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*Ménage Àmouir*



# A Dillon Sandwich



*Joyee Flynn*

## The O'Hagan Way

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Shane O'Hagan has never seen a warrior before. When one comes to the family farm, he's shocked at how sexy the large warrior is. But not as shocked as he is by the knowledge that this gorgeous man is his mate. Well, his and his twin Sean's mate, that is.

When Dillon Dragos is sent to Ireland by the council to help with a suspected demon nest, he's in for the ride of his life. Dillon is thrilled to find out he has sexy little twins as his mates. But will they be willing to leave their family and Ireland to come back with Dillon to America? Or will he have to leave them behind?

**Genre:** Alternative (M/M or F/F), Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Paranormal

**Length:** 40,278 words

# **A DILLON SANDWICH**

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**Joyce Flynn**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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## **DEDICATION**

To my girl Hayley: Thank you for taking such good care of me & kicking my butt into taking better care of myself! Your craziness, kindness, and love are infectious. I know how much you wanted Dillon's story, so here it is. I hope I did you proud!!

# A DILLON SANDWICH

## *The O'Hagan Way*

**JOYEE FLYNN**

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### **Chapter 1**

Dillon leaned back into his chair and stretched out. Hearing lots of pops and adjustments, he wondered how long they'd been in the air. Glancing at his watch, he saw it had been over six and a half hours. Only about another hour until they landed in Ireland.

He'd always hated flying, not that he'd ever admit that. Dillon was a warrior and a Dragos at that. They weren't afraid of anything. Not that being a Dragos meant anything to him anymore.

Once, a long time ago, it meant everything. That was before he really saw what type of man his father was. Months ago, his little brother, Noah, had been rescued from a den of demons. His father, Abraham, had told Dillon and his brothers that Noah had been studying overseas in Europe.

Abraham had lied. He knew Noah had been taken and did nothing about it. Dillon then learned that Abraham had kept Noah a virtual prisoner at the staff house for most of his life, not letting him out of the Dragos compound and basically ignoring him.

If that hadn't been horrible enough, Abraham tried to have Noah killed when he learned Noah was mated to one of the Marius brothers. Dillon was disgusted with his father and his other brother, Isaac, for agreeing with Abraham.



The last straw had been when he learned about his half brother, Patrick, last month. Instead of being excited by the news, Abraham and Isaac were furious because Patrick was half human. Dr. Riley Johnson had been able to jump-start Patrick's body and make him go through the transition to become a vampire, but even that wasn't good enough for his father and brother.

Abraham had shown up days later at the Marius' house, first to look down his nose at his half-human son, then, when he learned Patrick was turned into a vampire, to insult Patrick's mother and call her a whore. Patrick, with his newfound vampire strength, had almost killed Abraham. If Riley hadn't stepped in, Abraham would have bled out from his injuries and died.

Dillon had almost wished he had died. But no matter how horrible of a person Abraham was, he was still Dillon's father. If Abraham was gone, though, there might be a chance to save Isaac from becoming just like their father. Isaac wasn't a leader, he was a follower, worshipping Abraham and doing anything the man wanted.

Just then, the captain came on the intercom and announced they were about to land in Belfast's airport. Dillon strapped on his seatbelt and looked around the private plane. He was grateful the Council had sent him on this mission with their plane. It would have been horrible flying with humans, sitting next to them in such close quarters. Even worse, it would give them time to study him. It could have been disastrous if they ever figured out he wasn't human.

Trying long, deep breaths to keep himself calm as the plane descended wasn't really helping. But, thankfully, it was only a few minutes until they were safe on the tarmac. Dillon waited as they taxied and the plane came to a stop before undoing his seatbelt. He let out a deep sigh of relief that they were finally here, and he stood to grab his luggage. As Dillon headed off the plane, he remembered that he had to go pick up his rental car. If he remembered correctly, it was a bit of a drive from the airport to his destination.

Making his way to the rental counter and through the line, he showed his passport and credit card to the lady behind the counter. After a few more minutes of waiting, he had the keys in hand and directions to the parking lot where the car was parked. Dillon headed that way as he pulled out his directions to where he was going.

It was only an hour or so outside Belfast, but Dillon had never been to Ireland before. He was to drive to the house of the men in charge of this area, men appointed by the European Council.

Manus and Michan O'Hagan had called the warrior compound, looking for outside help. The disappearance of several vampires in the area had been reported, and there were no leads. They were worried that either someone had betrayed their secret or there were newly turned demons in the area.

Demons were actually vampires once, vampires that decided they didn't want blood to feed. They wanted it for the power, for the kill. Vampires always lived by a strict code, do no harm to humans and hide all evidence of their existence from humans. In recent decades, with blood banks everywhere, most vampires didn't even drink directly from a human unless in emergency situations.

Vampires were gifted, they were stronger, faster, could endure more than humans. But every vampire was given one additional gift. For Dillon, his gift was the ability to wipe human memories. He could wipe their minds and replace new memories with what they had really experienced. Not the most useful in combat situations, but if they needed a human taken care of that might have learned their secret, Dillon was their guy.

*No fucking way*, Dillon thought as he looked at the car that had been rented to him. He checked his rental ticket again just to be sure. Yep, this was the one. Dillon rolled his eyes as he unlocked the car door when he reached it. He felt like a bear next to the smaller European compact vehicle. At six-four, two fifty-five, Dillon knew humans would see him as large, but next to this car, he felt like a freaking giant. Heaving a heavy sigh, Dillon opened the trunk and

threw in his suitcase. He sincerely hoped he'd made someone laugh because this car was a joke.

Dillon started laughing as he climbed into the car, or tried to at least. He laughed so hard he had trouble catching his breath when he climbed into the driver's seat. His knees were almost to his chest. He felt like a pretzel. He also had to bend his blond head slightly, since the roof of the car wouldn't allow him to sit up straight. If this was how his entire trip was going to be, he wanted to go back home.

\* \* \* \*

"Da, there's a car comin'," Shane called out to his father as he heard a car come up the drive. "Is this bein' the warrior then?"

"Aye, I'd say so," Manus replied as he leaned his pitchfork against the side of the barn and headed toward the house. He cupped his hand around his mouth and called out to the occupants in the house. "Michan, Brighid, our American friend is here."

"Ya, I heard Shane." Michan chuckled as he came out the front door. "Any of ya open yur mouths and we be hearin' it across the entire property."

"Right, because ya be the quiet one," Brighid said as she stepped out onto the porch. She squinted into the noonday sun as she watched a small European car pull in. "How is a warrior fitting in that wee car?"

"Not comfortably, I'd say." Manus snickered as he leaned over to kiss his wife. "The rental lads probably thought it would be a fun joke on him."

"Poor lad," Banning said, shaking his head as he joined the others on the porch. "Welcome to Ireland, where we stuff ya inta our wee cars."

Everyone had a good laugh at that just as the car pulled into the drive and slowed down. After a few moments of watching, Shane started bouncing on one foot to the other with anticipation. He'd

never met a warrior of their race before, not in all his 127 years. To say he was excited was an understatement.

He just wasn't prepared for the huge, gorgeous, blond man that unfolded himself from the car. The man stood at least six four, two fifty or so, and all firm muscles. When the man's head turned their way and Shane saw his deep cobalt blue eyes, he worried he might drool. It was a distinct possibility.

Just then, his nose caught a sweet scent he had never smelled before. Not even realizing what he was doing, Shane stepped off the porch and headed toward the smell, toward the small car and the very large warrior.

It hit Shane when his fangs came out that he smelled his mate. The large, sexy warrior was his mate. The man must have realized it at the same time because his eyes were locked on Shane as he growled. They walked toward each other quickly. Shane had almost reached his mate when he felt arms pulling him away. Shane whimpered in protest.

"Shane, no, ya can't," Banning said, holding him back. "Ya can't claim him."

"Mine," Shane growled, ignoring his older brother's words, trying to fight free of the arms that held him from his mate. "That be me mate. Let me go."

"Shane, snap out of it," his father, Manus, shouted as he spun Shane around and gave him a good shaking. "Ya can't be claiming him without explaining things to the lad first."

"I don't care, Da." Shane growled and pulled at the hands holding him again. "He's mine, and I want him."

"Let me go, he's my mate!" Shane heard the other man shout before he looked over his dad's shoulder and saw the same thing. His brothers held the man back from Shane.

"Oh, for heaven's sakes, lads," Shane's mother, Brighid, said as she stepped in between the two men. "Ya both promise not ta claim each other until we talk?"

“Fine,” the warrior growled. “I don’t understand, but I assume there’s something going on here that I don’t know about. I just didn’t like him being held against his will. If he wants to come to me, then let him go.”

“Aye, lad, there be some things ya don’t understand.” Brighid nodded. “We’ll let ya both go, but ya need to be restrainin’ yurselves until we talk. No touching until we’re done.”

“I swear on my honor,” the man said solemnly and stopped struggling. “If you release me, we can talk, and you can explain.”

“Let them go, lads,” Brighid said, but still staying in between them. “Let’s all get inside and talk. We can start with introductions. I’m Brighid O’Hagan, ma of all these knuckleheads.”

“Pleased to meet you, ma’am,” the man said, extending his hand after everyone released him. “I’m Dillon Dragos. I’m here on orders from my Council to meet with Manus and Michan O’Hagan.”

“Aye, they be me husbands,” Brighid said, nodding her head.

“Your husbands? As in both of them?” Dillon asked, sounding surprised as they all started walking back toward the house. “I don’t mean to be rude, but isn’t that a little unconventional for mates?”

“Aye, it is, lad.” She snickered as Michan opened the door for everyone. “It’s bein’ part of the reason we need to talk before ya go and claim me son.”

“All right, you have my attention,” Dillon replied, raising an eyebrow at Brighid. As she led them into the living room, she gestured for Dillon to sit in one of the chairs before going to sit between both her husbands.

Shane sat next to Banning and Brian, who had come downstairs after probably hearing the commotion outside. He couldn’t keep from looking at his warrior. The man was gorgeous.

Dillon looked at Banning and then at Brian, nodding to them before continuing. “Twins are rare for vampires, especially identical twins.”

“Not for O’Hagan’s, lad,” Brighid said gently. “There’s something in O’Hagan blood so that they are always born identical twins. I have five sets of them.”

Dillon’s jaw just about hit the ground at Brighid’s statement. While it was the normal reaction to hearing about the O’Hagan way of having children, on Dillon it was sexy as hell. Shane realized he was starting to get hard. He forced himself to stop staring at the hot man and looked instead at his mother.

“Don’t worry, lad, most don’t know what to say after they hear that.” Brighid giggled for a moment before turning back to serious. “The part ya need to know, Dillon, is they come as a package deal. If ya be mates with Shane, ya be mates with his twin, Sean, as well.”

“I’m sorry, you’re saying I have two mates? Identical twin mates?” Dillon asked, looking like he didn’t believe Brighid. “Well, that’s... I mean, I wasn’t expecting...”

“Ya don’t want me then?” Shane asked softly, lowering his head so no one could see the pain in his expression. It broke his heart to hear that his mate didn’t want him.

“Shane, that’s not what I’m saying,” Dillon answered. He rose from the chair quickly and came to kneel in front of him. “Look at me, little one.”

“Why?” Shane asked in a whisper, not wanting to start crying as he felt his heart breaking. “Ya don’t want me. Leave me be.” Shane pulled away from the hand Dillon reached out to him.

“Shane, baby, please look at me,” Dillon said again. Shane thought his voice almost sounded panicked. After a moment, Shane looked into Dillon’s eyes and saw desire instead of the disdain he expected. It made his heart flutter. “How could I not want you, Shane? You’re gorgeous. And if I’ve been blessed by fate to have two of you, I’d have to be a complete idiot to say no.”

“Ya be meanin’ that?” Shane asked, wiping his eyes. “Ya really want me and Sean?”

"If you'll have me," Dillon answered, looking almost as unsure as Shane felt. "My family's messed up. My father will shit blue kittens to find out that I'm mated to a man. Not even one man but two men. I'm a warrior of the North American East Coast Council, so I can't live in Ireland. And I'm definitely not perfect by any sense of the word, but yes, I want you both."

"Leave Ireland." Shane gasped. The idea of leaving his family made his chest hurt. He quickly looked at his mom and dads for their reaction. They all had sad smiles on their faces. "Das, Ma, what ya be thinkin'?"

"It be up to ya and Sean, lad," his father, Manus, replied. "We'd be missin' ya both for sure, but ya found yur mate. That comes with compromise."

"Besides, it's not like ya can't visit," his mother said as a tear ran down her cheek. "And we can come visit ya as well."

"Everyone has to leave the nest eventually," his father, Michan, threw in. "At least we never have to be worryin' about ya, bein' mated to a warrior and all."

"We need to talk with Sean," Shane said, looking back at Dillon. "I don't know if I can leave Ireland, but I know I can't be leavin' me twin."

"I understand, Shane," Dillon said, giving him a weak smile. "Believe me, if I could, I'd say to hell with being a warrior for my mates and stay here with you. But you know I can't do that. It's the price I pay for being born who I am."

"I know," Shane replied, leaning forward, and wrapped his arms around Dillon's neck. "It's an honor to be mated to a warrior. I just never thought I'd ever be leavin' me family."

"I love my brothers," Dillon said as he squeezed Shane back. "But really, I'd love any reason to get away from my father. Even with us going back, I'm going to have to leave the Dragos compound. I can't go back there with you both."

"What's wrong with me sons?" Manus growled as he flew to his feet. "The O'Hagans have been around just as long, if not longer than the Dragoses. We may not be havin' yur money, but I'm a Council member, same as yur da."

"Mr. O'Hagan, it's not what you think," Dillon said, rising and pushing Shane behind him. "My father isn't even a Council member anymore. He was removed from the Council for trying to kill my younger brother, Noah, and his mate, Remus Marius. Abraham, my father, thinks being gay is an abomination and a disgrace to the glorious Dragos name."

"Yur da tried to kill yur brother?" Brigid gasped as she looked at Dillon. She turned to look at Shane's das with panic in her eyes. "Ya can't go back there then. Me sons would be in danger."

"Shane, go get Sean. I need to be talkin' with yur mate," Manus told Shane. "He needs to know what is goin' on."

"Okay, Da." Shane walked toward the door without a backwards look. Once outside, he ran toward the west field where Sean was working today. After several yards, he fell to his knees, crying. What a mess they were in! Shane didn't have to go any further to find his twin, Sean would feel his distress through their bond as twins and come to find him.

"Shane, what be wrong?" Sean asked a few minutes later, running toward him at full sprint. "Are ya hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt," Shane replied as he wiped his tears away. "We need to talk, Sean."

"All right, I'm listenin'," Sean said as he sat next to Shane and wrapped an arm around him.

"The warrior that was comin' today, he's our mate, Sean," Shane started to explain.

"That's great! Where is he," Sean said excitedly, jumping to his feet. "I want to meet him."

"Wait, Sean, there's more," Shane replied, grabbing his twin's arm and yanking him back down to the ground. "Our das and ma are



talking with him right now. If we accept him as our mate, we have to leave Ireland. He's a warrior for the Americas. He can't just be movin' here."

"Well, that's not ideal, but he's our mate, Shane," Sean said gently. Sean had always been the more logical of the two of them, Shane more emotional. They always had each other to balance everything out, even feelings. "We knew we wouldn't be stayin' here forever."

"I know. I figured one day we'd leave home, but not Ireland," Shane answered. "Plus, his father tried to have his younger brother killed for being gay. He doesn't believe in being mated to a man. So Dillon says we can't even go to his home if we mate."

"What do you mean, *if*? He's our mate, Shane," Sean said, letting go of Shane to lean back so they could look each other in the eyes. "Ya don't be wantin' him?"

"Oh, I want him all right." Shane snickered, getting hard just thinking about how gorgeous his warrior was. "He's gorgeous, large, and me walkin' wet dream."

"So, we've got some issues to deal with. So what?" Sean stood up and held out his hand out to Shane. "All mates do. Fate chose him for us for a reason. We'll figure it all out."

"Ya sure?"

"No, but would ya rather pass up the chance to have a mate?"

"No, ya right," Shane said, smiling as he took his twin's hand and stood. "Nice to know one of us always has his head on straight."

"It's why ya keep me around." Sean laughed as they walked. They bumped shoulders every few steps as they walked, their way of lightening the mood. As much as things had changed today, it was nice that some things never did.

## Chapter 2

Dillon watched as Shane walked out the door to find his other mate, Sean. He ran his hand through his hair and took a cleansing breath before turning back to the rest of the O'Hagans.

They were all very nice to him...so far. But that was before they knew he was their sons' mate and would take them back to the US. If that weren't bad enough, now they knew Shane and Sean would be in danger because of Dillon's father.

"Dillon, ya seem like a nice enough lad," Manus said as he sat back down on the couch. "But ya have to know we don't want our sons in danger."

"I don't want that, either," Dillon said before walking over and taking the chair he had vacated again. "But what are my other options? I don't have any."

"What if we were willing to talk to our Council? Would ya consider staying in Ireland if we can swing it?" Michan asked, looking him over as if assessing the kind of man Dillon was.

"In a heartbeat," Dillon answered honestly, instantly. "I don't want to be the reason my mates have to leave their family. And while I love my brothers, Noah and Patrick, they have their mates and would understand. I can still visit, and they can come here as well."

"Do ya have an ally on yur Council?" Manus asked as he rubbed his chin. Dillon could almost smell the smoke from the wheels turning in the man's head.

"My brothers are both mated to Marius brothers," Dillon replied. "I think Desmond Marius would help me if I asked."

"Then I suggest ya get on the phone, lad." Michan smiled widely at him.

Dillon smiled back and nodded his head as he pulled out his cell phone. He quickly dialed the number for the Marius house and asked for Desmond when the butler answered.

"Hello, Dillon. How goes the trip?" Desmond asked when he got on the line.

"Well, it's not what I expected." Dillon chuckled. "It seems I'm mated with a set of the O'Hagan twins, male twins."

"Oh, my, that could be a problem," Desmond said slowly. "Not only is that going to be a distraction from your mission, but Abraham is not going to be happy. I'll have backup sent to your location immediately."

"That's part of why I'm calling, Desmond," Dillon answered. "Is there any way a warrior can be transferred to another Council? Shane and Sean have a large family here, and I don't want to separate them. Plus, you know if I come home with two male mates what my father will try and do to them. I'm the oldest son. I'm his heir, for god sakes."

"Yes, I see the predicament you're in," Desmond replied. "Is either Manus or Michan there?"

"They're both here, hang on," Dillon said. He handed the phone out in the men's direction. "Desmond would like to talk to one of you."

"Hello, Desmond. This is Manus O'Hagan," Manus said after he took Dillon's phone and put it to his ear. "Aye, what the lad said be true."

Manus stood there listening to what Desmond said on the phone, saying, "Aye," every so often. Dillon only looked away for a moment when he saw Michan and Brigid exchange a glance he couldn't read.

"I understand fully, Desmond," Manus said, bringing Dillon's attention back on the man. "Aye, of course. If ya need me help on yur end, let me know. All right, thank ya, Desmond."

"What did he say?" Brighid asked as Manus hung up the phone then handed it back to Dillon.

"Desmond said he'll do everything in his power to get Dillon transferred to here," Manus answered. "He's not concerned about him staying here as much as dealing with Abraham. Dillon, ya didn't tell us ya was yur da's heir."

"I'm not sure I understand why that matters?" Dillon asked, scrunching his eyebrows together in confusion. So he was Abraham's firstborn, what did that have to do with anything?

"The laws of our race are different than human inheritance," Michan said gently, jumping into the conversation. "Since we can live forever, heirs could never see their inheritance. So, the firstborn receives it when he or she finds their mate, or mates in yur case."

"I don't care about that," Dillon said, standing up and pacing. "I don't want any of Abraham's money."

"But it's not his money anymore," Manus replied. "It's yurs now. Abraham still has some of his own, of course. The majority of it goes to his firstborn. That means the Dragos compound, lands, accounts, and wealth is now yurs."

"I don't want it," Dillon answered softly, wiping his hands down his face. "All I want is to claim my mates now that I found them and be happy."

"It's not up to ya if ya want the money or not," Manus explained. "It's how we do things in our world. Desmond is going to petition the Council about this being special circumstances since Abraham poses a threat to our sons. I'm going to talk with our Council and see what we can't work out on our end. For now, I don't want ya to mention any of this to Shane or Sean. Let's assume they'll be going back with ya, and if it turns out differently, all the better."

"I don't like the idea of keeping things from my mates," Dillon said, shaking his head. "It's the same thing as lying."

"I understand, but until we know more," Manus said, patting Dillon's shoulder, "let's not get anyone's hopes up. If it turns out ya can't stay, then we'd have to break bad news to them all over again."

"Okay, for now." Dillon nodded his head.

Just then, the front door opened. Dillon turned to see who it was. His breath caught in his throat. Both of his stunning mates stood there staring at him. Shane and Sean were about five-ten, one hundred and sixty pounds, with firm, lean bodies. What captivated Dillon the most was their bright red, curly, short hair and their sparkly silver eyes.

"Mine," one of them growled and raced to Dillon. The smaller man launched himself into Dillon's arms, wrapping his arms and legs around Dillon's body. Before anyone could react, one of the twins sunk his fangs into Dillon's neck and drank deeply.

Dillon hung on to the man as if his life depended on it. He suspected it was Sean. He sank to his knees, his mate still wrapped around him. Dillon's cock became hard the instant the man sank his fangs into his neck and exploded the moment after the man started drinking.

Crying out his release, Dillon forgot everyone else in the room, not even caring he just came in his pants in front of his in-laws, and concentrated on the man in his arms, the man rocking his world.

"Hi," the man said shyly after he lifted his head and stopped drinking. "I'm Sean."

"I figured," Dillon replied gently before leaning in and claiming his mate's lush lips. The kiss was explosive, full of heat and passion. They both moaned, and Dillon took the opportunity to slide his tongue into Sean's mouth. After a few moments, they parted, still panting heavily.

"Wow," Sean whispered as he started to release Dillon and stand. "Sorry about that. I wasn't planning on doing that."

"So much for keeping ya head about ya, Sean," Shane said from a few feet away. His arms were crossed over his chest, his foot tapping with annoyance. "Real nice."

"Sorry, Shane," Sean replied, his face turning as red as his hair.

"Well, I guess we're matin' for sure, now that ya just claimed him," Shane said, shaking his head. "Thanks for makin' the decision for both of us."

"I thought that meant you had decided," Dillon said quietly, looking from one mate to the other in confusion and growing concerned. "You just claimed me, and you're not sure if you want me?"

"Oh, I be wantin' ya," Sean purred and took a step toward him. Dillon took a step back on instinct, needing the space. He wasn't sure what was going on here, but it made the pit of his stomach clench.

"But Shane doesn't, or he's not sure he wants to mate me," Dillon whispered before rushing for the door. When he reached it, he pushed it open and ran off the porch. Dillon kept running for a few minutes before the anguish he felt drove him to his knees. Letting out a silent scream, he clenched his fists and tried to keep his tears at bay.

What just happened with Sean had been the most magical moment of his life. Dillon had never been with anyone in that way before. He'd never even kissed anyone before. Growing up, he'd always thought he was born without a sex drive. He had never been drawn or attracted to anyone, male or female. And then he saw Shane, and then Sean.

Now he'd finally found his mates, one rushing to claim him while the other was still unsure. And to top it off, he just had the most explosive orgasm ever, in his pants. In front of his now in-laws, if that wasn't just the icing on the cake.

"Dillon, can we talk?" one of his mates asked as he knelt down next to him. Dillon wasn't sure which one. "I'm not saying I'm not wantin' ya. Sean and I agreed to keep our heads clear and figure out what we were all going ta do. Then the instant he sees ya, he jumps ya and claims ya."

"I'm sorry," Dillon whispered as he raised his head, his vision blurred from unshed tears. "I didn't have time to stop him, even if I could have forced myself to."

"It's fine. I was just a little shocked." Shane giggled as he wrapped his arms around Dillon's neck. "I really wasn't planning on him doing it in front of our parents."

"Yeah, that was bad timing on our part." Sean laughed as he hugged Dillon from behind. "I just never wanted anything as much as I be wantin' ya, Dillon."

"I want you both, too," Dillon whispered. "It's up to you, though, if you're willing to leave Ireland to be with me."

"I am," Sean answered.

"Me, too," Shane replied a second later. "It was just a lot ta take in, but I would never turn me mate away because of that. We'll figure it all out, Dillon. We just all found each other. The rest we'll figure out."

"Do you mean that?" Dillon asked, leaning back to look at Shane's face. "You both want me?"

"Oh, yeah," Shane purred before leaning in and kissing Dillon. It was gentler than Sean's kiss but just as explosive. After a few moments, they parted, and hands started tugging at his clothes. He lifted his arms as his mates quickly began undressing him. Dillon pulled off his boots as Shane and Sean turned and started yanking off their own clothes.

"Wow," Dillon whispered once he was naked and drank in the sight of both his naked mates kneeling before him. One of them had a large birthmark on his right shoulder. He reached out and touched it gently as his other hand stroked the man's chest.

"One of the O'Hagan twins always has a birthmark there," the mate he was touching said. "It's the only way anyone can tell Shane and I apart."

Ah, this twin was Sean then.

"Then you'll just always have to be naked around me, Sean," Dillon answered with a smirk on his face. "Of course, then I'll constantly be hard. I think it will be worth it, though. I'm really not sure I deserve two totally gorgeous mates."

"Ya think we're gorgeous?" Shane asked, eyebrows raised to his forehead in shock.

"Oh, yeah, you're both totally hot, and your accents. Who doesn't melt when they hear a brogue?" Dillon said, running his tongue over his lips, completely focused on the buffet of flesh in front of him. "I have to tell you both, I've never been with anyone before."

"Ya are a virgin?" Sean asked, not hiding his shock as his eyes bugged out of his head. "Why?"

"I've never been attracted to anyone before," Dillon answered sheepishly, shrugging his shoulders. "I've just never felt that draw, until I met you guys."

"So we get ya all to ourselves forever," Shane purred. "That is so fuckin' hot."

"Really?" Dillon asked, whipping his head to face Shane. "You think it's hot?"

"Oh, fuck, yeah," Sean said as he started stroking Dillon's chest. "We're going to have the rest of our lives to show ya how much fun we can all have."

"Of course, ya always gettin' to be in the middle," Shane purred as he started to move around behind Dillon. "Every time we're going to be together, it will be a Dillon sandwich."

"Oh, god, I could get used to that," Dillon moaned, turning into a large pile of goo as his mates touched all over his body. Sean seemed to mimic Shane's every touch to the back of his body, on the front of him. When they started licking all over his chest, back, and shoulders, Dillon was worried he was going to shoot his load prematurely.

Sean leaned back, lying down in the grass, and pulled Dillon down with him. Shane started caressing his ass, one hand on each cheek. Sean brought Dillon's hand to his mouth, licking and sucking on his fingers. Then he took Dillon's hand and brought it down to his forbidden entrance.

"Ya have to stretch me out for that monstrous cock of yurs," Sean purred.



Dillon didn't need to be told twice. He slowly pushed a finger into Sean's tight ass, groaning at the image of sinking his cock in Sean soon. Dillon cried out when he felt Shane's tongue licking around his hole from behind. The multitude of sensations rolled over him, driving his lust for his mates even higher.

Once Sean was ready, Dillon slid a second finger in, making sure to wiggle them around to stretch him out. As if a choreographed dance, Shane slid two fingers into Dillon's ass after he stopped licking it. He'd never felt as full in his life as he did now with Shane's fingers in him. Dillon moaned loudly when Shane started scissoring his fingers and made sure to mimic the movement on Sean.

"It's time, Dillon," Sean said after a few more moments, pulling his knees up to his chest. "I need ya inside me."

"I'd like nothing more," Dillon said lovingly. He leaned down to kiss Sean as he lined up his cock with Sean's hole and started to push in. Dillon moved his hips back and forth slowly, working his cock into Sean inch by inch. He hissed when he bottomed out, loving the feel of his mate's tight channel around his cock.

"Me turn," Shane growled behind him as he started to work his cock into Dillon. "Ya are going to love this, our big warrior."

"Oh, fuck," Dillon cried out. "I feel so full. Don't stop, Shane. Please, don't stop."

"We won't," Sean replied, smiling up at him. His little mate ran his hands up and down Dillon's shaking arms in a soothing touch. "We've got ya, Dillon. Just enjoy the sensations, and ride them."

"I never imagined it would be like this." Dillon groaned as he felt the slight burning as Shane kept pushing his way in. It was so much pleasure with just a light bite of pain, it felt amazing. "I feel so full. I'm not sure I can take any more of you, Shane."

"Aye, ya can, I promise," Shane grunted from behind him. "It gets even better, Dillon."

"We can stop if ya want us to," Sean said, looking almost worried. "We don't wantin' to push you."

"No, don't stop, please," Dillon begged. "I love the feeling. It's just so new to me. It feels so fucking good."

Just then, Shane thrust in the rest of the way. Dillon and Shane let out a long groan when he was balls deep. After a brief pause, Shane started moving his hips. As he plunged into Dillon, the motion pushed Dillon's cock into Sean.

"Oh, god, harder, fuck me harder," Sean cried out in between Dillon's thrusts into him. Shane picked up the pace, grasping on to Dillon's hips tightly. Dillon caught on to the rhythm quickly, grunting as he fucked Sean as if his life depended on it. "Claim me, Dillon. Make me yours."

Dillon smiled at his mate's request, leaning over further to lick the side of Sean's neck. His new position allowed Shane's cock to pound into him deeper. Groaning at the sensation, Dillon sunk his fangs into Sean's neck. The sweet taste of his mate's blood was the most wonderful ambrosia he had ever tasted.

Sean cried out his release from under Dillon, causing the muscles in Sean's ass to clamp down on his cock. Seconds later, Dillon lifted his head and roared as his cock shot stream after stream of his seed into Sean. It seemed like a chain reaction, causing Shane to stiffen behind him before screaming as he came, too.

Several more deep thrusts and Shane collapsed on Dillon. He struggled to hold their combined weight, not wanting to land on Sean and crush him. After their breathing all slowed, Shane pulled out of Dillon and slid to the side of him. Dillon did the same, landing in between his two spent mates.

"Wow. That was better than I could ever have imagined," Dillon panted as he snuggled up to Sean. Shane did the same at his back. "Is it always like that?"

"I assume so." Sean giggled, stretching out with a big smile on his face. "I've never been in the middle. Shane isn't me type."

"Same goes with me, bro." Shane snickered as Dillon turned on his back. Both his mates curled up to him, one on each side. "Next time, we be findin' a bed first."

"That sounds perfect to me." Dillon chuckled as he wrapped one arm around each of his mates. He couldn't get over how lucky he was. He had what every person dreamed of, two hot mates that wanted nothing but him.

\* \* \* \*

"I wonder who's here?" Sean asked as the three of them walked back up to the house some time later. "I don't recognize the car. Shane, it look familiar to ya?"

"No, let's go see," Shane said as he started to pick up the pace. Dillon was right behind him. Sean shrugged his shoulders and jogged to catch up. Shane got up the porch and to the screen door first. He held it open for them all to walk through. Shane and Dillon stopped in their tracks when they reached the living room.

Sean peered around them and saw a woman sitting on the couch crying on his mother's shoulder. Manus was sitting on the other side of the woman while Michan was kneeling in front of her.

"Dillon, there's been another disappearance," Manus said after looking up and seeing it was them. "Wendy's husband, Jacob, is missing. He never came home last night. Wendy went over to his office today. It looks like there might have been a struggle."

"Wendy," Dillon said gently as he moved to kneel in front of the woman as well. "I'm going to need to see his office. I'll need the location and how to get in. Can you do that for me?"

"Aye, I can handle that," Wendy said, sniffing into the tissue she had in her hands. "I brought a recent photo of him as well. I wasn't sure what else to do."

"That was smart, Wendy," Dillon said, smiling up at the woman. Sean couldn't help but feel his chest swell with pride. Yeah, the

circumstances were horrible, the poor woman's husband was missing. But Dillon was handling it well, staying calm and thinking clearly. "I'll do everything in my power to find him, okay, Wendy?"

"Thank ya, warrior," she replied, giving him a very weak smile. "Jacob's a good man. He would never just abandon his family. I know something must have happened to him."

"I understand," Dillon answered, nodding his head. "Manus, if you can get Wendy to write everything down for me, I would appreciate it. Also, is there any chance you have a vehicle bigger than the clown car of a rental I have?"

"Aye, lad, ya can borrow our SUV." Manus snickered as he handed Wendy some pen and paper. Then his father got up and handed a set of keys from his pocket to Dillon.

They sat there quietly while Wendy wrote. After a few moments, she handed the pad of paper to Dillon.

"Thank you, Wendy. I will let you know what I find out," Dillon said as he turned and headed for the door. Sean trailed after him, Shane on his heels.

"We're coming with ya," Sean said as they reached the door.

"No, Sean," Dillon replied, turning to face them as he opened the door. "I appreciate that you want to help, I do. But if you and Shane are there, I won't be doing my job. I'll be worried about my mates the entire time, and that will make me be sloppy. If I know you're here and safe, I can do my job."

"But ya could get hurt," Shane protested, echoing Sean's thoughts without even having to ask. "We just be findin' ya, Dillon."

"I know, baby," Dillon said, smiling as he leaned in and kissed Shane lightly on the lips. He turned and gave Sean the same toe-curling kiss. "I'm just doing a little recon, checking some things out. Nothing dangerous about it. I've been in much worse. Believe me, this is a cakewalk."

"Hurry back," Sean said softly, trying not to be scared. "And be safe."

"I promise. I have a lot to come back to now," Dillon answered with a smirk before walking out the door and jogging down the steps. Shane put his arm around Sean's shoulders as they watched Dillon head to the SUV. It's not like they could stop him. It was his job after all. It would just be something they had to get used to.

Dillon wouldn't have been sent all the way to Ireland if he weren't one of the best warriors their race had. But still it was hard to trust that their mate would be okay and come back to them. Sean sighed as the SUV headed down the driveway, leaning his head on Shane's shoulder. He could feel his brother's screaming emotions, even if he couldn't. They were the same as his.

## Chapter 3

Dillon got out of his borrowed SUV after he parked in front of the address Wendy gave him. Trying to shake off his thoughts of the mind-blowing sex he'd just had with his mate, Dillon got into warrior mode. Carefully checking out the area before he proceeded toward the office, he didn't find anything until he got near the door.

There was dried blood on the ground. Dillon leaned down to get a better smell, and sure enough, it was vampire blood. It wasn't a noticeable amount to a human, but he immediately saw it. Standing back up, he walked the last few steps to the door. Dillon saw the alarm keypad Wendy had written down in her directions and punched in the code.

The door clicked open, and Dillon walked right in. So, if Jacob was taken from the office, it had to be before he locked the door. The other possibility was the people who took him knew the code. It seemed less like demons the more he examined the situation.

Looking around the room, there were a few things out of order. But it wasn't major chaos or damage if demons had been involved. Why wouldn't Jacob have put up more of a fight? That seemed to be the real question in this whole situation. Jacob was a vampire. If someone tried to take him, he would have been more than capable to defend himself. Unless it had been demons, but it was odd. Demons rarely made any appearance in cities.

Jacob's office was in the middle of Belfast, lots of exposure for a demon. And still, if it were demons, there would have been more of a struggle. Dillon was really leaning more toward humans being involved. Jacob should have been able to handle them, unless he

couldn't. Could the humans in the area have figured out a way to incapacitate vampires?

While the idea was disturbing, it really seemed the most logical conclusion to Dillon. He turned to walk back out of the office, letting the door close behind him. Wendy had told him it automatically locked and reset the alarm on its own. Dillon only made it a few steps towards the SUV before he heard a whizzing sound and felt something bite him in the shoulder.

Quickly reacting, he reached to feel his shoulder and yanked out the syringe he found there. Dillon instinctively ducked and rolled away from where he had just been standing. If someone were aiming to take another shot, they would have missed. Sure enough, he saw another syringe dart embedded in the wall of the building behind where he had just been standing.

He crawled, keeping low, over to a line of cars parked on the street for shelter. Dillon tried to get a view at where the darts were coming from but couldn't see anyone. He left his gun tucked into the back of his pants even though he desperately wanted to pull it out. He was in downtown Belfast, so it wasn't like he could return fire. Plus, his gun was loaded with ultraviolet ammunition. Dillon had been under the assumption he would be fighting demons.

Deciding he needed the other dart as evidence as well, he quickly dove for it. He pulled it out of the wall, then rolling back to his position behind the cars. When he stopped moving, he realized his head was swimming. What the fuck was in those darts?

Dillon slowly crawled along the line of cars, becoming desperate to reach the cover of the SUV. He also pulled out his cell phone, grateful he had thought ahead to get the O'Hagan's number before he left. The numbers started to blur as he dialed them, but he hit send anyways and prayed he put the right number in.

"Hello?" One of the male O'Hagan's answered. Dillon couldn't tell their voices apart.

"Manus or Michan, now," Dillon hissed.

"This be Manus, Dillon. What's wrong?"

"Jacob was taken by humans," Dillon said as he stopped when he reached the SUV. He pulled the keys out and quickly pushed the button for the auto locks. "Darts, some type of debilitating darts. I was shot with one in the shoulder. I think I got it out before whatever was in it could completely get into my system. Not feeling so hot, though, Manus. Everything's starting to spin, and I'm pinned down by whoever shot at me."

"Are ya by the office?" Manus asked, sounding more in charge of the situation than Dillon would have thought.

"Hiding behind your SUV about ten yards from it," Dillon replied, starting to lose feeling in his arms. "I've got another problem, my arms are going numb."

"We've got help in the area," Manus said to him before barking out orders to someone near him back at their house. Dillon assumed it was Michan, but he was starting not to care and feeling sleepy. Not good when he didn't know who was shooting at him and from where. "Climb in the SUV and lock yurself in. I'm sending friends to yur location to keep an eye on ya. Even try to catch whoever is shooting at ya if they close in."

"How will they help me if I lock them out?" Dillon asked even as he did what Manus said. "I think I'm going to black out soon."

"I'll be comin' with the extra keys," Manus answered him, calmly. "I'll be there as fast as I can. Get yurself out of the line of fire for now. Help will be there soon."

"Don't let Shane or Sean come with you," Dillon said as he finally crawled into the backseat and closed the door behind him. He hit the button for the automatic lock then lay down out of sight. "I don't want them in a hostile situation when I can't protect them."

"I understand, lad," Manus replied. "Good of ya to think of them first."



"I'm their mate. Their safety is my top priority," Dillon stated firmly. "And making them happy. I'm going to like making them happy. They are both so sweet..."

"Lad, ya are starting to ramble," Manus said sternly as if trying to shake Dillon out of his haze. "Let yurself black out if ya think it's better than what you might do drugged."

"Okay, Da-in-law." Dillon chuckled as the darkness swarmed over him. His last thoughts were a prayer to whoever was listening that he got to see his mates again.

\* \* \* \*

Shane raced to the front door when he heard cars pulling up the driveway. He and Sean had been frantic since their dads had booked it out of the house an hour ago. Manus and Michan had barely said two words as they raced out the door. Something about Dillon being shot with a dart was all they told Sean and him.

Sean was next to him a moment later. They watched, wordlessly, as their dads got out of the cars. But when they opened the back door of the SUV and started to pull an unconscious Dillon out, Shane sprinted toward them.

"What the fuck happened?" Shane yelled as he got close. He skidded to a stop when he got next to them. Checking his mate's body over, he couldn't see any blood. "He don't be lookin' hurt."

"We found him passed out in the back of the SUV," Manus explained. "He was holding on to two darts, but Dillon had told me on the phone earlier he was shot once. So hopefully he'll only be out for a while."

"What can we do?" Sean asked, coming up behind them. Shane could feel his twin's panic. While Dillon didn't look hurt, they'd much prefer to hear that from their mate himself. "Ma! Dillon's hurt."

"Just give us some room to carry him inside," Michan said, grunting with effort. Neither of their dads were small men, almost six

feet tall. But Dillon was bulky to carry and probably dead weight. Shane grabbed Dillon's right shoulder as Manus moved over to allow him to help. Michan had Dillon's legs and started to walk backward with them. "Sean, get the door."

Sean ran to grab the door before they got there. Shane and his dads lugged Dillon to the house and up the front porch stairs before finally walking through the door Sean held open. Once inside, they headed straight for the couch and then gently set him down. Shane kneeled beside his mate and checked his pulse. He let out a sigh of relief when he found it strong and steady.

"His pulse is good," Shane said, mainly for Sean, to help ease his feelings of tension as well. "What was in the darts?"

"We don't know," Michan answered him before glancing over at Manus, who nodded. "Dillon didn't think he got the full dose, but he said his arms were starting to go numb before he passed out. It might be some type of neurotoxin, but we just can't know."

"Not likin' yur answer, Da," Sean snapped at their father as he came to the other side of the couch and took Dillon's hand. "How the fuck do we help him then?"

"I don't know, son," Manus replied gently. Shane thought his dads were being very patient with them given the circumstances. "Look, it has to be something that wears off. If they be wantin' him dead, they would have just used bullets."

Shane looked at Manus with a raised eyebrow. He knew that statement wasn't necessarily true, and after seeing his dad's face, Manus knew, too. Fine, if his dad wanted to bluff about the situation to help calm down Sean, Shane would keep his mouth shut.

While Sean wasn't fast to show his emotions, he was normally the logical one to jump into action and fix any situation. Shane was worried, trying to hold back tears. Sean was probably pissed because he felt helpless that he couldn't do anything for Dillon.

"Ya lads sit with him," Michan said as he patted Shane on the shoulder. "Let us know if there's any change. Manus and I need to

make some phone calls. We need to tell Wendy what happened, along with Desmond Marius. Also, we need to call around and try to figure out what we can do to help yur mate."

"Thanks, Da," Shane whispered as the first of his tears ran down his face. "We'll be here. Let us know what you find out."

"Of course, Shane," Michan said as both his dads left the room.

Shane looked at Sean. He could see the tension in his shoulders, but more than that, he could feel it through their twin bond. Shane had always been able to feel his brother's emotions. Maybe it was because they shared the same womb for so many months. Maybe it was because they were so close. And maybe it was because they would share the same mate.

Whatever it was, Shane could feel Sean losing it more and more as each moment passed. It amazed him how just a few hours could change their lives. He awoke this morning as he did every morning. Now, he and Sean had a mate, someone that they would love for the rest of their lives.

"Sean, do ya not want to be mated to him then?" Shane asked softly.

Sean's head whipped around to stare at him in shock. "Have ya lost what's left of yur mind? Dillon is our mate."

"I can feel ya, Sean," Shane said. "I know what ya be thinkin'."

Sean rubbed his hand down his face. Shane didn't know if he was trying to wipe away his tension or the silent tears on his cheeks. "I don't know what to do, Shane. I can't fix this."

Shane grabbed Sean and pulled his brother into his arms, hugging him close. "I don't know that ya can fix this, Sean. Dillon be a big, strong warrior, though. If anyone can come through this, it'll be him."

Sean's hands gripped Shane's shirt tightly. "I just—we can't lose him, not now. I've glimpsed heaven in his arms and to have it taken away—I just can't—"

Shane pushed Sean's head into the crook of his neck. He could feel Sean's wet tears drip down his skin. He found it particularly

interesting that he was giving Sean comfort when Sean was the cool, levelheaded brother. Shane was usually the emotional one.

"He won't be leavin' us, Sean," Shane whispered softly into his brother's ear. "He be needin' us as much as we be needin' him. He be the center of our world now."

Sean inhaled sharply, lifting his head. Awe covered the face that looked so much like Shane's that he might as well have been looking into a mirror. "Ya be feelin' it, too, then?"

Shane smiled. "Aye, I be feelin' it, too."

Sean chuckled and wiped at his face as he pushed away from Shane and looked down at their sleeping mate. "I never thought to feel this way, Shane. Dillon is everything I ever wanted before I even knew I wanted it."

Shane turned to look at Dillon, too. He nodded his head. "Aye, he be something, that be true. And he seems to be wantin' us as much as we be wantin' him. I think that bodes well for our future with him."

"He be needin' us just like ya said, Shane." Sean reached down and gently stroked the side of Dillon's square jaw. "He be needin' us to show him the beauty of this here world of ours. I don't be thinkin' he gets much of that."

"He's a warrior," Shane replied. "It be his duty to keep us safe. It be ours to keep him safe."

Sean snorted. "Ya be thinkin' we can keep him safe?"

"We can keep his heart safe."

"Oh, aye, that be true."

Shane knelt down on the floor next to Dillon. He felt Sean kneel down next to him. As if thinking the same thing, they both reached over and grabbed one of his hands, holding on tight. Shane wanted to be the first thing Dillon saw when he opened his eyes. He wanted his mate to know he was safe and that he was cared for.

"We need to be lovin' him more than any warrior has ever been loved, Sean."

Shane heard Sean's soft chuckle beside him. "Aye."

A knock at the door turned his attention away from his mate. Shane walked over and opened it, only to find a very large man on the other side of it.

"Can I be helpin' ya?" Shane asked, trying to act calmer than he felt. Dillon was lying incapacitated on the couch, and there was a large stranger at the door.

"I'm here to see Manus and Michan O'Hagan," the large man stated. After a few moments of Shane waiting for more information, the man took the hint. "I was sent by Desmond Marius."

"Aye, of course, come in," Shane said, stepping back so the man could enter. He let out a sigh of relief that the man was a friend, not a foe. "We didn't think ya'd be showin' up so soon."

The man merely nodded and walked through the door. It was only then that Shane saw the five other men that the large man had behind him. Two of them were just as large as the first man and looked almost as alike as Shane and Sean did. Everyone nodded or smiled at him as they entered and stepped into the living room. Shane knew he shouldn't worry, but after everything that happened today, he was on edge.

"Dillon!" One of the smaller men cried out and started toward his mate. In a flash, Shane was next to his brother Sean, who was already growling at the man. They both had their bodies blocking Dillon, fangs and claws out, ready to fight if need be. The smaller man froze, while one of the larger men quickly pulled the man who spoke behind him.

"Wait! I'm Noah Dragos, Dillon's younger brother," Noah said, quickly holding out his hands in a gesture of surrender. "It's my brother, okay?"

"Da, can ya come in here?" Sean yelled out, not answering Noah. Shane wanted to fill Noah in but decided to take his brother's lead on this one. "We've got guests."

"Already?" Manus asked from the other room. A moment later, he appeared in the living room with Michan, coming to an instant halt the moment he spotted the filled living room. "What's going on here?"

"A small misunderstanding. I'm Micah Marius," the first large man said, holding out his hand to Manus. "My brother's mate, Noah, is Dillon's brother. Your sons were startled by Noah rushing toward Dillon. I'm assuming they're Dillon's mates?"

"We are, and we be standin' right here." Sean growled. Shane had felt protective of Dillon when Noah had started to move toward their mate, but the threat had passed. His fangs and claws had already receded. Sean wasn't backing down, though. Maybe it had something to do with Sean and Dillon already having claimed each other?

"Sean, it's okay," Shane said softly, putting his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Dillon called for their help, remember?"

"Fine," Sean answered as his fangs and claws receded, but he still looked very distrusting. Shane watched as his brother knelt back by Dillon's side and took his hand. "But they be not touchin' him."

"Actually, I will be," one of the other smaller men said, stepping forward around Micah. "I'm Dr. Riley Johnson. I'd like to examine Dillon. I'm his doctor."

"All right," Sean said after looking the doc up and down for a moment. "But I'm not leavin'."

"I understand," Dr. Johnson replied softly as he moved closer to Dillon. He pulled open a bag and started examining Dillon.

"These are my brothers, Stefan and Remus," Micah said as he gestured to each man. "Riley, the doctor, is my mate. Noah and Remus are mates, and the last man there is Patrick, Dillon's half brother. He is also mated to my brother, Stefan."

"Welcome to our home. Thank ya for coming so quickly," Michan said as he shook each man's hand. "I'm Michan O'Hagan. This be me twin, Manus. Those are me youngest sons, Shane and Sean. The other eight are around here somewhere as well as my wife, Brighid. How

did ya get here so quickly? Dillon only called ya this morning. It's only been about nine hours since."

"Our family owns a Learjet," Stefan answered, shrugging his shoulders. "We were home when Dillon called our father. Given two of us are mated to his brothers, we had to run to keep up with them. We were in the air within the hour of his call. Coming from Virginia is about a six and a half hour flight. We rented a car and drove right over."

"What made ya think to bring yur doc?" Manus asked as he and Shane shook hands with the men as well.

"Actually, when I heard of a family of vampires who solely reproduced twins, I wanted to come," Dr. Johnson answered. He never even looked up from Dillon as he continued his work. "I was hoping to get some blood samples from your family. I don't know if you're aware, but over in the US, vampires have a high infant death rate. We also have a higher miscarriage rate."

"Riley is the best doctor our race has," Micah said, his pride for his mate apparent. "He's made major progress in helping our race. He went to human college and medical school to become a licensed medical doctor. Then he started applying a lot of their practices to our race."

"He was able to make me a vampire," Patrick stated as he stepped forward. "I was born of a human mother. Dillon and I have the same father. Doc figured out a way to jump-start my transition."

"That's a great history lesson, but can he help our mate?" Sean snapped at all of them. He still knelt at Dillon's side, holding his hand as the doctor worked. Finally, he looked up at the doc. "Can ya help him?"

"I don't think there's anything I can do," Dr. Johnson answered. He held up a hand when Shane and Sean started to say something. "He's going to be fine. I'm pretty sure his body just needs to work out whatever he was given. I still want to do a blood analysis, but I'm truly not worried."

"Oh, thank god," Shane cried as he went back to kneeling by his mate next to Sean. "Ya be hearin' that, Dillon? Ya goin' to be just fine."

"Manus, can you fill us in?" Stefan asked. Manus nodded and gestured for everyone to have a seat.

"We be havin' had five disappearances of vampires in the community," Manus explained. "The last seemed to happen yesterday to a man named Jacob. His wife came over here this morning shortly after Dillon arrived. After the third disappearance, we contacted the European Council, thinking we had a nest of demons around."

"Dillon talked with Wendy when she was here," Michan continued, rubbing the palms of his hands over his jean-clad thighs. "Then he went to Jacob's office in downtown Belfast to investigate. Manus took his call sometime later. Dillon told him that he was outside the office, pinned down by a shooter. They shot him once in the shoulder with a dart."

Michan paused in his explanation as Manus stood and grabbed the two darts off the shelf. He walked over and handed them to Stefan before sitting back down.

"I'm going to have to take off Dillon's shirt so I can examine the injection site," Riley said, looking at Shane and Sean. "I just wanted you to know why I was partially undressing him."

Shane watched as the doc and Sean pulled off Dillon's shirt. Sure enough, his right shoulder had a bruise with a swollen red dot in the middle. Riley pushed gently on the wound, trying to determine something.

"The injection site isn't infected," Riley assured them. "It's merely swollen and bruised from a high velocity dart. Again, I'm not concerned."

"We think the other dart missed him," Manus continued. "He said his head was spinning and his arms were goin' numb. I told him to get in ta the SUV we loaned him and lock the doors. We sent friends we have in the area to watch him until Michan and I got there with the



other keys. They never saw anyone try to approach the SUV or take Dillon. Once we found him, we brought him back home. He's been like that for a few hours. I was on the phone with him when he blacked out."

"That seems in line with a neurotoxin," Riley said, turning to face the group. "Here's the problem then, normal neurotoxins don't work on vampires. Our brain patterns are different than humans. Sure, it could have caused Dillon to black out, but not go numb. For this to have worked on Dillon, it would have to have been engineered for a vampire. Which means, you've got humans who know about you."

"Well, that doesn't make me feel all warm and fuzzy inside, baby," Micah replied, frowning. "Got any good news?"

"Would you rather I lie, Micah?" Riley asked, raising an eyebrow as he looked at his mate. "And I believe the good news is Dillon will be fine."

"No," Micah answered, shaking his head but still not looking happy.

"Dillon said it wasn't demons when we were on the phone," Manus said, interrupting the two mates. "I got that much outta him before he passed out. The question is, what do we do now?"

"Ya said ya could analyze the compound, right, doc?" Shane asked, coming up with an idea. "If ya could tell me what the compound be made of, I can check the patent office and see if anyone's patented it, then. Also, I can hack in ta a few laboratory databases in the area to find out if any of them have been workin' on something similar. Or if they've been buying up the ingredients. Might at least give us a lead."

"You can do that?" Riley asked.

"Aye, I can," he replied, smirking. "If it's on a network, I can get at it."

"Well, that's useful," the doc snickered. "Yeah, if I can get some equipment I need, I can tell you exactly what it's made up of."

"Okay, the rest of us will—" Stefan started to say only to be cut off by Sean.

"Will go and check out Jacob's office and scout the area," Sean ordered, turning away from Dillon and standing. "Da, if one of ya can go with them and help them out with the area, I would be ever so grateful. I need the one da here to get the other families of the missing over here."

"Now, wait just a minute, Sean." Stefan growled quietly as he stepped toward Sean. "You're not a warrior. Leave this up to us."

"That was fine before me mate got hurt." Sean growled right back and stepped up to Stefan until they were toe to toe. Stefan had a good five or six inches on Sean, but something like that would never stop Sean. "I assume ya won't be lettin' us go with ya, fine then, I respect that. I'm not a warrior. But ya were called in here to help me das out, and I'm a part of that now since it's me and Shane's mate lying there."

"We be knowin' the area and the people involved. That be somethin' ya can't be saying, now, can ya?" Sean continued, crossing his arms over his chest. "We all be in agreement that this be humans. There be five missing. What's their connection in the eyes of the humans? One of the missing was somehow found out to be a vampire and led the humans to the other four. I be assuming it was the first one taken. So that's where we start. We find out what involvement they have with humans and how they were found out."

"Shane and the doc can do their science and tech stuff," Sean said, gesturing to them. "We meet back here and share the information. If ya feel there be questions we missed asking the relatives of the five missing, they'll still be here when ya get back. But we can start the preliminary questioning."

"That's actually a really good plan, Stefan," Remus said, pulling his brother away from Sean. "Look, Sean, you know we're here to help. Just remember we're on the same side, okay? We don't like that Dillon was hurt any more than you do. We're going to do everything

in our power to get the missing vampires back and stop these humans."

"We be knowing, Remus," Shane said, stepping up to pull Sean back as well. It seemed the brothers were going to speak for the more volatile siblings. "Tensions are high right now. We knew help be coming today, but imagine when our mate showed up here. Hours later, he comes back unconscious, and a few hours after that, six men we've never met show up here. So we be taking a lot on faith here."

"I agree, Shane," Remus answered, winking at him. It was nice to know that sometimes cooler heads could really prevail.

After a few more moments of Stefan and Sean staring each other down, Stefan spoke. "Remus is right. It is a good plan, Sean. Let's try and remember we are on the same side. I say we roll with your plan and go from there."

"Agreed," Sean replied and extended his hand to Stefan, who took it immediately. As they shook hands and the tension slipped away from them, it also lessened in the room. Shane was glad for that. While really there were twelve O'Hagan's against these six men, they were on the same side. It seemed stupid to fight amongst themselves when the threat was outside the house.

## Chapter 4

Dillon woke feeling like he'd slept for weeks. He still felt a little dizzy, but as he tried to sit up anyway, someone stopped him by pushing on his shoulder. Immediately worried about where he was, he started struggling.

"Easy, Dillon. It's just Riley," Riley told him as his face started to come into focus. "How are you feeling?"

"Riley?" Dillon asked, suddenly very confused. "Are we still in Ireland? Oh, my god, Shane and Sean!"

"They're fine, just worried about their mate," Riley said, snickering lightly. "You've got your hands full with those two, Dillon. I've never met two bigger pains in a doctor's ass than them. And yes, we're still in Ireland."

"We heard that." Sean growled from the doorway. Dillon looked over at his mates. Sean and Shane stood in the doorway. Both men looked worried, even Sean, though it was hard to see through the thunderous expression on his face, but Dillon could see it in the tense lines of his face.

"I said it to your face earlier," Riley replied, walking to the door. "I understand you were worried. But you both were still being a pain in my ass. I'll leave you guys to fill Dillon in."

"Ya be okay, then?" Sean asked after Riley left. He and Shane came and sat next to him on opposite sides of the bed. "Ya really had us scared."

"I think I'm fine," Dillon answered, rubbing his hand over his face, "just a little groggy and confused."

"Ya were shot with a dart filled with a neurotoxin," Shane exclaimed. He jumped up from the bed and started to pace. "What did ya say to us before ya left? I've been in way worse situations, this isn't dangerous, don't be worrin' about me. Then our das run out the door because ya be in some kind of trouble. All the while, we be sittin' here, freakin' out, wondering what be happening to ya."

Dillon smiled at his little mate's rant. He'd never meant to get shot or scare them, but the amount of care Shane was showing warmed his heart.

"Then, they come back," Shane continued, spinning to face Dillon with his hands on his hips. Dillon didn't want to laugh. His mates had a right to be upset, but Shane just looked so damn sexy when he was pissed. "And they have our big, bad warrior mate unconscious in the back of the SUV. We had to help carry ya in ta the living room. Once Micah, Remus, and the whole damn crew showed up, they brought ya up ta our room. Oh, and Stefan and Sean keep having pissin' contests."

"Hey, Dillon's our mate. We be gettin' a say in what's goin' on." Sean growled, jumping to his feet to glare at his brother. His hand waved wildly around in the air. "It not be me fault the guy's a know-it-all."

They both turned back to Dillon then, scowls on their gorgeous faces. After a few moments, Dillon said the only thing he had in his heart, "thank you."

"For what? Yelling at ya?" Shane asked, shock written all over his face as he stomped back to the bed and sat down. "Who thanks someone for yellin' at them?"

"Thank you for caring," Dillon answered gently as he took each of his mate's hands. "No one's ever been worried about me like this before. Cared enough to yell at me for getting hurt and scaring them."

"Of course we care," Shane replied, tears forming in his eyes. "Ya be our mate. Ya be the most important thing in our world, and all in one fuckin' day. We can't be losing ya, Dillon. Ya can't leave us."

Dillon immediately pulled Shane down into his arms as the man started crying. He reached out with his other arm and grabbed Sean as well. Right at the moment, all he needed was them. Dillon needed their touch as much as they seemed to need his.

"I'll never leave you, either of you, I swear," Dillon cooed, mainly to calm Shane down. "We're mates, remember? This is for life, and we're going to have long, happy ones together."

Shane's head snapped up. "Ya can't be promising that, Dillon."

"I do promise it, Shane." Dillon cradled the side of Shane's face. "I have way too much to lose to let anything happen to me or to either of you. Our lives together are just beginning."

Dillon reached over and stroked his hand down the side of Sean's face. "You just wait and see, my mates. We have so much to see, so much to explore, so very much to learn about each other. Our lives will be wonderful."

Shane sniffled. "Ya be believin' that, then?"

"I do, my mate," Dillon said as he turned to look at Shane, "with everything in me."

Dillon wished that he could explain to Shane and Sean what they truly meant to him, but he didn't know how. He was a warrior. He wasn't bred for tender emotion, not like he wanted to show his mates. He was bred to be a fighter. But seeing the hesitation on his mates' faces, he knew he had to try. They needed to know what they truly meant to him.

"Both of ya be—" Dillon stopped talking to shake his head and chuckle. "Listen to me. I'm starting to talk like you."

"And that be a bad thing, then?" Shane asked, the corners of his lips starting to turn up.

"No, not really, I just find it amusing."

"What ya be wantin' to tell us, Dillon?" Sean asked, bringing Dillon back from his amusement. Dillon patted his face then grabbed the man's hand, then Shane's.

"I'm a warrior. That's all I've ever known since the time I could walk. I always knew what I would do with my life. When I was old enough, my father sent me to warrior training then I joined the warrior caste." Dillon grimaced at the anguish he could see in the eyes of his mates. "Oh, it wasn't a bad life, mates. Don't ever think that. I did my duty and fought for our people, kept them safe from the demons."

"Do ya be meanin' ya can stop, then?"

Dillon could see the hope in Shane's face as he asked. Sadly, he shook his head. "No, I'm afraid not. I will be a warrior until the Council feels I have served my time or I produce warriors to take my place. But now I have something to fight for beyond the nameless faces of our people. I have you two, and if that's not motivation, I don't know what is."

Shane pounded on his chest with a clenched fist. "It be hurtin' here knowin' what ya be goin' through. I can't help but be worrin' ya won't be comin' home to us, Dillon."

"I can only promise to be as careful as I can, Shane."

"I'm not knowin' if that be good enough."

Dillon frowned, his eyebrows drawing together. "Are you saying you don't want to be mated to me?"

"I be sayin' I don't know if I can hold it together when you be fightin'."

Dillon let go of Sean's hand to hold his arms out to Shane. "Come here, baby." Shane all but threw himself into Dillon's arms. He wasn't crying anymore, but Dillon could still feel the deep shudders running through his body. Dillon rubbed his hands up and down Shane's back.

"We'll just work through it one day at a time, baby. I can't stop being a warrior. That's who I am, but I don't want to give you up. You and Sean are my solace, my reason for living and fighting with everything I have in me."

Dillon pushed Shane back a little then reached out for Sean. He needed to feel both his mates in his arms. When Sean climbed up,

Dillon tucked them each under an arm and held them as close as he could get them without pulling them under his skin.

"I'm a warrior, and I've been taught how to fight. I've never been taught the softer emotions." Dillon chuckled sadly. "In fact, emotions were pretty much drummed out of me by my father. But I want you both to know how much you mean to me. Until I found you, it was just one battle after another. There was no love in my life, no light. No reason to fight harder."

"And now?" Shane whispered.

"And now I know why I was born."

"To be a warrior?" Sean asked.

"To love the two of you," Dillon stated firmly.

"Ya really be believin' that, then?" Sean whispered as he tilted his head back to look up at Dillon.

"I do."

"Now?"

Dillon chuckled then leaned down to plant a small kiss on Sean's lips. "Now sounds good to me. Hell, as sexy as you two are, anytime sounds good to me."

Sean grinned and sat up. He leaned over to the nightstand and came back with a bottle of lube in his hand, holding it up as he knelt next to Dillon. "I be wantin' me another Dillon sandwich."

"You be gettin' his ass, then," Shane said, his eyes turning jet black with lust as he quickly moved to kneel between Dillon's legs. He held his hand out for the lube. "Ya had his dick last time."

"Fair 'nough," Sean said as he slapped the lube into Shane's hand.

"Don't I get a say in this?" Dillon laughed.

"No," both brothers said at the same time.

Dillon blinked. "Well, guess I've been put in my place."

"Your place be here," Sean said as he pointed to the middle of the mattress then to the end of the bed. "Me place be there."



Shane laughed and pushed his way past Dillon to lie down on his back. He held the bottle of lube up to Dillon. "I done seen the size of ya, mate. I be wantin' lots of slick."

Dillon grabbed the bottle and popped the top, squirting a fair amount onto his hand and fingers before handing the bottle back to Sean. "Never let it be said I can't take directions." Dillon held his slick fingers in the air and waited for Shane to turn over. When the man didn't, Dillon frowned. "Aren't you going to get on your hands and knees?"

"Uh-uh." Shane grinned. "I be wantin' to see ya handsome face."

"Far be it for me to deprive you of your pleasure," Dillon said as he rolled over between Shane's legs and crawled onto his hands and knees. "So, tell me, gorgeous, are we just going to skip the foreplay and get right down to business or what?"

"Nope." Shane grinned as he pointed to the lubed hand Dillon held in the air. "'Ya be gettin' to stretch me for ya monstrous cock. I get to play."

Dillon's eye nearly popped out of his head when Shane shimmied down the bed, spreading his legs wide around Dillon's body. Shane's fingers started flicking Dillon's nipples, stroking down his chest.

Dillon groaned. He suddenly understood exactly what Shane was doing...the man was bent on driving Dillon out of his ever-loving mind, one touch at a time. However, two could play at the game.

Dillon grinned at the heavy inhale that fell from Shane's lips when he pushed one lubed finger into the man's tight ass. Shane's swift breath quickly turned to a moan as Dillon started moving his finger, stretching the man enough to add a second finger.

Shane was groaning and moving, and Dillon thought he had a handle on the foreplay thing until he felt a slick finger push into his own ass. He froze at the tight bite of pain, but it quickly turned to pleasure as Sean expertly stretched him. Dillon soon found himself as blissed-out as Shane, thrusting back to impale himself on the fingers in his ass.

"God, Sean, you gotta hurry." Dillon groaned as he felt his cock harden to steel. The sensation Sean created with his fingers combined with the knowledge that he would soon be deep inside Shane was almost more than Dillon could take. "I'm not going to last long."

"Do what ya need to be doin', mate," Sean said. "I be workin' here."

Dillon chuckled and rolled his eyes. He could see his future with his two mates and knew that they were going to have him totally wrapped around their fingers. He'd do whatever they demanded... with a smile on his face.

Dillon pulled his fingers from Shane's ass and grabbed the man's hips, pulling him close until their bodies met. He grinned and grabbed his aching cock, pushing the head against Shane's puckered entrance.

Shane groaned, his fingernails biting into Dillon's hands as Dillon sank slowly into him. Dillon could feel each muscle grip him, massage him, hold him in tight, hot silk. When he finally sank all the way in, Dillon just froze there, the feeling of Shane's welcoming body unlike anything he'd ever felt, well, except for maybe when he claimed Sean.

A hand in the middle of his back propelled Dillon forward until he bent over Shane. He looked down to see Shane grinning up at him. "Hi, come here often?"

Shane giggled and lifted his legs. Dillon groaned as he sank a little further into Shane's body. Damn, that was just too good. Dillon decided right there and then that he would do anything he needed to do to keep this feeling even if it meant defying the Council and moving to Ireland. He wouldn't leave his mates.

That decision was reinforced when Dillon felt Sean's cock push into him. He stayed bent over Shane's body, his eyes closing as ecstasy filled him, until he felt Sean's balls press up against him. If he could have suspended that moment in time, him in Shane's ass and Sean in his, Dillon would have. It needed to be plated in gold.

"Ya gonna be movin', warrior," Shane whispered, "or ya be done?"

Dillon's eyes snapped opened to see Shane smiling up at him. Dillon arched an eyebrow and flexed his hips. He pulled out and thrust forward so hard Shane's eyes widened as he moved up the bed. Dillon grinned at Shane's quick moan and did it again, then again.

He found that every time he pulled back from Shane it shoved Sean's cock into his ass. Every time he thrust back into Shane, the head of Sean's cock raked over his prostate. Sandwiched as he was between the twins, there was no way Dillon could go to escape the pleasure spiraling through him. And he didn't want to.

"Ya be claimin' me this time, then?"

Dillon watched Shane arch his head back, baring his throat. The small pulse beating rapidly in Shane's neck was more than Dillon could deny. It was more than anyone could deny. Dillon leaned down and sank his fangs into the soft skin between Shane's neck and shoulder.

A part of Dillon acknowledged the lust-filled groan from beneath him as wet seed splashed against his abdomen. Another part growled deeply when hot, sweet blood filled his mouth as he claimed Shane as his.

The man pounding his cock into Dillon's ass seemed to know exactly how hard to thrust, how fast to move, to drive Dillon out of his mind. With Shane's tight grip hugging his cock, it didn't take more than a couple of more thrusts before Dillon pulled his teeth free of Shane's neck and tossed his head back as he roared out his release.

He had just enough brainpower left to keep his ass pointed in the air for Sean as he collapsed down on top of Shane, his head tucked into the curve of the man's neck. Small moans continued to escape his mouth as Sean pounded into him several more times then cried out. Hot liquid filled his ass even as the heavy weight of Sean's body fell across his back.

Dillon reached back and patted Sean and turned his head to kiss Shane's sweaty skin. "I think I could get used to the man-in-the-middle thing." Dillon yelped a moment later when he felt Sean smack his ass. He glanced back over his shoulder. "What?"

"A Dillon sandwich, me big warrior."

\* \* \* \*

Sean sat on one side of Dillon, Shane on the other. They were all gathered outside on the back deck. It was almost humorous that they were all meeting for this serious, important discussion outside like they were having a barbecue. But with thirteen O'Hagans, Dillon, and his six American friends, there wasn't a room in the house that could accommodate all of them comfortably.

"All right, now that we all be here, let's start with introductions," Manus said, standing up, gesturing to each person as he spoke their name. "I'm Manus, me twin, Michan, and our wife, Brighid. Our oldest twins, Banning and Brian, then Fergus and Finn. Over yonder be Liam and Lorcan. Then Rian and Ronan, and our youngest twins Shane and Sean, who be mated to Dillon. Dillon's lads from America, Micah who be with Dr. Johnson. Remus and Noah, and, lastly, Stefan and Patrick. Did I miss anyone?"

"We should start our own football team." Brian snickered.

"Aye, we'll use yur big mouth as the goal." Finn laughed as his twin Fergus pounded fists with him.

"All right, lads, settle down," Brighid said, rolling her eyes. "I think we all be meetin' to exchange what we found out."

"Aye, ya, ma, got it right on the nose," Michan said. "Stefan, ya want to fill everyone in on what ya lads found?"

"Sure. We went back and checked out Jacob's office," Stefan said before turning to Dillon. "Sorry, man, we didn't know when you'd be awake. Dillon was right, if this was demons, there would have been a

hell of a lot more damage. Plus, they don't have a need to drug vampires and take them. It's obviously humans."

"Shane and I figured out what neurotoxin we're dealing with," Riley said, standing. "It's a very powerful combination of benzene, hemlock, puffer fish, atropine, and mountain laurel. If it wasn't so scary, I'd be impressed. Dillon didn't even get half the dose in those darts, and he was out overnight. Shane was able to track down a facility outside Belfast that has been buying large amounts of all the substances needed. This isn't stuff you can just run down to the drugstore to get."

"Aye, as the doc said," Shane added as he looked over his notepad on his lap, "they done be goin' through back channels for the more illegal items, but I be able to trace them. I wasn't able to find anyone else who be buying even a few of the ingredients much less all of them. I printed out blueprints of the facility, but to get ya a visual, I need to be on-site."

"What do you mean 'visual'?" Stefan asked, tilting his head to the side, looking slightly confused. "Like tapping into their security?"

"Aye, if I can get in ta their network box," Shane replied, smirking. Sean had trouble not laughing. Shane was definitely the quieter, reserved twin until it came to his intelligence or skill with a computer. Then his brother had no problem letting everyone know just how talented and bright he really was. "I can get ya everythin' they be seein'."

"Sweet!" Remus exclaimed. "We need to start getting techie guys to help us out more often. Seriously! Normally we go in blind and storm the castle. Having actual data beforehand makes our lives much easier."

"We'll keep that in mind, lad." Manus chuckled as he stood for his and Sean's report. "All right, we think we done figured out where the leak came from and how to plug it up. All five of the missing own one of the local blood banks and help run blood drives for it. There be, of

course, lots of humans at the drives donatin' and some volunteerin'. Someone must have slipped up at some point."

"It doesn't seem to be widespread, probably just a few fanatics who know," Sean added. "If ya can retrieve our missing vampires, they're going to get new identities and be relocated. We already be working on g'tting the families packed and ready. The necessary documents should be here by tomorrow. We have a lad who be handlin' that. Even if we can't retrieve the missing, we need to get the families out and safe."

"I'm last then," Remus said, giving a nervous snicker as he stood. "Okay, well, most of you don't know this, but Dillon's gift is being able to wipe out human's memories and replacing those memories with whatever he wants. My gift is talking to animals. Believe it or not, there were quite a few furry creatures that witnessed the kidnapping at night. I was able to get descriptions of the six men involved. If there are more, at this point, I can't tell you."

"Okay, so first we check out this facility Shane found," Micah stated. "We bring Shane with, but only bring him out of the car if we determine it's safe for him to hack into the video. After we've done some recon and have eyes inside, we'll come up with a plan from there. Everyone agreed?"

Sean nodded. It was a simple, straightforward plan. Everyone seemed to be in agreement, but he did notice Dillon was biting his lip, arms crossed over his chest. If Sean had to guess, their warrior mate wasn't happy with the idea of Shane in the line of fire.

"Riley, is there anything you and Stefan can whip up in the way of tranquilizers?" Dillon finally asked. "If we run into trouble, we don't want to hurt the humans. I think if we could knock them out for a bit, I could wipe their minds, replace the memories, and leave them at a bar or something to wake up."

"I think we can handle that," Riley agreed, nodding as he looked at Stefan. "You up for some ammo fun?"

"I'm always up for playing with weapons." Stefan chuckled as he rubbed his hands together with glee. "Not as much fun as the ultraviolet rounds we came up with, but it's still playing with guns and ammo."

"I'm going to need some blood to get the rest of my strength back," Dillon said, looking at Manus and Michan. "I hate to impose, but I wasn't prepared to for what happened."

"We brought a shitload of blood with us," Micah replied, smiling. "You think our father or mother would let us leave the country without making sure we had everything we could ever need?"

"No, Elena is way too protective of you guys," Dillon answered, laughing. "I'm almost surprised she didn't come with to keep you guys in line."

"I talked to her before you woke up this morning." Brighid giggled. "Wonderful woman, I look forward to meeting her one day. She said Caleb will be landing tonight and bringing more for ya lads."

"You'd think we were kids," Stefan said, rolling his eyes, "instead of centuries-old, mated warriors. But she means well. And we all jump to do whatever Mother says. She has the seven of us wrapped around her little finger."

"As it should be," Brighid said, smiling. "All right, well, ya lads are going to need blood and food. Banning, Brian, Fergus, and Finn, ya boys run in ta town and get lots of supplies. I done got a list and money in the kitchen for ya lads."

"Brighid, you've been more than hospitable to all of us," Stefan said warmly, standing up. "I would like Patrick to go with your boys and pick up the tab. Though I don't want to insult you in any way, but we didn't come to be an imposition."

"Nonsense, ya are our guests," Manus said, waving him off. "We don't need help feeding you boys."

Sean kept his mouth shut, knowing that his family really didn't have money. It's not like feeding the group would put them in the poorhouse, but they were farmers. And there was a drought last year.

Sean and most of his brothers had gotten jobs in town to help out. It wasn't easy feeding and clothing thirteen people. But all of them were needed to run the farm.

"I understand that, and we are very grateful," Stefan answered, nodding. "But you've talked with our mother, Brighid. Please don't make me go home and tell her we didn't at least buy a meal for everyone while we were here."

"Oh, shit, Mother will beat the crap out of all of us," Micah said, grimacing. "We'll never hear the end of it. She'll fly out here herself to apologize for her ill-mannered sons."

"All right, but only because I understand where your mother is comin' from." Brighid snickered. Both Manus and Michan went to say something, but she merely held up a hand. "If our boys went to visit the Marius' in America, ya would be expectin' them to do the same. Or am I wrong? Ya wouldn't be upset if they came home and ya both found out that they didn't treat their hosts?"

"Aye, ya be right," Manus answered, shaking his head. "As always, me mornin' star, ya be right."

"Brighid, you're the Irish version of our mother." Remus laughed as he went over and hugged Sean's mother. Sean couldn't help but chuckle as Brighid instinctively hugged him back and gave him a loud kiss on the cheek. It's exactly what she always did to her sons when she was amused.



## **Chapter 5**

Shane sat in the back of the SUV while Dillon, Stefan, Micah, and Remus were around scouting the area. He'd been nervous the entire drive over. Now, sitting there all alone waiting while his mate was out there doing god knows what, Shane thought he might lose his mind.

He was ready, though. Shane had all the necessary equipment, including his laptop, cables, cloaking chips, and portable connectors that would send him the surveillance feeds even after they left. His hands were almost raw and sore from twisting them together so hard as he tried desperately to calm his nerves.

"Okay, we're clear and ready for you, Shane," Micah said as he opened the door to the SUV.

Shane merely sat there and stared at the man for a moment before peering behind him. "Where's Dillon?"

"He sent me over to tell you we're ready," Micah answered gently. "It's okay, Shane, really. He just wanted to take a position higher up so he could watch everything going on to make sure you were safe."

"Okay," Shane managed to squeak out as he started to climb out of the car. He might be a badass hacker and smart as anyone in Mensa, but Shane never claimed to be brave. Once out of the car, he jumped when Micah reached to take the equipment to carry it for him.

"There's no danger, I promise," Micah whispered as they made their way to the junction box. "I'd feel the same if it were my mate here instead of you. We'll protect you, Shane."

He simply nodded and swallowed so loudly, he was sure Micah could hear it. It took only moments for them to reach the box. Shane pointed out the lock on it. Micah got to work on the lock as Shane

started to get everything he needed set up. Now that he had his purpose, Shane started to relax and slip into hacker-techie mode.

Hearing Micah snicker, Shane looked up from his kneeling position to see Micah's face. "Dillon wants to talk to you," the large warrior said, handing Shane a com link.

"Hello?" Shane whispered once he hooked the link over his ear.

"Hey, baby, how are you holding up?" Dillon asked. Just his deep voice sent shivers through Shane's body.

"I'm fine," Shane answered as he kept at the task at hand. "Where are you?"

"I'm your eye in the sky, baby." Dillon chuckled. "Don't worry. I can see you and everyone just fine. I just had to tell you how sexy your little ass is when you're all bent over the computer working. You get that smart look on your face, very focused, very hot."

"Ya be flirtin' with me now?" Shane asked with a hiss. He couldn't believe Dillon picked now to try and get him hard. "We be breakin' several laws here, me mate. Could we save the pillow talk for later?"

"Or maybe I should come down there and spank your ass for not taking my compliment graciously," Dillon purred. "I can do my job and still notice how sexy my mate is."

"Yes, but we prefer you talk about it when we aren't all on the line." Remus snickered in the headset. "I'm sure Stefan agrees, we'd never thought to see the day when big, bad Dillon Dragos was flirting on a mission. But I really don't need the visual of you and Shane getting it on, thanks."

"Oh, fuck me." Shane groaned. He hadn't realized that everyone else could hear them, too. He shook his head, feeling his cheeks heat up as he kept working.

"As soon as we get home." Dillon chuckled. Shane was mortified when he heard the others snicker in his ear.

"Or you could be like Stefan and just fuck him in the car on the way home while we're all there." Micah laughed softly. "You know

how hard it is to drive when all you hear in the backseat is moaning and all you smell is sex?"

"Hey, that was an extreme circumstance," Stefan scoffed. Shane was just glad the focus was off him and Dillon for the moment. "Patrick had just gone through his transition. He was so hard and horny, it was almost painful for him."

"How come this is the first I'm hearing of this?" Remus asked. "There shouldn't be any secrets between brothers!"

"Try sharing every feeling and emotion yur twin has all the time." Shane snorted right as Micah gestured to him that he got the box unlocked. Shane stood and checked out all the wiring and components.

"Oh, yeah, that would suck," Stefan replied. "But at least when Sean's horny, he'll be with Dillon, and you get to join in."

"Well now, aye," Shane answered as he started cross-clamping wires. "Imagine over a century before we met Dillon. Every time Sean was whacking off, I not only knew it, I could feel it. Even worse, I knew he could feel my pleasure when I did it."

"Can I watch next time?" Dillon's heavy, lust-filled voice asked.

"Next time, ya get to do it yurself, big guy." Shane giggled. "The worst was when I'd know Sean was making out with someone. It's not easy to ignore when ya know yur twin is on a date fuckin' someone else while ya are sitting at home."

"What?" Dillon growled into his earpiece. Shane wanted to smack himself in the face. What was he thinking saying that? "Who has Sean been with? Have you been with others, Shane?"

"Dillon, we've all had pasts before we met our mates," Remus said calmly into their headsets. "But that's just what it is, the past."

"We don't have to like it," Micah added, and Shane saw the look of pity he was giving Shane. "Hell, Riley had lived with another man before me. It sucks to know that, but I also know what Riley shared with that other man is nothing compared to what he and I have as mates."

"We're going to talk later, Shane," Dillon grumbled. "And so help me if you or Sean ever touch anyone else again."

"Don't want ta," Shane said quietly. "All we be wantin' is ya, Dillon. But, aye, we have a past. If we had known we'd ever find our mate, I don't think we would have ever touched anyone else. But we had needs and were curious. I wouldn't blame ya if ya had been with someone before Sean or me."

"Fine," Dillon answered, his sigh audible through the earpiece. No one said anything for a while. Shane felt bad that they had this talk in front of the others. He would have to apologize for that later. But for now, he kept focused on the job at hand.

After a few more keystrokes and checking equipment, Shane was done. He stood and nodded to Micah as he gathered up his equipment. Micah went to work on relocking the box up. Just as Shane was ready to move, Micah grabbed his gear, and they headed back to the car.

"We're on the move back to the SUV," Micah informed everyone. "Meet back there, and let's get the hell out of here."

When they got there, Shane reached for the door handle, only to be spun around and pushed against the SUV. Startled, Shane looked up to see it was Dillon. His mate had almost a feral look in his eyes as he pressed his body into Shane's.

"Mine," Dillon growled as he picked Shane up, his hands on Shane's ass. Shane responded by wrapping his legs around Dillon's hips and his arms around his warrior mate's neck. Knowing what Dillon needed, Shane submissively tilted his head to the side. Dillon growled again, and Shane felt his mate's hard cock rub against his. Shane buried his head in Dillon's neck as he felt his mate's fangs in the side of his neck.

Trying not to cry out with the pleasure of being claimed, Shane sucked hard on Dillon's neck. His cock had instantly hardened when Dillon had pressed his body against Shane's. Now that his mate was claiming him, Shane couldn't help it when his cock exploded in his jeans. When Dillon started thrusting his cock against Shane's while he

was still having his orgasm, Shane thought he would pass out from the pleasure.

Instead, he stopped sucking on Dillon's neck and bit him. Shane hadn't even noticed when his fangs had come out, but there he now was, claiming his mate for all to see.

"Yeah, that's it, baby," Dillon hissed as he held Shane's head down to his neck. It took only seconds until he felt Dillon stiffen, then groan as his mate came. Shane lifted his head, making sure to lick his mating marks closed on Dillon's neck. Leaning his head back until it fell against the SUV, Shane stared into his mate's eyes. After a few moments of just looking at each other, Dillon slowly smiled. "Sorry, baby, it seems I'm a little possessive and jealous."

"I'm sorry I wasn't thinking about what I was sayin' earlier," Shane whispered before giving Dillon a soft kiss. "I was bein' nervous and a ramblin', but that's no excuse. That wasn't bein' a conversation for everyone to hear."

"It's okay, Shane," Dillon replied gently. "We're both new to this. We'll figure it out as we go along."

"And I'm glad ya are a little possessive and jealous." Shane giggled as Dillon lowered him to his feet. "I be likin' when ya get all domineerin' and passionate. Pushin' me up against the car and claimin' me be one of the hottest things I done ever be seenin'."

"Just wait until I get you back home, my little mate," Dillon whispered in Shane's ear as he opened the door for them. Shane's body shivered with desire at his mate's words as he climbed into the SUV. "And I wasn't kidding about spanking your hot little ass later, either. I know we all love our Dillon sandwiches, but I think there's going to be some one-on-one time as well."

"Oh, fuck," Shane moaned as Dillon swatted his ass right before he sat down. He turned and looked into Dillon's shocked eyes. Shane felt almost as surprised at his reaction as Dillon was. He'd never been spanked before. The idea always seemed demeaning. But feeling Dillon's big, strong hand on his ass right then made his cock swell.

"Great, I'm stuck in a car that smells of sex again." Micah groaned from the front seat. Shane felt his face flush with embarrassment as everyone got in the car. "Drive fast, Stefan. I need to get back to Riley."

"Just be quick with him." Stefan snickered as they started home. "He and I are going to be working on the tranqs later."

Everyone laughed at that, lightening the mood. Shane snuggled up to Dillon, glad he was able to see this side of all these warriors. It was good that they could have fun and joke around in the face of danger. Maybe centuries of going out on missions taught them how to deal with the stress? But mostly, Shane was warmed at how all of them were so anxious to get back to their mates.

He wondered if that's how Dillon felt when he went to check out Jacob's office. Would Dillon always be in a rush to get back to them as the years passed? Shane was pretty sure he would be when he felt Dillon wrap an arm around him. Smiling when Dillon kissed the top of his head, Shane loved that Dillon was openly affectionate with him.

It didn't take long to get back home. At most, it was a half an hour before they were pulling into the driveway and parking the car. Shane smiled as he saw Sean, Noah, Patrick, and the doc all standing on the porch waiting for them. As they started to get out of the SUV, Sean ran and jumped into Dillon's waiting arms.

Noah and Patrick were right behind him, running to their own mates. Micah raced to Riley, who was leaning against one of the railings. The big warrior swooped a chuckling doc and raced inside with him. Guess it wasn't cool for a doctor to be running like a lovesick puppy to his mate? Probably had more to do with Riley being so much older than the others, more reserved. Whatever the reason, it was still amusing to see everyone's welcome.

They all headed into the living room where Shane booted up his computer. In moments, he was ready for show-and-tell time. Shane showed them how they could scroll through the different cameras located throughout the facility.

"There they are," Micah said, pointing to the screen where the five vampires were bound in a holding cell. It looked like they were out for the count. "All right, so we know they're okay. It's Sunday, so we don't know who's all involved. We'll take turns watching who has interaction with the vampires because everyone there might not know about them."

"Then we go in Tuesday and get them out," Stefan continued. "That way we make sure to get all the humans involved wiped as well."

"Sounds like a plan," Sean said, smiling. Shane nodded along with the plan, but he was focused more on Dillon. He was walking out of the room, talking in hushed tones on his cell phone. Whatever it was, it seemed he wanted to deal with it alone. Shane stood up and headed to their room for a shower, hoping Dillon would feel comfortable enough to talk about it with them later.

\* \* \* \*

"Hello, Desmond," Dillon said as he answered his phone after checking the caller ID. Walking out of the living room where everyone was gathered, he headed into the office Manus and Michan used. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, Dillon, yourself?"

"We're making progress here," Dillon replied, guarded. With the technology today, they were always careful what they said over the phone. Mentioning they were going to break into a facility holding vampires, get their guys out, and wipe the minds of the humans over the phone wasn't smart. "What can I do for you?"

"It's actually what I can do for you." Desmond chuckled. "The Council has decided to grant you stay in Ireland. You will be permanently transferred there, only to be called upon if a need should arise in the area. Manus or Michan O'Hagan will be your contacts

with the Council if you are needed. I assume all this is acceptable with you?"

"Desmond, I don't even know how to thank you," Dillon said quietly. He felt weak in the knees and sat in the closest chair. "Yes, I'm thrilled. I never dreamed this would be the outcome."

"We all agreed that you have been an exemplary warrior for many centuries," Desmond replied. "If anyone deserves to have a life with their mates wherever they choose, it's you, Dillon. Granted, you'll still be on active duty, but you'll be kept to the UK. If something serious comes up and backup is needed, they'll talk to you on a case-by-case basis."

"Of course, I'm not trying to stop being a warrior," Dillon stated as he ran his hand through his hair. "I just wanted my mates not to have to leave their family. Plus, you know they'd be in danger if they get anywhere near my father."

"About that," Desmond said slowly. Dillon knew that tone of voice. He'd just gotten the good news first and here came the bad news. "The Council served your father notice that you had found your mates. As our laws state, he handed over the Dragos portfolio. He obviously had some questions as to why the Council was getting involved. We explained that there was a distance issue. That you wouldn't be returning to the Dragos compound."

"He wants to name Isaac as heir, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does," Desmond replied. "It actually has nothing to do with you being mated to men. Abraham wasn't told about that. It really has to do with the handling of the compound and his heir actually being here to be his heir. I can't say I don't disagree with his perspective."

"I understand as well, Desmond," Dillon said, nodding even though Desmond obviously couldn't see it. But his father had a point. He had responsibilities as the Dragos heir. If he chose to stay in Ireland with his mates, Abraham should be allowed to choose Isaac to be his heir. "For centuries, I might not have agreed with my father or



the way he did things. But I believed him to be an honorable man, and I was proud to be a Dragos.

"That changed the minute I heard the way he talked to Noah that day in the hospital," Dillon explained, trying to hide the emotion in his voice. "That's when I finally saw my father for who he really was. The years of hiding Noah for the person he was, the person who wasn't good enough to be a Dragos. And I was ashamed to be a Dragos, the Dragos heir. I don't care about being a Dragos anymore. I do care that I found my mates, and in the two days I've known them, they have shown me more love than in the centuries I've been alive."

"And you'd do anything to keep that love," Desmond finished for Dillon.

"Yes, I really would. I'll gladly sign over my rights as the Dragos heir if it will keep Shane and Sean safe."

"You're a good man, Dillon," Desmond told him. "Even if your father can't tell you that, or will say horrible things when he finds out you're mated to two men. I would have been proud if you were my son. I'm proud of you even though you aren't. You are always welcomed at our house and in our lives. I hope you know that?"

"I do, Desmond," Dillon answered as he wiped away the tears that started to fall down his cheeks. "You and Elena have been so wonderful to me and especially my brothers. I do have one thing I need you to swear to me."

"Anything, Dillon."

"Remus and Stefan are good men. I respect them. I need your word that if I do this and stay in Ireland, you'll protect and watch after my brothers as if they were your own sons."

"To me and Elena, they are our sons, Dillon," Desmond told him. "They are mates to our children. We love Noah and Patrick as if they were our own. I swear on my honor that I will always do for them as I would my own blood."

"Thank you, Desmond," Dillon said, letting out the breath he didn't realize he was holding. "Thank you for everything."

"You are very welcome, Dillon. I still have more news for you," Desmond continued. "Abraham has still given you an inheritance."

"He doesn't have to do that. I know it's not normal for anyone but the heir to receive inheritances."

"Well, he did it anyways," Desmond replied. "It's done."

"I guess I should thank him," Dillon said, standing and starting to pace the room. "But I can't seem to be grateful after what he's done to Noah and Patrick."

"It's yours to do with what you please. But if you ask someone with more years and experience than you, they might suggest you split it with your brothers."

"I think that's great advice," Dillon answered, chuckling. Leave it to Desmond Marius to find a way to give advice without really giving advice. "So, what now?"

"I'll have everything sent to you at the O'Hagans," Desmond explained. "I might also suggest you discuss this with your mates before signing everything."

"I agree, and I planned to."

"Good. Then you send everything back with one of my sons, and you're free. But you haven't asked the one question I've been waiting for."

"I'm guessing that it's how much am I getting? It was never about the money to me, Desmond."

"I realize that, Dillon," Desmond replied gently. "But it's still something you need to know if you are going to split it with your brothers and use it to build a life for you and your mates."

"Okay, I'll bite. How much is it?"

"Four hundred twenty-five million."

"I'm sorry, can you say that again?" Dillon asked in a whisper. This time he didn't even have time to sit in the nearest chair when his knees gave out. He sank to his knees in the middle of the floor. "Did you really just say four hundred twenty-five million? As in millions of dollars?"

"Yes, Dillon, I did." Desmond chuckled. "You deserve some type of inheritance. And while I'm sure that's a lot more than you ever expected, you know it won't stay that figure if Abraham finds out your mates are men."

"Yeah, that's a pretty good guess," Dillon answered. "Thank you for everything, Desmond. I'll talk to my mates after I have some time to wrap my head around all of this. I-I need to think."

"Of course," Desmond said softly. "Give my love to my sons and their mates for me, would you?"

"Yes, absolutely. I'll call you after I get the paperwork."

"That's all I ask. Good luck, Dillon," Desmond finished as they hung up the phone. Dillon sat back on his feet and stared at the phone as if it just bit him. Four hundred twenty-five million dollars! Well, that was a fucking surprise. Dillon realized he was having trouble breathing. The shock of it all made it impossible for him to move right that moment.

Instead, he sent Patrick, Noah, and Micah a text to their cell phones that he needed to see them and Riley. He also put in there not to alert Shane or Sean. They didn't need to be worried.

"What's wrong, Dillon?" Noah asked a few moments later when he walked into the office. Not only had the people he asked come, but Stefan and Remus as well.

"Can't breathe," Dillon choked out as he looked at Riley. Immediately, Riley was next to him, checking Dillon out.

"What's wrong with him?" he heard Patrick squeak out. "Is it a reaction from the dart?"

"No, he's having a panic attack," Riley stated. "Dillon, you need to calm down. I don't know what's got you so freaked out, but you're going to be fine. Just take a slow breath in through your mouth."

As hard as Dillon tried to listen to Riley, he just couldn't seem to get air. He started to really freak out then, clawing at his neck. A moment later, Noah and then Patrick wrapped their arms around him.

"It's okay, Dillon," Noah cooed as he petted Dillon's hair. "Whatever it is, we're here, okay? You're not alone. Just take a deep breath."

Something in Noah's voice, or maybe when he realized Patrick was crying, got through to him. Dillon slowly was able to take a few breaths. He closed his eyes and just concentrated on breathing in and out.

"Just keep breathing, Dillon," Riley said, squatting down in front of him. "It's starting to pass. Can someone grab him some water?"

Dillon heard some movement, but he didn't take his eyes off Riley's calm, patient ones. After a few minutes, he finally felt normal. He moved his arms to hug his brother's back.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you," Dillon whispered. "I just needed to talk to you, but then I was having trouble breathing."

"What's wrong, Dillon?" Noah asked. "Whatever it is, you can tell us, and we can deal with it."

"Can I get something to drink first?" he asked. Stefan leaned down and handed him a glass of water. Dillon took a few sips before handing it back to Stefan and sitting his butt on the floor. He crossed his legs and moved one brother to each side of him. "I just talked with Desmond. He sends his love to all of you, by the way."

"Is everything okay at home?" Micah asked, sounding worried.

"Yes, it's fine," Dillon answered, nodding his head. "It's been approved by the Council. I'm staying in Ireland with my mates."

"That's a good thing, right? I mean, why would that give you a panic attack?" Noah asked, looking up at Dillon, confused.

"I don't think that's why I flipped out," Dillon answered, taking another deep breath. "I just agreed to give up being the Dragos heir. Abraham has offered me a large inheritance. Everything is just happening really fast. I've spent centuries being a warrior at home. Then I come here, and I meet my mates. And they'll be in danger if I go back home with them, but now I'm staying here, but I have to give

up being the Dragos heir, not that I really care so much about that anymore..."

"Whoa, slow down, Dillon," Riley said. "Just keep breathing, or you're going to have another attack. You've had a lot thrown at you. Take it one step at a time, and keep breathing."

"Okay," Dillon whispered as he took another deep breath. "I'm giving up being the Dragos heir. The paperwork should be here in a couple of days. It's my official transfer to being a warrior for the European Council, staying in Ireland. Manus and Michan will be my contact if they need me."

"That's what you want, right?" Micah asked as they all started to sit in a semi-circle facing him.

"Yes, I don't want my mates to have to leave their family," Dillon replied, squeezing his brothers tighter. "When Abraham finds out I'm mated to two men, he's going to shit purple kittens. But that means I'm moving away from my brothers."

"We can come and visit, Dillon," Patrick said, hugging him back tighter as well. "You can visit, and we can call each other. Stefan and Remus won't let anything happen to us. Shane and Sean need you here. We'll be just fine."

"I know," Dillon said sadly. "I just feel like I failed you both again as your older brother. But I also made Desmond swear he would take care of you both as if you were his own sons."

"We can take care of our mates." Stefan growled. Before Dillon could say anything, Remus and Micah both whacked him upside the head.

"It's not about his lack of trust in us, idiot." Remus snickered at Stefan's pissed off face. "Even though I'm mated, you still look out for me as my older brother. Dillon's just doing the same."

"Exactly," Dillon added, nodding his head. "I just needed to know Desmond, as the head of the Marius family, would do everything in his power to keep our father away from Noah and Patrick."

"And, of course, he agreed," Micah said, smiling. "Noah and Patrick are like sons to our parents."

"Desmond said the same thing." Dillon snickered. "But it still made me feel better to hear him say it."

"Of course." Riley nodded. "Okay, so that was part one of this. Take a couple more deep breaths, and tell us the rest."

Dillon complied with the doc's instructions before continuing. "As the eldest and heir, my role would be at home and the Dragos compound. Since I'm staying, Abraham asked I give up being heir to Isaac. He doesn't know my mates are men, and I understand why he's asking. It's just a big change. I've been the Dragos heir for centuries."

"Are you not wanting to give that up?" Noah asked.

"No, I'm fine with giving it up," Dillon answered. "I think it was just so much in one conversation. I told Desmond being the Dragos heir hasn't meant much to me since I found out what Abraham did to you, Noah. And then to Patrick. I haven't wanted to be the heir since then. But again, I've been the heir for so long. It's a big change."

"So what's the last part?" Patrick asked. "You said something about an inheritance."

"Abraham is giving me an inheritance since I don't want the compound and the title of Dragos heir," Dillon explained. "And I talked it over with Desmond. I want to split it with you and Noah."

"I've got more money than I know what to do with," Noah answered. "My book sales are good, and I live at the Marius mansion. I appreciate it, Dillon, but I don't need money."

"I don't have any money of my own," Patrick said quietly. "But I live at the Marius mansion, too. And Stefan and I are mated. What's his is mine, and vice versa. So I guess we would need to talk about that."

"We don't need money, baby," Stefan said. "It's up to you, though, Patrick. I know you not having money that you see as your own bothers you sometimes. If you want to take the inheritance Dillon's offering, I won't be upset."

"I love you," Patrick said to Stefan, turning out of Dillon's arms to kiss his mate. "I guess it really doesn't matter to me. If you want to, Dillon, I guess it's cool."

"Well, how about you guys think about it, okay?" Dillon asked. "It's a lot of money Abraham is giving me. And it really just doesn't seem fair that I'm the only one. I guess I'd just feel better if we share it."

"What do you mean, a lot of money?" Noah asked hesitantly.

"Four hundred twenty-five million dollars," Dillon answered. He swallowed so loudly, he was sure everyone could hear it. But looking around at the shocked faces and mouths hanging open, staring at him as if he just grew a second head, made him nervous. "Yes, I said four hundred twenty-five million dollars. I made Desmond repeat it to me as well."

"Well, fuck," Patrick whispered, "that's a lot of fucking money."

Dillon simply nodded. His little brother had hit his feelings on the head. It was a lot of fucking money.

## Chapter 6

"Um, Manus?" Dillon asked a while later when they all walked out of the office into the living room. "Can I please speak with you, Michan, and Brighid in private?"

"Aye, Dillon," Manus said, raising a hand to call over Michan and Brighid. They walked across the room and followed Manus and Dillon into the office. It took a few moments for all of them to get settled in before Dillon spoke.

"The Council has approved my transfer to Ireland," Dillon told them. "My official papers should be here in a few days."

"Oh, thank god," Brighid said as she threw herself into Dillon's arms. "Thank ya so much, Dillon. I know ya have to leave yur family and yur home for this. I'm just so glad to know me sons will be safe."

"As always, our wife has put it in ta words perfectly," Manus stated. "Thank ya, lad."

"There's more," Dillon replied as he released Brighid. "I'm also giving up my claim as the Dragos heir and receiving an inheritance."

"Are ya okay with giving that up?" Michan asked, raising an eyebrow. "Most heirs wouldn't be willing to do that."

"I want Shane and Sean to be safe and happy," Dillon answered. "If giving up being heir is what it takes, I'm fine with it."

"There's more you want to say?" Manus asked, leaning forward in his chair and resting his arms on his knees. "Go ahead, lad. Ya be family now. Ya can say whatever ya need to be sayin'."

"I want to know if there is land I can buy in the area," Dillon answered. "Or if I can buy some on the edge of your property so I can



build a house for us. I want to stay close to your family. I'm sure Shane and Sean want that as well. But we need our own place."

"Of course ya do." Brighid nodded adamantly. "Ya be startin' ya own family. Ya need a home of yur own."

"Thank you for understanding," Dillon said, sighing with relief. "I want to give Shane and Sean a house of our own but close as can be to their family."

"Ya can build a house on our land," Manus replied, smiling. "Ya don't have to be buyin' the land from us, Dillon."

"I'm more than willing to," Dillon said, holding up his hand when they started to protest. "The inheritance is large enough to probably buy Ireland. I've offered to split it with my brothers, but even then it's very, very large. I don't know the area, though, or if there's adjacent land to buy. So that's why I'm coming to you."

"Ta farm next door is actually up for sale," Michan answered. "The owner approached us about buyin' him out, but we don't have that kind of money. If ya done like, we can set up something so ya can talk with him."

"That would be great," Dillon responded, smiling. "That way we'd be really close but not take land away from your crops. And we could even expand if we have the other farm. I'll be honest, I don't know the first thing about farming. I'm a warrior, but I'm willing to learn."

"Me sons are lucky to have ya," Brighid whispered, hugging him again. "I couldn't have asked for a better mate for me lads."

"They've given me more in two days than I could have hoped to get in a lifetime," he replied softly. "I'm the lucky one. I have two men willing to love me, even with all my faults. I'd do anything to make them happy."

"I'll call the owner," Manus said, standing and stepping toward him. "After we done get the vampires back, I'll make sure ya can be meetin' with him."

"Thank you, Manus," Dillon replied as Brighid turned to hug her husbands. "I'm going to find Sean and Shane to talk to them about all of this."

"We'll warn everyone to be ready for the squeals." Michan snickered. "Thank you for putting them first, Dillon."

"It's what being mates is all about," Dillon said, smiling as he opened the office door and walked out. He literally ran right into one of his mates. "Hey, Sean. I need to talk with you and Shane. Do you know where he is?"

"He be upstairs takin' a shower," Sean said cautiously, searching Dillon's face. "Should I be worried?"

"No, baby." Dillon chuckled as he leaned down to kiss Sean's lips. He got a kick out of how guarded his little mate could be. "I'm pretty sure you and Shane will be very happy with what I have to say."

"Well then, let's done go find him," Sean said, taking his hand and dragging Dillon along. "Now I be curious."

Dillon's only response was to chuckle as they made their way upstairs and to the joint bathroom all the O'Hagan boys shared.

"I-I'm hooked on a feelin'," Dillon heard Shane singing on the other side of the door. He grinned widely as he quietly opened the door. What he saw on the other side turned his brain to mush and got his cock rock hard. "I'm high on believin' that yur in love with me!"

Dillon watched as Shane danced around the shower stall. He was doing the dance that was floating around the internet years ago. It was funny when the little animated baby did the dance, but it was sexy as hell when Shane did it. Dillon's mate was totally unaware that they were there as he watched Shane shake his firm little ass. Just then, Shane turned in his dance and saw them. He instantly turned red and stopped dancing then lowered his head.

"Don't stop," Dillon said, his voice low and husky, filled with lust. "Watching you shake your tight ass has me rock hard."

"What?" Shane asked, his head popping up to look at Dillon. "Ya were turned on?"

"Oh, yeah." Dillon growled as he stalked toward the shower. Without a thought in his head besides touching Shane, he opened the door and stepped in. Dillon didn't give a shit that he was still fully dressed. Without another word, he picked Shane up into his arms and pressed him against the wall of the shower. Dillon claimed Shane's lips. There was nothing gentle about the kiss. It was fierce and demanding.

Shane melted against Dillon, wrapping his arms and legs around his fully dressed mate. Dillon's hands roamed down from under Shane's arms to hold him up by his ass. Still kissing Shane, Dillon started massaging Shane's ass. The moan he got from Shane only spurred him on. He delved deeper into Shane's mouth with his tongue, demanding submission to his passion.

"Ya still be dressed," Sean said from behind Dillon, starting to unbutton his jeans.

"Wow," Shane whispered against Dillon's lips when they finally broke the kiss, his eyes black with lust. Dillon thought it was hot the way their eyes went from silver to black when they were turned on. He'd never have to wonder if his mates were up for some fun. "I should be dancin' for ya more often."

"Any time you want, baby." Dillon growled as he lowered Shane back on his feet. He whipped off his soaked shirt and then started to help Sean finish undressing him. It was only then he realized Sean had already taken off all his clothes as well. Dillon let out a fierce growl as he lifted Sean up and gave him the same kiss he had just given Shane. Sean squeaked with surprise at the attack but quickly melted into the kiss as well.

"I think it's time we give Dillon a showin' of why two mates be better than one," Shane purred after Sean and Dillon broke their kiss. "What ya be thinkin', Sean?"

"Oh, yeah, I think it done long overdue." Sean giggled and reached for the soap.

"What are you guys talking about?" Dillon asked, turning so he could see both of them. "I've more than experienced how great it is to have two mates take care of me."

"Not in every way ya can experience two men at once," Shane snickered as he put his hands on Dillon's shoulders and turned him slightly. He pulled Dillon down to kiss him again as Sean ran his soapy hands over Dillon's ass. Groaning at the dual sensations, he renewed his attack on Shane's mouth. Licking, sucking, and nibbling on Shane's lips before delving back inside his mate's mouth.

"Oh, fuck," Dillon cried out as Sean pushed two fingers into his ass at once. The slight pinch of pain was just the icing on the cake of his intense pleasure. Before he could react, Shane moved Dillon's hands to brace himself, bent over slightly, against the wall of the shower. Then he watched in awe as Shane slid to his knees and wrapped his hands around Dillon's hard cock.

"I been wantin' a taste of ya since I first be seenin' ya," Shane said as he looked up at Dillon. Slowly, Dillon watched as Shane licked the tip of his cock and the pre-cum that had been leaking from it. Dillon locked his knees and elbows as he suddenly felt like his joints were going to give out.

"Next time, one of us be lickin' ya cock," Sean purred behind him as he slid in a third finger. "And the other be rimmin' this tight hole I'm about to fuck."

"Oh, god, yes." Dillon moaned loudly. He couldn't believe the sensations coming from getting his first blow job. Shane's tongue was hot, wet heaven. His mate stroked him gently as he licked around the mushroom head of his cock.

"I think he be ready, Sean," Shane said, picking up speed with his hand.

"All right, brace yurself, Shane," Sean replied as he pulled his fingers from Dillon's ass. He whimpered the loss, only to groan when

Sean thrust his cock into Dillon. Sean was in balls deep in one hard push. "This be done goin' to be a rough ride."

Shane winked up at Dillon before wrapping his lips around Dillon's cock. He sucked it in halfway before reaching around and grabbing Dillon's ass cheeks and pulling them apart to give Sean better access. Dillon couldn't help himself. He started thrusting his hips before Sean even moved. Every time he pushed forward, Shane swallowed his cock down. And when he thrust back, Dillon impaled himself onto Sean's cock.

Sean let him lead for a bit before grabbing Dillon's hips tightly and taking over. He pounded into Dillon, causing Dillon to push his cock hard into Shane's waiting mouth. Shane moaned around his cock, the vibrations quickly pushing Dillon closer to his release.

"Now, Shane," Sean grunted behind him as he pounded harder into Dillon. Both men held on to Dillon as tightly as they could, keeping Dillon's hips still. Just then, Dillon felt Shane's fangs bite into his cock. Screaming out in pleasure, Dillon's climax hit him so hard he thought he would faint. He felt Shane swallow every drop of Dillon's seed as it shot into his waiting throat.

"Fuckin' A," Sean cried as his cock exploded in Dillon's ass. His hot cum filling Dillon up, only adding to the pleasure of the experience. Just as his climax subsided, Shane let Dillon's spent cock slide from his mouth. Dillon felt hands gently catch him before he fell and lower him to the floor. He groaned as Sean's cock left his ass as he first knelt then sat down on the tile. Dillon wrapped his arms around Shane as Sean hugged him from behind.

"Oh-my-god," Dillon panted as he tried to control his heart rate. "We are so going to have a huge shower in our house."

"Our house?" Shane asked, lifting up his head to meet Dillon's gaze. "What ya be meanin', our house?"

"That's what I came to talk to you about." Dillon chuckled, then shivered as he realized the hot water had run out sometime during the

fun. "And we're getting a larger water heater for our longer showers. But let's get out before we freeze, and I'll explain."

Gently, Sean wrapped his arms under Dillon's and helped him to his feet. Dillon's knees still felt like Jell-O as he walked out of the shower. Shane followed and handed him a towel before wrapping one around himself. They walked out of the bathroom, Sean having shut off the water, and headed into their room. Once they were all seated on the bed, Dillon facing his twin mates who sat next to each other, he started to fill them in.

He told them about the approved transfer to Ireland. Then explained about giving up being the Dragos heir and his inheritance. He didn't tell them how much yet, just that it was enough to buy the farm for sale next door to their family farm. Dillon had started off slowly, but when his mates just stared at him without saying a word, he started rambling. Finally, when he was done, he couldn't take their intense gazes and looked down at his hands.

"Are ya serious?" Shane finally asked in a whisper. "We not be leavin' Ireland?"

"I thought that's what you wanted?" Dillon asked as his head flew up to look at them. "I knew it would make you unhappy to leave your family."

"But we were willin' to do it to be with ya," Sean said, laying his hand on Dillon's knee. "Ya didn't have to give up yur position as heir for us."

"I don't care about being the Dragos heir anymore," Dillon said, taking Sean's then Shane's hands in his. "I care about making my mates happy. Keeping you both safe and surrounded by the people you love. I thought you'd be happy to stay here and buy the farm next door?"

"We are," Shane answered as he squeezed Dillon's hand. "It be more than we ever could have dreamed for. But at what cost to ya, Dillon? We want ya to be happy, too. If ya are going to give all this up to be with us, can ya be happy as well?"

"All I need is the two of you to be happy," Dillon whispered, looking from one twin to the other. "My brothers can visit, and we can visit them. But this way, I won't be going out on missions as often. We can be right next door to your family. And I can always make sure they are safe and close to you both."

"But ya love bein' a warrior," Sean said gently. "It's who ya are, like ya bein' the Dragos heir. We don't want ya to have to change who ya are or give up what you love to be with us."

"I'm not, I'm still going to be a warrior," Dillon answered, shaking his head. "And I haven't cared about being the Dragos heir or the name since I found out how my father had been treating my brothers."

"Why would ya do all of this for us?" Shane asked, scooting closer to him. "Ya are giving up so much, and we be getting everything. If we do this, Sean and I don't have to sacrifice anything and you, everything."

"Because I love you both," Dillon whispered after he dropped his head down. He hadn't realized that truly was the answer until Shane asked the question. Now that he had admitted it, Dillon had never been so scared in all of his life. After barely two days of knowing them, he just told them that he loved them. What if they didn't love him? He wasn't sure he could take it if they didn't.

Instead of answering verbally, both men threw themselves at Dillon, knocking him backward on the bed. They were both giggling and peppering him with kisses all over his face and neck. Dillon just lay there, frozen under their assault, confused as to what was going on. Shane must have realized it first because he lifted his head and looked into Dillon's eyes.

"We be lovin' ya, too, Dillon," Shane explained with tears in his eyes. "Sean and me already be talkin' about how much we love ya after only two days. And to know ya feel the same and want to be givin' us everything we done ever wanted. Well, we're over the moon kind of thrilled."

"You love me?" Dillon asked in a whisper as Sean raised his head to look at Dillon as well. "Why?"

"Yes, we be lovin' ya something fierce," Sean answered, smiling. "And why? Well, for one, ya are the hottest damn thing we ever be seein'. Two, ya instantly be givin' us yur trust. Look at how you gave us ya self. It was ya first time, and ya be givin' that to me and Shane. Three, ya thanked us when we yelled at ya for getting hurt, seeing it as a sign that we cared about ya."

"Four, ya the best lay we done ever been havin'," Shane continued, giggling before getting serious. "And now ya be figurin' out a way so we can stay close to our family and in Ireland. Ya already talked to our ma and das about buyin' the farm next door and building a house for us. How can we not love ya? Ya have such a big heart and want to share it with us. We realized we were fallin' for ya the moment ya came back home unconscious."

"We were scared out of our minds that we be losin' ya," Sean said, pushing Dillon's hair away from his face. "And ya not be scared about losin' someone unless ya love them. We were more than willin' to go back with ya to America and build a life with ya there."

"I wanted to stay here with you, though," Dillon said. "To me, the only thing I'm giving up is being able to see my brothers whenever I want. But I can still see them. What I'm getting are two loving mates who want no one but me. Plus, I'm already half in love with Brighid. Manus and Michan are great men. You have a loving family here, like the Marius' back home. But here, I'm a part of that. Not just watching my brothers be a part of it from the outside. I would do anything to keep that and make you both happy."

"And ya be wondering why we love ya?" Shane giggled as he kissed Dillon quickly on the lips. A second later, Sean did the exact same thing.

"So that be what ya were talking about with everyone in the office earlier?" Sean asked, raising an eyebrow.



"Well, Desmond called to tell me about all the changes," Dillon said, sitting back up to explain. He felt bad for not talking to his mates about it first. "Your dads asked me not to tell you I had asked for a transfer until we knew if I could get it. They didn't want to get your hopes up in case it didn't work out."

"That sounds like our das," Shane replied, rolling his eyes. "But from now on, no more secrets. We be mates. We tell each other everything, agreed?"

"Yes, agreed," Dillon answered, nodding. "I'm happy about the transfer and staying here, I am. But after so much change in such a short time, it was kind of a shock. I had some trouble breathing and called my brothers in to talk to them about the inheritance. Riley said I had a panic attack."

"Are ya bein' okay?" Sean asked as his eyes went wide with worry. "We don't have to be stayin' if it causes ya to panic."

"No, I want to stay." Dillon chuckled, shrugging his shoulders. "It was just a lot to deal with. And the inheritance is a lot of fucking money, as Patrick put it, perfectly. I talked to Desmond about sharing it with my brothers since they didn't get a penny from my father. It really only seemed fair to offer."

"Aye, I think that be the right thing to do," Sean said. Shane nodded his agreement. "What did they say?"

"That they didn't need the money," Dillon answered, smiling. "I left it for them to think about. But even if we split it three ways, I'm still getting almost one hundred forty-two million dollars."

Dillon chuckled as both his mates froze and their mouths hung open.

"Now you get why I was in such shock," Dillon said as he nodded at them. Then he reached out and closed both their mouths gently. "I didn't tell Brigid or your dads just how much money we have now."

"What ya mean, we?" Shane asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Ya dad offered ya four hundred twenty-five million dollars to give up bein' the heir?" Sean asked at the same time. "Holy fuck."

"I mean we," Dillon responded, scrunching his eyebrows. "We're mates. What is mine is yours. And yes, four hundred twenty-five million dollars is my inheritance. It's coming in a couple of days with the rest of the paperwork. We'll open some joint accounts. Put most of it into savings, and some into a checking account. We'll get some debit cards, so you can use the money if you need or want to."

"Wow, hot, single, rich, and all ours," Sean purred as he leaned in to lick Dillon's lips. Dillon couldn't control the shiver that ran through his body. "We be the luckiest guys ever."

"We don't care about the money, Dillon," Shane said, leaning toward Dillon's face to kiss him as well. "We just be wantin' you."

"You have me, all of me," Dillon whispered as he held on to his mates and pulled them into his arms. "You know what I want?"

"What that be, mate?" Sean asked.

"I want to try what Shane did to me," Dillon whispered against their hair. "I've never done it before, and well... it felt really amazing. And I want to try to do it with you both. Well, one at a time, that is."

"Ya want to be suckin' our cocks?" Shane asked as he leaned back to see Dillon's face. The grin that was on his mate's lips almost made Dillon laugh out loud. "I think that can be arranged."

"I volunteer me self," Sean said, pulling away and lying on his back. He pulled off his towel, revealing his rock-hard cock. Dillon and Shane looked at each other before bursting out laughing. "I'm more than willing to be ya guinea pig."

"Oh, that's big of ya." Shane giggled as they both crawled closer to Sean. "Ya suck on Sean while he sucks on ya."

"What about you?" Dillon asked, turning to Shane. "You just going to watch?"

"No, I'm goin' be fuckin' ya arse," his little mate replied as he wiggled his eyebrows at Dillon. "I'm thinkin' that be all right with ya?"

"Yeah," Dillon squeaked out at the visual his mates were painting for him. "We're buying a really big bed in the new house."

"Aye, that be an assumed," Sean replied as he turned his body around so Dillon's ass would be on the edge of the bed over his head. "Now straddle my head so I can suck ya cock."

Dillon gulped loudly and nodded, unable to talk since he was sure he swallowed his tongue. He crawled along the bed and positioned one knee on either side of Sean's head. Then he leaned down and licked the tip of Sean's cock. He groaned at the taste of his mate's pre-cum. It was like sweet wine against his tongue.

Without even thinking about his lack of experience, Dillon delved into sucking his mate's cock. He swallowed it all the way down, pulling back when he started choking.

"Just relax ya throat and take it slow," Sean said, his voice full of lust. Dillon heeded his directions and slowly sucked in an inch at a time. Working his head up and down the cock, he used his tongue to swirl around the gorgeous mushroom head each time. "Oh, yea, that be it."

Dillon felt Sean's tongue run along the side of his cock, and it only spurred him on his own task. Just then, Shane grabbed the cheeks of his ass as he pushed in two lubed fingers. Dillon moaned around Sean's cock. Shane quickly stretched Dillon out, probably realizing that he was missing all the fun. Almost as fast, Shane pulled out his fingers and started pushing in his cock.

"Hold still," Shane growled, smacking Dillon hard on the ass when he started to squirm. Dillon gasped in surprise. Calm, reserved Shane had a forceful side. Even as he bottomed out, Shane started pounding into Dillon's ass much harder than Dillon would ever have thought. He loved every single second of it. Dillon's moans got even louder around Sean's cock.

It took only moments before he felt Sean stiffen under him. Then the cock Dillon was sucking exploded, sending Sean's warm seed down his throat. He swallowed mouthful after mouthful of his mate's sweet cum. Just then, Sean's fangs bit into Dillon's cock. Dillon lifted his head off of Sean's spent cock and roared out his release.

"Fuck, so good." Shane growled as he picked up the pace, thrusting faster and harder into his ass. Shane's big cock hit Dillon's sweet spot each time he pushed in, extending his orgasm for what seemed like eternity. Shane screamed as he came, shooting stream after stream of hot seed in Dillon's ass. When he was finally spent, Shane collapsed on Dillon's back.

Dillon slid both of them to the side of Sean. Careful not to hurt either mate, they lay in a pile of bodies, limbs thrown all over each other.

"Damn, that was fun." Sean giggled as he was the first to recover. "Now I be ready for bed."

"Well, at least we don't have to move then." Dillon chuckled, though he did anyways. Getting up and grabbing a few wet washcloths after, he cleaned up himself. He went and cleaned up his mates, smiling when he realized they had both fallen asleep. When he was done, he pulled both of them up into the bed and yanked the covers over all of them. He fell asleep with one mate on either side of him.

## **Chapter 7**

It was the middle of the night when Shane rolled over and looked into Dillon's open eyes.

"Ya bein' awake," Shane whispered. "Sean still asleep?"

"He's out like a light," Dillon replied just as quietly. "I felt you move a while back. It woke me up."

"Sorry," Shane said, frowning. "I didn't mean to wake ya up."

"Why are you up, baby?"

"Ya feel like takin' a walk with me?" Shane asked, searching Dillon's eyes.

"Yeah, we can do that," Dillon answered, smiling as they started to move out of bed. They were careful not to wake Sean as they got dressed and left the room.

Once outside a few minutes later, Shane took Dillon's hand and started over toward the barn. They walked in silence for several minutes, but Dillon finally spoke when they got to their destination.

"What's on your mind, baby?" Dillon asked as he turned Shane to face him. "Why can't you sleep?"

"I know ya said ya be loving us, and I don't be doubtin' that," Shane said as he kicked a rock in the dirt, looking at his shoes. "I just be worried that givin' up what ya are is fine for now. But what about in a century, after ya have had time to calm down, maybe even forgive ya dad? Are ya goin' to resent me and Sean then because of all ya gave up for us?"

"Oh, Shane," Dillon whispered as he pulled Shane into his arms. Shane closed his eyes and breathed in his mate's masculine scent. God, he loved the way Dillon smelled. "That's not going to happen,

baby. I love you and Sean with all my heart. You didn't ask me to give anything up. It was my choice."

"I know that," Shane replied, lifting his head up from Dillon's shoulder so he could see into his mate's eyes. "Transferring to the European Council can be undone. If ya not bein' happy in Ireland, ya can ask to go back. But givin' up being heir to Dragos, that can't be undone. What if ya change yur mind later?"

"I can't promise that I might not be sad about it one day," Dillon answered. "But I can tell you that it feels like the right thing to do. And not just so I can stay here to be with you and Sean, but because of who I found out my father really is. I was horrified with what he did to Noah and Patrick. I was ashamed to be a Dragos. Do you understand?"

"Not really," Shane replied, shrugging his shoulders. "But that may be because of me family. I can't be imaginin' what ya be goin' through. My parents would never treat any of me brothers the way ya da treated yurs."

"That's part of why I want to stay, Shane," Dillon said, rubbing his hands up and down Shane's arms. "Your family loves each other so much. It's something I would never want you guys to give up. Hell, they've already shown me so much love, I don't want to give it up. My mother died giving birth to Noah. Even before that, she was so under my father's rule that she never gave us any open affection. My father saw that as making us weak, and we were warriors."

"I can't imagine how ya turned out as loving as ya are, bein' raised like that," Shane replied, shaking his head. He couldn't even begin to envision what Dillon's life had been like all those centuries. Shane loved his parents so much, and they loved him. He was raised with constant love and affection. "Are ya sure this is what ya want?"

"Yes, baby, I'm sure," Dillon answered, lowering his head to give Shane a quick kiss.

"Did ya also mean what ya said about the inheritance bein' all of ours?" Shane asked, looking over Dillon's face to register his reaction.

He felt his heart lighten when he saw Dillon's lips turn into a slow, wide smile.

"Absolutely, it's all of ours," Dillon answered. "Why? Is there something you need? If there is, you only have to tell me or get it when we get the joint accounts set up, baby."

"It's not me," Shane said, looking at his feet again. "I'm not sure if I should talk to ya about this. I'm not wantin' ya to think I'm taking advantage of yur kindness."

"Hey, now, no hiding anything from me," Dillon replied as he gently cupped Shane's chin with his hand and lifted it up to look at him. "We said no secrets. And I know you don't love me because of the money. I don't have a single doubt in my head about that. If there's something on your mind, or you think you can use that money to help your family, then that's what we'll do. Okay, baby?"

"How did ya know?" Shane asked with a whisper, feeling tears gathering in his eyes. "Did someone be tellin' ya about the drought last year?"

"No, but I'm not dense." Dillon chuckled as he pulled Shane into a hug. "I know your family doesn't have a lot of money. I've noticed the size of your farm. And while I don't know much about farming, I would assume most farms this size have hands to help with the work. At first, I thought it might be because it was easier to hide that you're vampires if you don't have people around all the time. But then I started noticing little things that showed your family was having money troubles. What can we do to help?"

"I love ya. Ya know that, right?" Shane replied, squeezing Dillon so hard he wasn't sure he wasn't leaving bruises. "Ya are so much more than I ever hoped for in a mate, more than Sean and I deserve."

"That's not true, and I'm the one who doesn't deserve you both," Dillon answered, kissing the top of Shane's head. "But whether I deserve you both or not, I'm not willing to give you up."

"Don't give us up ever, Dillon," Shane said, looking up into his mate's eyes with tears. "I don't think we be able to be livin' without ya now that we be findin' ya. I know I wouldn't want to."

"I love you, too, baby," Dillon whispered against his lips. "Now, what can we do to help your, I mean, our family?"

"I like the sound of that," Shane replied, smiling widely. "Our family, it has a nice ring to it."

"It does, doesn't it?" Dillon chuckled. "Maybe we can find a surrogate like Micah and Riley. I don't know about you and Sean, but I like the idea of having a houseful of little O'Hagan twins of our own."

"Aye, I be likin' that idea," Shane answered, running his hands over Dillon's chest. "And a few little Dillons as well. We can't be forgetting a few that would be havin' ya good looks."

"If you want," Dillon said, smiling widely. "Now, what does your family need?"

"Well, it's not the hands like ya been thinkin'," Shane answered. "We really don't have them because of what we are. It's easier to hide it. Plus, we are all so much stronger than humans. It's really not man power we be needin'. It's new equipment. The tractor is so old, it's not even funny. I know that the drought didn't be affectin' all the farms in the area because they had proper irrigation."

"Okay, give me a ballpark figure then," Dillon said, rubbing his chin in thought. "Say we could get everyone to help get this done because we don't want strangers in the farm observing us. How much for the new equipment your family has always dreamed of and the supplies for the irrigation?"

"I'm not really sure," Shane replied, his eyes widening. "I didn't mean for us to do all that. I just figured a new tractor and some more hosing. At most, diggin' a new well to get more water to the farther crops."

"Well, I want you to do some research for me," Dillon said. "Get your older brothers in on it if we need to. I think we should replace all



the old equipment and do whatever's needed to get in the irrigation that the farm needs. And if we are able to buy the farm next door, whatever's going to be needed there, too."

"Dillon, ya could be talkin' about millions of dollars." Shane gasped. He was totally unprepared for this to be Dillon's response to his concerns. "I wasn't meanin' to be spending so much of yur inheritance like that!"

"I know, baby," Dillon replied, smiling. "But what's the point of having all this money if we can't use it to help the people we love?"

"We'll talk to Sean tomorrow," Shane said, nodding, "fill him in. Then we can look up some equipment, get some ideas, and talk with Brian and Banning since they bein' the oldest."

"I think that's a great idea, Shane," Dillon answered, hugging him again. "Are those the only two things that were keeping you up?"

"Well, those were me only worries," Shane said, smiling against Dillon's shoulder. "The other thing I be thinkin' of involved that smack on my arse ya gave me earlier."

"Oh, really?" Dillon asked, his voice turning husky. It made Shane shiver down to his toes. "And what thoughts were you having about me smacking your firm little ass?"

"That I be likin' it," Shane purred as he started to run his hands up and down Dillon's muscular back. "I not be sure why, but I be likin' yur hand on me arse."

"Do you deserve to be spanked, Shane?" Dillon hissed as his tongue started to run along the edges of Shane's ear. "Have you been a naughty little mate?"

"I'm not sure, but I could be." Shane snickered as he felt Dillon's hands start to rub his ass. "I have been havin' dirty thoughts about this hot warrior that be showin' up at our door a few days ago. Does that be countin'?"

"I think I can work with that." Dillon chuckled as he reached back and opened the barn door. His big mate pulled them into the barn and closed the door behind them. Dillon pulled away from Shane and

found a hay bale to go sit down on. "Now, I want you to take off your clothes slowly for me. Then you're going to come over here and lie facedown on my lap."

"Okay," Shane squeaked out as he started to pull his shirt up and then over his head. He took his time running his hands down his now bare chest, only stopping when he reached the top button of his jeans. One by one, he started to unbutton his jeans. When he was done, he kicked off his sneakers then turned his back to Dillon. Grabbing the edges of his now open jeans, he bent over as he pulled them off, giving Dillon the complete view of his ass.

When he was done, he stepped out of his jeans and took the few steps to Dillon. Looking into his mate's lust-filled eyes, Shane lay down across Dillon's lap.

"That was perfect, baby," Dillon cooed as he started to rub one cheek of Shane's ass then the other. "Tell me if I do it too hard or you want to stop, okay?"

"I promise," Shane answered, grabbing on to the leg of Dillon's jeans. He groaned and wiggled his ass when he felt one strong hand land on his right ass cheek.

"You like that, baby, don't you?"

"Aye." He hissed before he felt two more swift smacks on his ass. "Harder, Dillon, spank me harder."

"Demanding for someone who's being punished." Dillon chuckled as he swatted Shane's ass several more times before rubbing it. The warmth of his ass radiated to Shane's groin, especially while Dillon was rubbing in. "Oh, I like the way my handprint looks on your ass, baby."

"More, please give me more," Shane begged. He drew in a sharp breath of air when Dillon complied, smacking him several more times. Shane cried out loudly when he felt Dillon's wet finger shove into his ass. "Aye, be rough with me, me big, strong mate."

"I noticed you liked it a little rough earlier." Dillon hissed as he wiggled his finger around in Shane's ass. While still fingering Shane,

he started to spank him even harder on one cheek then another. The alternating while playing with his tight hole was almost enough to push Shane over the edge. "Oh, my baby likes that."

Shane rubbed his hard, leaking cock against Dillon's jean-clad thigh. Loving the way the tough fabric bit into his cock, almost on the edge of painful. Just then, Dillon shoved in another finger roughly while still alternating which side of Shane's ass he spanked. The second finger is what finally pushed him over the edge. Screaming out Dillon's name, Shane climaxed so hard he thought he would pass out.

"That was fucking beautiful." Dillon growled as Shane came back down to earth. He felt Dillon move but didn't register what he was doing until Dillon stood Shane on his feet. Before he could even blink, Dillon was naked in front of him. "And now I'm going to fuck you harder than you've ever been fucked before, Shane."

"Oh, god, aye," Shane replied, shaking all over with desire. Dillon roughly pushed Shane face-first against the wall of the barn. He braced his hands on the wall, barely bending over so he was tighter for Dillon.

"I don't have any lube, baby." Dillon hissed as his cock pressed up against Shane's tight hole. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I be likin' it rough," Shane pleaded, wiggling his ass. "Fuck me so I can't walk for a week, Dillon. If I can't walk, ya just have to be carryin' me all the time."

"Hang on, Shane, this is going to be a rough ride," Dillon said before spitting in his hand and rubbing it around Shane's hole. "Do you want me to take it slow?"

"No, slam that big cock in me arse," Shane begged, absolutely crazy with lust. "Fuck yur bad little mate in ta the wall."

Shane heard Dillon growl, obviously liking what Shane was saying. In one sharp, hard thrust, Dillon sunk his cock into Shane's barely prepared hole until he bottomed out. Both of them cried out at the pleasure and sensations. Barely taking a moment to enjoy it,

Dillon started pounding into his ass with such ferocity Shane could barely catch his breath.

"Fuck, aye, pound that cock in ta me," Shane cried out, gasping. "Brand me hole with yur cock."

"Mine, all mine." Dillon snarled as he picked up the pace. Shane realized his words had pushed Dillon over the edge of control. His mate's hands turned into claws that held on to Shane's hips so hard there were going to be marks for days. And every time Dillon thrust into his ass, he nailed Shane's sweet spot. Shane was in a kind of heaven he didn't know existed.

He'd always been afraid to tell any of his partners before he liked his sex rough sometimes. But with Dillon, he refused to hold anything back. Obviously, his mate liked to play rough as well.

"Claim me, Dillon," Shane gasped out in between thrusts, tilting his head submissively to the side. "Mark me as yurs for all to see."

"Mine forever, always mine." Dillon growled loudly before sinking his fangs into Shane's neck. His big warrior never slowed down or softened his thrusts as he drank. The combined pleasure of being fucked hard and being claimed by his mate sent Shane over the edge.

"I love ya," Shane screamed as he shot his seed all over the barn wall. Spurt after spurt of his cum hit the wall and the ground, more than Shane thought possible to have stored in his sac. Dillon's thrusts became erratic as he lifted his head and roared out Shane's name as he came. Shane reveled in the feeling of his mate's hot seed filling his ass. His orgasm was still coming in waves even as Dillon joined him.

As they finished, they both slid to the floor, Dillon's cock still in his ass. They both kneeled together, arms wrapped around each other as they panted.

"Holy fucking shit," Dillon finally said. "I didn't think it was possible to come that hard."

"It be fuckin' amazing," Shane replied, tilting his head to kiss Dillon's lips in a long kiss. "We be needin' to do that again sometime. Even if I have to piss ya off to deserve it."

"How about you don't piss me off," Dillon chuckled, "and I find reasons to spank and fuck you anyways?"

"Ya got a deal." Shane giggled then groaned as Dillon's spent cock slipped from his ass. "I don't be thinkin' I can walk."

"Me either," Dillon said, smiling as he turned Shane around in his arms and pulled them both to lie on the floor. "Maybe we can just sleep out here."

"We be smellin' something fierce in the mornin'," Shane answered as he snuggled into Dillon's arms. "But it bein' worth it, aye?"

"Oh, yeah, it was totally worth it." Dillon snickered. "Totally fucking worth it."

They looked at each other for a moment before busting out laughing. After a few more minutes of lying there, they did end up standing and getting dressed. Good to his word, Dillon carried Shane back to the house and up into their room. Sean was still out cold as they got undressed and slipped back into bed. Shane loved his Dillon sandwiches, but it was nice to have some alone time, too.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, Dillon woke up only to realize he was in bed alone. Getting up, he pulled on some jeans and headed downstairs to find his mates. He found them sitting around Shane's laptop with their brothers, Brian and Banning.

"Mornin', Dillon," Shane said as he leaned his head back to receive a kiss. "Did ya be sleepin' well?"

"I woke up all alone," Dillon whispered before giving Shane and then Sean a quick kiss. "I didn't like it."

"Sorry, but after all ya been through, we figured ya needed yur sleep," Sean answered, shrugging his shoulders. "Besides, Brian and Banning got stuck watching the surveillance all night. It be our turn."

"Not that we wouldn't rather have been having our own fun in the barn," Banning sneered as he looked at Shane then Dillon with a raised eyebrow. "Definitely some interesting sounds coming from there last night."

"Ya be havin' some fun without me?" Sean asked as his lower lip came out to pout.

"It wasn't like that, baby," Dillon answered as he leaned over the back of the couch to wrap Sean in his arms. "Shane couldn't sleep. He was worried about a few things. We went outside to talk so we didn't wake you or anyone else who was asleep. Once we got all that settled, Shane wanted to... ummm, well."

"Try something new," Shane finished, his cheeks bright red.

"If the howls coming from the barn be any indication," Brian chuckled, "I'd say you liked yur something new."

"Yeah, we really, really did," Dillon said, smiling as he gave Shane a wink. "Don't worry, Sean. We'll have some alone time soon, too."

"I be holdin' ya to that," Sean replied quietly as the rest of the household started to file into the living room. "I might be likin' this something new, too."

"I hope so," Dillon answered, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively at his little mate. "If not, we can find something else new to try."

"All right, there be parents in the room now." Brigid snickered as she took the opposite couch from where they were. "Let's be changin' the topic."

"Sorry, Brigid," Dillon said, feeling his own face heat up with embarrassment. "Shane, did you get a chance to talk to your brothers about what we discussed?"

"Not yet, we been workin' on surveillance," Shane answered, shaking his head.

"How's it looking?" Micah asked, leaning over to watch the laptop. "Anything to report?"

"It seems to be the same seven guys who visit the missing vamps," Brian said. "Since it's Monday morning, all the regulars should be comin' back to work. Still, we done not be seein' anyone besides those seven who seem to know about them."

"Well, that's good news," Remus replied, nodding. "Makes our job easier if it's just seven."

Before anyone could say anything else, there was a knock at the front door. Caleb had finally gotten to the party, Dillon guessed. Sure enough, when Micah opened the door, Caleb stepped inside.

"Sorry I'm late," Caleb said, smiling as he dropped the bags he had in his hands. "Your parents send their love and gifts for Brighid, Manus, and Michan. Along with a few congratulations gifts for the new, happy mates."

"She wouldn't let you leave until she stocked you up with gifts, would she?" Stefan asked, laughing, obviously referring to their mother. "That woman is a trip."

Dillon saw Caleb stiffen out of the corner of his eye and turned back to look at him. Six-eight, three hundred pounds, Caleb was shaking as his head then snapped up and looked over toward Shane and Sean's brothers. In the blink of an eye, Caleb was standing behind Micah. Dillon's eyes went wide with shock as he still saw Caleb shaking.

"Look, he be hidin' from us," Liam said, standing at the same time his twin, Lorcan, did. "Me think he be the strong, silent type."

"Might make it more fun," Lorcan replied as they took the few steps to Micah, who had Caleb hiding behind him. Which, of course, was almost funny since Caleb had a good four inches over Micah. "Come on out, mate. We won't be bitin' ya yet."

When Lorcan got too close, Caleb moved Micah in Lorcan's path. Dillon heard a rip of material and realized Caleb was holding on to the back of Micah's shirt so tight it tore. Then Liam went to try to

reach Caleb on the other side. And Caleb moved Micah as if using him as a shield as he tried to make his way back out the door.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Caleb?" Micah growled. "Let go of me, damn it!"

As if his tongue had fallen out of his head, Caleb merely shook his head and kept making his way toward the door.

"Don't leave yet. We done not been gettin' to know ya," Liam purred as he tried to touch Caleb again. "Ya know we be yur mates."

Again, Caleb didn't say a word, nodding his head at what Liam said. Dillon was shocked down to his very core. Smartass, always good for a joke and some fun, Caleb was at a loss for words. Not only that, he'd never seen Caleb hide from anything. Why now? Why was he hiding from two smaller men that were his mates?

"Liam, Lorcan, I think ya be needin' to give the lad some space," Brighid said as she grabbed each of her son's arms. "Obviously, he's scared. Give him a few minutes, okay?"

"He can't be scared at us. We're his mates," Liam scoffed as he tried to pull away from his mom. "We want him."

"Oh, yeah, we be wantin' him something fierce." Lorcan hissed as he tried to break away as well.

"Guys, I've known Caleb for years," Remus said, standing in between them and Micah, who still had Caleb attached to his back. "I've never seen him like this, okay? Just give him a few minutes to collect himself. We're just going to take him outside for a talk. He's not leaving the farm or Ireland. Just let us talk to him, please?"

"All right, I guess that be fine," Liam answered even though it seemed his body was involuntarily pulling toward Caleb. As if they all were snapped out of their shock, Dillon went to go by Micah while Manus and Michan went to help Brighid with their sons.

Once outside, Micah, Remus, Stefan, Dillon, Noah, Patrick, and Riley just stood there and stared at Caleb. He still had bugged out eyes and was clutching his chest like he was having a heart attack.



"Caleb, can you tell us what's wrong?" Remus asked, always the more sensitive one of the Marius' brothers. "Why were you so scared that you met your mates?"

Caleb opened and closed his mouth a few times, saying nothing before shaking his head in response.

"I've never seen you like this, buddy," Micah said, patting Caleb's back. "You always have a joke or smartass comment for everything. This should be no different. You've found your mates, man! That's a great thing we all want."

"Someone want to tell us what the fuck is going on?" Manus asked, yelling as he, Michan, and Brighid stepped outside onto the porch. "What's wrong with my sons that ya don't be wanting them?"

"Manus O'Hagan, shut yur trap, and pull ya head out of yur arse," Brighid said as she smacked her husband upside his head. She gestured over toward Caleb. "The lad didn't be lookin' disgusted at our sons. He's scared, and ya yellin' at him like a big oaf won't be helpin'."

"Ouch," was Manus's only reply as his wife stomped off the porch and walked over to Caleb. He shirked back from her for a moment, until she gently put her hand on his arm. She stood on her tiptoes and whispered something to Caleb, who started nodding vigorously. They all just stood there in shock as Brighid and Caleb walked away from them.

"I never thought I'd see the day when big, bad Caleb didn't have a comeback." Stefan snickered as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"You guys ever wonder why Caleb is always cracking jokes and never serious?" Riley asked them, raising an eyebrow. Everyone must have felt the same shock as Dillon because they all stared at Riley like he grew a second head. Riley wiped his hand over his face before continuing. "It's a classic defense mechanism. Do any of you even know his last name?"

"No, but I always thought he was embarrassed as to who his family was," Micah replied, shrugging his shoulders. "What's the big deal? What is his last name?"

"He doesn't have one," Remus answered. "Does this have anything to do with him being raised by humans?"

"I'm not at liberty to discuss it," Riley replied, shaking his head. "I'm his doctor. I have access to all of your medical and personnel files from the Council."

"I'm his best friend, of course you can tell me," Micah said, obviously taken aback. "And you're my mate. You can't keep secrets from me."

"My oath as a doctor doesn't have a clause that says I have to keep what a patient tells me confidential except from my mate," Riley shot back, his face scrunched in anger. "I don't keep secrets from you about our life, Micah. But I can't, and I won't, tell you privileged information."

"Of course you will." Micah snickered. "I'm your mate."

"You knew I was a doctor when we mated, Micah," Riley spat back. "And you know I take being a doctor very seriously. If I told you what I know as a doctor, not only would that be wrong, but I would lose my license. And I won't do that for you or anyone. If you don't like it, too fucking bad."

Dillon's jaw just about hit the ground at Riley's outburst. He'd never seen cool, calm, collected Riley lose it like that. They all watched in silence as Riley stormed away toward the fields.

"He's right, and you're an asshole," Stefan said when Riley was out of hearing distance. "We know things as warriors we can't tell our mates. Why would you ask Riley to do something you would never do?"

"Fuck," Micah replied as he ran his hands through his hair. "It's just, I don't know. It's Caleb. He's my best friend. If he's hurting or something's wrong, I need to know that to help him."

"Try asking him, not treating your mate like a dick." Stefan snickered. "Go fix things with your mate. You love him too much to hurt him like that."

"You're right." Micah sighed then turned and started running after Riley.

"What ya be meanin', Caleb was raised by humans?" Michan asked, turning toward Remus. Dillon was interested to hear the answer as well.

"Caleb doesn't have a last name because he doesn't know it," Remus answered quietly as he wrapped his arms around Noah. "I was there at the warrior compound the day he was brought in. He was in the middle of his transition, and it wasn't going well. He almost died."

"I didn't know that," Dillon said, shocked. "I thought he went through training just like the rest of us. One day he was just there on a mission, and he's been there ever since."

"No, Caleb is an orphan," Remus replied, shaking his head. "No one knows how or why, but when he was a baby, he was left on the steps of a human orphanage. When he got to his transition time, no one seemed to be able to help him. Of course, they had no idea what was really going on. The nuns of the orphanage sent for some kind of disease specialist. A vamp from a local coven heard some of the gossip in town.

"She went to check it out for herself, guessing Caleb was a vampire," Remus continued as he pulled Noah to him tighter as if needing the emotional support. "Sure enough, she got there and they had him tied down to a bed because he was thrashing so bad during his transition. She told the nuns she could help them, and they were so desperate at that point they let her take him. She rushed him to the Council for help."

"And they took him to the warrior compound?" Dillon asked, wondering how they got to that conclusion.

"Not at first," Remus answered. "It wasn't until after his transition that they realized he was a warrior. But Caleb had been raised

amongst humans, to not only find out vampires were real, but he was one... Well you can only imagine what he went through."

"Aye, the poor lad," Manus said, shaking his head. "So no one ever be figurin' out who he was or how he got left at the orphanage?"

"No, they never did," Remus replied quietly.

"I know Riley did some blood work and ran genetic tests on him to try and match him up with any known blood lines," Stefan said. "He told me about it one day when I told him how we found out Patrick was half Dragos. Caleb was really curious about it, and when I asked why, he told me he didn't know who his parents were. I told him to talk to Riley, that maybe he could help."

"Did he ever be tellin' ya the results?" Michan asked, stepping off the porch and walking closer to them.

"Next time I saw him was a couple of weeks later," Stefan answered, shrugging. "He didn't bring it up, and I didn't feel right prying. I figured if they had found something, he would have told us."

"Poor Caleb," Patrick said, going to hug his mate. "He's such a great guy. I didn't know he had had such a rough past. He's always joking around and being a goofball. But today, he looked like he'd seen a ghost. I mean, someone had to have told him about vampires having mates, right?"

"I'm sure he knows, baby," Stefan answered, kissing the top of Patrick's head. "He was there when Micah and Riley met. Caleb was the one to figure out they were mates before Micah did."

They all stood there for a few minutes, lost in their own thoughts. But the door flying open as Sean ran outside caught all their attention. Dillon barely had time to open his arms as his little mate lunged off the porch and into his arms. He knocked Dillon off balance as they fell to the ground, Sean on top of him.

"I love ya, I love ya, I love ya," Sean said as he peppered Dillon's face with kisses. "Shane told me what ya been talking about, Dillon. Ya be the greatest man ever. I love ya so much."

"I love you, too, baby." Dillon chuckled under the assault of his mate's lips. Just then, Sean kissed his lips and melted into Dillon. His only response was to groan and wrap his arms tighter around Sean. Only when the snickers and chuckles around them registered, did Dillon break the kiss. "I guess you're okay with the plan then?"

"No, I hate it." Sean giggled as they moved to get to their feet. "I was actually punishing ya for being such an arse."

"My turn," Shane purred as he appeared next to Sean and Dillon. Without hesitating, Dillon turned to claim Shane's lips, pulling him into his arms along with Sean. The kiss was just as deep and rocked Dillon down to his core. He wished that everyone else would just disappear as all the blood in his body flowed to his cock.

"Ah, okay there, lads," Manus said, clearing his throat to get their attention. "Now what plan might this be?"

"Dillon wants to use some of his inheritance to replace some of the equipment around here," Sean said. His excitement was obvious as he danced from one foot to the other. "He also wants to get the supplies we be needin' to put in an irrigation system."

"So much for broaching the topic carefully," Dillon said, rolling his eyes at his big-mouthed mate. Still, he pulled Sean closer to him and kissed the top of his excited mate's head.

"We not be needin' any charity." Manus growled, and Dillon was finally realizing, like Sean, Manus was the twin quick to anger. "We be takin' care of our farm just fine."

"Da, just hear the man out," Brian said, coming up from behind them with Banning. Dillon hadn't even seen them come outside. "It not be bein' charity. He be part of this family now."

"Besides, I doubt even buying all that would make much of a dent in his inheritance." Noah snickered. "I mean, you'd need a hell of a lot more land to fill the place with four hundred twenty-five million dollars in farming equipment."

Dillon sighed and rolled his eyes again. What was it with everyone's big mouths today? He turned toward Noah and raised an eyebrow. "Thanks, little brother. That's one way to drop the bomb."

"You didn't tell them?" Noah asked, raising his eyebrows in shock. "They're your mates, Dillon."

"Of course I told Shane and Sean," Dillon said, holding up a hand to cut his little brother off. "But I didn't think I should share our financial situation with all of their family. Especially since I don't know if you and Patrick will take part of the inheritance."

"Oh, sorry," Noah replied, looking at his feet. "That's a good point. I didn't think about that, whoops."

"Stefan and I talked about it," Patrick said from the arms of his mate. "Thank you for offering, but we don't need the money. We heard about the drought here last year. I think helping people out in the community would be a better use for the money."

"Noah and I agree," Remus said, rubbing Noah's back. "We were going to tell you today."

"Are you both sure?" Dillon asked, looking from one brother to the other. They both simply nodded. "If you ever need anything, you'll come to me, promise?"

"If it's something that our mates can't do, yes," Noah said, smiling. "I promise."

"Me, too," Patrick said, moving away from Stefan to come hug Dillon. Shane and Sean stepped out of his arms to allow Dillon's brothers access. Noah came over and hugged him as well. "We love you, big brother."

"I love you both, too, little brothers." Dillon chuckled as he kissed each of them on the head. "Even if you have big mouths."

"I said I was sorry," Noah replied, rolling his eyes. Dillon simply laughed and hugged them again before letting them go to their mates.

Dillon turned to look at Shane when he pulled on Dillon's arm. Following the direction Shane was pointing, he saw Manus and Michan had sat down on the porch steps. Complete and utter shock

was the only way to describe the look on the men's faces. They both had their hands braced on the porch with their mouths hanging open.

Before Dillon could say anything, a UPS truck pulled into the driveway. They all watched as it came up to the house and parked.

"I have a delivery," the man said, getting out of the truck and looking at all of them. "Is one of you Dillon Dragos?"

"I am," Dillon said weakly. He cleared his throat and tried again, "I'm Dillon Dragos."

"Sign here, please," the man said, handing him an electronic board when he got to Dillon. Dillon quickly signed and handed it back. The man in turn handed him a large envelope. "Thanks."

Dillon barely registered that the man left as he stared at the envelope as if it was a poisonous snake.

"Those be the papers?" Sean asked as he wrapped an arm around Dillon's waist. Dillon's only response was a nod. "Ya sure this is what ya want?"

"Yeah, I'm sure," Dillon whispered as he opened the package. He pulled out the papers and read the letter from Desmond. Gasping in surprise, Dillon felt his knees give out, and he dropped to the ground. Shane and Sean were instantly kneeling next to him.

"Dillon, ya all right?" Shane asked, looking concerned. Dillon shook his head, tears pooling in his eyes. Knowing he couldn't speak, he handed the packet of papers, including the letter, to Shane. His mate quickly read it over and physically flinched. "That mother fuckin' asshole."

"Shane!" Michan said, standing. "I'll not be havin' ya use language like that."

"Ya will be after ya read this." Shane growled as he stood. Dillon watched as his mate handed the packet to Michan, Manus reading over his shoulder.

"Oh, my god." Michan gasped, his hand flying to his mouth. "Aye, ya can cuss all ya want, Shane."

"What's going on?" Sean growled as he stood and went to his dads. Dillon couldn't bear to witness the scene any longer. He stood and turned away from the house and started walking. After a few steps, he couldn't hold back his tears anymore. They flowed freely down his cheeks as he walked blindly away. How much more could he take in just a few days?



## **Chapter 8**

Sean felt his heart breaking as he read the papers in his hands. He looked up to see that Dillon was already about fifty yards away and still walking with his head down. Glancing over to Shane, he saw his twin watching as well, tears overflowing from Shane's eyes.

"What's goin' on now?" Brigid asked as she and Caleb walked back up to the group. "I leave ya all for fifteen minutes, and everyone's all upset. And Dillon looks like someone just shot the lad's puppy."

"Dillon got the papers about his transfer," Noah answered. "Also about his inheritance, and something he read upset him. I've never seen him look like that before. I don't think my brother has ever cried."

"What do the papers be sayin'?" Brigid asked, turning back to her husbands.

"Originally, Dillon was to get four hundred twenty-five million dollars as an inheritance," Manus said. "Since he was transferring here to be with our sons and giving up bein' the Dragos heir."

"Did ya just be sayin' what I think ya said?" Brigid asked, her eyebrows raised so high in surprise they reached her hairline.

"Aye, ya heard him right," Sean answered. "He didn't be tellin' ya how much, but he told me and Shane. Said it was all of ours now. What was his is ours and vice versa. That's what it meant to be mates."

"That sounds like Dillon," Patrick said, smiling. "He also offered to split it three ways with Noah and me. We said no, we don't need the money."

"All right, then what changed in those papers?" Brigid asked, nodding toward the stack in Sean's hands.

"What papers?" Micah asked as he walked back up to the group, Riley in his arms. They had obviously made up. "The papers from the Council and my father?"

"Aye, those be the ones," Manus answered, shaking his head. "It seems Dillon's da be findin' out he's mated to two men."

"Oh, fuck, what did Abraham do now?" Noah asked as his hands balled into fists. "That son of a bitch."

"Aye, that about covers it," Michan replied, nodding. "Desmond be writing in this letter explaining. Abraham has offered to buy Dillon off for six hundred million dollars, but only if he gives up not only being the Dragos heir, but the Dragos name. He's never to return to the Dragos compound or acknowledge Abraham or Isaac as family. Basically, Abraham just disowned the boy but is paying handsomely to do it by our laws."

"Poor Dillon," Patrick said, tears streaming down his face. "Abraham is a horrible man, but still, it's his dad."

"Now do ya see?" Sean growled as he turned back to his dads. "Now do ya understand why he wanted to buy all new equipment for our farm? This is what he grew up with! Then he comes here and sees how a family is supposed to be. And the first thing he wanted to do with the money is share it with his brothers, buy a place so we could be right next to our family, and then help out our family. He wasn't offering charity."

"Dillon told me how his mother was even before she passed," Shane yelled, standing right next to Sean. He was surprised that his twin was as upset as he was. Shane was normally the cooler head. "That she be under Abraham's thumb and never showed him love or affection. Then he be here, and already ma be workin' her magic on him. I went to him with concerns about him resentin' me and Sean later, for giving up being the heir."

"Ya know what he said to me?" Shane snarled as he gestured wildly. "That all that be matterin' to him is keeping me and Sean happy. I told him we could use a new tractor, the old one be dyin', and maybe to build a new well. He said that's not good enough. What can we do to help *our family*," Shane finished, using air quotes for "our family." "He didn't be saying what can we do to help yur family, Shane. He said what can we do to help our family."

"And that's what he is," Sean said, nodding his head. "He's our mate and a part of this family now. If Banning and Brian be comin' to ya, saying they figured out a way to buy a new tractor, would ya accuse them of givin' ya charity? No, because they be part of this family. Well, so is Dillon. After all he's been through, all he thinks about is helpin' and sharin' that money with his family."

"So here's what's goin' happen now," Shane said, standing tall and walking right up to both their dads. "Ya are gonna be apologizing for bein' insulted he wanted to help and accusin' him of giving ya charity. Then ya be accepting his help and whatever he wants to buy to make the farm run better. He's doin' it to help, and because he's tryin' to love and give like ya do in a family."

"And then ya be offerin' for him to take the O'Hagan name," Sean continued, all eyes turning toward him in shock at his words. "He be our mate, and his da just disowned him. He's more than able to take our name, but ya know he won't unless it's offered to him by the heads of the family. So ya gonna offer it to him, and ya gonna tell him ya be proud for him to be ya son. Are we clear, Das?"

"If ya both weren't right, I'd be tannin' ya hides right now for talkin' to us like that," Manus said, looking at both of them. "But, ya both be right. We shouldn't have gotten mad and said he was givin' us charity. He be our family now, and I would be proud for him to take our name and be our son."

"And we be proud of ya for standing up like men to come to his defense," Michan continued for his twin. "I'm not condoning ya yellin' at us, but under the circumstances, I can see why ya did. Now,

go to ya mate and help him deal with all of this. Because ya know his heart is breakin'. We be talkin' with him as soon as ya get back and asking him to be an O'Hagan in name."

"Thank ya," Sean said gently, his anger slipping away. Sean went to hug Manus while Shane hugged Michan before they switched. Then they both went to hug their ma. They turned toward the direction Dillon had headed and ran as fast as they could after their mate.

It only took them a couple of minutes to catch up to Dillon. Sean wrapped his arms around Dillon from the front, while he felt Shane do the same from behind.

"We love ya, Dillon," Sean whispered as he raised his head to look up into Dillon's eyes. "We love ya not matter ya name. It's because of who ya are that we be lovin' ya, not yur last name."

"We know ya be hurtin'," Shane continued, "but please don't be walkin' away from us."

"I wasn't leaving you," Dillon choked out. "I could never leave you both. I love you too much. I just needed to get away from everyone looking at me with pity. I couldn't stay there anymore. I just needed... Hell, I don't know what I needed. Just to walk away and get some space."

"Ya be wantin' space from us?" Sean asked softly. "We can be givin' ya that if ya want it."

"No, baby, I don't want space from you," Dillon replied as he pulled Shane around to the front of him. "Just everyone else. I'll never want to be away from you guys. I just wasn't thinking straight, I guess."

"I know. It be okay, Dillon," Shane said as he ran his hands up Dillon's arms from behind Sean. "This sucks, and ya da be a prick, but we be okay."

"I know," Dillon whispered as more tears ran down his face. "I just wasn't ready for this. Does that make sense?"

"Yeah, it does," Sean said as he stood on his toes to kiss his mate. "We be g'tting what ya be sayin'."

"Thank you," Dillon said against his lips. "I need you both so much."

"We be needin' ya, too, mate," Shane said as he leaned over Sean to kiss Dillon as well. "What can we do to help?"

"Make me forget," Dillon whispered. "I don't want to think about it anymore. All I want is to feel my mates loving me."

"We can be doin' that," Sean said, wiggling his eyebrows. "I missed out on the barn fun last night. I think it's time ya show me what ya were doin'?"

"That's up to Shane," Dillon answered. "It was something new he wanted to try."

"Ya can try it with both of us now," Shane purred as he stepped away from them. "If ya think ya can handle both of us."

"Oh, god, I'd love to try." Dillon groaned as he let go of Sean. Sean watched in awe as Dillon started to unbutton his jeans. His mate had been shirtless this whole time, so he had less clothes to remove. Following suit, Sean rushed to strip off his clothes. Once they were all naked, Dillon reached with each hand to grab their now hard cocks. Sean moaned loudly as he heard his twin do the same. "On your hands and knees, my little mates."

As soon as Dillon let his cock go, Sean sank to his hands and knees. Dillon gently pushed Sean over until he was almost hip to hip with his twin. Their big warrior mate got onto his knees as well, one knee in between each twin's legs.

"Tell me if I go too hard, Sean." Dillon hissed as he started massaging Sean's ass with one hand. "Shane likes it really hard and rough, but if you don't, tell me."

"I promise." Sean moaned as he pushed back into Dillon's hand. He wasn't really sure what he just agreed to, but he knew he would tell Dillon if he didn't like something. Just then, he jumped as he felt Dillon's strong hand land hard on his ass. At first, he was going to yell

at their mate, but then he realized he kind of liked the sensation. After several more smacks, he was really sure he liked it.

"Oh, fuck, aye, harder, Dillon." Shane groaned next to him. It barely registered what his twin was saying. Sean was too lost in his own pleasure.

"My little mate wants it harder?" Dillon purred as he started to rub Sean where he just was spanking him. "What about you, Sean? Do you want it harder, too?"

"Aye, harder." Sean hissed out, surprised at his reaction. He didn't have time to analyze it as Dillon's hand came down harder on his ass. His mate alternated cheeks as he took turns between smacking and rubbing his ass. Sean looked over his shoulder to see Dillon was doing the exact same thing to Shane as he was to him.

"And this time, I even have some lube," Dillon purred as he licked down Shane's back before turning and doing the same to Sean. Before Sean could even ask what Dillon meant, he felt one of his mate's huge, lubed fingers shove into his ass.

"Oh, fuck, that's good," Sean cried out, loving the forcefulness Dillon used. Without even meaning to, Sean dropped down to his elbows, giving Dillon complete access to his ass. He groaned loudly as he felt Dillon's sharp fangs rake along his left ass cheek. "Aye, bite me arse, Dillon."

His big warrior mate took him at his word, biting hard into Sean's ass. He cried out as his orgasm suddenly washed over him. Sean felt wave after wave of his release spill on the ground, directly related to each pull Dillon took of his blood.

"Are you okay, baby?" Dillon asked him after he stopped drinking, and Sean collapsed on the ground. Unable to talk at the moment, he held up his hand to give Dillon the thumbs-up. "I'm not done with you yet, Sean. So you better recover fast."

Sean's only response was to groan loudly at the idea of more fun. He rolled over onto his back just in time to see Dillon slam his hard cock into Shane's waiting ass. Sean quickly looked at his twin's face,

concerned Dillon had hurt him. All Sean saw was pure bliss as Shane cried out at the invasion.

"Fuck me as hard as ya can, Dillon." Shane hissed out in between Dillon's onslaught of forceful thrusts. "I can still be walkin' today. I don't want to be able to walk for a week ya pounded in ta me so hard."

"As you wish." Dillon growled as he started thrusting into Shane even faster and harder. Watching Dillon with his twin made Sean think of Dillon fucking him that way. Again it surprised Sean that he liked the idea, but his cock was getting hard again so fast that he couldn't deny he wanted the same. "Fuck, Shane, you're so fucking tight."

"Claim me," Shane demanded, tilting his head to the side. Sean started stroking his own hard cock as he felt Shane's pleasure through their bond as twins. Quiet, reserved Shane really enjoyed having his sex rough and wild like this. Sean almost felt as if Dillon's fangs were in his own neck as their mate bit Shane.

"Dillon!" Shane screamed as his cock exploded. Seconds later, Dillon lifted his head and roared out his own release. Sean made himself stop stroking his own cock. He was too close to coming. He wanted Dillon inside of him when he came again.

"It be me turn," Sean purred as he pulled his knees up to his chest. Dillon was still panting as he looked over at Sean. He growled loudly as he pulled out of Shane and moved over to Sean. Shaking with anticipation, Sean loved the reaction Dillon had at the sight of him naked and waiting for Dillon.

"Mine." Dillon snarled as he gripped Sean's hips and plunged his cock into Sean's barely prepared tight hole. Sean screamed at the feeling of being instantly full.

"Oh, god, Dillon, fuck me hard," Sean cried out, making sure Dillon knew he wasn't hurt. The almost feral look in Dillon's eyes as he started a hard and fast pace let Sean know he'd gotten his point across. He'd never had wild sex like this before, and Sean loved it. "Aye, harder, Dillon. Don't be holdin' back with me."

"I won't," Dillon grunted in between thrusts as he started to pound into Sean even harder. Just then, he felt Dillon's hands turn into claws, digging deeply into Sean's hips. He cried out at the slight bite of pain and the overwhelming pleasure of his mate fucking him. "So good, so tight."

"Harder, Dillon, harder," Sean screamed as he held his knees to his chest tighter. Dillon growled as he pushed Sean's knees away from his chest so Dillon could lean over him. Without a word, Sean knew what his mate wanted. He wrapped his legs around Dillon's hips and tilted his head to the side. "Claim me now, Dillon. I want ya to bite me hard."

"Yes, my mate," Dillon snarled as he leaned over further and quickly struck. Sean cried out as Dillon's fangs sunk into his neck. He felt his cock explode between them, covering both their stomachs with his seed. Each swallow Dillon took from his neck sent another wave of cum shooting out of his cock. He thought the orgasm would never end. The feeling of Dillon's hard cock in his ass while he came was pure bliss.

Just as he started to see spots across his vision, Dillon lifted his head and screamed out his own release. Sean felt his mate thrust into him a few more times before collapsing on him. He wrapped his arms around his spent mate as his world started to swim. The last thought he had was, how soon could they do that again? And then all he saw was black.



## **Chapter 9**

Dillon pushed himself up so he wasn't smashing Sean anymore. He chuckled as he realized Sean was out like a light. Dillon had to bite his lip to keep his laugh in as he looked over and saw Shane was as well. It seemed he wore out his two little mates individually. As much as he wanted to pat himself on the back for his stamina, what was he going to do now?

Standing up, he found his jeans and pulled them back on. Then he pulled on his sleeping mate's clothes as well. Kneeling back down, he lifted Sean over his right shoulder and Shane over his left. He stood slowly so he didn't disturb them, then he walked back toward the house.

When he got there, Micah, Riley, Stefan, Patrick, Noah, and Remus were sitting on the front porch. Most of them had their hands over their mouths to not laugh. Dillon held up a finger to his mouth, reminding them to be quiet. He shook his head and smirked as he walked past them and into the house.

"What the...?" Brigid started to ask.

"I seem to have worn them out," Dillon said, blushing as he lowered Shane onto one of the couches. Then he lowered Sean onto the other couch and covered them both with a blanket, making sure they were comfortable.

"Dillon, are ya okay, lad?" Brigid asked quietly as she came and gave Dillon a hug. "Ya don't be derservin' the shit ya da be giving ya, Dillon."

"Thanks, Brigid," Dillon answered, hugging her back before pulling away. He could see the concern in her eyes, and he gave her a weak smile. "I'll be okay. It's just a lot to deal with."

"Is there anything I can be doin' to help?" Brigid asked, tilting her head to the side as if studying Dillon. "Ya be needin' anything?"

"Yes, yes I do," Dillon answered as a great idea popped into his head. "And you are just the woman to help me."

"Really?" she asked with a smirk, drawing out the word. "Do tell, lad."

Dillon chuckled softly as she looped her arm through his and led him into the office. They walked inside, Dillon noticing that Manus and Michan were there looking very serious.

"We need to be talkin' with ya, lad," Manus said, standing. "I be ashamed of myself for accusing ya of givin' us charity. I didn't be knowin' the situation or how ya be feelin'."

"We also want to be askin' ya something," Micah threw in. "It was bein' Shane and Sean's idea, but we be agreein'."

"We want ya to become an O'Hagan in name," Brigid finished. "Yur a part of this family now, and we be proud if ya took our name."

"What?" Dillon asked in a whisper, feeling his eyes were popping out of his head. "Are you...you can't be serious?"

"Aye, lad, we are," Manus answered as he patted Dillon on the back. "We couldn't have asked for a better mate for our sons, and we be proud that ya are a part of our family. It might never have came up if ya da not be such an arse, but he is. And we want ya to be an O'Hagan and take our name."

"Yes," Dillon answered quietly, tears running down his face. "I've never cried in my life, and today, I can't seem to stop."

"Ya been through the ringer today, lad," Michan chuckled. "Ya be allowed. Just wait until ya be havin' children of ya own. I swear, the day Brian and Banning were born, I wept like a baby."

"We both did." Manus snickered. "Sometimes even big men break down. And when we do, it's not something we be prepared for."

"So what did ya want to be askin' me for help with?" Brighid asked as she stood on her tiptoes to kiss Dillon's cheek. "Ya name it, and we be helpin'."

"Well, if it's not too much trouble," he replied, looking into Brighid's eyes, "I want your help to pick out wedding rings for Shane and Sean. I know we're mates, but I want to be their husband, too."

"Aye, I could be helpin' with ya, lad," Brighid said, smiling.

"Thank you so much," he replied, bringing her hand to his lips before turning to Manus and Michan. "And I've never really had accounts of my own. I mean, I had money if I needed it. But it was the Dragos accounts, and I never really thought about it, since I was just a warrior and I didn't need much and—"

"Lad, ya be ramblin'." Manus chuckled and put an arm around his twin. "We'll take ya to the bank and help ya get set up. We can also swing by the county office to get yur name changed."

"Okay." Dillon smiled widely, letting out a sigh of relief as he hugged Brighid tightly. "Okay, I can do this, just one step at a time."

"Aye, lad, ya be doin' fine." Brighid smiled. "First, we go get yur papers and sign what ya need to."

Dillon took a deep breath as they headed out to the porch to go through the stack of papers. Manus, Michan, and Brighid were there helping him every step of the way. Brighid handed him paper after paper to sign, telling him where to sign, as they drove into town. Once there, Manus and Michan talked with the county clerk about changing Dillon's last name from Dragos to O'Hagan.

Again, Dillon signed a bunch of papers, Brighid never leaving his side and always there hugging him. Then they went to the bank, where Manus and Michan handled all the accounts with the bank manager. The only time that Dillon questioned anything was when they were discussing the cashier's check to buy the farm next door. It seems Manus had already talked it over with the owner on a price.

"No, it's not enough," Dillon said, shaking his head. "I know the market is bad in the area because of the drought last year, but I don't

want the owner to suffer for it. I have more than enough money to not be stingy and take advantage of the locals. Double the offer."

"Are you sure?" the bank manager asked as his eyebrows shot up to his hairline. "That's a lot of money, Mr. O'Hagan."

"I'm sure," Dillon replied, nodding his head. "This man put his life into his home and land. He should reap the benefits of it. I know he has no children to take it over or help him out. This will at least ensure that the rest of his life is spent in comfort."

"Lad, ya be one of a kind," Brighid said, smiling widely before leaning over to kiss him on the cheek. "Such a good lad, ya are."

"It just seems like the right thing to do," Dillon answered, blushing.

"That may be, but how many people actually do that nowadays?" Manus asked, smiling, already knowing the answer.

Dillon smiled as he signed the check and the rest of the paperwork. He made sure Shane and Sean would have temporary debit cards as well until their real ones came in the mail. They set the day to move into the farm Dillon just bought in one week. It seemed the current owner was pretty much packed up and ready to go.

Next, Brighid led them to the jewelry store, where she helped Dillon pick out three rings, inscribing the ones for Shane and Sean. When they were ready, Dillon, Michan, Manus, and Brighid piled into the SUV and headed home.

His mates were awake and ran to him when he walked through the door.

"Where were ya?" Shane asked, looking up at him. "We were worried."

"Nothing to worry about, I swear," Dillon said, leading them over to the couch, and sat them down. He knelt in front of them before continuing, "Shane, Sean, I know we are mates now. And I love you more than anything in the world. I want us to be together in a way that means more than just mates. I wonder if you will do me the honor of becoming my husbands."

Dillon reached into his pocket and pulled out the three rings and held them in his hand. He looked from Shane to Sean in anticipation for their responses. Just as he started to worry they would say no, they launched themselves at Dillon, knocking him backward onto the floor.

"Aye, aye," they said together over and over again as they kissed Dillon all over his face and neck. He held on to the rings tightly as he hugged both of his mates, laughing under the attack of their kisses.

"Aye, we be wantin' to marry ya," Shane finally said, lifting his head up and looking down at Dillon. He looked over to Sean, who was nodding his head vigorously while smiling widely. They all sat up in a pile as Dillon opened his hand and put a ring on each of their hands. Shane and Sean both held his ring as they put it on his finger.

"They're inscribed," Dillon whispered, looking into his mates' eyes. "The two parts to my soul."

"We be lovin' ya so much," Shane said as he and Sean leaned in and kissed his lips at the same time. Each one taking a side of his mouth as Dillon melted in their arms.

"I love you both so much," Dillon replied, "and I have more news."

"What else could ya have possibly done in such a short time?" Sean asked, raising an eyebrow. "Ya weren't gone that long."

"Your dads and mom helped me get lots done," Dillon answered, smirking. "First we went and dropped off all the signed paperwork in the mail to send back to the Council and Abraham. So I'm officially transferred and no longer a Dragos."

"Are ya okay?" Shane asked as he cupped the side of Dillon's face. "Ya could have woken us up to be there with ya."

"I know, baby," Dillon answered. "And I'm more than okay. I'm officially an O'Hagan now."

"What?" Sean asked, his eyes growing wide as he quickly glanced over at Shane. "Ya got it changed?"

"Yep, your dads know the county clerk, and we went down there and signed everything," Dillon answered, grinning like a loon. "Then

we went to the bank and got our new accounts set up and our inheritance deposited. I have temporary checks and debit cards for both of you."

"Ya were very busy," Shane replied, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise. "Are ya sure this is all okay?"

"I'm very sure, Shane," Dillon said, nodding. "I have everything I want right here. Well, that and the farm we just bought next door. We move in next week. We can live in the house that's there until we can get some contractors out and redesign it however we want."

"Ya bought the farm? Already?" Sean asked, smiling as Shane started crying.

"I did," Dillon replied to Sean before turning to Shane. "Why are you crying, baby? I thought this is what we wanted?"

"It is," Shane answered, sniffing. "It's just ya be so wonderful to us. And ya given us so much already. Now ya be buying a home and farm of our very own. We don't be deservin' ya."

"Hey, enough of that," Dillon said sternly. "I don't want to hear either of you say that again. You are wonderful men that I love very much. You deserve everything the world has to offer you, and if I can give it to you, then I will. You've given me so much love and a family. Your mom and dads told me it was your idea for me to change my name to O'Hagan. You have no idea how much that meant to me."

"We wanted ya to know that we really want ya as our family," Sean replied. "And after the shit ya dad be pullin', it seemed like the best thing for all of us. Give ya a fresh start with us, our family, and a new name."

"And I love you even more for wanting me to do that," Dillon whispered as he kissed Sean then Shane. "You are all I've ever wanted."

"I hate to break up this moment," Micah said quietly as he stepped forward. "But we're going in tonight to the facility, Dillon. Finn and Fergus have been watching the surveillance all day. The seven guys are staying tonight to start their experiments on the vampires. We

can't wait until tomorrow, and we might not have a better chance than this. But we need you. We can't wipe their minds without you."

"I'll be ready in ten minutes," Dillon answered before turning back to his mates. "I've got to go, but we'll celebrate when I get back, okay?"

"Aye, we be celebrating all night." Shane giggled as they started to get up. "I'll pull up the current design of the house next door. Sean and I can start working on looking up contractors and figuring out what we want... Besides the large shower and big bed, that is."

"Hey, those are important parts," Dillon said, smirking as he hugged and kissed each of his mates again. "And lots of rooms added on for all the little twins we're going to have of our own."

Dillon turned when he heard a gasp just in time to catch Brighid as she jumped up to hug Dillon. "Ya be wantin' to give us grandchildren?"

"We talked about findin' a surrogate like Micah and Riley did," Shane answered, nodding. "We're not sure how we go about findin' one, but Dillon thought we might ask Elena Marius. That she might know of someone or at least how she found someone."

"I'll call her immediately," Brighid replied as she left Dillon's arms and raced out the room.

"Well, if she didn't love ya before, Dillon," Manus said while his twin just chuckled, "she be lovin' ya somethin' fierce now. That woman has been wantin' grandchildren for the past three centuries."

"That's one of the perks of buying the farm next door," Dillon answered, laughing when Manus and Michan gave him confused looks. "We have a plethora of babysitters anytime we need them."

Everyone had a good laugh at that. Handshakes and hugs were given all around, as well as congratulations. Then the warriors suited up and headed out.

\* \* \* \*

"So here's the story we decided on, Dillon," Micah said as they pulled up to the facility. "The seven humans did their experiments tonight and realized they were wrong, that the men they took are human. Then they dumped them all off at different hospitals because they didn't want to become murderers. They also decided to blow the facility to dispel any evidence in their kidnapping in case the authorities come sniffing around."

"And what then?" Dillon asked as he checked his gear. "Stick them in their cars and tell them to go home and sleep?"

"Exactly," Stefan answered. "Caleb, you stick with Dillon while he's wiping the humans' minds. We'll work on getting the vampires free and out to the cars. Remus is in the other car to help transport."

"Got it," Dillon and Caleb answered together. Dillon was dying to ask Caleb how he was and what happened between him and Brigid. But now was neither the time nor the place. Hopefully, later he could get filled in.

They filed out of the SUV and headed to the loading docks door. Sure enough, it was open. One at a time, they slipped inside and headed downstairs to where the vampires were being held, according to the video feed.

Once inside, they went to work in a flash. Dillon grabbed the first human and started to search his mind. Grabbing on to the memories about vampires, he started to wipe the evidence they found away, along with memories of them being here. Then he replaced the memories with exactly what they had talked about. After the first human was done, Dillon let him go. The man was out of there as quick as could be.

He nodded to Caleb, who was watching the other six men he had tied up. Caleb let one of them go and handed him over to Dillon. Repeating the process, Dillon let the second man go when he was done. It took a while to run through the other five men, and it was very tiring.



"That's the last one," Dillon said quietly when he was done, trying not to collapse. He wasn't used to using his gift this often or to this extent. Normally, it was a quick wipe of someone if they saw a vampire in their true form. Swaying on his feet, Caleb quickly wrapped an arm under his shoulders and started to help Dillon out to the SUV.

Once there, Caleb helped Dillon into the car, climbing in after him.

"You okay, man?" Caleb asked, looking him over. "You need anything?"

"Naw, I'm good," Dillon answered, wiping a hand over his face. "Just takes a lot out of me."

"I hear you," Caleb replied, nodding his head. They sat there in silence for a little longer. Just then, Micah climbed into the driver's seat. Stefan was in back, loading the last vampire in.

"You guys ready for the fireworks?" Micah asked, turning around to look at them, smiling widely. "It's going to be a good show."

"Quit dicking around and hit it, Micah." Stefan growled as he got into the front seat. "It's got a two-minute delay, so let's go."

"You're no fun," Micah grumbled as he flipped the switch on the device in his hand. "Being mated and getting laid regularly was supposed to make you more fun."

"It did," Stefan snapped back. "Just not during missions when we have hurt vampires in the back. Now move it."

"Yeah, yeah." Micah growled as he put the SUV in gear and pulled out. Dillon glanced over his shoulder to see the other car was following them, Remus at the wheel. He closed his eyes for a few minutes, just trying to rest.

Dillon woke up when the car stopped and doors started to open. He climbed out carefully and headed toward the house. Shane and Sean came flying out of the front door, running toward him. They stopped in their tracks when they got a good look at him. Guess he looked like he felt.

"Are ya hurt?" Shane asked, worry lacing his tone of voice.

"No, baby, just very tired," Dillon answered when he was standing in front of them. "It took a lot more out of me than I thought it would. I just need some blood and rest. I'll be fine."

"Shane, get some blood," Sean ordered as he came closer to Dillon and wrapped his arm over Sean's shoulders. They limped inside slowly, and Sean helped him sit in one of the oversized chairs. A second later, Shane was there handing Dillon a few bags of blood.

"I love you both, you know that, right?" Dillon asked after drinking the first bag of blood. "I really am fine, just really tired."

"Aye, we know ya be lovin' us," Shane answered as he knelt at Dillon's feet. "Ya drink that up, and we be getting ya to bed. We can be celebratin' another time."

"Thank you," Dillon replied as his hand started to droop. He felt Sean hold the bag up to his fangs as he kept drinking. Starting to fade, Dillon barely realized his eyes had closed, and he wasn't aware of anything around him. Sleep swept over him before he could even finish the blood or say goodnight to his mates.

## **Chapter 10**

A week later, Dillon was fully recharged and rested. Right now, he had his eyes closed as his mates led him into their new house, each holding one hand.

"What's the big surprise?" he asked yet again, knowing they wouldn't answer him.

"Patience, our mate." Sean giggled as they pulled him up the stairs. "It's not a surprise if we be telling ya."

"Just a little bit further," Shane replied, pulling on Dillon's hand harder. Suddenly, they stopped him walking and turned him around. Before he could even ask, they pushed him backward. Unable to catch himself, he was glad he landed on something soft. Soft? Dillon opened his eyes and looked around. He was lying on the biggest bed he'd ever seen.

"Oh, yeah, this is what I'm talking about," he said, smiling widely at his two mates standing at the end of the bed. Dillon sat up quickly and yanked them down on top of him. "The only thing wrong with this is we are all still dressed."

"Maybe we be needin' to be spanked since we have our clothes on in the bed," Sean purred as he started to rub himself against the side of Dillon's body. Dillon groaned loudly at the idea. They hadn't been able to have enough alone time where they could play that roughly or loudly with all the people around. "It be a good reminder how big and strong our mate be, don't ya think, Shane?"

"Oh, aye, I always be needing a reminder." Shane hissed as they both got off of him slowly. They started to remove their clothing,

making sure to take their sweet time and touching themselves. "Ya be likin' what ya see, Dillon?"

"Fuck, yeah," Dillon moaned as he reached down to adjust his throbbing cock in his jeans. Thinking one better, he unzipped his fly and let his cock bounce out free. He watched as Shane's and Sean's eyes instantly turned from their normal silver to their lust-filled black eyes. Dillon loved that his mates were so turned on at just the sight of his body.

He whipped off his shirt and jeans, lying back on the bed as he stroked his cock, and watched the show his mates were giving him. They turned their backs to Dillon and pulled off their jeans, wiggling their now naked asses at him. Kicking off their jeans, Shane went into the top of the dresser drawer and handed Sean a blue cone-shaped object and lube. He had another one he kept in his hand.

Dillon raised an eyebrow as to what they were doing, but they only grinned widely at him. They crawled up the bed and turned their backs on Dillon again. Then, to his complete shock, Shane and Sean reached around and pushed their lubed fingers into their own asses. The sight of his little twin mates preparing themselves for him was almost more than he could bear.

Just when he was about to go to them, Shane turned and pushed Sean over onto his hands and inserted the blue cone into his twin's ass. Totally confused but completely turned on, Dillon watched as Sean did the same to Shane. Then they both turned toward him and crawled toward him.

"They be butt plugs," Shane purred, having guessed at Dillon's confusion. "They will be rubbin' against our sweet spots while ya be spankin' us. Plus, it gives ya something else ta play with."

"It also keeps us ready for ya monstrous cock." Sean hissed as he started licking one of Dillon's nipples. "That way, we be havin' us a Dillon sandwich after our spankin'."

"Oh, god, you're both going to be the death of me." Dillon moaned loudly as Sean bit into one nipple as Shane bit into the other. "But I'll die with a smile on my face."

"Less talkin', more smackin' our arses." Shane smirked as they turned on their hands and knees so they were almost hip to hip. "We be bein' very bad little mates."

"Well then, I should go extra hard on you both," Dillon cooed as he got up and knelt behind his mates. He planted one knee in between each twin's legs. "Or maybe I should just play with these new toys you have here."

"Fuck, aye," Shane cried out as Dillon pulled on his butt plug and then let it snap back in. He did the same to Sean and got a similar response. Having an idea, he smacked Shane's ass, aiming right for the center instead of just one cheek. "Oh, fuck me, that be amazin'. Please, please, be doin' that again."

"Only because you beg so nicely," Dillon answered as he started spanking them both. Taking turns on where his hand landed. If the amount of moans and groans he was getting from his mates was any indication of their enjoyment, they were in heaven. After several more minutes, Dillon was so hot he thought he might explode. "So what was that about a Dillon sandwich? Because your mate is hard and ready."

"I be callin' bottom," Sean squealed as he rolled over onto his back. He pulled on Dillon's arms so he leaned down over him. He started playing with Sean's plug as he licked the side of his little mate's neck. Feeling Sean squirm under him, while Shane slid two lubed fingers inside of him, almost did Dillon in.

"Leave the plug in when you fuck me, baby." He growled at Shane when he looked over his shoulder. His words turned his little mate on as he felt Shane's fingers stretching him with renewed vigor. Dillon pulled out Sean's plug and quickly pulled his mate closer to him. Then he lined up his cock with Sean's tight hole and sank into it

in one hard thrust. "Fuck, you're so tight, Sean. Oh, god, that feels amazing."

"Just wait for this," Shane purred the second before he slammed his cock into Dillon's ass. "Is that bein' even better, me big, strong warrior?"

"Yes," Dillon hissed out, feeling so full he almost didn't want to move. "So full, I feel so fucking full. It's wonderful."

"Good, now fuck me." Sean growled below him, causing Dillon to look down at his mate. "Please, Dillon, I need ya. Fuck me now."

"As you wish, my love," Dillon answered, smiling as he pistoned his hips into his mate. They let him take the lead for a while. Every time he thrust forward, Shane's cock slipped out of his ass until just the mushroom head was in. When he pulled back out of Sean, he impaled himself on Shane's cock. "Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, not going to last long. Too fucking good."

"Then come for us," Sean said as he wrapped his arms around Dillon's neck and pulled himself up a bit. He was more sitting on Dillon's lap now, while Shane was kneeling behind him. This was definitely a new position for them. Just when he was going to ask why the switch, his mates leaned in and licked either side of his neck. The next instant, they both sank their fangs into his flesh.

"I love you," Dillon screamed as his cock blew, shooting stream after stream of his seed into Sean. Seconds later, both his mates cried out their release. Sean coming in the space between their stomachs, while Shane filled up his ass.

They all fell to their sides in one big pile, still inside each other. All that could be heard was the sound of all three of them panting. It took several minutes for any of them to recover, but Dillon spoke first.

"Not only was that the best way to break in the bed," he moaned, "but that was my favorite Dillon sandwich ever."

"Does that mean ya don't want to be tryin' the other sandwich ideas we have in mind?" Shane asked, amusement in his voice.

"Give me about five minutes to recover first." Dillon chuckled as he wiggled his hips. That caused both his mates to groan, and then they all started laughing. It was the perfect moment to celebrate their new house, their new lives, and their continued love.

**THE END**

**WWW.JOYEEFLYNN.COM**

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she left for college. She loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. She kept writing, short stories, romance, mystical, and of course adding in hot cowboys any chance she could. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's Interview with the Vampire series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

### *Also by Joyee Flynn*

Siren Classic: North American Dragon 1: *Dragon Mine*

Siren Classic: Marius Brothers 1: *Micah*

Siren Classic: Marius Brother 2: *Remus*

Siren Classic: Marius Brothers 3: *Stefan*

### *Also by Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn*

Ménage Amour: Delta Wolf 1: *Chameleon Wolf*

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