, baby. I love seeing a plug in your tight little hole, just waiting for me to take you."

"Please, no more teasing," he begged, spreading his

legs wider for me. The dining room table was higher than most, made with thick wood. So Ryder could barely touch the ground with his toes when he was bent over it like this.

"That depends," I said, running my clawed hands gently over his firm ass.

"On what?" Ryder gasped, looking over his shoulder at me.

"Do you still think I'm getting rid of you?"

"No, I know you love me, Spence," he answered softly. I smacked him hard on the ass, harder than we normally played.

"Don't ever forget that," I snarled, partially pissed that he doubted not only me, but us. I spanked him a few more times before leaning over and licking along the crack of his sweet ass. Flavors burst along my tongue; the strawberry lube he used to get the plug in, the soap from his shower that morning, and something completely Ryder.

"How special are you to me, Ryder?"

"Very?" Ryder replied, sounding more like a question than a statement. I swatted each cheek three times.

"Are you asking or telling me?" I growled, never taking my eyes off of his. "How special are you to me, Ryder?"

"Very," he whispered, turning to look away. I

wasn't having any of that. I flipped him over and pushed his knees to his chest.

"Hold your legs and don't you dare turn away from me," I snarled, hating that he doubted his own value this much. Ryder looked shocked at my reaction, but nodded and held his legs under his knees. I moved him so that his ass was hanging off the table, giving me more access to spank it. "Why am I mad, Ryder?"

"Because I doubted you and how you feel for me," he answered.

"No!" I shouted, spanking him for giving the wrong answer again. I knew he was enjoying it, but he also got I was serious too. "Because you doubt yourself and think that you are even replaceable!"

"Spence," Ryder whispered, tears filling his eyes.

"Don't you dare Spence me," I growled. "Somehow I'll get you to see the amazing man you are, Ryder Jenkins. Whether it be from punishing you when you doubt it, fucking you until you can't walk, or whatever else I have to do. You *will* get it one of these days!"

"I love you, Spence."

"I know that, but why can't you see why I love you?" I asked, slapping his ass on every word to drive my point home.

"I can't do this," Ryder cried, lowering his legs. He moved off the table and headed for the door, but I was quicker. I grabbed him and slammed him into the wall.

"You will do this right now, Ryder," I yelled in his face. "I love you, Ryder. Not just your body or the amazing sex we have, I love you! All of you."

"You don't understand," he whispered, turning his head away from me.

"Explain it to me, Ryder."

"I can't, let me go."

"No. I will never, ever let you the fuck go, Ryder," I replied. "If you don't want to have sex, I'm fine with that. But we're having this conversation right now, Ryder."

"I said no!" he screamed, tears flowing down his cheeks right now. "Don't you get it? I'm not good enough for you guys!"

"The fuck you aren't!" I snarled, nose to nose with him. "You deserve more love than we can even give you."

"I'm just a whore," Ryder sobbed, breaking my heart. I knew he felt that way about himself, even after all these months, but this was the first time he'd admitted out loud. I lowered him to his feet, not letting him go. "I am *completely* replaceable! I'm a street whore who has nothing, no education or skills. All I have is my body and skills in

bed."

"That's not true, baby," I whispered, tears streaming down my cheeks now too. "You are so much more than that."

"How can you believe that? My own fucking family didn't," he cried, lashing out and punching my chest.

"*We* are your family now," I said firmly. "And we think you're amazing and loving. You are more than I dreamed I'd ever have in my life as a partner."

"Fine, then show me," Ryder replied. "Fuck me how you like to."

"No," I answered, seeing what he was thinking in his twisted head. Ryder thought I was just saying the words, that I didn't really love him for more than his body, and he was trying to twist this around as proof. "No more sex."

"What?" He gasped, pushing away from me. "Now you don't even want to fuck me?"

"Oh I want to," I snarled and shifted back to human. "I always want to, but you're taking my desire for you and twisting it. I'm not just saying the words, Ryder. And if not having sex shows you that I love the man you are and not just the body you have, then so be it!"

"No, you can't do that," Ryder screamed, looking

panicked.

"Why not? Because you think that's all the value you are to me and I'll get rid of you, right?"

"I-I," he stammered, then slumped to the floor in a heap. I knelt down and gathered him into my arms, holding him as he sobbed.

"I love you, Ryder," I said over and over again as I ran my hands over his back, trying to soothe him. "You are not replaceable to me."

"Or me," Luc added, walking into the room. "Or Dean."

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," Ryder sobbed, holding onto me for dear life. "I don't mean to be so screwed up."

"You're not screwed up, Ryder," Luc said softly, kneeling on the other side of him. "A few months of love won't undo years of abuse and being treated like shit."

"We know you still have nightmares," I added, hoping it was the right time to bring it up. "Let us help you, baby. Don't hide it from us; we love you."

Ryder sniffled as he nodded against my chest. Luc and I peppered him with soft kisses as he finally started to calm down. "Were you serious about not having sex with me?"

"Yes," I answered carefully, not wanting to set him

off again. I was pretty sure we'd opened up enough of his old wounds so they'd start to heal the right way for the day.

"I know you guys love me, really love me," he said quietly. "I just don't understand it. Does that make sense?"

"In a way," I replied, moving so I could sit on my butt before my feet fell asleep. "You think we're seeing something that's not real, and when we do see you as you really think you are, we'll leave you."

"Yes," Ryder whispered, burying his face in my neck. "That's exactly how I feel."

"The reality is you don't see yourself for who you really are," I said. Luc gave me a look and gestured that he was going to leave us alone again. I nodded in agreement, realizing that it might be better for Ryder if he didn't feel we were ganging up on him. "I've never lied to you, baby. You're just going to have to trust me."

"I do trust you, Spence," he replied, moving so he could look into my eyes. "I'll try. I promise I will really try to see what you see in me. Please don't take away us having sex though. You make love to me; I know it's not just a good quick fuck to you. And I love how you can't keep your hands off me. Please don't stop that."

"If you promise to tell me when you have nightmares and what they're about, I won't cut off our sex

life," I answered, agreeing with what he said. "And I think maybe you should try talking to someone about what happened to you."

"Actually, I've been thinking about confronting my parents," he admitted. I was proud of him for not keeping that in. Ryder was great at being the happiest one in the room, making sure everyone was always joking and smiling. But sometimes I saw it was fake and that he was hurting, keeping it all inside.

"If that's something you want to do, I'll support you," I said, leaning over and kissing him. "But no more hiding nightmares or if you're sad. You'd be pissed if I hid that from you."

"Yeah, I would." He sighed. "I just didn't want to burden you."

"Instead I've been worrying that there was something I wasn't giving you that you needed," I answered honestly.

"No, you give me everything I need and more," he whispered against my lips. He kissed me then, melting against my body. And as only Ryder could do, it felt as if we were one then. When he gave himself over to me like this, I couldn't tell where he ended and I started. I delved into his sweet mouth, running my tongue over his. And

then I had an idea.

"Claim me, Ryder," I said gently as we parted.

"Mark me as yours and make love to me."

"What?" He gasped, leaning back to look into my eyes.

"I've marked you, but I'm yours just as much as you are mine," I answered, praying this is the right step to take.

"Yes," Ryder hissed, smiling widely as he rubbed his hard cock against my stomach. He crawled off my lap and went over to his jeans. I watched as he fished in the pockets, pulling out a small bottle of lube. We smiled at each other before I turned around, getting on my hands and knees. I pulled my legs under me, spreading them as wide as they would go and presented my ass to him.

"I love you, Ryder," I moaned as I felt his slicked fingers rub against my hole. He pushed in two fingers to start off, knowing I liked the burning sensation. It felt fantastic as I started pushing back onto his hand. "Give me a third, baby."

"Anything my big man wants," Ryder giggled as he thrust in a third one. He wiggled them all around, stretching me out for several moments. And almost as quickly as they were inserted, he pulled them back out. I felt fur against my ass as he shifted. Seconds later, the head of his cock was

pushing into my ass. "Oh god, this is fantastic."

"I was thinking the same thing." I chuckled, taking a deep breath as he worked his dick into me. Ryder started thrusting into me, pushing farther into me each time until he finally bottomed out. "I feel so full."

"I love you, Spencer Fallon," he purred, licking the side of my neck. In wolf form we were almost the same height, so he could reach me there.

"I love you, Ryder Jenkins," I replied, looking over my shoulder at him. "And I always will. No one can replace my baby."

"Good, because this ass is mine," Ryder growled as he thrust forward. Since I was normally the one who topped, it was a whole new array of sensations. Add to that, Ryder's dick was much larger in wolf form.

"Give it to me, baby." I grunted as he pounded into my ass. His balls were smacking against mine so hard I felt it through my entire groin. I moaned wildly as I pushed back, meeting him as hard as I could.

"Mine," Ryder snarled before sinking his teeth into my neck. I screamed at the pain/pleasure that overwhelmed me as my orgasm swam over me like a tidal wave. My cock exploded, shooting stream after stream of cum all over the floor. Just when my orgasm started to subside, Ryder

roared out behind him, filling my ass with his seed. The stream was so forceful, I was surprised it didn't shoot me off of him.

The knot extended off his cock, latching onto my prostate and spinning me into another climax. Dropping my head down, I saw how much cum came out of my dick again. I was thinking that I didn't know I had that much in my sac as lights started bursting behind my eyes.

"I love you, my Spence," Ryder panted, sounding far away as I blacked out.

CHAPTER 5

Later that afternoon I was outside working on the barn. Dean had taught us how to look for warped boards and pull them off without damaging the foundation, which was still in good shape. We needed to remove all the bad wood, replace it, and treat the whole barn before the winter. Or we were looking at building a whole new barn in the spring, since the barn in its current shape couldn't withstand another harsh South Dakota winter.

I was enjoying the odd heat wave we were having for this end of October, working in nothing but running shorts. Lost in my thoughts, I used the crowbar to pry off another board. Then I grabbed it and yanked it out, glad for my werewolf strength. It really did come in handy when dealing with any manual labor.

Ryder and Luc were studying while Ethan took a nap in the guest room. Dean and Ethan had had a long talk, getting the rest of the details about how Ethan ended up on our doorstep with a gun. After that, Dean had filled me in on the rest while Ethan lay down. I felt sorry for the man, I really did. But did that mean I was forced to save him?

On the other hand, could I just let Ethan leave here knowing what he'd face back on the east coast? He was

going to die, but even more than that, he would have to go back and face Greg. I knew the whole situation wasn't my fault, but I couldn't help feeling bad that he'd been dragged into our mess. The whole thing was just so overwhelming. I had so many thoughts swirling around in my brain I swear I felt like I was losing my mind.

And why were the decisions always up to me? Everyone said they were fine with whatever I decided, but that left the final call to me. What if I made the wrong choice and fucked up our family? But then if I said no, I was essentially sending Ethan off to his death. Then again, I wasn't god, why should I get to chose if he lived or died?

Suddenly full of anger, I threw the crowbar as hard as I could. I watched it sail through the air and smash into the side of the garage. Cringing, I saw I'd just taken off one of the doors, part of a wall, and the bumper of our SUV.

"Want to talk about it?" Dean asked, startling me. I spun around to see him leaning against the side of the barn, arms crossed over his chest with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes. No, I don't know. Fuck!" I yelled, running my fingers through my hair and pulling on it. "I don't know what to do, Dean."

"About Ethan?" he asked gently. I nodded, closing my eyes for a moment before seeing his sympathetic look.

"Just do whatever you feel is best, Spence."

"That's just is, I don't *know* what's best." I exclaimed, throwing up my arms. "And why do I have to make the choice? I always have to make the decisions."

"How can we tell you what to do on this one?"

"What the fuck does that mean?" I asked, getting pissed by his calm demeanor.

"How could any of us tell you 'no, don't do this', when it's exactly what you did for each of us?" he answered, pushing off the barn. I watched him walk to me, thinking about what he'd said. "You gave each of us another chance at life, Spence. We can't tell you not to do it for someone else."

"But that's not the same as telling me you want me to save Ethan," I said, completely defeated. "I understand what you're saying, but this affects all of us, it shouldn't just be up to me."

"Would it really help if I told you to turn him?"

"I don't know," I answered honestly. "I just don't think it's fair that I have to make this decision alone. What if I pick the wrong thing? Then it's completely on me for having destroyed our family."

"No matter what you choose, Spencer, we'll work it out. If something happens to our family, it won't be from

one decision," Dean said, wrapping his arms around me. "I don't think any of us could live with ourselves if we sent Ethan away knowing he will die. That's what we all mean when we say it's up to you. We'll support you either way, but I think we all know what you're going to decide."

"I don't want to decide, I don't want to be in charge," I whispered against his neck. "I want someone else to take over and make some decisions for me."

"You want to give up control right now, don't you?" he asked, running his hands over my back. I nodded, holding onto his waist. "You don't want to think about this right now, because you're going nuts and throwing things?"

"Exactly," I answered, holding him tighter.

"Then get on your knees and suck my cock; that will distract you." Dean growled so forcefully it made me shiver. He pushed down on my shoulders, and I dropped to the ground. I stared up at him with wide eyes as he gave me a feral grin and unzipped his jeans. He pulled out his massive cock and slapped me in the face with it. "I'm in charge now, and I want you to blow me."

I smiled up at him, realizing he was playing Dom with me. Ryder and Luc had done this with me a few times when I'd been overwhelmed with making decisions for all of us. It helped me to sometimes let go and just do what I

was told. I opened my mouth for him as he stuck his dick in my mouth. Dean groaned loudly as I licked around his huge mushroom head. He threaded his fingers in my hair as he thrust into my mouth.

I gave all my control over to Dean as he started to fuck my mouth. He moaned as I sucked on him, and I was happy to please my man. And it worked, I wasn't thinking about Ethan or whether to turn him anymore. I was completely focused on giving everything I had to Dean. Grabbing onto his thighs for balance, I swallowed down every inch of him.

"Stand up and brace yourself against the barn," Dean ordered after another few moments. I immediately complied, sticking my ass out at him. He tore off my shorts, leaving me standing there completely naked. I looked at him over my shoulder as he pulled a tube of slick out of his jeans pocket.

"Don't stretch me, just fuck me. I want to feel the pain," I begged as he squirted some lube on his fingers. He glanced at me, stuffing the slick back into his pocket. His slicked fingers ran over the crack of my ass as he smacked my butt hard with his other hand.

"Shut up and take what I give you, Spence. I'm in charge now," he replied. I nodded and moaned as he rubbed

his fingers over my hole. He rewarded me by pushing two fingers into my tight ass. I gasped at the pain, digging my nails into the wood of the barn. As soon as he started moving them around, the pain turned into vast pleasure. "Just let go and enjoy it."

"Yes." I hissed as he thrust another finger into me hard. Dean stretched me out quickly, and I let my head drop forward as he removed his fingers. Seconds later, I felt the head of his cock pushing against me.

"I love you, Spence," he whispered against my neck as he pushed his large dick into me.

"I love you too, Dean." I moaned, closing my eyes and letting the sensations run over me. With one hard thrust that had me screaming, Dean bottomed out inside of me. He wrapped one arm around my chest as the other hand held my hip.

"This ass is mine, isn't it, Spencer?" Dean hissed as he slowly pulled out of me.

"Yes, all yours," I answered, grunting when he shoved right back into my ass. Since I was a big guy, it wasn't often that I felt safe and protected with a lover. But Dean was even bigger than I am, surrounding me with his body as he fucked me. There wasn't anything else to say as he pounded into my ass. I raised my head and leaned it

back onto his shoulder, loving the feel of him against me. "I love the way your cock feels inside of me."

"I love the way your ass wraps around me," Dean replied. He reached down and started stroking my dick in time with his thrusts. Moments later, I was ready to explode. I wrapped one arm back around his hip as I cried out, shooting my cum all over the barn. "Come for me, my love."

"Oh god, Dean." I screamed, dazzled at the heights of pleasure he was taking me to. Dean roared out behind me, filling my ass up with his release. He kept pounding into my ass, still stroking my cock and drawing out both of our orgasms. When I started to come back down from my climax, I reached back and wrapped my arms around his neck. I held him tightly to me, not wanting to get back to reality just yet.

"You know the answer already, Spence. We all do. It's why we're not pushing you one way or the other," Dean whispered against my neck, peppering me with kisses. "You wouldn't be the man we love if you could let Ethan walk away and not help him."

"Thank you," I said, closing my eyes. I finally got what he had been trying to tell me. There really wasn't a decision to make. Not one that I could make and still live

with myself. It seemed we were going to add someone to our family, and I was just the last to realize it.

* * * *

After Dean and I were done, we headed into the house through the garage to check out the damage I'd done. I shook my head as I pulled out a pair of lounge pants from the dryer as we walked into the laundry room. He continued into the house laughing as I yanked them on.

"You guys get everything settled?" Ryder asked as I entered the kitchen. He was dancing while chopping vegetables for a salad. I watched for a moment, mesmerized by his swaying hips and ass before answering.

"Yeah, I've got a few things to fix in the garage," I answered sheepishly.

"You think?" Luc chuckled, smiling at me as he set the kitchen table for dinner. Dean gave Ryder a firm smack on the ass and kissed his neck before stealing a carrot.

"Cut that out or no lasagna for you," Ryder playfully chided Dean.

"You made lasagna?" I asked, feeling myself start to drool. Ryder was a fantastic cook, and he knew lasagna was one of my favorites.

"Yes and the breadsticks you like," he answered, giving me a wink. "I thought you could use a pick-me-up with everything going on."

"I don't deserve you," I purred, wrapping my arms around him from behind.

"Yes, you do," Ryder said firmly, glancing up at me. "You okay now?"

"Yeah, Dean set me straight," I replied, kissing the top of his head.

"By shoving my cock in your ass." Dean chuckled, giving Luc a hand.

"We missed you giving up control?" Luc asked, pouting. "I like when that happens."

"I need it more than I think I can admit," I said honestly.

"Well, next time you need to, we have a surprise for you," Ryder replied. He wiggled his ass against my groin as he went back to work. "The council decided on Ethan, he's in."

"In what?" Ethan asked quietly from the doorway. "Sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I didn't want to interrupt."

"You're fine, Ethan," Dean said, walking over to the man. "How did you sleep?"

"Very well, thank you," he replied softly. "I'm still not sure why you're all being so nice after I tried to kill Spencer."

"Ethan, you didn't try to kill me," I said, watching as Dean hugged the small man. "You hadn't even gotten the gun out yet."

"You know what I mean," Ethan replied, tears filling up his eyes. "I was sent here to kill you, Spencer."

"But you didn't, and I don't think you could have," I stated with conviction, then turned to look at my men. "We're all in agreement then?"

"Yeah, we're in," Dean said, hugging Ethan protectively to him. The one-eighty Dean had done regarding the smaller man would almost be amusing if the circumstances weren't so dire. I felt Ryder nod in my arms as I saw Luc do the same.

"Okay, then let's eat and discuss it," I replied, kissing the top of Ryder's head again before taking the big bowl of salad to the table. I took my seat as Luc grabbed beers for everyone. Once we were all situated and started eating, I figured there was no time like the present. "What do you see happening next, Ethan?"

"I go back and face Mr. Payton's wrath." Ethan shrugged, not looking up at any of us. "That is if you don't

turn me over to the cops."

"What if there was another option?" Dean asked gently, reaching out and putting his hand on Ethan's shoulder. "Would you rather stay here with us?"

"And do what?" Ethan answered softly, staring at Dean. "You guys are all really nice and I like you. Especially you, Dean, but I'm dying. I couldn't put you through that."

"What if you didn't have to die?" Ryder asked, glancing at Ethan than me.

"I don't think it's very nice to tease me about that," Ethan said, anger in his voice. "I know I'm a dick for coming here to try and save my family, but picking on me for being sick isn't cool."

"We're not picking on you, Ethan," I replied, deciding just to bite the bullet. "We're different than other people, and we could save you."

"How?" he asked, scrunching his eyebrows together. I gave Ryder a nod, since he was the only other one who could fully control his shift. Ethan watched us with wide eyes as we stood and undressed. As soon as we were naked, we both shifted. "Okay, so you're werewolves."

"You're a lot calmer than I was when I found out."

Dean chuckled, taking Ethan's hand. "Aren't you going to freak out?"

"When you have several doctors and specialists tell you that you're going to die, you kind of learn to take everything in stride." Ethan shrugged, still staring at Ryder and me. "What does this have to do with me?"

"We called our council," I answered, shifting back when Ryder did. "If we turned you, it would cure your cancer."

"Shut up." Ethan gasped, his jaw just about hitting the table. I nodded as we got dressed again. "Why would you do that for me?"

"We couldn't just let you walk back out our door knowing you were going to die without our help," Dean said, tears in his eyes. "Spencer saved all of us and gave us a new life, a better life."

"You wouldn't have to be in our bed, Ethan," Luc added, fidgeting with his beer. "I'm not even sure how we'd work this all out, but we got approval from our council to make you like us. You'd have to stay here though and be part of our pack."

"What if I wanted to be in your bed?" he asked, glancing around at us. "You guys are hot and obviously are really great men. I dreamt all my life of having the type of

love you all share."

"We're not against it," Ryder answered, taking my hand. "We're all attracted to you, Ethan. But you have to understand, we've built a family here and the idea of adding someone new is scary."

"I think for now, you need to decide if being a werewolf and staying here is something you could live with. The rest we'd have to figure out as we go," I said, giving Ryder's hand a squeeze. "We'd work on a story about how we found you some far away doctor that cured you and I'd handle things with Payton."

"You'd do that for me?" Ethan asked, his eyes filling up with tears. "I'd pay you back, Spencer. I swear I would, however I could. I'll get a job in town, even if it's at a fast food restaurant. I'll do whatever it takes to get my family out of the hot water I put them in."

"Your family's not liable for the medical bills that Payton paid off," I explained, before taking a swig of my beer. "Greg Payton paid them off on his own accord; his threats are pretty much empty, Ethan. He can't go to the authorities. What would he tell them? That you didn't kill me so they have to pay him back?"

"I didn't think of it like that," Ethan replied, trying to pull his hand away from Dean. Instead, Dean pulled him

off the chair and sat Ethan on his lap. Tears started falling down Ethan's cheeks as he shook in Dean's arms. "I'm so stupid. He totally played me, didn't he?"

"He took advantage of your situation," Dean said gently, rubbing his hands up Ethan's arms. "You were alone and in a bad place; we've all been there, Ethan."

"You have?" Ethan asked, tilting his neck to look up at Dean.

"Yeah, we have." Dean nodded, glancing at us before continuing. "I lost my leg in a bad car wreck. My partner left me, I couldn't work anymore, and eventually ended up a bum on the street. Spencer, Ryder, and Luc stopped to give me a ride when I was hitchhiking out of Chicago. They turned me and my leg grew back, and it's getting stronger every day."

"How did you become a werewolf?" Ethan asked me, and I went into the tale. I told him about Diego and being run off the road all those years ago. Luckily, Ethan already knew who I was, so I didn't have to go into my past of being a Fallon. But I told him everything else up until the day I met Ryder.

"I think we can wait on the rest of the stories for now," I said, seeing Ryder tense up when I finished. He knew his story was next, and it still hurt him badly to talk

about it. "There are a few things you need to know, Ethan."

"Like I couldn't ever tell anyone," Ethan replied, nodding as he wiped away his tears. "Could I see my family again? I mean like go for a visit?"

"Of course," Dean answered, hugging Ethan close. "You'd just have to stick to whatever story we come up with about you getting cured. And we can't give you much time to decide because if your organs go into failure, we can't save you."

"I don't need time to decide!" Ethan giggled, leaning back against Dean's chest. "You guys are handing me my life on a silver platter, literally. Who would be stupid enough to say no to that? I'm not. I'd get to stay here with you, be a part of your lives, and not die. Sign me up."

"Actually, you're right, Ethan," Ryder said, smiling at him. "You wouldn't die, ever. We're immortal."

"Seriously?" Ethan asked, eyes going wide again. "Holy shit! Wow, I go from dying in less than six months to living forever. This is all so surreal!"

"It takes a little getting used to." Dean chuckled, giving me a wink. "So does that mean you're in?"

"Hell yeah," Ethan replied, sitting up and looking at me. "How do we do this? You bite me like in the movies, right? Then what?"

"Then I have to fuck you," I answered, bracing for his response.

"I'm cool with that," he said, giving me a smirk. "As long as I'm not stepping on anyone's toes?"

"We don't have that type of relationship," Luc replied, taking my other hand. "We go with what we feel between the four of us. But if we let you into our bed, Ethan, that's it, you're committed to us. Just because the relationship would be between the five of us, doesn't mean it's an open relationship."

"I wouldn't cheat, ever," Ethan stated, shaking his head. "I'm not a cheater."

"I'm not saying you are," Luc said gently. "You just need to know what you're getting into upfront."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to snap at you," Ethan replied, blushing. I felt myself get hard. Why did a cute blush turn me on so much?

"Are you sure, Ethan? Once we do this, there's no going back," I said, eyeing him over.

"I'm sure. I can't think of a single reason not to," he replied with a nod. "I'd get to live, and live forever, and be part of your family. I'm not really giving anything up here and getting everything in return."

"What did you do for Fallon Industries before you

got sick?" Ryder asked as if the thought just hit him.

"I'm a tax accountant," he answered, looking at Ryder as if he was confused. "I helped employees with their department budgets and spending accounts."

"Oh you'll fit in perfectly here." I laughed, sharing a glance with Ryder and Luc. They knew my hatred of taxes and accounting. While I loved investments and numbers, I liked the gambling and stock portfolio side more. "I fucking hate doing my taxes or keeping track of our accounts."

"I'd be happy to help," Ethan said, smiling at me. "So, when do we do this? I'm ready to start my new life here with all of you."

CHAPTER 6

"Well, I-I, uh." I stuttered, realizing he was ready to go upstairs with me and have sex. I wasn't really sure I was there yet. There was so much more to consider than just the act of fucking Ethan.

"While Dean said you didn't have much time to decide, we don't have to do this right away," Ryder said. I gave him a grateful look as I squeezed his hand. He smiled at me, giving me a little wink before continuing. "I think we all thought it might take a little bit more time for you to decide. We can just let things happen naturally instead of jumping right into turning you. We can at least spend a few days getting to know each other."

"Plus, we have plans for this evening," Dean added, giving me a knowing look as he tilted his neck at Luc. With everything going on, I'd totally forgotten the horse auction we were planning on taking Luc to tonight.

"We do?" Luc asked, glancing around the table.
"How come I didn't know about this?"

"Because it is a surprise for you, sweetheart," I answered as Ryder got up and walked towards the oven.

"Ryder can loan you some clothes, Ethan. Would you like to come out with us and just hang out?"

"Sure, that sounds nice," Ethan said, smiling at me. He moved off Dean's lap and sat back in his chair as Ryder brought over the lasagna.

We chatted a bit over dinner, which was fantastic. House rules were: if Ryder cooked, everyone else cleaned up. Once that was done and leftovers wrapped up, Ryder and Ethan disappeared to get clothes for Ethan besides the suit he arrived in.

"You need to sit in back with Ethan," Dean whispered in my ear as he took the keys to the truck from me. We'd purchased the huge Dodge Ram when we started renovating the house to transport building supplies easier. I gave him a nod as we all headed into the garage, glad he was trying to ease me into this. This time around it was harder for me to get comfortable with the idea of turning Ethan.

Ryder and I had had time to get used to the idea, even though we fell into bed right after meeting. Luc was different; we didn't have time to think about it, since he had been dying when Ryder and I had found him. We'd had a few weeks with Dean before I turned him. But now with Ethan, it was more like, meet today, turn tonight. And it left me a little uncomfortable and forced into it.

"So where are we going?" Ethan asked softly as he

climbed in the middle of the back seat with me. "All the mystery's kind of exciting."

"I'd tell you, but werewolves have really great hearing and Luc is totally listening in." I chuckled, patting Luc's shoulder in the front seat. Ryder hopped into the back seat with us, giggling because he knew where we were going.

"Do I have to wait much longer to find out?" Luc asked as Dean threw the truck in drive and pulled out of our driveway.

"Nope," Dean answered, taking Luc's hand. We road in silence as we drove through town and to the fairgrounds.

"Shut up," Luc exclaimed as we pulled into the fairgrounds and saw the sign promoting the horse auction. "Are you guys serious?"

"Yup. We got the section of the barn done to hold the horses," I said, loving his reaction. The whole cab was vibrating with excitement and anticipation. "I called in advance so the auctioneers could verify my accounts and available funds. You just choose whatever horses catch your eye and leave the rest to us, Luc."

"This is amazing, guys," Luc whispered as Dean parked the truck. We all climbed out and immediately my

arms were full of Luc. "I love you, Spence."

"I love you too, sweetheart," I replied, before giving him a quick kiss. He took my hand as he led us to the sign-in table where we got our bidding paddles. After that he dragged us over to the reviewing pen. It was actually the holding pens for the main rodeo stadium where the bidding would be. Dean and I shared a look, chuckling at how excited Luc was, tugging on my hand like a kid in a toy store.

"Look at number eight, he's gorgeous," Luc said, pointing in the direction of the stallion. I turned to glance at the horse, smiling when I saw how gorgeous it was with its deep brown color and glistening mane. He took his hand back and flipped through the booklet the woman gave us when we registered. "He's got great bloodlines too; perfect for breeding if we wanted."

"We've got to find him a girlfriend then." Ryder giggled, looking over Luc's shoulder and totally getting into it.

"Oh isn't this precious?" a voice said from behind us. Turning around I saw it was Frank, the asshole who had pissed Dean off so bad at Molly's Bar. "And they've added a new fag into their midst."

"Fuck off, Frank," Dean growled, pushing Ethan

behind him as I moved in front of Ryder and Luc. "We're here for the auction, not to cause trouble."

"So do you pick weak little men who remind you of women so you don't feel quite so gay?" Frank smirked, gesturing to Ryder and Ethan. I saw we were drawing a crowd, including some of Frank's buddies.

"Fuck you, I'm twice the man you are," Ryder spat, ducking under my arm and advancing on Frank. "You couldn't take me in a fight on your best day, douche bag."

"Yeah, right. I take a swing at you and I have big and bigger all over my ass." Frank laughed, gesturing to me and Dean.

"Let it go, Ryder," I said, reaching for him.

"No! I've had it with this bigot and his bullshit," Ryder growled, turning back to me. "We shouldn't have to put up with this when we go out. I want it to stop."

"Okay, baby. I'll back your play," I replied, frowning.

"Thank you," he said, his features softening before facing Frank. "Fine, just you and me. I win, you leave us alone from now on. You see us on the street, you walk the other way, got me?"

"And when I win?" Frank asked, crossing his arms over his chest as he sneered at Ryder.

"You get to kick my ass without any repercussions."

Ryder shrugged, glancing back at me.

"You'll honor that?" Frank asked me, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, we will," I answered, reaching out to lay a hand on Dean's arm. "Your guys stay out of it and so will we."

"This is going to be fun." Frank chuckled, pushing up the sleeves of his shirt and bunching his hands into fists. Everyone took a few steps back, giving the men room for an old-fashioned rumble. Ryder hopped up a few times, shaking out his arms before getting into a fighting stance.

Frank struck out first, Ryder easily dodging the blow. He swung three more times; each time Ryder was able to duck and move out of the way of the blow. Then Ryder had his opening, giving Frank a hard right hook. The large man landed on his ass, blood flying from his nose all over the ground.

"We done?" Ryder asked, standing over Frank with his hands on his hips.

"No way, one lucky punch doesn't constitute a win," Frank answered, standing back up.

"Lucky punch, huh?" Ryder replied before giving Frank a beautiful one, two combo. Frank was out before he

hit the ground, crumpling into a heap.

"Did you see that, Deputy?" One of Frank's buddies called out to someone behind us. Glancing over my shoulder, I winced when I saw Deputy Wilcowski making his way over to us. "The little fag assaulted Frank!"

"I don't see any fags here," the deputy replied, giving Ryder a wink. "All I see is upstanding members of our community enjoying themselves. Plus, I'm off duty."

"Sorry," Ryder said to him, fidgeting as if he'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"About what? I didn't see shit." Deputy Wilcowski chuckled and patted Ryder on the shoulder. Ryder laughed as the deputy kept walking, stepping over Frank as he went.

"Life with you guys is never going to be boring, is it?" Ethan asked, wrapping his arm around mine. "I'm not going to be a boring accountant for much longer."

"Ethan, you may be a lot of things, but I doubt boring is one of them," I said, gazing down at him. He flashed me a wide smile that seemed to go straight to my cock. Trying not to over-think it and just go with it, I leaned down and gave him a quick kiss. Ethan gasped, then kissed me back. I wanted to take it further, but right now wasn't the place for it.

"Wow," Ethan whispered when we parted,

expressing what I was feeling. I wrapped my arm over his shoulders as we turned back to my men, who were all smiles.

"Back to picking out horses." Luc chuckled, pointed to the reviewing pen. "I found a few others that we should bid on. They have some incredible stock here at this thing, I'm impressed. I can't get over the range of mares to colts, to stallions to quarter horses; it's just very diverse. And I thought we'd have to make a road trip to get these kinds of bloodlines."

"We take ranching and horses seriously around here, Luc," Molly said, joining us against the railings. I glanced past Luc to see she and her husband Mike had arrived. "Glad you boys made it and aren't just hiding at your house."

"We don't do hiding." Ryder giggled, snuggling up to the other side of me, next to Luc.

"I saw that nice punch." She chuckled, pounding it out with Ryder. "If you hadn't, I would have after his crack about gays and women."

"I'd be proud to be a woman, if I was one," Ryder said firmly, giving her a nod.

"There's not a girly thing about you, baby," I purred, kissing his cheek. "Personally, I'm glad about that."

"Yeah, but I might look good with breasts," he replied, looking serious. Everyone was quiet for a few moments, until Ryder burst out laughing, then we all joined in.

"You guys looking for a bunch of horses?" Molly asked after we all calmed back down.

"Not a bunch," Luc answered, shooting me a nervous glance.

"Five or six at least if Luc finds ones he feels are acceptable," I said, giving him a wink.

"Spence, that's too..." Luc started to say.

"Just say thank you and pick good ones," Molly said, putting her hand over Luc's mouth. "You're in Brookings now, each of you needs a horse of your own at least."

"Molly, Mike, I forgot my manners." I shook my head, realizing we'd not introduced them to Ethan. "This is Ethan Beckman. He works for my company back on the east coast. And it looks like he may be joining our family."

"Nice to meet you, Ethan," the both said, then Molly continued. "If I was young like you boys, I'd love the idea of my own harem but I can barely keep up with the man I have."

"Bite your tongue, woman," Mike replied, giving

her a smack on the ass. "You guys should sit with us. We'll give you any background we know on the ranches who own the horses you're interested in."

"That would be great, thanks," Luc said, as we turned from the reviewing pen. Everyone headed towards the bleachers, taking up the seats in the third row. The first several rows were reserved for those bidding as opposed to the people that were there to just join in the fun. Luc sat down in between Molly and Mike, who were filling him in on the background of his favorite choices. Ryder sat next to Molly on the other side, then me, Ethan, and lastly Dean on the aisle.

"This is so exciting," Ethan whispered to me after the announcer said they'd be starting in a few minutes. I placed my hand on his thigh, smiling when I saw Dean had his hand on Ethan's other leg.

"You'll have to come over for dinner soon," Ryder was telling Molly. "You can see all the changes we made to the house, and I'd love to get my hands on some of the recipes you were telling me about."

Right before the explosion, Molly had stopped over to bring us a housewarming present. Ryder and Molly had started talking about hunting season and all the things she could do with deer in her slow cooker. He had brought up

the idea a few times to Dean and me, saying he liked the idea of his big men going out and hunting to bring home dinner. We'd laughed and thought he'd been teasing us, but now I started to wonder.

"Looks like we might be going hunting soon," Dean leaned over and whispered to me. I gave him a nod as I watched him stop and kiss Ethan before sitting back up in his seat.

"Do we even own a gun?" I asked, laughing when Dean shook his head. I turned back to Ryder and Molly. "We're going to have to get permits and guns, not to mention learn how to use them before you sign us up for hunting, Ryder."

"We've got extra tags for turkey and deer hunting," Mike said, glancing over. "We had friends who were supposed to come in for the season but can't make it."

"You mean like have a real, fresh turkey for Thanksgiving?" Ryder asked, getting all excited.

"I'm so not pulling feathers off and cleaning a turkey, Ryder," I replied, turning up my lip at the idea. "It's just not going to happen."

"There are places that will do it for you." Molly chuckled, patting my hand. "We wouldn't want to totally freak out you city boys."

"Okay, then we're in," I said, watching Ryder's pout-face. He immediately grinned, bouncing in his seat as he took my hand.

"I'd like to thank everyone for coming out tonight," the announcer said over the PA system, drawing our attention to the main event. "We're going to start with our first horse of the night."

I watched as the horse was brought out and showed off for the crowd. The announcer went over the specs of the horse before going into the bidding. Luc gave his head a shake, letting me know this wasn't one he was interested in. Then suddenly I was distracted by Ethan's hand on my thigh that was moving up towards my groin.

"Behave, Ethan," I hissed at him, leaning in towards him. "Otherwise I'm going to do something that's not appropriate for everyone here to see."

"My hand on your leg could make you lose control like that?" he asked, his eyes going wide.

"In a heartbeat, Ethan. I think you underestimate your appeal," I answered, running my hand down his back.

"So, I shouldn't mention how much I love to suck cock, should I?" he replied, licking his lower lip. I instantly got rock hard as I pictured his lush lips wrapped around my dick.

"Ryder, you're in charge of bidding for a while," I said, handing him the paddle with our number. "Don't stop bidding because Luc is worried about the money."

"You got it, Spence." Ryder giggled, giving me a wink. I stood, taking Ethan's hand as we moved past Dean. We rushed out of the stands, through the crowd, and out to the parking lot. As soon as we were next to our truck, I lifted Ethan into my arms and pushed him back against the truck. He let out a small yelp as I mashed my mouth down onto his. I licked around the inside of his mouth, exploring everything he had to offer.

Ethan responded by throwing his arms and legs around me. Then he slid his tongue over mine, melting into the kiss. I squeezed his ass firmly before sliding one hand in the back of his jeans. Even though he was very thin from being so ill, his body was firm and lean. I ran my fingers over the crack of his ass, getting a gasp from him.

"It's been so long since I've been touched there." Ethan moaned, licking my neck. "No one wants a dying man."

"I think I'd want you even if you were a dying, green alien." I panted, rubbing my index finger over his hole. I moved my other hand between us to rub his dick through his jeans, only to find it was still soft. "Are you not

liking this, Ethan?"

"I'm loving it," he said, nibbling on my earlobe.

"Why are you not hard then, honey?" I asked, coming to my senses and pulling my hand out of his pants. "We don't have to do this, Ethan. I mean, I have to have sex with you to turn you, but you don't have to pretend you want any of us."

"I'm not pretending, I swear," Ethan said, shaking in my arms. I heard him mumble something against my shoulder I couldn't quite make out.

"What was that, Ethan?" I asked gently, moving so he had to look at me.

"I can't get hard," Ethan answered, not looking at me. "Since all the chemo and radiation, I can't get a hard-on no matter how hard I try."

He looked at me then, and even though it wasn't funny, I couldn't help smirking at the pun. Ethan got it then, rolling his eyes as he chuckled. I saw that he was blinking back tears still and realized how painful it was for him to have admitted that to me.

"Well, if you promise me you're telling me the truth, I don't think we have to wait anymore," I said against his lips. "It's obvious the chemistry is there between all of us and we want each other. How about I turn you tomorrow so

we don't ruin Luc's night? Then you can get an erection again when you want?"

"Can we still make out for a while out here?" Ethan asked, smiling at me. "I really did love what we were doing."

"Me too," I replied before kissing him passionately again. I ran my hand down his back, slipping it inside his jeans. He moaned and squirmed in my arms as I rubbed his tight hole again. "Is this where you want my cock, Ethan?"

"There or in my mouth." He panted, leaning back against the truck. "I can't wait to taste each of your cocks. I'm pretty much addicted to giving head."

"You're going to fit in just fine in our house." I chuckled, melting as I watched his passion and response from me simply touching his hole. It hurt to think about how sick he was though, not even able to get hard from our playing around. I knew the first thing tomorrow I'd do what I needed to do to help him.

"Okay, we should get back," Ethan said after several more minutes. "We don't want to miss everything, and Luc is choosing horses for all of us."

"Sweet and sexy," I purred, lowering him to his feet. We hurried back to our seats as quickly as we'd left. I smiled at Dean when he gave us a questioning look as we

sat down.

CHAPTER 7

"We got number eight that Luc wanted so much," Ryder informed me as he handed me back the paddle. "He was upset I spent twenty grand of your money, but he said it was still a deal for the horse's breeding potential."

"It's our money, baby," I said, giving him a quick kiss. "Thanks for doing that for me; I want Luc to get the horses he wants."

"It was fun, really exciting," Ryder replied, wiggling his eyebrows at me. "You guys have fun in the parking lot?"

"We did a little making out." I chuckled, but then remembered what Ethan told me. "He can't get hard, Ryder. It's one of the side effects of the treatments he underwent to try and get rid of the cancer."

"Fuck! That totally sucks ass," he hissed, glancing past me at Ethan. "You're going to turn him right away now, aren't you?"

"I told him tomorrow. I want tonight to be about Luc," I said, watching one of the men I loved so much. "And I know Luc got some info from Doc about Ethan's conversion. So we need to talk about that too."

"Next we have horse number eighteen on our

bidding list," the announcer boomed over the PA.

"This is one of Luc's choices," Ryder informed me, and I saw Luc glancing between me and the horse as if he didn't want to interrupt me.

"We'll start the bidding at two thousand dollars," the announcer said. I stared at Luc for a moment, mouthing that I loved him before turning towards the horse.

"Fifteen thousand," I yelled, holding up my paddle, getting a gasp from the crowd.

"I think you're missing the idea of bidding, Spencer." Molly laughed, slapping my thigh. "You're supposed to pay as little as you can and get the best deal possible."

"I get that," I said as the announcer tried to get the next bid. "But is the horse not worth that much? Or do we not like the ranch it's from?"

"The horse is worth three times that," Luc replied, shaking his head and trying to hide his smirk. "I'm just having a hard time spending that much of your money."

"Our money, Luc," I said, taking his hand. "And the ranch is good? They treat their horses well?"

"It's my sister's ranch, so yeah, we like them," Mike answered, leaning over. "They've had a rough year and had to sell off some of the horses they didn't want to."

"Oh, well in that case, we can do better than that," I replied. I gave Luc a smile as Mike scrunched his eye brows. "You said three times that, right?"

"Yeah, at least." Luc chuckled, knowing what I was about to do.

"I have fifteen, going once, going twice," the announcer said.

"Sixty thousand." I yelled, getting way more gasps this time.

"You had the last bid, sir," the announcer replied, looking confused.

"I know, but I was informed the horse was worth much more than I was bidding," I said, smiling at him.

"You can check with the money man; I'm good for it."

The announcer glanced over at the guy over at the table in charge of everything. He gave a thumbs-up and the announcer banged his gavel, signaling we'd won.

"Is it cool if Mike's sister still uses the stallion for breeding with her mares?" I asked Luc, not sure if it would affect the horse's health.

"Yeah, he's got enough spunk to go around," Luc said as Mike simply gaped at me. "I love you, Spence. You're one of the best men I've ever known."

"I love you too, sweetheart," I replied, reaching

over to squeeze his hand.

"Why would you do that?" Mike asked, still shocked.

"You and Molly have been good friends to us." I shrugged. "You offered to help us with the background we didn't know and the owner's your sister. If the horse is worth it, there's no reason she shouldn't make good money on it. Maybe she won't have to sell other horses she'd want to keep now."

"I have to go tell her," Mike said, jumping up from his seat. I smiled as he made his way through the crowd and hugged a smaller woman who definitely resembled him. They both had the same sandy blond hair though hers was much longer and back in a braid. I would have thought she was too petite to handle the rough ranch work, but I was new this life so what did I know?

"Thank you, Spencer," Molly whispered, her eyes filling up with tears. "Mike's sister was widowed last year, her husband killed overseas. She's been struggling so badly, and we can't help her much. She actually owns the ranch next door to you, and the bank's been talking about taking it from her because she's behind on her payments."

"If I had known that, I would have bid more," I said, frowning. "What can we do to help her out?"

"How can you be so generous to someone you've never even met?" she asked, staring at me.

"It's just who Spencer is," Ryder answered, taking my hand. "Can I tell her about our idea for your donations?"

"Um, sure, we trust Molly," I said, feeling my face heat up.

"Spencer's letting me be in charge of his yearly donations," Ryder explained to Molly. "We're going to set up a foundation for gay teens who were thrown out of their homes like I was."

"If you need any help, you let us know," Molly said, giving me a nod. She glanced past me then, smiling widely. I turned just in time to see the woman launching herself into my arms.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Fallon," she whispered, hugging me fiercely. "Mike told me about what you did and that I can still use Thunder for breeding."

"It's just Spencer." I chuckled, hugging her back. "I'm sorry to hear about your loss..."

"Margaret," she said, filling her name in for me. "And thank you, it's been a tough year."

"Well, if you need anything, Molly says we're right next door," I replied as she stood back up. "Hopefully you

won't have to sell any more horses you don't want to part with."

"Unfortunately, I still do," she said softly. "I had to let go of all my ranch hands, and I need the money from the horses to get our cattle through the winter."

"She's got a couple of mares I was looking at," Luc stated as Mike returned to his seat. "Are those the last of your horses?"

"I sold the rest to private buyers," she answered, nodding. "You do what you have to. I needed the money to keep the land and feed my kids. But thank you so much, Spencer. You have no idea how big of a help this was for me."

"You're very welcome. Molly and Mike have been good friends to us," I said as she smiled before walking back down the stands. She gave us one last wave as the announcer finished up with the next horse. I turned to Luc, my heart going out to the woman.

"We could always buy the mares and keep them with her," Luc suggested, knowing full well how my mind worked. "Maybe make a deal to get one of the offspring from the breeding?"

"I didn't mean to steal your night away or take away the horses you wanted," I said, feeling kind of bad. "I really

wasn't planning this, Luc."

"You wouldn't be the man I love so much if you didn't help when you could," he replied, smiling at me. "I'm not upset at all. We can always get other horses, Spence. I think she needs them more than we do and I'm proud that you immediately want to help her."

Before I could say anything, Molly leaned over and planted a loud kiss right on my lips. When I pulled away from her, Ryder and Mike were laughing. I know I turned bright red from all the attention, but I was just happy to help a single mother who'd had some rough breaks.

"You know you're not going to hide who you are here for very long spending that kind of money," Molly said, giving me a knowing look.

"Maybe." I shrugged, appreciating that she was looking out for me. "But I'd rather help out someone in the community than worry about everyone knowing that I'm that Fallon. I'm not sure that makes sense."

"It does and you're a selfless man," she replied, patting my leg.

"How much would it take to get her out from under the bank and hire help for a year or so?" I asked, trying to run the numbers in my head.

"Around a hundred thousand or so," Mike

answered, his eyes going wide. "But you've already done sixty thousand of that."

"Does she need new equipment or anything else?"

"Yeah, the ranch is pretty run down," Mike said, looking embarrassed. "We spend a lot of time there when we're not running the bar, but we don't have much money to help her out."

"Her next horse is up now, Spencer," Luc informed me, gesturing to the ring. I turned back, glancing at Dean when I felt his hand on my shoulder.

"You're doing a good thing here," he said, mashing Ethan in between us.

"It just seems the right thing to do," I replied, feeling my face flush again. "I have money and she needs it. Plus, it's Mike's sister and she lives next door to us."

"I know, but it doesn't take away from how wonderful you are, Spence," Dean said, smiling at me. The announcer opened the bidding just then, and I made a quick decision, figuring how much it would cost for some new farming equipment as well as upkeep of the ranch.

"Five hundred thousand," I called out for our bid on the mare. I cringed when I saw the announcer's jaw drop open as his microphone fell to the ground. Then Margaret looked up at us before glancing back at her horse.

I realized the mistake I made the second before it happened. I didn't warn her it was coming. The shock got to her, because she swayed on her feet before fainting.

"Aww, shit," I cussed, smacking myself in the forehead. "I really need to start planning things out better. I'm such an idiot."

"Yeah, that's not the word I was going to use." Mike laughed, hopping out of his seat before making his way back down to his sister.

* * * *

A few hours later we were heading back to the house. Margaret ended up being fine, just a little shell shocked over what I had done. I had apologized profusely, but she wouldn't hear of it. We all ended up having a big group hug and laughing over the situation.

We pulled up the driveway, and I realized I was completely exhausted from the excitement and fun. I got out of the truck, reaching behind me to pick up a sleeping Ethan.

"I got the door, Spence," Ryder whispered, standing next to me. "I think we tuckered him out."

"It hurts my heart to know he's so sick," Dean said,

opening the front door for us.

"I know, but we'll fix that in the morning, I promise," I answered. He nodded, never taking his eyes off Ethan as we all walked up the stairs and into our room.

"I'll pull in another bed. I'm not thinking five of us can fit on one king-sized bed." Dean chuckled as he left the room. I gently laid Ethan on the bed, then Ryder and Luc helped me turn it. We moved it by the windows at the front of the house, so there was room for another bed next to it. Dean came back in then with the bed frame from one of the guest rooms to start with. Though it was only a twin-sized bed, it should be enough for the five of us. I went to help him get the mattress pieces.

"Thank you for everything, Spence," Luc said when we started getting ready for bed. I hugged him close to me, before lying back on the bed and taking him with me. We were careful not to disturb Ethan, who was in the middle. Ryder climbed in on the other side of Ethan, then Dean behind him.

"Love you, guys," Ryder said.

We all exchanged our good nights, and I felt myself start to drift. I had my arms wrapped around Luc, and he was lying against Ethan. Suddenly there was a loud noise.

"Motherfucker!" Ryder yelled.

"Baby, are you okay?" I asked, sitting up.

"He fell in between the beds," Dean answered before bursting out laughing.

"Are you hurt, sweetheart?" Luc asked, trying not to laugh.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Ryder grumbled, pulling himself back up in the bed. "We need a bigger bed or we're going to start having wolf piles when we sleep."

"I promise to get started on building us a custom bed tomorrow," Dean said, snuggling against Ryder's back. "It will be the biggest bed ever, baby. Maybe a double king size."

"Then I'll quit my bitching." Ryder giggled as we all pulled as close together as we could. I was pretty amazed how Ethan slept through all of the commotion. I guess it attested to how sick he really was, and that scared me.

CHAPTER 7

The next morning I called Deputy Wilcowski and invited him over for breakfast. He sounded confused, but accepted and stopped by over a half an hour later. I had just caught him up on what we learned from Ethan when the man in question walked into the kitchen with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Ethan, what's wrong, sweetheart?" I asked, standing and rushing over to him.

"I understand why you're doing it, Spencer," he whispered against my neck when I pulled him into my arms. "I won't ever tell your secret, I swear. And I want you to know, I really did want to be a part of your family."

"We're not turning you into the police, Ethan," Dean said, coming up behind him. Dean hugged both of us together, sandwiching Ethan between us. "We called the deputy over so he wouldn't waste resources on an investigation when we had the answers."

"You're really not here to throw me in jail?" Ethan asked Deputy Wilcowski quietly, peeking out from around me.

"No, Ethan. But I am going to help stop Greg Payton before he hurts anyone else," the deputy answered. I

took Ethan's hand and led him over to the kitchen table. Once we all sat back down, I pulled the shaking man onto my lap.

"Thank you and you have to know how sorry I am," Ethan said quietly. "I didn't know what to do."

"I know, son," Wilcowski replied, reaching out to pat Ethan's hand. "You were put in an impossible situation, and I can understand feeling as if you had no options."

"I appreciate you coming over and being so understanding," Dean said as they both stood. "We just didn't want you to be chasing your tail after everything you've done for us."

"I'm glad you trusted me enough to confide in me," Deputy Wilcowski replied as they left the kitchen.

"I thought you were getting rid of me," Ethan said as he turned around in my lap to straddle me. He threw his arms around my neck and started gently crying. "I was so scared."

"Not going to happen, sweetheart," I replied softly. I stood up with Ethan still wrapped around me like a monkey. "What do you say we turn you and start getting you better?"

"That sounds great, but I like the idea of being with you better," he said, giving my neck a soft kiss. "Please

don't be upset when I can't get hard."

"I won't, Ethan. But after you're better, I plan on getting you hard all the time." I chuckled as I walked us up the stairs. He tightened his legs around my hips as we walked into the bedroom. I lay him down on the bed, placing myself in between his legs. "You are so gorgeous, Ethan."

"I'm glad you think so." He panted as I ran my hands down his chest. I slowly peeled his shirt off over his head, my eyes never leaving his. Then I pulled down his pajama pants, running my tongue down his stomach while I did it.

"I'm going to have to stretch you out before I change, okay?" I asked, loving how he squirmed under my touch.

"Please, just hurry, Spencer." Ethan moaned as I ran my fingers over his sac. I chuckled at his impatience, leaning over him to reach the bottle of lube on the night stand. When I moved back in between his legs, I squirted some slick on my fingers. He moaned loudly as I reached down and rubbed them over his quivering hole.

"You like that, sweetheart?" I cooed as he spread his legs wider. Ethan nodded furiously, whimpering when I kept up my teasing. I slid my index finger into his tight

hole, watching in awe at his reaction.

"More, Spencer, I need more," he begged, fisting the sheets in his hands. Ethan pulled his knees to his chest, his eyes going wide as I pushed in a second finger. "Oh god, it feels so good. Don't stop, whatever you do, please don't stop."

"I won't, Ethan," I said, leaning forward to lick his lips. He groaned loudly as my fingers sank in deeper. I scissored them around, stretching him out slowly. "It's so hot watching you, Ethan. I'm turning into such a voyeur; I could watch you like this for hours."

"I'm all yours," he replied, smiling up at me. His hips started moving in time with my fingers, and when he was ready, I pushed in a third finger. Watching him thrash his head and enjoy himself at my touch made me hard as a rock. I quickly pulled out my fingers and got undressed in a flash.

"It's going to hurt, Ethan," I whispered as I let the change flow over me and got back on the bed.

"I'm ready," he said, nodding. Then he tilted his head submissively, and I growled my approval. Leaning over him, I licked the side of his neck before sinking my razor sharp teeth into his soft flesh. Ethan screamed out underneath me as he grabbed onto my arms. I pulled my

head back and howled, loving that I'd just marked Ethan as mine.

"On your hands and knees, Ethan," I growled, sitting back on my heels so he could move. Ethan gave me a quick wink before doing what I asked. He wiggled his firm little ass at me when he was in position. Again, I growled my approval as I moved behind him. I lined up my hard cock and started to push into him.

"I've never been so full." Ethan moaned, burying his face into the pillow. I gently thrust forward, trying to be tender with him as I grabbed his hips. Ethan cried out under me as I finally bottomed out inside of him. Simply feeling his ass wrapped around my cock snapped what little control I ever seemed to have.

"Mine!" I roared, starting to pound into Ethan's sweet hole as hard as I could. The harder I thrust, the louder his moans became, spurring me on even more. I realized I was getting close, so I changed the angle to hit Ethan's sweet spot each time. The intense pleasure, along with the adrenaline and excitement of what Ethan was about to go through, seemed to override his body's sickness and get him hard.

He screamed out my name seconds later as he shot his load all over the bed. The muscles in his ass clamped

down on my cock, giving me more sensations than I was ready to handle. I kept thrusting against his hold, waiting for my eyes to roll into the back of my head. Just as Ethan was finishing his climax, I howled as mine came. I held onto him tight as I kept moving, trying to draw it out.

"Oh god, oh god, Spence." Ethan panted as I nailed his sweet spot as my cock kept exploding in his ass. I remembered how it felt, that it was almost like having a power washer shoot up your ass, the stream of cum was so forceful.

"Just wait, Ethan. It's about to get better." I grunted as my orgasm ebbed.

"I doubt that." Ethan chuckled, and then the knot on my cock latched onto his prostate. He screamed loudly, his entire body shaking.

"Still doubt it?"

"No. God no. What the fuck are you doing to me?" He screamed in pleasure, but before I could answer, his body went limp as he passed out. While still inside of him and attached, I leaned over and pulled out a medium sized butt plug. As soon as the knot receded, I pulled out my softening cock and replaced it with the plug to keep as much of my anti-venom cum in him as possible.

"We should have talked about what he needs to

expect before you turned him," Luc said gently, snapping me out of my post-orgasmic glow. "He's going to get very sick, Spencer. It's going to be scary and get really bad."

"It is?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at Luc as I moved Ethan into a more comfortable position. I shifted back from wolf and sat down on the bed with crossed legs. "What did Doc say?"

"It will be like horrible food poisoning," Luc answered, sitting down on the bed next to me. "His new werewolf body will expel the cancer cells. They'll group up and want out as if he ate rancid food."

"Well, shit," I said, rolling my eyes. "So it will be like Ryder's detox, except after Ethan's turning instead of before."

"I wasn't there for Ryder's detox, but it'll probably be like that," Luc replied. I leaned my head on his shoulder as he rubbed my back, both of us watching Ethan sleep.

"It's going to be hell again, isn't it?" I asked in a whisper, feeling myself start to choke up. "I'm going to have to watch him go through the pain like I did Dean, aren't I?"

"I know how hard that was for you, Spence," he said, pulling me into his arms. "But like Dean, we're saving Ethan, okay? That's the part you have to focus on and

remember, not that he's in pain. He'll be in bad shape for a few days, but he'll get to live. Isn't that worth it?"

"Yeah, it is." I sighed, hugging him tighter to me.

"But it's still hard to do and hurts to see people I care about in pain."

"We know that," Ryder said from the doorway. I looked up over Luc's shoulder to see him and Dean standing there watching us. "It's not any easier for us either. It killed me to see Dean hurting. You'd feel that way whether you were the one to change him or not."

"Wise and beautiful," I replied, smiling at him as I snuggled my head on Luc's shoulder. "One of the many reason you could never be replaced, baby."

"That and you love to fuck me in every position known to man." He giggled as they came to join us on the bed. "I'm sorry I got to the show late, I'm horny as hell."

"When are you not?" Dean chuckled as he sat on the bed, pulling Ryder onto his lap facing me and Luc. "We'll get Ethan through this."

"I think it best if we take shifts," Luc said, scrunching his eyebrows together. It was one of the most endearing faces Luc ever made, it showed me he was thinking hard and using that big sexy brain of his. "Spence and I will stay with him for the next four hours. He should

be awake by then and I was the one who talked with the doctor."

"Then Dean and I take over?" Ryder asked, rubbing his cheek against Dean's chin in a very cat-like way. "So we take four hour shifts, one always staying with him just in case while the other is free to get supplies and whatnot."

"Yeah, I think that's the best way," Luc answered with a nod. "How much harder was your detox because it was just you and Spencer? He couldn't leave you for very long and what if you needed more washcloths or something to drink?"

"Or bar me from the door," Ryder whispered, staring intently at me. "Or help dodging when I threw everything in the room at him."

"It was well worth getting hit in the head with a shoe to have you in my life, baby." I winked at him, hating when Ryder felt guilty about his detox from meth.

"We'd better get ready," Luc said, giving me a pat on the back to get off of him. "He could be up in as soon as an hour and I want to be ready."

"You're the boss," Dean replied, getting off the bed. He still had Ryder in his arms, flipping our baby over his shoulder. Ryder laughed loudly, squirming the whole time, and moaning when Dean smack him on the ass. "Behave,

we have work to do."

"Fine, but as soon we're ready and they're on duty, you're fucking me until I can't walk," Ryder state firmly as he reached down and pushed his hands under Dean's jeans, grabbing his ass. Luc and I chuckled as we followed them down the stairs to get supplies. It felt like the calm before the storm, which is exactly what was coming.

* * * *

"Oh god, something's wrong." Ethan gasped a few hours later as he woke up. "Am I supposed to feel like my insides are dying?"

"Yes, but only because of how sick you were," Luc answered gently, sitting down next to him. "Your body is going to be expelling the cancer over the next few days, Ethan. It's not going to be fun, but I promise you that you'll make it through the process."

"I'm gonna be sick." Ethan moaned, moving to get off the bed. Luc had brought up a mop bucket as a precaution. He handed it to Ethan just in time. I felt my heart twist in my chest as I watched Ethan be violently ill. After a few minutes, Ethan flopped back on the pillows against the headboard. I leaned over and wiped his mouth

with a wet washcloth then handed him an energy drink.

"You have to keep hydrated, sweetheart," I said gently, helping him drink it. "I'm sorry I didn't warn you beforehand that it was going to be bad."

"I would have done it either way, Spence," he replied, patting my hand. "I'm sorry you have to put up with this."

"You're worth it to us," Luc said, kissing Ethan's forehead. I smiled at them as I threw the dirty linen on the floor. Luc got off the bed with the bucket and walked into the bathroom.

"You guys can just leave me on the bathroom floor," Ethan whispered, his eyes darting around as if he was uncomfortable. "You don't have to wait on me hand and foot."

"We want to, Ethan," I said firmly. "You're part of our family now, and we take care of each other."

"Okay," he replied, smiling as he closed his eyes. Seconds later they popped back open, riddled with fear. "I need to use the bathroom right now."

In a flash I stood up and lifted him into my arms. We rushed past Luc into the bathroom and got Ethan to the toilet. Once seated, he waved me away as he moaned and held onto his stomach. I stepped back into the bedroom,

giving him his privacy.

I knew food poisoning could affect both ends, but I hadn't been ready for this with Ethan. Part of me was scared to leave him alone in case he passed out from the pain. But I understood the need to not have people witness some of your low moments in life. Also, I know I was a pain in the ass when I'd ever been sick and always just wanted to be left the fuck alone.

Luc and I sat down on the bed after he left the cleaned bucket by the nightstand. I took his hand in mine as we waited. Several minutes later, Ethan opened the door with a towel wrapped around his waist.

"I feel a little better now," he said as he slowly made his way to the bed. I helped him move back into the middle, propped up by the pillows, before tucking the covers in around him. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Ethan," Luc replied as we lay down on either side of Ethan. "You're also going to get the chills and have a fever, so just let us know when you're cold or hot. We'll do whatever we can to make this easier for you."

"I know you will," he said, his eyes drifting closed. "I'm okay; it's just like having really bad stomach flu."

"Which is why you need to stay hydrated," I

replied, handing him the sports drink again. He rolled his eyes but took a few smaller sips before leaning back against the pillows. I glanced over at Luc who gave me a wink. It made me feel better to know I wasn't in this alone.

When Ryder had gone through his detox, most of the time I was worried I was doing more damage than good. Again with Ethan, I wasn't sure what I was doing, but now I had help. Also, Ethan wouldn't be craving drugs, simply expelling his life threatening disease. Keeping Ryder from what he wanted, even if it was meth, had been one of the hardest parts for me. It was just ingrained in me to try and give everything I could to someone I cared about.

"Deputy Wilcowski called, Spence," Ryder said as he and Dean walked into our bedroom. "He said part one is done. Do I want to know what that means?"

"Dean can fill you in on our conversation with the deputy," I answered as I got off the bed. I stretched widely and gave my neck a good roll. The plan I had set up wasn't going to be easy, but it was needed to keep my family safe. "You do need to pack a bag for a few days, baby. I've hired a charter plane this morning to come get us. We're going to New York for an emergency board meeting."

"I've never been on a plane, Spence," Ryder said, his eyes going wide. "Why pick me to go? I'm the least

reputable person in our family to stand at your side."

"I want Luc here because he's the closest thing we have to a doctor," I replied as I put my hands on Ryder's shoulders. "And Dean's good backup in case Luc needs help. But I don't want to do this alone, and I need the comfort that you specialize in, Ryder."

Ryder searched my face for a few moments before nodding. "If you think that's what's best, I trust you, Spence."

"Thank you, baby," I said, giving him a quick kiss on the lips. "I'll be back. I've got a lot to handle before the plane comes to get us late tonight."

"We're good here. You go do what you need to." Dean nodded, cupping my cheek with his hand. "You're doing the right thing here, Spence."

"I hope so," I said quietly. "Doesn't make it any easier."

"Never does, babe." Dean chuckled, then gave me a quick peck on the lips. I smiled at my men and then left the bedroom, heading to my office. Once there I started getting all the paperwork I would need together.

Twenty minutes later, Ethan's cell phone rang and I knew the number well.

"Hello, Greg," I said with a smirk as I answered the

call.

"Mr. Fallon?" he asked, shock apparent in his voice.

"Yes, Greg. Ethan can't come to the phone right now; he's getting his first round of treatments."

"Treatments for what?" Greg asked after clearing his throat, seeming to have recovered from the shock. "I was worried when I hadn't heard from Ethan regarding my concerns about the changes in your will."

"This will go better for you if you don't treat me like an idiot, Greg."

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Fallon. I'm assuming you mean treatments for Ethan's cancer, but I was told there was nothing more that could be done. I've taken care of his medical bills since he was a Fallon Industries employee and became terminal. I thought that best considering this is a more than a company, but a family."

"Very noble of you, Greg. But at what price did Ethan receive this kind gesture?" I asked firmly. I knew from several business and psychology classes that, when you wanted to exert your dominance, using your subordinate's name always when speaking to them reminded them that they could not reply with your first name. It was a sneaky mind game I rarely used, but with Greg, he needed reminding who was in charge.

"I gave him special tasks to help out our company," Greg answered slowly. "It was apparent he could no longer work full time. And I didn't want him to feel as if he was getting a hand-out."

"One of which had him on my doorstep with a gun?"

"He did what?" Greg gasped, playing up his shock. I rolled my eyes at his lack of acting skills. "I'm shocked, Mr. Fallon. Did he explain why he felt the need to bring a gun?"

"Ethan told me everything, Greg. And I have to say I'm very disappointed with you."

"Me! What did Ethan say that involves me?"

"Really, Greg? That's how you want to play this? You really are going to try and deny that you sent Ethan here to kill me?"

"Mr. Fallon, I have no idea what lies that little faggot has been..." Greg replied, then stopped, probably realizing his mistake.

"Yeah, those damn fags are just a pain in your ass, aren't we, Greg?"

"I didn't mean it like that, Spencer," he grumbled, not bothering to try and pay me any respect anymore.

"Look, I don't care what that little shit told you, you have

no proof. I've done a fantastic job of running this company over the years, Spencer. If you want to try and smear my good name, take it up with the board next month at the quarterly meeting."

"Just come clean, Greg. It will be better for you in the end if you tell the truth. You have been a loyal employee for years and I would take that under advisement."

"I've done nothing wrong, *Spencer*," he sneered, putting extra emphasis on my name to let me know exactly how he felt about seeing me as his superior. "And I *am* this company. I've run it for over a decade. The board loves me, our shareholders adore me, and my employees respect me. You'd destroy Fallon Industries if you tried anything stupid like getting rid of me!"

I heard the loud slam of the phone on his end. I looked at the cell's display, just to check that he really had hung up on me. Letting out a whistle, I couldn't get over the balls the man had. But he did have a good point; Removing Greg as CEO would cause major disruption within the company. That didn't mean I was going to leave him in place after what he had done. I was determined to learn from the mistake I made in choosing one man for the job and washing my hands of my company. One I intended to

rectify tomorrow morning.

CHAPTER 8

"Spence, the plane is moving," Ryder whimpered, squeezing my hand tightly as the plane started to rev up for takeoff. I had gotten permission to use the airport in Cedar Rapids for my charter plane.

"It has to do that to get in the air, baby." I chuckled as I took my right hand out of his and wrapped it around his shoulders. He immediately grabbed my other hand and snuggled close into my embrace. "Nothing's going to go wrong, Ryder. Relax and try to enjoy the ride."

"On one condition," he purred, smiling up at me.

"And that would be?" I asked with a raised eyebrow, knowing full well what he was going to say.

"Can we join the *mile high club*?" he replied, wiggling his eyebrows at me. I chuckled and then leaned over to lick his plump, soft lips. Ryder moaned and melted against me.

"Didn't Dean take care of my horny little man this morning?"

"What can I say? I have a high sex drive with all the hot men who love me around all the time."

"After takeoff," I said, feeling the nose of the plane start to lift off. Ryder gasped and held onto me tighter.

Minutes later the captain came over the loudspeaker telling us we were at cruising altitude and could take off our seat belts. Ryder was out of his in a flash and on my lap.

"Distract me, please distract me, Spence," he begged, wiggling his hips as he straddled me. Ryder threw his arms around my neck, leaning over to lick my neck. The little imp knew that was my main hot spot. I groaned and let my head fall back on my shoulders. "See, you need some distraction and a way to relax too."

"I love you, Ryder," I said, taking his face in my hands. He smiled at me, that cute, innocent smile he got when any of us told him that we loved him. It was almost a shy smile, as if he wasn't sure how to process the declaration. "My life would be nothing without you, baby."

"I feel the same way, Spence," Ryder whispered as he stared into my eyes. I mashed my mouth down onto his and thrust my tongue into his warm depths. Ryder immediately surrendered, his body becoming pliable against mine. The kiss was hot and full of need, demanding Ryder give me everything he had.

"You know what, baby?"

"What, Spence?" he asked, panting as he pulled off my shirt.

"I knew we'd have some time on the plane and nothing to do." I groaned as he took one of my nipples into his mouth. "Remember I said I had some new toys I wanted to use on you?"

"You brought them?" Ryder asked, his eyes going wide. He stood up so fast he almost fell over. I reached out to grab his arm and hold him steady. Ryder shook off my hold and undressed in seconds. "What would you have of me, master?"

"Are you sure you really want to try this game?" I asked, searching his face.

"Do I want you to always lead me around on a leash? No," Ryder answered, shaking his head. "But I want to try playing your submissive. I might hate it, but the idea gets me hot. And I love it when you spank me, so I want to try the next level."

"Okay, baby," I said, running my hand over his cheek. "If it gets to be too much or you want to stop, promise you'll tell me?"

"I promise, master," he replied as he dropped to his knees. Ryder batted his long blond eyelashes at me. I stood up, making sure to shove my jean-covered cock in his face.

"Undress me, Ryder," I commanded. He reached out, unbuttoned my jeans, and then pulled them off my

hips. I helped him by stepping out of them once he had my shoes and socks off. "Good boy, Ryder. Now I want you to retrieve my blue carry-on bag and bring it over to the table."

He gave me a nod as he stood to do what I asked. The smaller Learjet had six huge recliners that turned and had seatbelts. There was also a smaller table with a bench to use while the plane was in the air. It would work perfectly for what I had planned. Ryder was standing next to the table with the bag in his hand, shaking with excitement.

"What do we say when I tell you to do something, Ryder?"

"Yes, master. I'm sorry, master," he answered, staring at his feet.

"I'm going to have to punish you for being a bad little sub, Ryder," I said, moving towards him.

"Yes, master. I accept whatever punishment you feel is fitting for my disobedience," he replied. Seeing Ryder so submissive and ready to do anything I asked had me rock hard. It seemed Ryder wasn't the only one who might enjoy this game.

"Good boy. Place the bag on the table and lean over it with your hands above your head." I ordered.

"Yes, master," Ryder replied, immediately doing what I asked. I stepped up behind him and ran my hands over his firm ass, getting a shiver from him in response. Opening the bag, I took out everything we'd need. I had bought ankle and wrist cuffs with a longer chain.

"Make sure that beautiful cock is not on the table and spread yourself wide for me," I said. He answered correctly and moved as I wanted. I attached the wrist and ankle cuffs, keeping him restrained and spread for me. Then I moved back around him and kneeled down. The next item was a leather cock and ball restraint with a metal circle on it that I slipped over his cock. The idea of the toy was to keep him from getting too hard so he'd be unable to climax.

Ryder moaned loudly as I slipped the device on under the table. He went to move, but the chains kept him in place.

"Be still, Ryder," I said, smacking him loudly on the ass. "No moving unless I tell you to."

"Yes, master." He hissed as I rubbed my handprint on his butt. I reached for the small, heart-shaped paddle I had also bought. Moving to his left side so I could see his face, I gently slapped him on the ass with it. Ryder gasped and looked up at me before remembering himself and

gazing back at the floor.

"I don't like you looking away from my, baby. I want to see your reactions to what I'm doing to you."

"Whatever my master wants," he said, turning his head to look at me again. "And as hard as my master wants to give it to me I will accept it."

I smiled, knowing that was his way of telling me to spank him harder without breaking the submissive game he was playing. Lifting the paddle, I smacked each cheek of his ass before stopping to rub it.

"I think I want my baby to count off his punishment."

"Yes, master." He panted, mouth parted as his eyes glazed over with lust. I spanked each cheek ten times, and Ryder moaned each number out, letting me hear exactly how much he liked it.

"What does my baby want next?" I asked, rubbing his ass, loving the red marks I'd made on him.

"If my master wants to, his sub would love his hole spanked."

"Oh that would please me alright." I moaned, putting the paddle down. I picked up the small crop and spread Ryder's legs even farther. With the flick of my wrist, the leather strip at the end of the long wand whacked

against his tight hole. He whimpered as his hole turned even pinker and started to quiver. "Oh, my baby likes that. Don't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, master. More please, give me more," he begged, and I obliged him. Ryder was gorgeous, absolutely perfect right then. His face was flushed while he moaned and squirmed, responding to everything I did to him.

Next, I grabbed the lube, squirted some on my fingers and rubbed them over his now very sensitive hole. Ryder cried out, causing me to glance at his face. I relaxed and went back to what I was doing when I realized it was a cry of pleasure and not pain. Knowing that Ryder loved the bite, I pushed two fingers in hard to start with.

"Are you ready for the next part of your punishment, Ryder?"

"Yes, master, punish your bad little sub." He moaned, trying to move his hips back on my fingers. I smacked his ass twice as hard as I had before.

"Be still or I'll stop and leave you tied up with no release for the rest of the plane ride."

"Spence, would you really do that to me?" Ryder asked, his eyes going wide, almost looking afraid.

"No, baby, I wouldn't. You're way too hot for me to not touch," I said, rubbing his back with my other hand to

try and calm his fears. "We can stop at anytime, babe."

"No, I want to keep playing. What you're doing to me is so awesome, but so new, my body feels like it's on overload." He giggled. "I just wasn't sure if that was part of the game about you leaving me here desperate and needing you."

"Nah, I couldn't ever leave you wanting." I snickered as I pulled my fingers out of him. Before he could even say anything, I pushed in the vibrating butt plug I had grabbed.

"Oh fuck that's nice, master," Ryder cried out, his hands tightening into fists. I moved around to the front of him and knelt down in front of his face.

"It has twenty settings, baby," I purred, licking his lips. "And I'm going to play with the remote while I fuck your sweet mouth."

He smiled widely as I stood and lined up my cock with his mouth. Ryder opened up for me and I slid it over his tongue. At the same time, I hit the remote onto the first setting. He gasped, and I took full advantage of it. Ryder took half of my nine inches down his throat like a wonderfully practiced cock sucker.

"Oh god, baby. That's good, so fucking good." I moaned, pushing more of my dick into him. "Take my cock

like a good little sub."

Ryder moaned loudly when I turned up the vibrating plug a few more levels. He started going to town on me then, and I knew if he kept this up I wasn't going to make it to get a part of his ass. When I went to move, he started sucking harder. I chuckled at how my little submissive wasn't being very submissive at all. But I lost all train of thought when he started using that talented tongue as I thrust into his mouth.

Moments later I was crying out Ryder's name as my cock exploded in his mouth. I turned up the plug as well, loving how he was trying to prolong my orgasm. When I was finally spent, my spent cock slipped past his lips. Ryder moaned loudly, licking up the small amount of my cum that dribbled out of his mouth. It was hot, and even though I was completely wiped, it got my blood pumping again.

"I can't come, it won't let me come," Ryder whimpered, pulling against his restraints. "Please, master, I need to come!"

"Okay, baby." Seeing how desperate he was. I moved back around him to undo his cock restraint. The second it was off, his dick got even harder and his balls drew up. I knelt down quickly and slid the mushroom head

of his cock into my mouth. That was all it took to set Ryder off. He screamed loudly as he shot stream after stream of cum down my throat. I swallowed all of it, loving how hard I got him to orgasm.

"Fuck, Spence, that was amazing." He panted as he came back down from his climax. I licked his softening dick before moving and standing back up behind him.

"I'm not done with my hot little sub yet." I chuckled as I smacked his ass hard. He moaned and squirmed as I also turned up the plug to the tenth setting. I felt the blood returning to my lower half as my cock started to take notice of my hot man's ass. Picking up the paddle, I decided to be daring and spank him with the vibrating plug in.

"Master, I'm going to come again if you keep doing that." Ryder groaned loudly.

"No you're not! Not until I shove my cock into your pretty ass, baby." I growled, smacking him again and again. "You will wait for me, sub."

"Okay." He squealed as I spanked him with the paddle harder. "Please fuck me, master! I need to feel you inside me. I'll do anything, master. I swear I'll do whatever you want if you just fuck me."

"Hmmm, I need to think about that, baby," I replied, smiling widely. I knew it was mean to get what I wanted

when he was so out of his mind with lust, but I did it anyways. "Will you go to the tailor with me and let me buy you some suits? You're going to need one for the board meeting."

"Yes! Yes, I'll do it, just fuck me!" Ryder begged, moaning as I kept paddling his ass.

"Will you play this game again with all of us being your masters?"

"Oh god, yes. That sounds so fucking hot." He moaned, trying to rub his growing erection on the table.

"Would you play my little submissive sometimes without the chains and whips, baby?"

"I don't know what that means, but yes, Spencer. Yes to anything you want!"

"It means I really liked how you are doing exactly what I say, Ryder. I want to play that game more often with you," I replied, turning up the vibration level. "I want you to walk into my office sometimes and tell me that you're there to service your master."

He moaned loudly, nodding his head rapidly as I turned up the toy more. I put down the paddle and moved to unstrap his wrist and ankles. As soon as he was free, I rolled him over. Instantly he pulled his legs up and planted his feet on the table.

"Oh my god, we have to use this toy more often for foreplay." Ryder moaned as he reached for his now-hard cock. I smacked his hand away and inserted myself in between his legs. My hard dick was pressing against the plug, shooting vibrations up it. We both groaned loudly, and I decided I was done playing, I needed in Ryder.

I shut off the plug, pulled it out, and replaced it with my cock. Ryder's already stretched hole easily accepted me in one hard thrust. I moved his ankles onto my shoulders so I could get in him nice and deep. Leaning over so our noses just about touched, I slowly pulled back out.

"I love that I can ask you to try new things with our sex life," Ryder whispered, smiling up at me.

"I love that you trust me enough to tell me what you want, baby." I replied, pushing back into him slowly. "I'm always willing to see if there's something else we like. Plus, most of your ideas I end up loving as well."

"Good. Now shut up and fuck your little sub with everything you have." He winked at me. I laughed for a moment, before doing as he asked. Ryder's mouth parted as he panted under my hard and fast thrusts. I fucked him with everything I had, completely surprised we hadn't broken the table yet.

"I fucking love this game." I grunted out each word

on every thrust forward. Ryder nodded frantically, grabbing onto my forearms so he didn't slide across the table. I mashed my lips down onto his as I pounded into his perfect ass. He opened for me immediately, running his tongue around the inside of my mouth. As I got closer to coming, I changed the angle so I could hit his sweet spot.

"Fuck!" Ryder screamed as he climaxed, filling up the space between us with his release. Simply smelling his seed sent me over the edge, and the tight hold his ass had on my cock sent my world spiraling. I roared above him, thrusting into him as hard as I could. When my orgasm ebbed, I collapsed down on my man. Ryder's legs slid off my shoulders as he wrapped his arms around me.

"Like planes now, baby?" I asked after I finally had the energy to lift myself off of him.

"Oh yeah, and I like the club we joined too." He giggled, lying back on the table like a wet noodle. I laughed as well, loving that we could tease each other this way. It was the perfect distraction during all the chaos we had going on around us.

* * * *

After we landed, we caught a cab to the hotel where

I had reserved a room. By that time it was way past both our bedtimes and we crashed. Ryder barely got all his clothes off before we climbed into bed. It might have been the first time in my life that I didn't brush my teeth before going to sleep.

"Hello, morning breath." Ryder giggled the next morning, waking me up.

"Sorry, I'm a mouth breather sometimes," I said, turning my head away from him.

"Spence, I'm just teasing. I love you, all of you, even your stinky breath."

"Thanks, baby," I replied, rolling my eyes as I got out of bed. Glancing at the clock I saw we'd gotten up before the alarm on my phone was set to go off. We'd have just enough time to grab coffee and swing by my favorite tailor before the board meeting. I had called ahead and given my guy Ryder's measurements, so hopefully nothing would need any adjustments.

I brushed my teeth, showered and was dried off as Ryder took his shower next. Just as he was wrapping up, I was knotting my grey silk tie. I'd chosen what people call a power suit, black pinstripe with a black shirt.

"Fuck, Spence. Why don't you wear that more often?" Ryder asked as he walked out of the bathroom with

a towel around his waist.

"I work part-time from home in South Dakota." I chuckled, giving him a wink. "You want me to dress up to work in the home office?"

"If I get to see you looking like that, hell yeah," he answered, rubbing his groin. I held up a hand to stop him as he moved to drop his towel.

"We can play afterwards, baby. Right now, we have to behave and get going."

"I swear, you're no fun." He grumbled as he went over to his bag.

"Really? I wasn't fun on the plane ride?"

"Okay fine, you're fun a lot. I'm just nervous," he answered as he got dressed.

"I know, Ryder. I am too. Let's just get through this and be done with this mess," I said, walking over to him. He leaned back against my chest as I wrapped my arms around him and kissed the top of his head. I let him go a few moments later, and we finished getting ready.

Five minutes later we were downstairs, climbing into a cab. I gave the driver the address of the tailor, and we rode in silence. Ryder took my hand and gave it a squeeze, which earned a smile from me. I paid the driver when he pulled to the curb, and we got out.

"Spencer, my old friend," Manny called out as we walked into his shop. I glanced around, smiling when I saw that the place hadn't changed a bit. It was as clean and organized as ever. "How are you, my dear boy?"

"I'm good, Manny," I answered, walking into the man's arms for a hug. Manny had always had a special place in my heart and was the closest thing I had to a father figure growing up. He looked like the stereotypical New York Italian grandfather you saw in the movies, down to his white hair and short stature. "Manny, I'd like you to meet my partner Ryder. Ryder, this is my dear friend Manny."

"Please to meet you, sir," Ryder said as he extended his hand. Manny pushed it aside and pulled Ryder into a hug.

"You can forget that sir crap, young man." Manny chuckled as they pulled apart. "Spencer is like family to me."

"Manny was my father's tailor before he died," I explained to Ryder who was glancing between the two of us. "One of my first memories was coming with my dad to get a suit from Manny. I've never gotten a suit from anyone else, I only trust him."

"Always a good boy," Manny chuckled and pinched

my cheek. He got away with that kind of stuff since he was older. I knew Manny's wife had wanted him to retire years ago, but he insisted that if he was able, he'd work. Plus, for Manny, it wasn't just a job, but a hobby as well. "Now, let's see if I've not lost my touch with the suits I picked out for your young man."

"Hell would freeze over before you picked out or made anything that wasn't perfect, Manny." I chuckled as we followed him to the back of his store. Sure enough, the navy blue suit was a perfect fit for Ryder. I could tell he seemed a little uncomfortable in it, but it looked fantastic on him.

It took us about a half an hour to check out that suit and the backup one Manny had made. He got upset when I tried to buy them both, but I assured him that Ryder didn't have any suits and might need another one. And given his line of work was a service-oriented industry, his credit card slips had room for a tip. I made sure to give him a large one and not hand over the slip until we were walking out the door.

Manny's eyes weren't the best anymore when it came to reading little numbers on a credit card slip, so I knew we'd make it out before he tried to yell at me. He'd more than earned it, but he was a proud man, as were most

from his generation. But custom made suits weren't as in demand as they used to be. It used to be that professionals and high-powered executives wouldn't wear anything but those types of suits. Now with wholesale stores and off-the-rack shopping, people just seemed to make due with a close fit.

It might be the only area of my life where I was a snob, but it was more than that to me. My father had been friends with Manny, and after my parents died, Manny and his wife had been very good to me. Part of me had always wished that my parents had thought to leave them as my guardians if something ever happened to them. But over the years, as I got older, I realized that they had planned in case something tragic happened and one of them died. Not both of them together.

"You okay, Spencer?" Ryder asked me as we were in another cab on our way to the board meeting. "You seem lost."

"Just thinking about the past," I replied with a sigh. "It took me a long time to come to terms with how I was raised after my parents died. I'd always wished I could go stay with Manny and his wife when I was a kid."

"He truly seemed to love you like family," Ryder said gently, taking my hand. "I know it didn't turn out the

way you wanted, but it has to help that he would have wanted to take you in."

"Yeah, it does, baby." I smiled, touched at how Ryder could see the good in the situation and bring it to my attention. I lifted his hand to my lips and placed a kiss on it. The cab pulled to the curb then in front of the main headquarters of Fallon Industries, and I felt my stomach plummet to the floor. This wasn't only about keeping my family safe, I was about to revisit the building for the first time since I turned twenty-one inherited the company.

CHAPTER 9

I walked into that conference room with my shoulders squared and my head held high, aware that everyone could see our every move. Glass walls occupied all four sides, so anyone walking past the room would have full view of the proceedings from the hallway. Ryder walked at my side, though we'd decided holding hands wasn't appropriate given the circumstances. I took my seat at the head of the table, knowing it was always empty at board meeting since I never attended. Ryder sat down on my right as everyone else got settled in as well.

"I appreciate everyone coming here today, especially since there wasn't much notice given," I started out when everyone got quiet. "But given the circumstances, I didn't feel right sitting on this information. Hopefully everyone has had a chance to review the documents I sent out, including the police report from the attempted bombing of my person and the sworn affidavit taken by the police from Ethan Beckham.

"While I agree that some of the evidence is circumstantial and I do not feel it is in the best interest for Fallon Industries to prosecute, I'm here to call a vote for the removal of Greg Payton as CEO. I regret having made the

mistake of giving this much power to one man, and hopefully I can rectify that with your help," I finished, looking around the room. My eyes landed on Greg, whose face was beyond red with anger, at the other end of the table. He hadn't aged well, looking much older than his mid-forties.

"This is why I was called in here today? Accusations of horrible crimes that can only be corroborated by a dying man who's so sick he's probably out of his mind," Greg spat out, staring daggers at me.

"I've also submitted a sworn statement by a local doctor that Ethan is in full control of all his mental capacities," I replied, gesturing to the folders everyone had. "I open the floor to any questions or rebuttals."

"You can't come waltzing in here after fourteen years of being absent and do this, Spencer," Greg stated, getting a few nods from other board members.

"Actually I can, Greg," I said calmly. "Any board member at any time can call an emergency board meeting if their request is seconded. Mine was, and as majority shareholder, I didn't even have to go through that."

"That may be true, Mr. Fallon," one member replied, staring at me. I recognized him as one of the men who was there that day on my twenty-first birthday; the day

they convinced me that Fallon Industries would never survive having a gay man run the company. "But you hold one third of all the shares, and the rest of ours total add up to more than that."

"That's assuming none of you agree with my wanting Greg removed," I said carefully, not wanting to reveal my ace in the hole just yet.

"Fallon Industries would go down the drain without me, Spencer. And the board knows that," Greg replied with a grin on his face.

"Even if that were true, which I'm not sure I believe, you think none of them will think your attempts on my life outweigh that? Does this board really want someone who would do that in the position of CEO?" I asked, looking around the table. I saw a few meet my gaze, while others looked away and seemed nervous. It seemed some of them didn't care about who Greg was, as long as their profits increased.

"I do care if this is the truth, Mr. Fallon," a man said, and I saw his name plate said Raymond Galbit. I'd met his father that fateful day, but never Raymond. "But it is odd after all these years that *now* Mr. Payton would try to have you killed. I understand you made the changes to your will, but it also seems that you could have had a change of

heart about your decision to give up control of the company all those years ago. I've never even met you before, and this all seems precarious to me."

"What did your father tell you about that day I signed the papers to take the company public, Raymond?" I asked, nodding my head in acknowledgement of his concerns.

"That you were a kid who saw a chance to make a lot of money and took it," he answered, looking confused.

"That's what he told you?" James Turtle asked before I even could. I also remembered him from fourteen years ago. James had been the only one trying to convince me not to sign the papers, saying that my father would have kicked the board's collective ass for what they were doing to me. "I was there that day, son. That is *not* even close to what happened. And either way, it has no bearing on the evidence Spencer has brought before us. This vote is about whether we believe the documents in front of us about Greg or not. I for one believe every damn word."

"Thank you, James," I said, smiling at the older man. "You always were an honest man; I knew you would do what is right."

"Even so, the two of you don't have enough control of the votes to throw me out." Greg sneered, pushing my

patience.

"Raymond, what happened that day was that the board in place convinced a young boy that Fallon Industries would never survive having a gay owner," I explained, deciding to address one issue at the time. "At twenty-one I was handed an empire, and while I wasn't the right person to run it at the time, I never thought the person I chose would try to kill me later. I didn't have any intention of changing the current structure; I wanted only to make provisions for those I love in the event of my death."

"Yes, and how many men do you sleep with, Spencer?" Greg asked, turning his lip up.

"None of your fucking business you asshole!" Ryder yelled as he jumped out of his chair. I grabbed his arm in time to stop him, smiling as he glanced at me. "Sorry, Spence, but he did bomb our house after all."

"I know, Ryder." I snickered as he took his seat again.

"Ah yes, Ryder Jenkins, the whore you took off the street and kept like a pet," Greg said sweetly, his words dripping with sarcasm. I saw Ryder shrink into himself and turn bright red.

"You'd do better to stick with me, Greg," I growled at him, bunching my hands into fists. "I answered

Raymond's concerns because they were valid and the current board members have a right to know what was done to me. But I came in here as an adult and a business man. All you're doing is proving my case even further. Who is in my bed, or whom I love has nothing to do with the fact you tried to kill me."

"I did—" he started to say, but I cut him off.

"Enough!" I said loudly, staring him down as if daring him to talk over me. "This is a formality; I own fifty-one percent of the shares of Fallon Industries. I have for years, Greg. I might have been young when I let the company go public, but I've learned a lot since then."

Greg gasped. "There's no way you own that much of the company. I handle all your quarterly reports and know exactly the amount of shares you own."

"You do with the money from my trust fund and what I was given in the original deal," I replied, leaning back in my seat and smiling widely. "I've grown up since then, Greg. Hell, I have an MBA from Yale and by thirty-five made enough money of my own to live comfortably for the rest of my life. I bought up the additional seventeen percent of the shares on my own over the years."

"I tried to come in here and appeal to the board's sense of justice and morality. I tried playing by the rules,

but fuck it. My vote is enough to get you out, so get your goddamn shit, Greg, and pray I never file criminal charges against you. You have twenty minutes before security escorts you out; they've already been told. Your desk is being packed up as we speak."

"I vote with you as well, Spencer," James said, giving me a wink.

"As do I," Raymond added. Several other members gave their vote, but I took note of the two who refrained and looked pissed at the turn of events.

"It's all because of that fucking whore!" Greg screamed, pointing at Ryder as he stood. "As soon as he came into the fucking picture, you started having ideas of grandeur about this being *your* company!"

"I may have been a whore, but I'm smart enough to know it's not your fucking name on the building, Greg." Ryder sneered, sticking up for himself in a way I'd never seen before. It shocked me enough that I didn't even get a word out in response to Greg. "You tried to blow up Spencer, and for what, money? I mean really, which of us does that make a whore? I took money for sex because I was thrown out of my house at sixteen. What's your excuse for your lack of morals?"

As I stared at Ryder in shock, I saw James buzz

security out of the corner of my eye. Greg marched over towards Ryder, and while I knew he could take care of himself, I wasn't about to allow Ryder to get into it with this asshole because I put him in the situation.

"Touch him and your job won't be the only thing you're losing today, Greg," I said as I jumped up and grabbed him by the throat when he lunged for Ryder.

"Coming after me is one thing, but if you try to hurt my family, I will end you."

"Spencer, let him go," Ryder begged, pulling on my arm. "He's starting to turn blue, Spence."

Seeing Ryder was right, I released Greg. Security came rushing in just then and dragged a coughing Greg away. Not caring anymore about everyone else in the room, I pulled Ryder into my arms.

"I'm so proud of you for standing up for yourself like that, baby," I whispered against his temple as I held him tight. "You're finally starting to see in yourself the man I love."

"There's a lot in my past I have issues with, but I was put in that position. Greg chose to do all this on his own, and I'm not letting an asshole like that try to tell me that I'm the worse person in the room." Ryder giggled hugging me back. "Can we go home now?"

"Not just yet, son," James said, stepping up towards us. "We've got a few things to straighten out, like choosing the rightful man to run this company as his father would have wanted."

"I don't think he would have disagreed with the board, James," I replied quietly, voicing one of my deepest fears in life. I think that's why I ended up letting the company go public; because in my head, I'd convinced myself that my father would never have wanted his gay son to take over his empire.

"Don't ever say that, much less think it," James said firmly, cracking me upside the head. "Your daddy was no bigot, Spencer, and he loved you more than anything in this world. He wouldn't have cared if you ended up blue and wanted a horse for your wife. This is where you belong and the board back then tricked you into believing something that wasn't true so they could make a lot of money."

"How am I going to run Fallon Industries from South Dakota, James? I think it's better to come up with another alternative."

"Nonsense." James chuckled, leading us out of the conference room. "It's amazing the things you can do these days with those darn computers. You have email and your phone and the video conferencing thing my grandkids keep

trying to get me to try. We'll make it work, Spencer.
Besides, you are the boss; you can make your own hours."

"And maybe hire several assistants here in New York so you're not constantly working," Ryder added as we walking into Greg's old office. "Because I know a few men who will be pissed if you're working all the time, me included."

"Well, we can't have you upset, baby." I chuckled, taking his hand. "You're the one who feeds me."

CHAPTER 10

Ryder and I ended up spending the rest of the day with James and Greg's assistant to devise a way to break up Greg's previous role. It seemed it was way more hands-on than most CEO's, not allowing the VPs and supporting staff to do the jobs they were meant to do. Also, he never named a president for each of Fallon Industries subsidiaries, keeping himself as the head of each company.

When we had outlined a new hierarchy structure, Greg's assistant helped us get the pool of candidates from people currently employed with Fallon Industries. At first I wasn't sure what to do with his old assistant, but when I saw her laughing and giving Greg the bird as security dragged him away, I knew she was on our side.

We ordered in lunch and deciphered most of Greg's business plans and current projects. It seemed he encrypted his files and password protected everything. But a phone call to the IT department handled that hurdle. It was around dinner time when we were finally ready to head back home.

Ryder and I were so bushed we slept the whole plane ride. We landed back in Rapid City and drove home. I'm not sure I was ever so glad to be home as when we pulled in our driveway sometime before eleven. I grabbed

the bags while Ryder took care of our garment bags. It seemed my baby was excited about having his first suit after all, taking every precaution it wasn't ruined on the trip.

"I'm so glad you're home," Luc said as we walked through the front door.

"How's Ethan doing?" I asked after giving him a quick kiss.

"I think we're through the worst of it." He sighed, grabbing one of the bags from me. "It got pretty bad this morning. But he's not been sick for the past couple of hours. So we've been working on rehydrating him and getting some food in his stomach."

"You guys get everything handled?" Dean asked as we entered our bedroom.

"Oh yeah, Spencer showed that asshole who's boss." Ryder giggled, walking over to the closet to hang everything up. "It ended up we had more friends on the board than we'd thought. Spencer's back as CEO, and we worked on reorganizing the structure of Fallon Industries so he can do everything from home."

"I'm really glad to hear that," Dean replied, taking a washcloth off Ethan's forehead and tossing it towards the laundry hamper.

"So it's all over?" Ethan asked weakly, breaking my heart that he was in pain. "He won't come after my family?"

"No, Ethan, he won't," I answered gently as I climbed into bed next to him. "He's gone, and knows if he pulls anything else, I'll have him arrested."

"Thank you, Spencer, for everything," Ethan whispered as his eyes drooped shut. "I'm sorry, I'm just so tired."

"No problem, sweetheart. It's late, we should all get to bed," I said, stifling a yawn. I got back off the bed to undress, smiling as Ryder, Luc, and Dean did the same. We got ready for bed and were all out like lights ten minutes later.

A creak in the floorboards woke me sometime later. When I heard a sixth heartbeat farther away than the bed, I knew someone was in the house. I moved my hand over Ryder's mouth, making the signal for him to stay quiet. He woke with a start, but nodded when he saw what I was doing. I pointed to my ear, telling him to listen. Ryder had the sharpest hearing of all of us, even for a werewolf.

He held up one finger then walked his fingers up an imaginary staircase. I gave him a quick nod and crawled out of bed as quietly as I could. Letting the change flow over me, I made my way to the bedroom door. When I

heard another creak, I pressed my back against the bedroom wall and crept closer.

The first thing that crossed the door frame was a silencer on a gun. As soon as I saw that, I acted. Lightning fast, I hit the man's shooting hand upward as he entered the room. He shouted, and the gun went off, the bullet going safely into the ceiling. Without thinking, I held onto the gun and sank my razor sharp teeth into the man's neck.

"I got the gun, Spencer," Dean yelled as I pulled my head back. I saw he had it pointed on our intruder, and I released the man. He slumped to the floor, holding onto his shoulder.

"Fuck, you bit me!" he screamed, clutching the wound. "Holy shit, you're not human."

"No, I'm not," I growled, stretching out my claws in front of me so he got a good view. "Who are you and why are you here?"

"Fuck you, you're going to kill me anyways." He sneered at me.

"Probably, but the way you die is up to you," Dean said firmly. "I could end you with one shot or let Spencer eat you."

"Ethan?" the man gasped, looking past us to where Ethan was sitting up in bed. "You're supposed to be dead."

"Do I know you?" Ethan asked.

"No, I was hired to kill the men who supposedly murdered you," the man explained, swaying a bit from blood loss. "Payton said he sent you here, and you disappeared. He was sure these men killed you, but he couldn't prove it. He hired me to get revenge."

"Oh, he wanted revenge all right, but he knew Ethan was alive and well." Luc snickered, kneeling next to the man. "Spencer, you bit him."

"Of course I bit him. He came into our bedroom with a gun, Luc," I said, waving my arms. "What did you want me to do? Let him shoot us?"

"Spence, you could have gotten the gun away without biting him," Luc replied firmly. And that's when it hit me, no matter what, this guy was dead. A werewolf bite was lethal unless they were given the anti-venom. Basically, if I didn't fuck him now, he would die.

"Aww, fuck." I groaned, letting my head fall back on my shoulders.

"Yeah, that's kind of what I was getting at," Luc said, turning back to our intruder. "What's your name?"

"Dallas Kade," he answered with a gasp. "I don't understand any of this. Why was I hired to avenge Ethan if he's alive?"

"Payton lied to you, something he does a lot," Ethan explained as he got out of bed and made his way to us. "It's complicated, but it boils down to Spencer taking back his company and kicking Greg Payton to the curb."

"I don't get involved with that shit," Dallas said, turning up his lip. "I only take out potential threats or get involved when the cops can't handle it."

"Great, an assassin with morals," I scoffed, crossing my arms over my chest.

"Look, believe what you want, but I came thinking you all had killed Ethan," he said. Dallas broke out in a fit of coughs then, and it was obvious he was starting to die. I'd never seen the reaction to a bite when it wasn't meant to turn someone. I felt my heart twist into a knot knowing I'd just killed this man.

"Spence, we can't just let him die," Ryder stated, looking at me with big eyes. "You're not okay with killing him after he was sent here on lies, are you?"

"This bite will kill me? Not make me like you?" Dallas asked, glancing between us.

"No, the bite is lethal without the anti-venom," I answered, scrubbing my hands over my face. "We need to ask fast, guys."

"Spence, you need to turn him," Luc said gently. I

saw everyone else nodding in agreement with him. "We're not killers. None of us could live with ourselves."

"Do I have to remind anyone that he came here to kill us?" I asked, a little shocked that they weren't more upset with the situation. "We don't even know if he's telling the truth."

"No, we don't. But can you live with the chance he was being honest and we killed him?" Ryder asked me, placing his hand on my arm. "The guilt would eat you alive, Spence."

"Just give me the anti-venom, and I'll leave," Dallas said, looking confused. "What's the big deal?"

"It doesn't work like that," I answered, moving closer to him. I knelt down in front of him, so he got a good look at me. Dean helped by flipping on the lights. Dallas gasped as he took in my full werewolf form, but didn't shy away. "If I give you the anti-venom, you will become one of us and have to stay with our pack."

"You're going to turn me into a werewolf?" he asked, his eyes going wide.

"It's that or you die, your choice," Dean answered. He crossed his massive arms over his chest, not liking this anymore than I did. "So you need to decide if you can live here with us and be a member of our pack. Because if not,

just end it now."

Dallas searched Dean's face and then mine before giving me a nod. "Okay, I'll stay with your pack. Give me the anti-venom and teach me how to be a werewolf."

"The anti-venom is in my cum," I said gently.

"That's how we turn people; we bite them then fuck them."

"I'm not gay," he replied, staring right into my eyes. I wasn't so sure that was the truth, but we didn't have time for that right now. The amount of blood he was losing was vast, and he wouldn't have much longer.

"Be that as it may," I said slowly, searching for the right words. "That's how it works. So either you let me fuck you and turn you, or you will die. Decide fast because you only have minutes left."

THE END

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 can bring. Her wide interest in reading is reflected in her writings. Currently, Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Anne Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, with 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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