

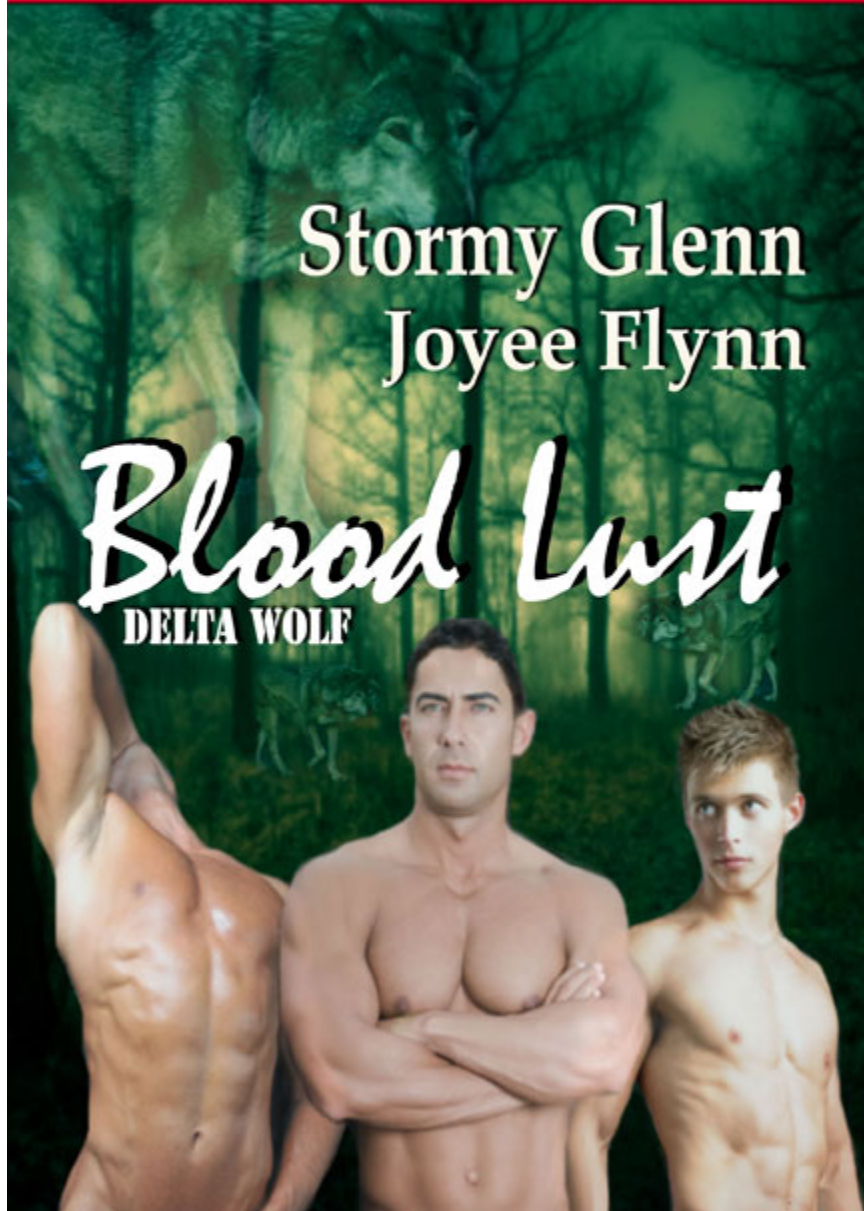
Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

Stormy Glenn  
Joyee Flynn

# *Blood Lust*

DELTA WOLF



## Delta Wolf 3

# Blood Lust

When a human psychic saves his life, Constantine Stylianos can't stop thinking about the little man, even when Owen leaves, ignoring the bond that they have together. Deciding he needs a change or he will never have the life he wants, Constantine opts to move to the Delta Pack.

Before he can get there, Constantine receives a call for help. An illegal hunt has been ordered, and someone needs his protection. When he arrives, he discovers that the man that saved Christian is the same man that saved him and both men are his mates.

But someone is out to kill Christian, Owen has emotional demons that prevent him from fully accepting the mating bond between the three of them, and Constantine has to use all of his abilities to save them. If fate chooses mates destined to be together, Constantine can't help but wonder why so many obstacles are thrown in the way of them all being together?

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

**Length:** 38,716 words

# **BLOOD LUST**

*Delta Wolf 3*

**Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**

**ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:**

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **[legal@sirenbookstrand.com](mailto:legal@sirenbookstrand.com)**

**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

**BLOOD LUST**

Copyright © 2010 by Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-012-4

First E-book Publication: October 2010

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

All cover art and logo copyright © 2010 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED:** This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

**PUBLISHER**

Siren Publishing, Inc.

[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)

# **Letter from Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn**

## ***Regarding E-book Piracy***

### **Letter to Readers**

Dear Readers,

If you have purchased this copy of *Blood Lust* by Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn from BookStrand.com or its official distributors, thank you. Also, thank you for not sharing your copy of this book.

### **Regarding E-book Piracy**

This book is copyrighted intellectual property. No other individual or group has resale rights, auction rights, membership rights, sharing rights, or any kind of rights to sell or to give away a copy of this book.

The author and the publisher work very hard to bring our paying readers high-quality reading entertainment.

This is Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn's livelihood. It's fair and simple. Please respect Ms. Glenn and Ms. Flynn's right to earn a living from her work.

Amanda Hilton, Publisher  
[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)  
[www.BookStrand.com](http://www.BookStrand.com)

## DEDICATION

To all the fantastic fans who kept asking for more...hope you like it!  
All the support and love has kept me feeling warm and fuzzy.  
Hugs to you all!!!

*Joyee*

To everyone who has wished to be loved for who they are not for who  
people want you to be, remember, even Delta wolves can find love  
and you can to.

*Stormy*

# **BLOOD LUST**

*Delta Wolf 3*

**STORMY GLENN AND JOYEE FLYNN**

**Copyright © 2010**

## **Chapter 1**

“You have to drink my blood,” Owen cried out in desperation as he held his wrist to the wounded man’s lips.

“I can’t,” the dying man groaned.

Owen knew the man’s name was Constantine, but he couldn’t tell the man how he knew it. There were just some things he couldn’t share with strangers.

“You have to. If you don’t, you’re going to die.” Owen had seen it in his vision. His vision confused him, but Owen knew Constantine needed to drink from him or he would die. No matter what else his vision told him, Owen couldn’t let that happen.

“Then I’ll die!” Constantine grunted.

“Please!”

“You don’t understand. I’m not in control of myself. If I bite you, I won’t be able to stop myself from...” The man looked away.

“From what?” The look Owen received from the blond-haired man was meaningful. He blushed, an image of the two of them pressed skin to skin flashing through his head, then continued. “Do what you have to do. You can’t die.”

“If you insist,” Constantine growled and rolled Owen over onto his back so fast that Owen barely had time to breath. Before Owen

could blink, the man was ripping off all their clothes.

Owen hurried to help because he was afraid the man was going to die if he didn't drink some blood soon. Constantine smashed his lips against Owen's, demanding his submission. Owen gladly gave it, melting into the man's hard, firm body.

"I'm not prepared," Owen panted when Constantine grabbed his knees and shoved them to his chest.

"I'm sorry. I'll try to be as gentle as I can."

The man grunted as he started to push his hard cock into Owen's ass. The man must have used his own spit for lube, but there hadn't been any time to loosen Owen up. He cried out at the burning and the intense bite of pain when Constantine thrust in.

"I'm okay. It just burns," he said when he realized that the man above him had froze when he cried out. "Keep going. It will fade as you move."

Constantine seemed to take Owen at his word and moved his hips gently but quickly.

"My angel," he whispered before kissing Owen again.

Owen wrapped his arms around the larger man's neck and loved the feel of his massive body surrounding Owen. "Drink," Owen said, submissively tilting his head and baring his neck to Constantine. "You need to drink. It's okay, I understand."

"Mine!" Growling loudly, Constantine started to thrust faster. "You're mine now, no one else's," he said before sinking his canines deep into Owen's throat.

Owen was still confused by the man's words as he let out a cry at the slight pain, which rapidly turned into overwhelming pleasure. He came so hard that he thought the top of his cock might blow off from the pressure. Wave after wave of his climax hit him, each one directly related to each suck Constantine took of blood from his neck.

*What the fuck did I get myself into?* Owen opened his eyes when Constantine stopped drinking, and looked deeply at the larger man's blue, almost violet eyes staring down at him. As the man cried out his

release, Owen was already fading into the black void. Multiple orgasms were just too much for his virgin body to handle.

\* \* \* \*

Owen woke in the backseat of a car, a blanket wrapped around his dressed body. He groaned, slowly sitting up. His body ached in several different places, some good, some not so good. He would be feeling the sex from last night for a few days.

Oh god, Constantine! Scrambling out of the backseat of the car, Owen realized he heard voices. He turned to see several people standing a few feet away. Owen only recognized one, Constantine.

"I don't know, Mother," Constantine snapped. "I'm telling you I don't remember what happened last night. I woke up with a naked man who I obviously had sex with. I found my cell phone and called Father. You guys got here and saw what I saw."

"How can you not remember?" the woman Constantine stood in front of yelled. "How could you have sex with a man? A human man no less. Did he drug you? I bet he did. That's why you don't remember. Fucking humans. I should rip that little shit's throat out."

"I'd prefer you didn't," Owen said. He could see the animosity in the woman's face when she spun to look at him, and it made his legs shake. He took a couple of steps back, afraid she might actually come through with her threat. "I didn't drug Constantine."

"What's your name?" Constantine asked, approaching him, only stopping when Owen took a step back. He held a hand up like a peace gesture.

"We're not going to hurt you, human. My mother is just upset. She won't hurt you. We just need to know what happened last night."

Owen couldn't believe Constantine was treating him like a virtual stranger, not after the previous night. His gut ached as if someone just punched him. He wrapped his arms around his waist to try to hold the pain in.

“Yeah, like we can trust a human to tell the truth.” Constantine’s mother scoffed.

Owen’s gaze snapped to the vicious little woman. She had the look of Constantine, the same hair coloring, although her blonde hair was fading and less shining. Still, Owen could see the similarity between her and Constantine, if one looked beyond the slight snarl on her face.

Owen was so upset and hurt that he didn’t even care if they killed him at that point. His heart told him that what he experienced the night before with Constantine was meaningful. His head told him to run for his life.

His anger at the way the woman talked about him as if he were sludge on the bottom of her shoe finally won out. “Would you stop saying ‘human’ like you’d say ‘bug.’ I may be just a small, worthless human, but I saved your son’s life last night.”

That shut everyone up quickly enough. Owen lowered his hand, realizing he was pointing at Constantine.

“Let’s start with your name, okay?” Constantine asked.

“Owen Carell,” he said quietly. “And you’re Constantine Stylianos.”

“Okay, Owen,” Constantine answered. “So I told you my name last night.”

“No, you didn’t,” Owen replied. “I just know things. Sometimes I get visions. I had one last night of you lying on the ground dying.”

“Yeah, right.” Another man snickered. “Like you’re psychic or some shit?”

Owen had come across this before, people who refused to believe in what he could do. He walked over to the man and touched his arm, instantly filled with images. “Your name is Alexander. You’re Constantine’s younger brother. You’re married to a woman named Alice, but she’s not your real mate. You hide the knowledge of who your real mate is. And you keep a collection of romance novels under the bed in a box hidden by awards from high school.”

“How did you...” Alexander paled.

“Look, if I can accept that fact that you’re werewolves,” Owen said. He took a deep breath and tried to calm down. “You’re going to have to accept that I’m different. I just know things. I don’t know how or why I do. I just do.”

“You know what we are?” Constantine’s mother asked, eyeing him cautiously.

“Yes, it wasn’t that hard to figure out.” Owen shrugged. “You keep calling me human, you all growl a lot. You act a lot like another werewolf I know, Rodrick.”

“That’s why I came here!” Constantine exclaimed like he had just remembered something important. “I came here to find you, Owen. I needed to know what you did for Rodrick, why you helped him.”

“Roderick said he was looking for a friend,” Owen recalled, confused. “He said he had lost touch. I forget the man’s name. Rodrick had something of this friend’s, said he needed to find the man’s mates, that they would know where he was.”

“Was the man named Sebastian?”

“Yes,” Owen said, quickly remembering. He frowned. “This was a few months ago, though. What does this have to do with me?”

“Rodrick isn’t a friend of Sebastian’s.” Constantine sighed, wiping his hand over his face. “He used you to find Sebastian’s mates and kidnap one of them. They tortured him, raped him, and pretty much did every horrible thing they could to the man.”

“I didn’t know,” Owen whispered in horror, feeling his eyes burn with tears. “He said he needed to give something to Sebastian, something important. I just wanted to help.”

“Then why was he paying you?” Constantine looked suspicious.

“People pay me to help them,” Owen answered. He was starting to get defensive. “Either to find someone, or get advice.”

“So you use your abilities to be a con artist?” Constantine’s mother snipped. “Yeah, that’s great. So human.”

“I’m not a con artist,” Owen snapped back. “I don’t just help

anyone who pays me. I've helped the police find killers and some kidnapped children. I like helping, but I have rent to pay, too. I don't charge anything outrageous, more like a consultation fee. You don't know how hard it is to have a regular job. I get images every time someone touches me. I know things about people I don't want to know."

"Mother, could you just cool it please?" Constantine snapped. "Okay, I get you didn't mean to help Rodrick do bad things. I was sent to find out how he knew who Sebastian's mates were. You answered that. Now, what happened last night?"

"I had a vision you were dying," Owen explained. He hugged his arms tighter around his waist. "I went out to find you. When I got near the place in my vision, you were fighting with three other guys. They were yelling something about you not being from their pack and on their turf."

"And you didn't help him?" Constantine's mother shouted.

Owen felt like his ears might start bleeding at any moment. The woman was so loud it made Owen's eyes water, or maybe that was the dust in the air.

"You just let him get beat up?"

"Hi, are you looking at me?" Owen asked shocked. He waved his hand down his lean body. "I'm five-six and one hundred thirty pounds dripping wet. Yeah, I would have been a big help." Owen decided to ignore her from now on. She wasn't helping a bit. He turned back to Constantine.

"Anyway, by the time I got to you, the fight was over and the guys had left you for dead. In the vision, you were drinking from my neck. So I told you to drink. You were a bloody mess, so I figured you needed some."

"You drank from a human!" the woman shrieked. "Are you bonded to him?"

"I don't know," Constantine whispered. His brows drew together. He looked to be trying to remember a lost memory and coming up

blank. "What happened after that, Owen?"

"You said no at first," Owen said. He could feel his face heating up as he blushed. "You weren't sure you could control your impulses. I told you it was okay. I wasn't going to let you die because you were afraid I wouldn't let you have sex with me. So we did. You bit my neck and drank. That's all I remember until I woke up in the backseat of that car."

"You had sex with my son while he was half dead," the mother yelled. "You little pervert, how could you do that to my son? He's no fag. He didn't know what he was doing. Did you enjoy it? Was it an easy way for you to get laid, taking advantage of a helpless man?"

"I've had about enough of you," Owen shouted, pointing at her. "Everything out of your mouth is an insult to me. You think this was fun for me? You really think that was how I always wanted to lose my virginity? To have a man I don't know, bleeding all over me, being rough, hurting me? Granted he didn't mean to, but it hurt. I was in pain. I'm sore and to top it off he doesn't even fucking remember it."

Owen took a step back when Constantine's face paled and his jaw dropped. He knew the man must have been shocked at Owen's words, but did he have to look totally thunderstruck? It was like Constantine would never have considered having sex with Owen if he hadn't been in such a dire situation. It made Owen's heart ache and his stomach roll.

"I came to find Constantine because I had a vision of his dying and I couldn't ignore it. I had to do something. So, yes, I let him take me and drink my blood only to wake up to find a firing squad aimed at me. A simple thank-you would have been fucking nice."

Owen turned on his heel and stormed off. Owen headed home without looking back. This had been the most humiliating experience of his life! Constantine was obviously straight and didn't want Owen. He hadn't felt the same connection last night that Owen had. The tears Owen felt building while he was screaming finally started to fall. He kept walking, not wanting any of them to see him crying.

Owen felt devastated. He had given up his virginity to a man who had taken it roughly on the side of a deserted road. The man didn't even remember having sex with Owen. And Constantine's family attacking him, blaming him for everything? It was Owen's worst nightmare come to life!

*"Owen, can you hear me? Please come back? I'm sorry. My mother is being an ass. If you can hear me, you're my mate. Please, come back and let's talk."*

Constantine's voice vibrated in Owen's skull. It was all he could do to not stumble in shock that he could hear the man in his head.

Owen just kept walking, pretending he didn't hear Constantine. He wanted no more to do with any of this. His heart was already shattered. He just wanted to find a dark hole to lie in and die.

\* \* \* \*

Constantine was filled with grief as he watched the beautiful man walk away from him. How could he not remember being with Owen? Yes, Constantine had always been attracted to men, but he'd never given into that need, always dating women instead. But something about Owen drew Constantine in. He was saddened when Owen didn't hear his thoughts and come back.

He really had hoped Owen was one of his mates. He knew he felt a pull to Owen, a strong one. He truly thought Owen was his mate until the man continued to walk away from him. Owen didn't hear him. Constantine's mate would have.

Constantine couldn't remember anything about the night before except an angel saving him. Oh, the taste of that angel was heaven, completely addictive. He hoped that angel was Owen, but now after what had happened this morning, he assumed it was his brain's way of making sense of last night. It was a shame. He would have loved to spend the rest of his life with that angel.

"All right, let's get you to your car so you can come home," his

mother, Connie, said, wrapping an arm around him.

Constantine was trying to hide how pissed he was at his mother. He couldn't stand how she acted about people being gay. Constantine knew early on that he was gay but had never acted on it because of his mother's feelings.

He'd always hoped that fate would be kind and mate him to men so Constantine could say it was fate and not have to explain that he preferred men. But being his pack's Delta, and son of the Alpha, his job was to find two women mates and produce a houseful of cubs.

Sure, Constantine thought of children, he liked the idea of having children. He just couldn't get his mind around having them with a woman. He'd date from time to time, the occasional hook up, but he'd have to take the woman from behind. It was the only way he could pretend it was a man and get hard.

Constantine stared out the window of the car, not saying a word other than to direct his mother to where he'd left his car. He had talked to his parents about the Delta pack before going to investigate Alpha Rodrick. His parents were very forceful in their negative response. They didn't want him away from his family. To top it off, they had heard that the Deltas who were already in the pack were gay. They were having none of that.

When Constantine saw the small six-man pack for himself, he was filled with joy over how they treated each other. They loved their mates and were diverse. They had no qualms with others, were rebuilding the town, and were living their lives. They all seemed really happy.

Constantine had wanted to stay right then and there, but he knew he had to finish finding out about Rodrick. That man had given him the creeps from the moment Constantine met him. Somehow, Constantine was able to mask his Delta scent. He'd always been able to. Not really knowing how, Constantine found it helped him with special assignments, like infiltrating Rodrick's group of mercenaries. Rodrick was already sentenced to death, and his execution would be

carried out soon, if not already. Constantine was glad of that at least.

He still needed to get in contact with Sebastian to tell him what he'd found out about Owen. Constantine didn't think it wise to report his findings to the council. There was no telling what they would do if they knew of a real physic human, one who knew what they were at that.

The drive back to Indiana wasn't so bad, even if it did take a few hours, but it did give him time to think about Owen. Constantine knew he'd regret how he'd hurt the beautiful, little man for the rest of his life.

Even worse, he'd never even thanked him. Owen saved his life and sacrificed a lot, only to get shit on by Constantine and his family. Constantine could blame it on shock all he wanted, but by the time he'd shaken off what had happened, he figured that maybe it would be best just to leave poor Owen alone.

What could he really say to make it better? *Sorry I don't remember us fucking? Ignore my mother. She's a jerk. And, yes, I'm really gay?* Owen hadn't heard Constantine trying to talk to him through his minds. They couldn't be mates, and he still couldn't have been with Owen then, so leaving Owen alone was the best for both of them. Really.

Constantine wiped away the tears that fell down his cheeks. He could do nothing about it now. It was over. He needed to forget the whole situation and move on. Right now, he had to face the issue at hand. Having to face his parents to tell them he had decided to move to the Delta pack was going to be hell.

Instead of heading straight home, Constantine pulled up in his parents' driveway to get it over with. He could see lights on inside the house and knew his parents were waiting for him to arrive home and call, so he was surprised when his father walked out of the house.

"Son, how are you feeling?" his father asked when he walked over to meet him. "Your mother told me there was some issues that occurred, things we would never discuss, but I worry you might need

to talk?”

“I do, Dad,” he said, frowning at what his mother had told his father, just typical of her. “But not about what happened. I wanted to talk to you about the Delta pack.”

“Absolutely not,” his father said sternly. He waved his hand in the air as if dismissing the whole thing. That seemed to happen a lot in Constantine’s family. “We’ve already discussed it and decided against it.”

“No, you and Mom decided against it,” Constantine said, all hopes of this being civil gone. “I visited there on my last assignment, and I’ve come to a decision. I have decided that I will—”

“I forbid it,” his father growled, cutting Constantine off.

Constantine rolled his eyes when he saw his mother coming out of the house to join them. Just fucking perfect! Maybe they should call the local news station so everyone could see this family dispute.

“I am your father and Alpha. I forbid it.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Constantine said quietly, not willing to yell and scream about this. “I’m thirty-three years old, Father. I’m an adult, and more than that, the mandate from the council said it’s each Delta’s choice where we live. I don’t have to be released from my current packs if I decide to move. It’s completely up to me. I came to discuss this with you like an adult, but that’s not going to happen. So instead, I’m informing you of my decision.”

Constantine almost laughed at the shocked expressions on his parents’ faces when he walked back to his car and climbed in. He’d never talked to them like this before. He was their son, the middle of three, the obedient one, the one everyone ignored unless they needed help from him. And he always did whatever they needed because they were family.

But enough was enough. Constantine needed to start living his life the way he wanted, or he’d always be miserable. Well, more miserable than he already was, and that was pretty damn miserable. It was time he tried to live his own life and made his own decisions.

Stopping at the store on the way home, he bought packing supplies and smiled. Constantine couldn't remember the last time he'd done something for himself, to make himself happy. It felt really good. Getting back into the car, he called the Delta pack's Alpha, Zac Sheehan.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Zac," he said, feeling suddenly nervous. "It's Constantine Stylianos. Do you have a minute? I have a couple of things to talk about with you."

"Yeah sure, hang on," Zac said.

There was a pause before Constantine heard the man whisper something to someone, and then he came back on the line.

"Okay, I'm here, what's up?"

"Well, first, I wanted to let you know that I found the man Matt mentioned," he said, hoping he sounded calm even as he talked of Owen. "Turns out the guy is a psychic, and Rodrick gave him some bullshit story about being friends with Sebastian. He tricked the guy into helping him locate Sebastian's mates, saying he needed to return something to him."

"Well, that settles that question," Zac said. "Is this guy going to be a problem?"

"No, he's cool, just seems to want nothing to do with werewolves. After what happened, can you blame him? Owen was really broken up when I told him what Rodrick did with the information. He truly believed he was just helping two friends find each other."

"Okay, what's the second thing?" Zac asked, sounding curious.

"I'm hoping for permission to join your pack," Constantine said quickly before he lost his nerve. "I'm not happy with my pack. I'm tired of being so alone, and when I was there, your pack had a really great vibe. I could build my own house. I have money saved that I'd be willing to contribute. I don't know what your pack needs but..."

"Constantine, slow down." Zac chuckled. "We've already discussed the possibility of you joining when you called to talk to us

about Owen. We'd like you to join the pack, so don't worry, man. You're in."

"That's great!" Constantine exclaimed. He felt really excited. He had a home, a place to go to that he could be himself. "I'm going to pack up and rent a truck. I should be there in a week."

"Okay, sounds good, man," Zac replied. "You can stay here until you get a house done. Sebastian's house is finally complete, so he, Dobry, and Alastar are moving out. My place seems to be the lodging house until people make other arrangements."

"Well, there's only one of me." Constantine felt his sadness like a heavy weight in his chest. He gripped his steering wheel tighter to keep himself under control. "I've not found my mates yet, so I won't be in the way much."

"You'll find them," Zac said. "They'll drop in your lap when you least expect it."

Constantine hoped Zac was right. He really did.

## Chapter 2

Constantine didn't do anything over the next several days except pack. Well, that and dream about his angel. He really wished he'd gotten a better look at Owen's eyes. The soft green eyes of his angel were what stood out the most in his memories.

He remembered seeing those eyes, then his angel tilting his head and telling him to drink. A wonderful taste had filled his mouth while he drank from his little angel. Then he'd had the most intense orgasm of his life while loving how his angel felt.

Constantine just couldn't figure out what was real and what his brain had filled in? Was Owen really his little angel? Or was his little angel a figment of his bloodlust? It was driving him crazy! Constantine tried his hardest to push the thoughts from his mind, which only had the opposite effect and made him think of his dream man even more.

When his phone rang, he was glad for the interruption. "Hello?"

"Hey, Constantine. It's John."

"Hey, man, how's it hanging?" Constantine asked, cheering up at the sound of his friend's voice. John had been a member of their pack but had met his mate and moved to her pack a few years ago. "Things going good?"

"For me, great," John replied. "For my mate's cousin, not so good. I need your help. Christian, that's my mate's cousin, was kicked out of his pack for being gay, but they beat the shit out of him first and left him for dead. A human found him and helped him get to us. Now Christian's pack has found out he's still alive and are coming for him. I can't risk my mate or our cubs, you know that."

“Yeah, I got ya on that,” Constantine said. “I’ll leave within the hour. Are you still at the same place?” He remembered the homey little house in the country he’d visited a few times over the years. John and his mate always made him feel welcome.

“Yeah, and thanks, Constantine,” John answered, letting out a long breathe. “I knew I could count on you. Can you get Christian somewhere safe? I’m not sure where that would be, but I don’t have any standing in my pack to provide a safe enough place for the guy. I haven’t been here long enough.”

“I’ll figure out something,” Constantine replied. “I’ll try to get to you by nightfall.”

“Thanks, man, see you then,” John said before hanging up the phone.

Constantine raced around packing up the last of his stuff. This was just what he needed, an easy protection job to keep him distracted. He hoped this would get his mind of Owen, but he doubted it. It was hard for him to realize it was over and he’d never see the gorgeous man again.

\* \* \* \*

Owen sat there trying to comfort Christian. When he’d gotten another vision about a man beaten and left for dead, he was obviously nervous about it. At first, he decided to do nothing about it, but then his conscious won out. Christian De’Angelos was nothing like that asshole he’d saved last time. He was sweet, and grateful, and accepted Owen’s help gracefully.

The man had been beaten to just about a bloody pulp by the time Owen got to him. He got Christian cleaned up as best as he could, then drove all the way to Minnesota to get him to his cousin’s place. Now they were just waiting for someone to protect Christian to show up. Owen would fill him in and head home.

“Hey, John,” Owen heard a man say from the front door. Owen

hoped his mind was playing tricks on him. He knew that voice. It belonged to the son of a bitch he'd given his virginity to, Constantine.

Turning around, Owen cursed at his stupid, dumb luck. Standing there, as sexy as ever, was the man of his dreams, the man who didn't want him. Owen cringed when Constantine walked into the room and blue-violet eyes immediately settled on him.

"Owen," Constantine whispered, dropping his bag and moving toward him. Owen quickly backed away from him until Constantine stopped walking and just stood there staring with an unrecognizable emotion in his eyes.

*"My angel, please don't be afraid of me, please hear me,"* Owen heard the man's voice in his head and ignored it.

"My mate," Christian said, drawing both men's gaze.

Owen felt himself cringe when he witnessed Christian and Constantine find each other. The look they shared tore at his heart. Christian struggled to get up as Constantine rushed forward and lifted him. Then Christian wrapped his arms and legs around the man Owen had had sex with a few days ago.

Owen looked away so neither man would notice the tears in his eyes. He still didn't want to witness this. His heart was already breaking. This just might stop it all together. Getting up to leave, Owen didn't even look back until he reached the door and someone grabbed his arm. He knew it was Constantine and tried to shrug off the hold.

"Let me go," he pleaded, choking back tears.

"No, not this time," Constantine said. "We need to talk."

Owen struggled, trying to pull away. He couldn't do this. He just couldn't do this. Constantine still had his mate wrapped in his arms while he tried to stop Owen from leaving. That killed Owen more than anything. Now, Constantine really didn't need him.

"What the fuck?" John exclaimed as he came into the room.

"It's a long story," Constantine said. "Thanks for helping them until I got here, but I think it's time we got on the road. The more

distance we put between you and us, the better.”

“Sure, whatever, man.”

“Christian, Owen, go grab your stuff.”

Owen was grateful when Constantine finally let go of him. He opened the door, stepped outside, and headed quickly for his car. He wanted to make his escape as fast as he could. Being around Constantine was too painful to bear.

“Owen, wait,” Constantine said as he helped Christian along. “He still needs your help.”

“Why? He has you now,” Owen answered, turning around to glare at Constantine. “He doesn’t need me, and you certainly don’t need me. I’m going home.”

“His pack is after him, and they want to kill him,” Constantine explained. “They know he’s not dead and someone rescued him. He needs your help to stay ahead of them. And I need to talk with you, explain some things, please.”

“He’s obviously your mate,” Owen said, gesturing to Christian. “You don’t need to explain anything to me. You made your position crystal clear the other day. Just leave it in the past.”

“Owen, please,” Christian said. “Don’t leave yet, okay?”

“I don’t want to get in your way,” Owen answered, shaking his head. He couldn’t sit by and watch Constantine and Christian bond. “You’re both a lot better off without me. I’ll just cause problems.”

“Look, let’s get out of the open,” Constantine said. “I passed a hotel about ten miles back. No one should be driving anywhere tonight. Let’s get a room, and we can talk.”

“Please, Owen?” Christian said.

For some reason, Owen couldn’t deny the man. Even beaten and bruised, to Owen, he was gorgeous at five-eleven, one hundred sixty-five pounds, silver eyes, and jet black hair that fell in waves to his shoulders.

“Fine, I’ll follow you.” He sighed, not wanting to go through the heartache he knew was coming. “I promise, okay? Let’s just get

going. I'm wiped out, and I need some rest."

"Fair enough," Constantine said.

Owen stood by his car and watched Constantine help Christian into the cab of his truck before he came back by Owen. He shied away from the hand Constantine reached out to him, afraid to feel the man's touch. He didn't know if he could handle it right now, if ever.

"I've dreamed about you every night since you saved my life." Constantine slowly continued forward and cupped the side of Owen's face. "I won't lose you again, my angel."

Owen stood there in shock. Constantine leaned down and kissed his lips, just the lightest of touches, but enough to rock Owen's world. Then man stood up and walked back to his truck as if nothing had occurred.

What the fuck *had* just happened? What did Constantine mean by his words? By his kiss? Owen was so confused that his head ached. He had to force himself to move, to get into his car and start the engine. He followed Constantine to the hotel while trying to brace himself for being disappointed, trying to squash any hope. Owen couldn't let himself be hurt again. But he knew he would.

\* \* \* \*

Constantine couldn't believe the turn of events. He climbed out of the car and headed for the office, wondering what he was going to say to Owen. He asked the man behind the counter for one room and gave the man his credit card. After a few minutes, he signed the receipt, took the two electronic keys, and thanked the man before walking out of the office. He still had no idea what he would say.

Once back at the car, he drove over to their room. After quickly putting the car in park, Constantine hopped out and walked around the car to help Christian out. His little mate wasn't handling being hurt well, was trying to do everything for himself.

"I'm going to pick you up," Constantine said softly before lifting

Christian into his arms.

“I can walk,” Christian said, pouting out his bottom lip.

Constantine found that totally adorable.

“I’m not a total invalid.”

“No, of course not,” he replied, smiling down at Christian.

“Maybe I just like the excuse to hold you in my arms.”

“You make it hard for me to pout.” Christian giggled.

Constantine walked to their room. He glanced over his shoulder to make sure Owen was still following them. Sure enough, he was just getting out of his car, but he didn’t look happy about being there.

“That’s the idea, Christian,” Constantine answered while sliding the key card into the door and pushed the handle. He kicked the door open wider with his foot, and he carried Christian into the room. After setting him down on the bed, Constantine then ran to open the door for Owen. “Thanks for following us.”

“It’s fine,” Owen grumbled, walking past Constantine. “So what do you want?”

“Owen, please,” Christian said, causing both men to turn and look at him. “I don’t know what happened, but I need your help. If what Constantine and John say is true, then my old pack is sending people to kill me. I don’t want to die.”

“That’s not going to happen, Christian,” Constantine said, shaking his head before walking over to sit down next to Christian. He wrapped his arms around the little man. He didn’t want to make Owen feel uncomfortable, but Christian needed comforting. “Look, Owen, I was an ass the other day. My mother was acting like a total bitch to you, and I did nothing to stop it. I’m sorry.”

“Oh great, that’s what you’re sorry for,” Owen replied, turning away from him.

He was probably trying to hide the tears in his eyes again, but Constantine had seen them.

“Just forget it, Constantine. You have your mate.”

“I’m a Delta. I actually get two mates,” Constantine said. “I still

think you're our mate, Owen. And that's not what I was apologizing for. I'm sorry for being an ass. I have no excuse for that. I only remember parts of what happened."

"What parts?" Owen murmured, turning back to face him.

There were tears running down his face just as Constantine suspected.

"What do you remember?"

"I remember you." Constantine said as he stood and walked toward Owen. "I remember your face, especially your eyes. I remember you being my angel and offering me your blood to save my life. I remember it being the sweetest thing I've ever tasted and having the most explosive orgasm of my life with you."

"Do you really remember that?" Owen asked, his eyes shining with what Constantine could only figure was hope. "Please don't lie to me."

"I would never lie to you, Owen." Constantine pulled Owen into his arms. "That is everything I truly remember. And while my mother may be adamant that I'm straight, I'm not. I wanted you as much then as I do right now. Please give me another chance. I promise not to screw everything up this time."

"You hurt me, Constantine," Owen replied, pushing him away. "I know you needed the blood, and I'm glad it saved you. But I also gave you my virginity, and you didn't even care how badly you hurt me."

"No, I did care." Constantine rubbed his hand over the top of his head. "I do care. I swear. I just...god, you were a fucking virgin, and I don't even remember it."

Constantine reached out for Owen, his hands falling limply to his sides when Owen stepped back from him. "Please, Owen, you have to understand. I was hurt, injured. I was out of my mind with bloodlust. I didn't know what I was doing. I swear I never would have hurt you if I was in my right mind."

Feeling defeated when Owen continued to just stare at him,

Constantine sat on the end of the bed and dropped his head into his hands. This whole fucking mess was his fault.

“Constantine, explain to Owen about what being a mate means,” Christian said. “He doesn’t understand.”

Constantine lifted his head and rubbed his hands over his face before looking up at Owen. “Okay, you know that I’m a werewolf, right?”

Owen nodded.

“Werewolves mate for life when we find our mate, or mates, in my case.”

“What do you mean by mate exactly?” Owen asked. “I’ve heard the term several times now.”

“Our mates are chosen for us by fate, Owen,” Christian said. “The perfect partner for us, our other half, so to speak.”

Constantine nodded. “When we find our mates, it’s wonderful, a time of great celebration. We’re no longer alone. There’s someone with us to share the good and the bad, to give us comfort, and to let us give comfort to. It’s...it’s...”

“It’s like being whole for the first time in our lives,” Christian added.

Constantine chuckled. “Yeah, it’s like being whole for the very first time.” Constantine could feel the ache in his chest growing as he looked at Owen’s closed expression. He had no idea if he was getting through to the man or not. He had been so positive that Owen was his mate but...

“One of the ways that we are able to tell our mates is our ability to hear them, speak to them, in our heads.” Constantine clenched his hands at his sides. “I thought you were...” Constantine swallowed past the lump forming in his throat. “I thought you were my mate but...”

“I can hear you.”

Owen whispered the words so quietly that Constantine almost missed them. He reached a hand out toward Owen. “Yo—you can hear

me?” Constantine’s heart thudded, then sped up when he realized what Owen was saying to him. If Owen could hear him, then why had the man never answered? Constantine had pleaded, begged for a response.

Any bit of hope Constantine harbored in his heart that he would have a happy-ever-after ending with his mates dwindled. He realized Owen had heard him and refused to answer. That pretty much said it all for him. Owen didn’t want him.

Fate had fucked him over once again.

Constantine clenched his fists again and dug his fingernails into the palms of his hand to keep himself from revealing how much pain Owen’s rejection brought him. He stood slowly to his feet and nodded to Owen.

“I understand, and I will respect your wishes,” he said, surprised at how even he sounded when he felt like he was dying inside. He glanced over at Christian and then quickly away when he saw the anguished look on the man’s face.

Constantine needed some air. He needed time to think, time to assimilate the fact that his mate didn’t want him. Constantine walked to the door and opened it. He paused, turning his head slightly. He didn’t want Owen or Christian to see the tears gathering in the corners of his eyes.

“I’m going to go scout around, make sure we’re safe here. I’ll pick something up to eat while I’m out.” As calmly as he could, Constantine strode out the door, shut it behind him, and then started walking. He had no idea where he was headed, and he didn’t really care.

## Chapter 3

“I was always fond of humans,” Christian said as he looked at Owen. “I always thought they had things on the ball, but you really are an idiot, aren’t you?”

Christian was in no way surprised by the astonishment, followed quickly by outrage, that crossed Owen’s handsome face. It was the response he had been hoping for when he spoke. Owen needed to get over the past and look toward the future, their future.

“Excuse me?”

Christian snorted and rolled his eyes. “I’m not really sure there is an excuse for you. You’re a moron.”

“Would you stop saying that?” Owen stomped his feet.

It was a good temper-tantrum move, but Christian thought he might have been able to pull it off better. His lips were plusher, and he could pout better. “Make me.”

Owen frowned, his forehead wrinkling in confusion. “What is your problem? I saved your fucking life, and now you’re treating me like shit?” Owen threw his hands up in the air. He looked agitated. “God, are all of you werewolves like this? First Constantine, and now you. What is it with you guys?”

Christian leaned back on the pillows behind him and smiled. “Do you really want to know?”

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want to know.”

“Fine, have a seat then, this may take some time to explain.” Christian gestured to the side of the bed and waited until Owen sat. The man really was too cute for his own good. “A Delta is a werewolf born on the outside of a pack.”

“But Constantine has parents. I met them.”

“Oh, they have parents and siblings, an entire pack even, but they never truly belong. They are always on the outside looking in. A Delta puts off a pheromone, like a scent, that drives other werewolves crazy. It’s like a million-dollar aphrodisiac. Other werewolves will kill to get to a Delta.”

“I didn’t smell anything,” Owen protested.

“And you won’t because you’re Constantine’s mate. Alphas, Betas, and mates are immune to the scent.” Christian chuckled. “Things would go to shit pretty fast if the Alphas couldn’t keep their heads screwed on straight whenever a Delta was around, don’t you think?”

Owen nodded, but he still looked as confused as hell. He kept glancing up at Christian, then down to a small piece of the blanket he was tugging on.

“What does that have to do with me?”

“Because of this pheromone, Constantine can never be involved with the pack. He can’t attend pack functions or celebrations. He can’t even go to pack rituals. It would send the pack into a frenzy.” Christian grimaced. He knew the particulars of what a Delta went through. He just never thought about it in terms of what his mate might be going through. “He’s alone, always alone. The only comfort he has is the knowledge that at some point, he might be lucky enough to meet his mates.”

“Us?” Owen whispered.

Christian nodded. “Us. We are his solace, his port in the storm. He fights every day to give us the freedoms we have, to enforce our laws, and to ensure our safety. Until he found us, Constantine had no one to care for him, to love him. He’s all alone in the world even in his own family.”

“And now?”

Christian smiled. “And now, we get to spend the rest of our lives loving Constantine and showing him what he’s been fighting for all of

these years.”

“We?” Owen asked. “So, it’s true? We’re both his mates then?”

“Yep, we are. Every Delta has two mates out there for them. They have a higher than usual sex drive created by their increased adrenaline.” Christian chuckled. “It will take two of us to keep up with him.”

“But how do we...” Owen waved his hand between the two of them. “You know?”

“That’s the best part.” Christian leaned up and tapped Owen on the tip of his nose. “Not only are we both mated to Constantine, but we’re also mated to each other. The three of us get to share everything together.”

Owen’s eyebrows shot up to his hairline. “Everything?”

“Everything.” Christian grinned and wiggled his eyebrows.

Owen’s lips started to turn up at the corners, and Christian was sure he had him, but then suddenly they stopped and turned back down. Owen started shaking his head and went back to tugging on the blanket.

“That sounds real nice, Christian, but I just don’t see it happening. Constantine doesn’t want me. He never did. Now that he has you, he doesn’t even need me. And I can’t—”

“Oh, for the love of Mike,” Christian snapped. “Get your fucking head out of your ass, would you? Constantine is crazy about you. Even I know that, and I just met him tonight. Geez, the air practically sizzles every damn time he looks at you.”

Owen shook his head. “No, you’re wrong. He only mated with me, or whatever you call it, because he needed to save his life.”

“It doesn’t work like that, Owen. Either you are Constantine’s mate or you’re not. And you are. Besides, fate chooses our mates, we don’t. We just know them when we smell them.”

“Then how come he didn’t know I was his mate the night we met?” Owen cried out when he looked up, his eyes filling with tears, at Christian. “He didn’t even know who I was the next day. Don’t you

think he would have *smelled* me enough by then?”

Christian leaned forward and grabbed Owen’s hand. “Honey, you need to understand something. Werewolves are different than humans. When Constantine was injured, he needed blood to heal. Because his injuries were so severe, he went into bloodlust, like having his mind filled with fog. I doubt he even knew his own name.”

“That still doesn’t explain why he acted the way he did. If what you’re saying is true, then his mind would have cleared up when his injuries healed and he would have smelled me the next day, right? Why didn’t he?”

“I can’t explain that, Owen, only Constantine can, but you need to give him the chance to do that.” Christian pointed toward the door. “Every time the two of you get within a foot of each other, the sparks start to fly. You’re both so afraid of being hurt that you can’t see what’s right in front of your faces.”

Owen looked so hopeful yet terrified that Christian decided to take pity on the guy. Besides, he wasn’t just fighting for Constantine’s mate here. He was also fighting for his own. Christians scooted back against the pillows and patted the mattress beside him.

“Look, I know you’re tired. I am, too. Why don’t we just take a little nap while we wait for Constantine to bring us back something to eat? That will give you some time to think on what I’ve said and decide where you want to go from here, okay?”

Owen nodded, kicked off his shoes, then crawled up the bed to lie down next to Christian. Christian wiggled around until he could pull the covers over both of them then snuggled up to Owen’s back. He held his breath and hoped for the best as he draped his arm over Owen’s waist.

“Night, Owen, sweet dreams.”

Owen stiffened for a moment then slowly relaxed. “Night, Christian.”

\* \* \* \*

Constantine didn't know what to expect when he opened the hotel room door, but it wasn't the sight of his two mates curled up together on the bed sleeping. He just stood there for a moment in the doorway staring. It was a beautiful sight.

And one that made Constantine's heart ache with regret and loss. Constantine pressed his lips together to keep from making any noise when his feelings of anguish started to overwhelm him. He leaned against the doorframe for a moment and just watched. He might never get to see such a sight again.

When Owen suddenly jerked in his sleep and whimpered, Constantine quietly closed the door and set the bag of food he purchased down on the small table by the door. He crept across the room and knelt next to the bed.

Constantine reached out to touch Owen then noticed his hand trembling. He clenched his hand into a fist, and then let it relax before again trying to gently brush the soft strawberry-blond curls back from Owen's face.

Owen was such a beautiful man. Anyone would be proud to be mated to him. The human factor wasn't even an issue for Constantine. It didn't matter to him. His mate was human, and that made humans important as far as he was concerned.

*I would have loved you so much.* Constantine dropped his head onto the mattress.

He couldn't believe how badly he'd fucked things up. He had fate's most precious gift in the palm of his hand, and he threw it away because he was an asshole. There were times when Constantine hated being a Delta wolf.

He would have much rather been a simple pack member. He wouldn't even care if he had no standing in his pack. At least he would have had a pack and not the lonely existence he'd experienced his entire life. He was so tired of being alone.

Even with Christian being in his life, Constantine knew he'd never

fully feel whole. A part of him would always be missing. That part could only be filled by Owen, and Owen didn't want him.

Well, he could do nothing about it now. Owen had made his desires perfectly clear, and Constantine knew he needed to respect them. He certainly hadn't done anything else for the guy.

Constantine opened his eyes and raised his head. He started to push himself off the floor when he spotted soft moss-green eyes watching him. Constantine settled back down on the floor and smiled.

"Hi," he whispered.

"Hi," Owen whispered back.

"Did you get any rest?"

"Some." Owen nodded and pointed to the man sleeping behind him. "Christian is running a little hot, so it was hard to get comfortable. I think he's healing though. He seems to be sleeping pretty hard."

Constantine raised his head and looked over Owen's body. Sure enough, Christian looked like he was out cold, but the bruises on his face were fading. "Sleep is good for him. It will help speed the healing process."

"Yeah, I kind of figured as much."

"Are you hungry? I brought food."

"I could eat."

Full of regret that they couldn't keep speaking in such an intimate tone, Constantine climbed to his feet and walked back across the room to grab the bag of food he'd brought back for Owen and Christian. He carried it over to a small table and sat down.

Owen sat down across from him and watched him pull items out of the bag. "It's not fine cuisine, but it will fill you up," he said when Owen stared at the burgers Constantine laid on the table.

"Food is food," Owen said, picking up one of the burgers. He took a bite, then chewed, and nodded after a moment. "I've had worse."

Constantine didn't quite know what to say to that. He realized that he basically knew nothing about Owen beyond his ability to have

visions. Maybe he could fix that? “How long have you been having visions?”

Owen’s wary eyes snapped up to meet Constantine’s. He swallowed and took another bite of his hamburger. Once he’d chewed that bite, he lowered his eyes again. “I’ve been having visions pretty much as long as I can remember.”

“Do they hurt?” Constantine was fascinated by Owen’s single, arched eyebrow as the man regarded him.

“No, but you’re the first person that ever asked that.” Owen shrugged. “They’re not always pleasant, but they don’t exactly hurt.”

“Do you ever have good visions?”

The blush that filled Owen’s face spoke volumes to Constantine. He wanted to ask more, and he wanted to know what made Owen’s face flush red. He wanted to know if he showed up in those visions. He couldn’t ask.

Constantine fingered the hamburger wrapper and he tried to figure out what to ask Owen next. He wanted the man to keep talking, to learn more about him. He just didn’t know what to ask next.

“Did you mean it?”

Confused by Owen’s question, Constantine glanced up at Owen, but he even more bewildered by the hesitant look on the man’s face, the way Owen wouldn’t quite meet his eyes. “Mean what?”

“That you would have loved me?” Owen asked softly.

Shock rocked through Constantine as he realized Owen had heard him speaking mentally. He watched Owen’s fingers twist a paper napkin around in his hand and tear off little pieces. He still wouldn’t meet Constantine’s eyes. The answer meant a lot to Owen, Constantine could tell.

“Yes, I meant every word.”

“Why?” Owen snapped his eyes up and stared intently into Constantine’s.

“Why...why would I have loved you?”

“Yes.” Owen balled up the napkin in his fist and tossed it down

onto the table. “You don’t know me. How can you say you would have loved me when you don’t know a damn thing about me?”

“Because everything about you calls to me, the way you look, the way you smell, even the way you think, as confusing as it is to me. I see you, and all I want to do is hold you in my arms and keep you safe from the evils of the world, evils I am well acquainted with.”

Owen looked shocked. Constantine decided to be brutally honest with him. He leaned forward, rested on his elbows, and clasped his hands together then looked across the table at Owen.

“And then I want to strip you naked and fuck you until you can’t walk.”

Owen blinked. His mouth opened, then snapped closed. He licked his lips and opened his mouth again. Constantine watched, fascinated by the play of emotions he could see crossing Owen’s pale face. Owen didn’t know how to respond, Constantine could see that.

“The fact that I don’t remember being with you, that most of our time together is a haze in my mind, drives me crazy. I know we had sex. I know I took your virginity. I don’t know how your skin tastes, if you glow with the flush of desire when I touch you, or how your body moves under mine.”

“Christ! You have to stop talking that way.” Owen groaned and rubbed his hands over his red face.

“Why?” Constantine asked. “It’s true.”

“Because wanting to have sex with you isn’t the problem, Constantine.”

Desire shone in Owens eyes and he licked his lips again. It warred with the anxiety that almost overshadowed the desire.

“It’s the trusting you with my heart that comes with me giving you my body that’s the problem.”

“Yeah, I guess I didn’t do very well with either, did I?”

Owen’s snort was callous and felt like a stab right to Constantine’s heart. He rested his hands down to the table and glanced down at them. His heart started to ache again, and just when

he thought he might be making headway with Owen.

Constantine dropped his head down and closed his eyes. He pushed his hands beneath the edge of the table so Owen couldn't see them clench into fists. "Okay, Owen, I get it. I fucked up, and you can't forgive me."

Constantine took a deep breath then opened his eyes and raised his head to look across at his mate. "As soon as I know it's safe, you can go. I won't stop you." Constantine got up from the table and started across the room to the bathroom. He needed to be alone to lick his open, bleeding wounds.

"That's it? You're just going to pat me on the head and send me on my way?"

"What in the hell do you want me to say, Owen?" Constantine spun around to glare at the man. Owen was ripping his heart out of his chest with each word he spoke. "I know I hurt you. I told you I was sorry. There's nothing else I can do if you won't forgive me."

"It's not that I won't forgive you, just...you hurt me, Constantine."

"I know, and there is nothing I can ever do to fix that," Constantine said sadly. "I was in bloodlust, out of my mind. I didn't know what I was doing. If I hadn't been injured, I never would have hurt you like that, I swear."

"I don't mean physically. You hurt me with the way you treated me. You knew we had sex. You even told your mother we did, except you did nothing when she treated me like shit. And you treated me just as bad, like everything I gave to you didn't mean anything."

"That's not true," Constantine said. "It meant everything. Without you, I'd be dead."

"That's all it was to you, wasn't it? I gave you my blood and saved your life, and that's all you see." Owen rolled his eyes. "Well, congratulations, Mr. Stylianos, you're going to live."

Owen started toward the door, and Constantine couldn't stand it anymore. He stalked across the room and grabbed Owen, swinging

the man around into his arms. “You are one fucking stubborn SOB, aren’t you?” he said, right before he claimed Owen’s lips with his own.

Owen resisted for just a moment, his body stiff in Constantine’s arms before he melted. He went pliant, leaning into Constantine’s. His lips softened and opened allowing Constantine inside. Being no dummy, Constantine pressed further into the kiss, ravishing Owen’s lips.

“I want you, Owen,” Constantine murmured against the man’s lips. “I want to make love to you again, and this time, I want to remember it. I want to get to know you, your wants and desires, your likes and dislikes. I want to know your deepest, darkest secrets, and I want to tell you mine. I want to share everything with you.”

Constantine lifted his head to look down into soft moss-green eyes dazed with wonder. He brushed a stray curl back from Owen’s forehead. “And when you’re ready to trust me again, I want your heart.”

“And if I’m never ready?”

As much as that thought pained Constantine, he was willing to gamble on the future they could have together. “Then I’ll take whatever you have to give me and hope that someday I can prove to you that I’m worth the risk.”

“Do I have to deal with your mother?” Owen asked as he fingered the soft material of Constantine’s cotton shirt.

“No. I’m not sure if you noticed, but everything I own is in the back of the moving trailer behind my truck. I’m moving away from my family, joining another pack where I can be the man I was meant to be and not what my parents think I should be.”

“You’re moving?”

“Yes, there’s a newly formed pack outside of Atlanta, Georgia. It’s nothing but Deltas and their mates. A few of my friends live there now.”

“How will they feel about you having two men for mates?”

Constantine's heart pounded faster at Owen's words. "All of the members so far have two men for mates. I don't think they will care a bit."

"So, Christian and I would have to move with you?"

"No, you don't have to if you don't want to, but I'd prefer it if you did." Constantine tried to keep himself from pushing Owen when he really wanted to claim him and scream to the world that the man belonged to him. "The choice has to be yours. I won't force you."

"Will I like it there?" Owen's eyes kept flickering up to Constantine's, then back down.

*Will, not would?* That sounded like Owen was saying he was willing to give things a try. "It's beautiful. The town is basically deserted now, but we're trying to fix it up, get it ready for new members. And there's a river on the edge of a town. Our house will be a couple of miles outside of town, though, right next to a beautiful blue lake."

"Our house?"

Constantine nodded. "I'm building us a house on the lake, big enough for the three of us to have plenty of room to roam."

Owen frowned, and Constantine thought he might have gone too far. "Will the three of us share a room or have our own rooms?"

"I wanted to build one large master bedroom for the three of us to share, but if you want your own room, you can have one. This will be our house, all of ours. We all get a say in how it's designed."

"One big bed?"

Constantine grinned. He didn't miss the cocked eyebrow Owen cast in his direction nor the slight tilt of the man's lips. "One big bed, big enough for all three of us to have lots of fun on."

Owen leaned up on his tip toes and glanced past Constantine to where Christian slept. "Bigger than that bed?"

"Much bigger."

"Then maybe we should try that one out so we can decide exactly how big of a bed we need."

Constantine felt like singing a halleluiah chorus. He grabbed Owen by his upper arms and started walking backwards until he felt the mattress hit the back of his legs. With a small laugh, Constantine fell back onto the bed, Owen coming down on top of him.

“So, just what did you have in mind, mate?”

## Chapter 4

Owen couldn't believe that he was contemplating having sex with Constantine—again—and Christian. But he was, and he could feel that his body was in full support of the idea. His skin felt tight, hot. His cock pressed against his zipper, throbbed to get out.

The grin covering Constantine's lips was intriguing but not as much as the hard length Owen could feel pressed against his abdomen. That just made him plain out ache. Owen remembered what Constantine's cock felt like pounding into his ass and even though there had been pain involved, the pleasure had far outweighed any discomfort he felt.

"What about him?" Owen asked, nodding toward Christian.

"That's up to you," Constantine said. "You're mated to both of us, not just me."

"Yeah, I know. Christian explained it to me. But that's not what I meant. I wanted to know how we should wake him up." Owen frowned. "Is he even in good enough shape to fool around?"

"We won't know until we ask him." Constantine reached for the hem of Owen's shirt and started to pull it up his chest. "I think we should get naked and surprise him."

Owen grinned and sat up. He grabbed the edge of his shirt from Constantine, pulled it over his head, and dropped it behind him onto the floor. He paused when he heard Constantine inhale sharply.

"What?" Owen shivered when Constantine stroked his hands down his naked chest.

"You're so fucking beautiful."

"Am not." Owen could feel his face heat up at Constantine's

words.

“Are too,” Constantine insisted. “Between you and Christian, I think I’m the luckiest damn Delta in the universe. You both make my teeth ache.”

“Yeah?” Owen wasn’t sure he believed Constantine. He and Christian were drop-dead, wet-dream gorgeous. But it was still nice to hear.

“Yeah,” Constantine said, then opened his mouth.

Owen’s eyes widened when he saw that Constantine’s canines had dropped down. Owen stared at the white fangs for several moments, his heart pounding when he remembered them ripping into his flesh. “You want to bite me, don’t you?”

“I won’t lie to you,” Constantine said. “The desire I have to bite you is almost as strong as the need I have to fuck you, but I won’t bite you until you give me permission.”

“You already bit me once, and now I can hear you in my head. That means we’ve already bonded, doesn’t it?”

Constantine nodded, not saying a word, but Owen could see the hesitation and anxiety in his suddenly tense features, the worry in his blue-violet eyes. Owen pushed Constantine’s shirt up to his armpits then leaned down until their chests pressed together. He stroked his hand down the side of Constantine’s angled jaw line.

“Then I guess all we have to do is claim Christian then, right?” Owen asked softly. “And how does that work? Does he have to bite me, too, or just you? Do I bite him back?”

“In-in order for you to hear Christian in your head like you do me, he has to bite you, too,” Constantine said.

Owen could have sworn he saw a slight glint in Constantine’s eyes, but it was gone before he could be sure.

“Is that what you want, for us to claim you?”

Owen sat back up. He rubbed his hands over Constantine’s broad chest and loved the feel of the firm muscles beneath his palms. “I’m not sure what exactly I want, to tell you the truth. This is all very

confusing for me.”

“What do you want then?”

*The moment of truth.* Owen took a deep breath and blew it out slowly. “The only thing that I know I want for sure is to feel your arms around me again. The only time in all this crazy shit that I felt right was when you held me for that small amount of time. That’s the only thing that makes sense to me.”

“I can do that,” Constantine said, holding out his arms.

Owen almost sobbed when he fell into Constantine’s arms. He pressed his face into the crook of Constantine’s neck and just held on, inhaling his mate’s musky scent. He could feel Constantine’s hands roaming over his back then moving down to squeeze his ass cheeks through the denim of his jeans.

“You feel so good in my arms, Owen,” Constantine whispered into his ear, making him shiver at the softly spoken words.

“I like being there.”

“You’d feel even better naked.”

Owen chuckled. “So, undress me.”

Owen yelped as he was suddenly flipped over onto his back. Before Owen could even catch his breath, Constantine had his jeans undone and was pulling them down his legs.

“Damn!” Constantine dropped the jeans to the floor, then just stood there and looked down at Owen’s naked body.

Feeling self-conscious at the intensity of Constantine’s gaze, Owen started to cover himself. Constantine quickly leaned forward and grabbed Owen’s arms, pressing them against the mattress at his sides.

“No, don’t hide yourself from me. You’re gorgeous.”

Owen felt his face flush while he looked away. “I’m not nearly as handsome as Christian.”

“There’s no comparison.”

Feeling like the man had just stabbed a knife in his gut, Owen glanced back at Constantine. He knew Constantine had a stronger

connection to Christian than to him because they were both werewolves and he was just a human, but he never thought it would be thrown in his face so blatantly.

“You’re two very different people. You don’t even look the same. Christian is dark and sexy, all that long black hair and those deep silver eyes. He is also very...spirited. I imagine he and I will argue a lot. We’re both very stubborn people.”

Owen’s heart sank.

“But you, Owen, you’re like a ray of sunshine, a grassy meadow in the middle of summer. With your beautiful strawberry-blond hair and moss-green eyes, you’re captivating. You make me want to hold you in my arms and soak in all your warmth.”

“Really?”

“One of the perks of being a Delta. I get the best of both worlds.”

Owen laughed at the way Constantine wiggled his eyebrows. His laughter instantly turned to a groan when Constantine ran his hand down Owen’s side to grip his hip and pulled him up close.

“Con-Constantine.”

Constantine licked along the edge of Owen’s jaw, then moved down to his neck. Owen arched his head back, baring his neck to Constantine’s questing lips. He shivered at each little touch, each lick. It felt like heaven.

When Constantine pulled his hip up more, Owen lifted his leg and wrapped it around Constantine’s waist. It brought his cock up against Constantine, pressing it between the two of them.

Owen’s breath hitched in his throat when Constantine started to jerk against him. The friction of their bodies made Owen ache. “Constantine, skin...I need to feel your skin. Take your clothes off.”

Constantine grinned and climbed to his feet. Owen leaned up on his elbows and watched the man strip his clothes off, one item at a time. “You should have been a stripper.”

“Yeah?”

“It’s sexy as hell watching you get undressed.”

Owen could see the effect his words had on Constantine. A sparkle of desire built in his eyes. His breathing became faster. Owen also noticed that his words had a profound effect on Constantine's cock. The moment Constantine shoved his pants down, his cock bounced up and slapped against his abdomen.

"Damn!"

Turning one way, then the other, Constantine flexed his muscles. Owen laughed, amused by Constantine's overexaggerated display of his physique. Owen glanced over the sexy body before him until he got to the man's cock. His eyes widened. He couldn't believe he had had that thing in his ass.

"You're huge," he said as he got a good look at the man's rather impressive size. "I can't believe you fit. No wonder it hurt so much."

Constantine's face instantly fell. He dropped to his knees, leaned over Owen, and reached up to stroke the side of his face. "I'm so sorry, Owen. I swear I didn't mean to hurt you. If you were prepared, it never would have hurt. I was just too far into my bloodlust to take care of you properly. It won't ever happen again, I promise."

"What if you go into bloodlust again?"

Constantine shook his head. "Now that we're mated, I'm incapable of hurting you like that again. Even if I do go into bloodlust, our bond would prevent me from harming you in any manner."

Owen liked how that sounded. "Yeah?"

"I'll protect you from anything," Constantine said. "Even myself."

Owen liked that even better. He would still hold judgment until he got to know Constantine a little better, but right now, he wanted to get to know the man's body, every last damn inch of him.

"Are we going to wake Christian up?"

Constantine glanced beyond Owen to the man sleeping peacefully on the other side of the bed and then he grinned. "Yes, let's."

Owen rolled over and climbed up the bed to lie down next to Christian. Constantine was right—Christian was a gorgeous man. His

face was slender and long, his jaw square but not overly so. A straight, thin nose and plush lips were set off by the longest black eyelashes Owen had ever seen.

He started to reach out to caress Christian's face when he felt a heavy weight settle behind him. Owen turned his head to find Constantine spooned against his back. Constantine started nibbling on Owen's neck while he wrapped his arms around Owen.

"Why don't you wake our man up?" Constantine asked between nibbles. "I'll work on you, you work on him."

Constantine's hand skimmed Owen's chest, which sent a shiver of desire through him. Owen bit his lips to keep from crying out in delight at the touch and turned his attention to waking Christian up.

He stroked the side of Christian's face until his eyelashes fluttered and silver eyes peered back at him. Owen smiled. "Hi, did you sleep well?"

Christian's eyes widened when he glanced past Owen, then looked back at him. "Not as well as you, it seems." Christian chuckled.

Owen could feel Constantine lips moving along his neck and shoulder. He knew what image Christian was referring to. "Two of the three of us are ready to play." Owen started working on the buttons of Christian's shirt. "Want to join us? Constantine assures me that this would be a lot more fun if we all participated."

Christian grinned and rolled to the side of the bed to stand up. Owen's breath caught in his throat when Christian began taking his clothes off. It was every bit as erotic as watching Constantine strip.

"Damn, I swear the two of you are going to put on a show for me one of these days."

Constantine chuckled behind him. Christian just looked confused. Owen felt his face heat as he realized he had actually voiced his desires. Constantine and Christian were sure to think he was an absolute pervert.

Finding out he liked to watch was something new for Owen,

something he never thought he'd be into. He was wrong. Owen's cock ached at the mere thought of watching Constantine and Christian together. It made him feel hot. His skin tingled.

Oh wait, that might be the tongue licking across his neck or the fingers tugging on his nipple. The hand inching its way down Owen's chest toward his cock could be adding to the tightening in his chest, too.

When Constantine finally wrapped his hand around Owen's cock, Owen cried out and arched into the touch. He was so immersed in the feeling of Constantine's stroking him that he barely noticed Christian climbing onto the bed until he felt the man's lips press against his.

Owen suddenly realized that he was sandwiched between two naked men, two very aroused naked men. Constantine's cock rubbing against his ass and Christian's cock rubbing against his front.

Constantine's hot breath blew across the skin of his neck as the man's lips moved over his naked skin. Christian's breath blew across his face. Owen felt like his body was going into overload from the dual sensations.

He groaned, aroused beyond anything he'd thought he felt before. Christian was warm, solid, and soft in all the right places. Constantine ran hot and solid in just about every place.

Both men touched Owen gently, but firmly. Each touch felt like fire along Owen's skin, tingling, burning. He arched into one caress then had to move back into the other. Before he knew it, Owen was moving back and forth like a yo-yo.

"Constantine claimed you," Christian murmured against Owen's skin. "He bit you here, didn't he?"

Owen bucked when Christian licked along the bite mark on his neck, which sent a shock of sensation down Owen. The mark still felt sensitive and brought back the incredible memories Owen hid away of Constantine claiming him, memories Owen planned to bring out and fantasize about when he was alone.

The claiming by Constantine had hurt, but it had brought Owen

more pleasure than he'd ever felt. He didn't know if that meant he liked pain or that he just needed to feel the bigger man claim him. Owen wasn't sure he cared as long as it happened again.

"I'm going to bite you here, Owen," Christian murmured right before he bit down gently on the other side of Owen's neck. He didn't bite hard enough to break the skin, just enough to make Owen's toes curl.

"Yes," Owen gasped. His hands clenched against Christian's shoulders. He reached up, grasped Christian's hair, and pulled the man closer, all but shoving Christian's face into the soft curve of his neck. His skin tingled. He could almost feel Christian's teeth sinking into his throat.

"The only thing you need to decide is if Constantine is going to fuck you while you fuck me or is he going to fuck me while I fuck you."

Owen blinked and moved his head back to stare at Christian. "I get a choice?"

Christian frowned. "Of course you do."

"But what if I can't decide?"

"Baby, it's not rocket science." Constantine leaned over Owen. "And hopefully, this is something we will do a million times over. If you want to try it one way this time, we can try it another way next time. There are lots of scenarios we can try."

Owen smiled and he tilted his head back to look up into Constantine's blue-violet eyes. "I'd really like to try things with you again if that's okay."

"That's more than okay." Constantine grinned, bent down, and quickly kissed Owen on the lips. "In fact, I think that idea is just about perfect."

"We have lube this time, right?"

Christian laughed and rolled off the bed. Owen watched him hurry to his pack and search around. He let out a glad little cry and ran back to the bed, holding a small bottle in his hands. "Never leave home

without it.”

Owen frowned. He wasn't sure he liked the sudden feeling of jealousy that raced through him at the thought of Christian needing a bottle of lube before now. He didn't like the thought of Christian with anyone except him or Constantine.

“I'll carry the lube from now on,” Owen snapped as he grabbed the bottle out of Christian's hand. “You won't need it except when you're with us.”

Christian's mouth dropped open for a moment before he started laughing. “Owen, my past doesn't matter anymore. I'm mated to you and Constantine now. I can't be with anyone except the both of you ever again. There's no need to be jealous.”

“How would you like to think about me being with someone else?” Owen snapped.

“You were a virgin,” Christian said, and the smile slowly fell from his lips. “You said so.”

“That was then. This is now.”

Christian pushed away a little. His eyebrows drew together as he frowned. “Are you saying you want to be with someone else?”

“No, but now you know how I feel when you talk about your past.”

Christian started to move to the side of the bed, but Constantine reached across Owen and grabbed him by the arm. “All right, that's enough, both of you. We're supposed to be having a good time here, loving each other, not fighting. We all have a past, each one of us. We're going to have to learn to deal with that.”

Christian settled back down on the bed while he seemed to consider Constantine's words. Owen felt his heart ache in his chest at the dejected look on Christian's face. That's not what he wanted. He just wanted...Owen wasn't sure exactly what he wanted, but he knew he felt like a jerk.

“I'm sorry, Christian.” Owen shrugged. “I don't think that came out right. There's nothing you can do about your past. I get that. I

just—when you brought that bottle out and said what you did, I just suddenly saw all these men fucking you and I—”

“Two,” Christian whispered. “I’ve been with two men, that’s it. I swear.”

“And you’ll never be with any other men except me and Owen, right?” Constantine asked.

Owen watched Christian’s eyes flicker up to Constantine’s and the man slowly started to smile. “Promise.”

“And you, Owen?” Constantine asked, grabbing Owen by the chin and turned his head. “Do you promise never to be with anyone else except me or Christian?”

“Yes, of course, but I—”

“No buts.” Constantine covered Owen’s lips with his finger. “We, all three of us, promise right here and now that we won’t be with anyone else. It’s just the three of us in this bed, and it’s going to stay that way. Agreed?”

Owen nodded. He could see Christian nodding out of the corner of his eye. Constantine nodded and removed his finger from Owen’s mouth. He smirked. “Well, now that we have that settled, do you think we can get on with this thing between the three of us then? I don’t know about you two, but my dick aches. I think it needs a little tender-loving care.”

Owen laughed. How could he not? Constantine just had a way of putting everything in perspective and cutting through the bullshit. Owen reached back and wrapped his hand around Constantine’s thick cock.

“I think I might be able to help you with that.”

Constantine groaned, thrusting against Owen’s tight grip. Owen started stroking Constantine, his groan soon joining the man’s as Christian gripped him.

While their conversion of a moment ago had been laden, the desire building between the three of them was back almost immediately. They touched and caressed each other and pressed their

bodies together.

“Lean forward, baby.” Constantine pushed at Owen’s hip. “Lift your leg over Christian.”

Owen was confused but did what Constantine said. He only understood when he felt the man’s fingers move between his ass cheeks. The breath stuttered in his throat when he felt the soft caress against his puckered entrance. It scared him, but it felt really, really good. He didn’t know whether to move away from the touch or push back against it.

Pressing back against the slicked up fingers pressing into him won out. Owen cried out deeply when two thrust into his ass. He knew from experience that Constantine was a large man. He knew that he needed to be stretched a lot. Owen just wasn’t sure he would last long enough to get Christian ready, too.

“Chri-Christian.” Owen groaned and reached for the man. “Need to get you ready. Don’t want to hurt you.”

Christian grinned and reached over Owen for the bottle of lube. “You just enjoy yourself. I’ll get myself ready.”

Owen’s eyes nearly popped out of his head when he imagined Christian with his own fingers in his ass. He licked his lips. “Can I watch?”

“You want to watch me prepare myself?”

Owen nodded, unable to find the words to say what he wanted. He had an inkling before that he was somewhat voyeuristic. Now he knew he was. He liked watching. The thought of watching Christian stretch himself, get himself ready for Owen’s cock, nearly made Owen come. Only by clenching his fists did he fend off his impending orgasm.

But it was a close thing when Christian rolled over and climbed to his hands and knees. Owen was sure he stopped breathing when Christian squirted some lube on his fingers, then reached around and started stretching himself.

“Fuck me,” Constantine exclaimed. “That’s hot!”

Owen nodded. He was pretty sure he was drooling.

“You like watching Christian stretch himself, baby?”

Constantine crooned in his ear as he added a third finger to Owen’s ass. All three fingers started moving in and out of Owen’s tight entrance to the same movements of Christian’s fingers.

“Watch him, baby. Imagine what it’s going to be like when that’s your hard cock instead of his fingers.”

Owen watched. He had to. No force on earth could have torn his eyes away from Christian preparing himself on his own fingers. Owen could feel Constantine impaling him in the same way, almost as if they all shared the same sensation at the very same time.

“Fuck, baby.” Constantine groaned. “You’re so tight.”

Owen blinked. He suddenly realized that while he’d been mesmerized by the sight of Christian stretching himself, Constantine had filled him with his cock. He shuddered, feeling Constantine bottom out, the man’s balls pressing against him.

“It didn’t hurt,” he whispered in surprise.

“It’s not supposed to.” Constantine chuckled. “You’re only supposed to feel pleasure, Owen.”

Owen did, especially when Constantine started moving. The pleasure shot through his body like a spark of electricity. Owen cried out and pushed his ass back against Constantine. He couldn’t believe how good it felt.

The sudden slap of a hand on his hip jolted Owen. Confused by the smack, he looked over his shoulder at Constantine.

“We’re going to roll over to our hands and knees, okay?”

Owen arched an eyebrow. How in the hell was he supposed to roll onto his hands and knees with Constantine’s cock in his ass? That was like asking the impossible. Still, Owen tried to give it his best shot. Constantine helped by grabbing Owen’s hips while they both rolled over.

Owen inhaled swiftly and climbed to his hands and knees. The new position allowed Constantine to sink farther into Owen’s ass.

Owen dug his fingers into the blankets and tried to catch his breath. He could feel Constantine moving behind him, the man's body pressed tight against his ass.

"Christian?"

Owen expected Christian to kneel in front of him. He wasn't prepared for him to lie on his back and scoot down until their hard cocks were pressed together. Christian spread his legs, then pulled them up to his chest.

"Our turn." Christian chuckled.

Owen swallowed hard when he looked down at the stretched pink hole waiting for him. He suddenly realized that he'd never done this and that he had no idea how to make it good for Christian. He knew nothing about man-on-man sex.

"Christian, I don't—"

"You'll be fine, Owen. Just do what Constantine does."

Owen had serious doubts, but he grabbed his cock and guided it to Christian's tight entrance anyway. The silky heat of Christian's body enveloped Owen's cock as he slowly sank it into the man.

"Oh yeah, right there."

Christian moaned beneath Owen. Owen looked down, surprised when he found Christian's neck arched, his eyes closed as if the sensations going through him were more than he could take with them open. "Right where?"

Constantine did a series of short thrusts. Owen thought it felt pretty good until Constantine changed his angle and the head of his cock hit something inside. Owen stiffened and cried out, overwhelmed by the sensation.

"Right there," Constantine whispered into Owen's ear. "That's the sweet spot, baby."

Owen nodded rapidly. It sure as hell was. It felt like every nerve ending, every cell in his body, was flooded with pleasure. When Constantine did it again, Owen couldn't help but thrust forward into Christian, then thrust back against Constantine.

He couldn't decide which sensation felt better, the feeling of Constantine's cock filling him and hitting his sweet spot or the tight grip that surrounded his cock every time he thrust into Christian. Owen wasn't sure he cared. The faster he moved, the more he felt of both.

Owen's movements became erratic as sensation after sensation washed over him. Only Constantine's hands on his hips kept him in line. It didn't hurt that he was sandwiched between the two men.

Christian caressed Owen from below, moved his lips over Owen's skin. Constantine loved him from behind, nibbling across Owen's neck while stroking his heated skin.

Owen was simply the vessel between Constantine and Christian that they took their pleasure from. Owen couldn't have been happier about that. If being in the middle of these two men was his future, he was all for it.

"It's time, Owen."

Owen glanced down at Christian in confusion.

"I'm close," he groaned. "I want to claim you when I come."

Owen didn't know how Christian could be close considering the man had never touched his cock, but he still leaned down when Christian opened his mouth and bared his canines. The pain was immediate but gone in a second to be replaced by overwhelming pleasure.

Owen cried out, certain he was seconds away from coming. He shook. He clenched the sheets next to Christian's head. He tried to hold off his orgasm until he felt Christian come. Owen thought he might have succeeded when he felt hot liquid shoot between them.

Then another set of canines sank into his neck while Constantine pummeled his sweet spot with rapid thrusts. A multitude of sensations was too much for Owen to take. He screamed out with his release and filled Christian with his seed.

A dim roar behind him echoed Owen's orgasm. He felt Constantine's seed fill him even as he collapsed on top of Christian's

sweaty body. Moments later, something else moved inside of him. Owen jerked and cried out when it latched onto his prostate, sending more pleasure rocketing through him.

“What the fuck is that?”

“Mating knot.” Constantine panted against his back. “It only comes out when we fuck our mates. Don’t you remember it from last time?”

Owen could feel his face flush. “I kind of passed out after a while. I don’t think my body is supposed to have multiple orgasms.”

“We’ll have to fix that.” Constantine chuckled. “Maybe when we try fucking with me on the bottom and Christian on top, huh?”

Owen could feel Christian’s rapid heartbeat beneath his ear. He could feel Constantine’s heaving body behind him, the knot inside of him holding them together. He wasn’t sure he ever felt anything more wonderful in his life.

“I think the other way just might kill us.” Christian panted. He gently stroked his hand down Owen’s head to his back. Owen could feel Christian’s hand entwine with Constantine’s but strangely, sandwiched between the two men, he didn’t feel left out. In fact, he never felt more loved.

Owen chuckled. “I’m willing to chance it.”

## Chapter 5

The next morning, all seemed in a much better mood leaving the motel than when they had gotten here. Christian figured that it might have something to do with the life-changing sex and the mating that had happened last night. But what did he know? He was walking around smiling like an idiot.

Constantine picked up one of the bags and headed outside. Christian figured he should help, grabbed the other one, and followed him out to the car. His injuries felt much better after some rest, food, and amazing sex.

“I say we hit the vending machine,” Christian said, nodding in that direction. “Get a couple of pops and some chips to tide us over until we get some more distance before we stop for real food.”

“Great idea.”

Constantine leaned down to give him a quick kiss. Constantine closed the trunk after both bags were in, and they headed over to the vending machines. Once there, they both pulled out their wallets and started getting junk-food supplies.

Just as they were finishing up, they heard a loud crash coming from the direction of their room followed by a short shout that was suddenly silenced. Dropping everything in his hands, Christian sprinted toward their room.

*Owen!*

Shit, he hadn’t even been thinking about not leaving Owen alone. Constantine, being a much faster and bigger guy than Christian, flew by him. Plus, even though he was mostly healed now, Christian was still pretty sore from his beating.

Reaching the room, Christian's heart fell when he saw the door open and the room in disarray. Well, at least Owen had put up a fight. He just prayed that Owen hadn't gotten hurt in the process. How could they have been so stupid to leave him alone?

"Christian, in here," Constantine said from the bathroom.

He quickly went over to join his mate and froze in fear when he saw what Constantine wanted to show him. There was a note with an address written in marker on the mirror.

*We've got your boy toy, Christian. You're life for his. One hour, come alone.*

"This is all my fault," Christian cried as he started to collapse. Constantine was there in a flash to catch him before he hit the floor. "I have to go get Owen. I need your car."

"You're not going anywhere alone," Constantine said firmly. "We go together."

"They said come alone. I don't want them to hurt Owen." Tears started gathering in his eyes. He would die if anything happened to Owen. They'd just mated. Christian couldn't lose the man.

"Baby, listen to me," Constantine said, lifting Christian into his arms. "You really think they're going to let Owen go? They took a human who knows about werewolves. They won't let him go."

"I've killed our mate," Christian cried out, clinging onto Constantine like his life depended on it. "It should have been me!"

"No! No one's dying today except the people who took Owen." Constantine growled. "This is *not* your fault, Christian. Your asshole pack is to blame for this, no one else. You didn't do anything but love Owen. He knows that."

"How do we get him back, Constantine? We just found him. We need him to hold us together. He's our center. We can't lose him."

"We're not going to. I've got a plan, baby." Constantine kissed Christian's cheeks then he wiped away his tears. "We'll get him back, Christian. Come on, we have to get to the address they listed."

"I don't want you getting hurt, too," Christian said. "I couldn't

stand if I were the reason you got hurt, too!”

“Please! I’m a Delta.” Constantine snickered and ran his hands over his firm chest and abs. “Look at this body, completely solid and made for kicking ass. Besides, they won’t even see or smell me, Christian. I can mask my scent. Don’t forget that.”

“You know when I look at your body, I’m not thinking of you fighting.” Christian chuckled and he wiped his eyes again. He knew Constantine was being silly to help him, and Christian fell a little more in love with him right there for it. “It more involves us being naked.”

“We’ll explore that more once we go get our baby back,” Constantine replied, wiggling his eyebrows and holding out his hand to Christian. “I need you to trust me, Christian. I’ve been in worse situations than this. I’m worried about Owen, too. But I also know I’m way more able to handle this than the guys who have him.”

“I trust you, Constantine,” Christian said gently and took his mate’s hand. And he did. He might have just met the man, but he couldn’t think of anyone besides Owen that he trusted more. That thought amazed Christian a little bit and gave him courage. “Let’s go get our Owen.”

They grabbed whatever was still in the room that belonged to them and left the hotel room. Christian took several deep breaths when Constantine handed him the keys so he could drive. It was up to Christian to drive because Constantine would be invisible when they arrived.

“You drive, but remember to leave the door open when you get out of the truck,” Constantine said as they climbed in. “It’ll blow our secret that I’m there if they see the door open by itself.”

“Yeah, that would be bad.” Christian nervously giggled while he drove out onto the road. He was glad he wasn’t going in this alone.

As he drove, Constantine started to pull off his clothes. If it had been almost any other situation, Christian wouldn’t have been able to keep his eyes off his hot mate. But the severity of what was

happening kept his hormones in check.

He gasped when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Constantine vanish. His pack didn't have a Delta, so this was a new experience for him. Everyone knew about Deltas and about what they could do, but Christian had never seen it before.

"Constantine?" he asked with a whisper.

"Yes, my love?" Constantine asked in Christian's mind.

"Holy shit," he replied. "I feel like I'm on acid trip or something."

*"You better not be speaking from experience, Christian. Or when this is over I'm going to kick your ass!"*

"No, I don't know firsthand." Christian chuckled. He turned left onto the side street that would bring them to the address left in the hotel room. "I never had the desire to do drugs. I just didn't see the appeal. I prefer my high to come from much more natural activities."

*"Good. Owen and I are your only drug of choice now."* Constantine snickered in his head. *"Okay, no more talking to the invisible werewolf in the car. We're getting too close. I'll be right there with you, Christian."*

"I need you to promise me one thing first," Christian said solemnly. "No matter what happens, get Owen out. I can defend myself better than he can, you know that. I'll keep them distracted the best I can, but you get Owen out, Constantine. Promise me that."

*"I promise. I also promise we're all getting out of this. We're not going in there to trade you for Owen."*

Christian wasn't as sure as he pulled up to the warehouse. But at least his mind was clear on the task at hand now that his mate had promised to get Owen out. He slowed the truck, threw it in park, and shut off the engine. Slowly, he opened the door and climbed out.

"I'm here," he called out as he walked toward the abandoned building. Christian felt like he had stepped into a really bad B-rated mob movie. Everything in him wanted to look back to the truck the farther away he got. He hadn't forgotten to leave the door open for Constantine.

*"I'm right next to you, baby. You're doing great, just keep going."*

When he got to the door, he opened it and just peered for a moment. He felt something brush against him. It had to be Constantine, especially since it felt furry. Taking a deep breath, he walked through the door, making sure he paused just inside while holding the door open. He needed to give Constantine time to get inside.

"You've always been stupid."

A man laughed. Christian recognized the voice immediately. He'd never forget it. Jake was one of the members of his pack who had beaten the living shit out of Christian.

"Hello, Jake." Christian walked farther into the building. Getting closer to where Jake was, he could see the other two members who had been in on his beating.

"You actually came alone." Jake sneered. "You fucking moron."

"You said come alone or Owen died," Christian replied and tried not to cry out when Owen was dragged into view by Mike and Liam, also pack members who had participated in Christian's beating. His little mate was tied up and gagged, and blood dripped from his nose. "I'm here, let him go."

"Yeah, right," Mike said, rolling his eyes. "We kidnapped a human who's going to witness us killing you. Yeah, we'll let him go when hell freezes over."

"Let him go now before you kill me," Christian begged. "He won't see anything then."

Just then, something clawed up the front of Liam, who was holding Owen. Wanting to take advantage of their surprise, Christian shifted as fast as he could and leaped at Mike. Mike had been especially brutal when they had beaten him. Payback was going to be a bitch.

Mike didn't even have time to shift before Christian was on him. He gave two strong swipes of his claws over Mike's face to temporarily incapacitate him before turning toward Jake.

Unfortunately, Jake had enough time to shift into a wolf, and he was ready for Christian.

*“Get Owen out of here, NOW,”* Christian growled to Constantine through their mental link. He wanted to see where his little mate was, but he couldn’t turn his back on Jake. The man was by far the most vicious of the three men.

Seeing Jake was about to spring at him, Christian did the same. They met in the air crashing into each other hard. Christian ignored the pain of the wounds Jake was inflicting, fighting for his life and to protect his mates.

Somewhere in the middle of claws and blood flying everywhere, Jake was lifted into the air and was thrown across the room. Christian only then looked to see Owen standing by the door, still bound and gagged, but otherwise out of harm’s way.

“Shift back and get Owen free,” Constantine told Christian in a voice that wasn’t quite Constantine’s as he shimmered into sight. “I’ll take care of this trash.”

Christian had grown up around wolves who could take their third werewolf form. He was used to it so he wasn’t surprised by Constantine’s appearance. Christian guessed Owen wasn’t used to it, though, when he saw the man’s eyes practically bug out of his head.

“Are you okay, Constantine?” Christian asked after he shifted back to human form and dropped to his knees from the pain overwhelming him.

“I’m fine. They never even touched me. Can you get up and get to the truck with Owen?” Constantine asked. “You’re not looking so good there, mate.”

“I’m fine.” He stood slowly, then hobbled to Owen. The first thing he did when he got to his little mate was remove the gag. “Are you okay, baby? I’m so sorry. Please don’t hate me.”

“I’m okay, Christian,” Owen, hands still tied behind his back, said before kissing Christian on the mouth. “I could never hate you. You came to rescue me, fought to save me. This wasn’t your fault, and I

hope you killed them all.”

“This would never have happened to you if not for me,” Christian said, trying to hold back his tears while he freed Owen’s hands. He helped Owen up and guided him toward the door. Once they walked outside, Owen wrapped an arm around Christian’s waist to help him. “I’m so sorry, Owen. I can’t even begin tell you how sorry I am.”

“It’s not your fault,” Owen answered again. “I’m just in awe at how fast you shifted like that. I mean I knew you guys were werewolves, but I’ve never seen it. And Constantine was invisible in there, right? I mean I think I heard him, but I couldn’t see him.”

“You get kidnapped and beaten, but all you are talking about is us shifting?” Christian laughed until he realized it hurt to laugh. “Man, you really are one of a kind, Owen.”

“Thanks, I think.” Owen snickered as he opened the door and helped Christian into the passenger’s seat of the truck. “It was no big deal. All they did was punch me once in the nose, and I went down. I didn’t put up much of a fight. I knew you guys would come for me, I figured why add to my beating in the process?”

“Smart and hot, I’m a lucky guy,” Christian replied, smiling widely at his mate. “And to answer your earlier question, yes, Constantine was invisible. That’s part of being a Delta. They can shift into a wolf, or our third form that’s more wolfman. But he can also turn himself invisible in either form. That’s normally why they get sent to handle rogue wolves, because you can’t fight what you can’t see.”

“While I get it, and it’s cool he can do it,” Owen said after he went around the truck and hopped up in the driver’s seat. “That still sounds like a shit job for Deltas to get stuck with. I mean does his job have any perks?”

“Us,” Christian answered, smiling again. “They get two mates to love them and take care of them. With everything he goes through, it takes two of us to make him remember why he does the job he has to.”

"I hope he's happy with his end of the bargain." Owen snickered.

"I am very happy now that I have both of you," Constantine said, suddenly standing in the driver's side door. It still came out more of a growl because he was in his third form. But he was visible now. "Don't be scared of me, Owen."

"I'm not," Owen whispered after turning to look at their mate.

Christian just sat there and watched Owen take in the way Constantine looked. Their big Delta mate was even larger than normal.

Constantine had to be at least seven-and-a-half-feet tall, with an elongated muzzle, which explained why everything he said was more of a growl than his normal voice. Pointed ears sprouted from the top of his head, and most of his body was covered in light tan hair. It was an impressive sight.

"Do you want to touch me?" Constantine asked gently as he leaned into the truck to be closer to Owen.

"Yes," Owen answered quietly. He reached up and cupped the side of Constantine's face. "This is amazing. I mean I knew you guys could change like this, but to see it with my own eyes, to touch you. It's almost more than my brain can process. But I swear, I'm not scared."

"I know, I could smell your fear if you were afraid," Constantine replied.

Christian watched Constantine rub his face against Owen's hand. "So you're okay with us turning furry?"

"Yeah, it's actually turning me on." Owen blushed. "My mates are totally badass and powerful. I find it incredibly sexy."

"Really?" Christian was completely taken aback. Of all the responses he expected from Owen, sexy was not one of them.

"Yeah, is that bad?" Owen, a worried look on his flushed face, turned to look at Christian.

"No, not at all." Christian chuckled. "I'm just really surprised. I don't know too many humans who know about us or have seen us

shift. I wasn't ready for sexy to be your response."

"I'm going to change back now." Constantine took a step back. "We should get going."

There was a shimmer around Constantine for a few moments, and then suddenly he was back to human form.

"Can you hand me my clothes, please, Christian?"

"Sure." Christian tossed them over to Constantine. "Seems a shame to cover up your gorgeous body, but you're right, we need to get out of here."

"Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you," Owen said, starting to blush again. "After they saw Constantine at the hotel, Jake made a phone call. When he was done, he told the other two guys that reinforcements were on the way."

"Fuck, we really have to move then," Constantine said as he dressed.

Once he was done, he hopped in the driver's seat and started the truck. As quickly as they could, the truck peeled out of the driveway and back onto the road.

"Okay, we'll pick up your car at the motel and make tracks."

"Sorry I didn't tell you sooner," Owen replied quietly, seeming embarrassed or ashamed if Christian had to guess. "I kind of forgot for a moment there."

"Baby, it's fine." Constantine took Owen's hand and brought it to his lips. "With everything you've been through, I'm glad you remembered anything at all. Can you both hold off getting food until we get a few miles away from here?"

"Yeah, totally," Christian answered, and Owen nodded. "I'm going to ride with Owen if that's cool with you, Constantine. I really want to just lie down in his backseat. That way if we get separated, one of us is with him."

"Good plan." Constantine nodded. "But after we get to the new pack, no more driving separately again. I want my mates with me all the time."

“So, I’m going to live with you guys?” Owen asked. “I mean, just give up my place?”

“No, not if you don’t want to,” Constantine answered.

Christian could see him frowning when he turned to look.

“Christian can blend in with humans better than I can. Being a Delta, I really need to be around my own kind or out away from most people. The scent I give off kind of drives werewolves and humans nuts. I can mask it for short periods, but not on a regular basis. Plus, I was born with a job of working for the council. I can’t get out of that.”

“Okay, I can see that,” Owen said, nodding. “I’m not saying I don’t want to live with you. But it’s like we were married after last night. I need some time to wrap my head around it.”

“I understand that,” Christian replied, trying to play the middle man again to help the conversation before Constantine could say anything. “We were raised with the knowledge of what being mated meant. You were kind of thrown into the deep end of this, Owen. But know we want you with us. If you don’t like the Delta pack, we can figure something else out.”

“Of course. The three of us are in this together. Christian and I just have to belong to a pack. That’s the rule. Otherwise, we could be considered rogue, and then they would send someone like me to hunt us down.”

“I’m willing to try, but I reserve the right to bring up the issue if I don’t like it,” Owen said firmly.

“We want to know what you’re thinking or feeling, baby,” Constantine said. “We’re not mind readers, and for this to work, we all have to talk about things.”

“Right, like I need some clothes,” Christian stated when they parked next to Owen’s car in the parking lot of the motel. It was really the first time he realized he was naked. Shifters were used to being naked around others, especially after just having shifted. But they were about to be in public again, and his clothes had been shredded

when he shifted.

“There’s a duffle bag behind your seat.” Constantine chuckled. “They might be a little big on you, but help yourself.”

Christian reached for the bag and opened it while Constantine and Owen hopped out of the truck. After finding some shorts that tied and a T-shirt, he pulled them on. When he was done, he joined his mates next to Owen’s car.

“Are you sure you’re okay, Owen?” Constantine asked looking over their little mate.

“I’m fine. Just wondering how long until the headache leaves after getting punched in the nose?” Owen snickered. “It’s really throbbing.”

“Um, that’s because it’s broken,” Constantine answered after a moment of checking out Owen’s nose. “You’re not going to like what I have to do, baby, but I promise, after I snap it back into place the pain will get better.”

“Will it hurt?” Owen asked, not looking happy at the idea.

“Yeah, it’s going to hurt like a bitch.” Constantine grimaced. “It has to be done, though. Otherwise, it could heal that way.”

“Okay, get it over with.” Owen closed his eyes tightly.

Christian hugged Owen from behind so he didn’t jump when Constantine snapped his nose, and make it worse. He nodded at Constantine, who put his hands on either side of Owen’s nose and felt around. With a jerk and a loud snap of Owen’s nose, Constantine reset it.

“Mother fucker!” Owen shouted as he jerked in Christian’s arms. He gently touched his injured nose. “You weren’t kidding.”

“Sorry, baby,” Constantine said, stroking Owen’s hair. “It will start to feel better soon. You guys get ready to go. I’m going to run and get a few drinks. A cold pop can will help with the swelling if you can hold it on the side of your nose while you drive.”

“You can let go now, Christian,” Owen said after Constantine jogged away.

“Maybe I just like having an excuse to hug you?” Christian replied and snuggled his face in the side of Owen’s neck. “I was really scared I wouldn’t ever get to hold you again, Owen.”

“I’m really okay,” Owen said quietly and held on to Christian’s arms. “I swear I’m just fine. So what’s a broken nose? You got beat up way worse than I did.”

“Thank you for not being mad,” he replied, letting go of Owen. When Owen turned around, Christian gave him a soft peck on the lips, being careful of Owen’s nose. They smiled at each other for a moment, then got into Owen’s car. Christian was eternally grateful that the pillow and blanket were still in the backseat as he wiggled into a lying down position.

“Okay, let’s hit the road,” Constantine said, running back up to the car.

He handed Owen a few pops through the window before asking again if Owen was okay. Christian bit his lip not to laugh when Owen merely rolled his eyes and started the car.

“My tough little mate.”

That got both Owen and Christian laughing while Constantine hurriedly got into the truck. Moments later, they were following the truck and turning back onto the main road.

“Hey, Owen, can I ask you a question?” Christian asked, realizing something. “I’m not trying to pick on you or be rude, okay? I’m just curious.”

“Sure, go ahead,” Owen replied. He drove down the road with one hand. The other hand held a can of pop to the side of his nose.

“You’re psychic, right?” Christian asked, trying to word his question carefully.

“You want to know how come I didn’t see that I was going to be kidnapped, right?”

“How did you know that’s what I was going to ask?” Christian lifted his head to look at Owen in the rear view mirror.

“I get asked that one a lot when people learn I’m psychic.” Owen

snickered. “Like how come I still tripped, didn’t I see that coming? The answer is twofold. One, I don’t see everything that’s going to happen always. Two, it’s harder to see things about myself. It’s like whatever powers that be gave me this gift thought it would be cheating if I could see my own future.”

“Makes sense,” Christian lay back down. “But it kind of sucks, too.”

“In a way,” Owen said shrugging his shoulders. “But if I could, it would take the fun out of life if I always knew what was coming.”

“True.” Christian realized how boring life really would be if that were how it worked. “You got visions of both Constantine and I when we were hurt. Do you get visions of people getting hurt a lot?”

“No, never actually. And I’ve been wondering about that. I’m guessing it maybe was more I could sense your distress and that caused the vision. After I was taken, I had one of you crying in the bathroom of our motel room and Constantine holding you.”

“Yeah, it was after we found the note they left for us on the bathroom mirror.”

“My point is how upset you were. I think I saw it because of my gift, but more so because one of my mates was in pain.”

“You must wish there was like a rule book for being psychic.” Christian snickered. “Might be useful, huh?”

“You have no idea.” Owen laughed loudly. “That would have saved me a lot of trouble growing up. I had no clue what the hell I was seeing half the time. Most people thought I’d lost my mind.”

“I don’t think you’re crazy. I think you’re very special. You’re incredibly brave and caring. I’ve never met a person who would come rescue someone they didn’t know who was hurt. Not once, but twice. You have a heart of gold.”

“Thanks, Christian,” Owen said, looking at him in the review mirror and smiling. “No one’s ever said that to me before. It really means a lot.”

Christian smiled back, feeling good that he had made his mate

happy. Yeah, being a werewolf, like being psychic, made one different from a normal human. But Christian had grown up with other werewolves. He couldn't even imagine what Owen had gone through being alone with his gift.

Maybe Constantine wasn't the only one who needed the love of two mates. Owen seemed to need all the love and understanding they could give him as well. Christian grinned as he pulled the blanket up over his shoulders. He knew two wolves who just might be perfect for the job.

## Chapter 6

Constantine blew out a relieved breath when he pulled his truck into Zac's driveway and turned the engine off. He could see the headlights from Owen's car pull in behind him. They'd made it. They were in Delta pack territory. His mates were safe.

Constantine climbed out of his truck and saw the porch light go on and the front door start to open. He shut the door and started back towards Owen's car. He knew he should be greeting his new Alpha right now but seeing his mates just seemed more important.

He reached Owen's car just as the driver side door opened and Owen got out. Constantine quickly wrapped the man up in his arms. He leaned down and inhaled a deep breath of Owen's unique scent before kissing him gently on the side of the head.

"Hey, baby, how are you hanging in there?"

"I could seriously use some pain meds right now, and maybe an ice pack," Owen replied, giving Constantine a little squeeze back. "Other than that, I'm peachy."

"And Christian?" Constantine asked, looking past Owen into the back window. He could just see a bit of jet black hair sticking out of the top of the blankets. The man seemed to be totally out of it.

"Well, if you're right and sleep will help him heal, he should be in pretty good shape by now." Owen turned in Constantine's arms to look into the backseat. "I don't think he's moved more than a little since our last stop."

"It is," Constantine assured Owen. "Sleep, food, and lots of rest are best for him. Still, we need to wake him up. It's customary to greet our new Alpha on our feet if we can manage it."

“New Alpha?”

“His name is Zac Sheehan. He’s a Delta just like me. He’s the leader here.”

“Leader?”

Constantine chuckled when he heard someone speak behind him. “If you ask anyone around here, they will tell you that Matt’s really the one in charge. I’m just a figurehead.”

“A sexy figurehead,” another person said. Constantine recognized him as Zac’s wolf mate, Matt. “And you’re pretty damn good at that.”

Constantine turned around to see Zac, Matt, and their other mate, Aiden, standing behind him. He smiled and nodded toward Owen when Zac arched an eyebrow at him. “I sort of found my mates on the way here.”

Zac burst out laughing. “It seems to happen that way.”

“This is one of my mates, Owen Carrell. Baby, this is Zac Sheehan, our new Alpha.”

Owen nodded. Constantine could tell Owen was nervous by the way the man leaned closer to him. After being kidnapped and having to face off against three vicious wolves, Owen, and his reaction, to meeting a new wolf didn’t surprise him.

“This is Matt Garret, one of Zac’s mates. He’s a wolf like me but not a Delta.”

“Yeah.” Matt chuckled. “I’m just your garden-variety fur ball.”

Constantine grinned. He knew Matt was trying to reassure Owen. The others must have sensed Owen’s hesitation as much as he did. “And last but not least, Aiden Kane, who is Zac’s other mate. Aiden is a Beta and a wolf but don’t let that fool you. He’s still a pretty nice guy.”

“What’s a Beta?” Owen whispered.

Constantine knew that Owen didn’t realize everyone could hear him, but he could tell by the grins they tried to hide.

“If Zac were the president, Aiden would be the vice president.”

“And Matt?”

Zac snickered, letting on that he could hear Owen. “The man behind the throne.”

“I can live with that description.” Matt laughed and pressed into Zac’s arms.

Constantine felt relieved when he heard a small laugh come from Owen. He knew if anyone could make Owen feel better, it was Matt. There was just a natural lightness to the man’s personality. People were happy when around him.

“You said mates?” Zac asked. “I assume that means there’s more than one.”

“It’s a long story, but Christian is asleep in the back,” Constantine said and gestured to the backseat. “He’s been injured.”

“I’d say that might be going around if that purple nose and those black eyes are anything to go by,” Matt said, suddenly sounding serious and stepping forward out of Zac’s arms. “Is there someone we need to kill?”

“Baby, how many times have I told you?” Zac asked as he wrapped an around Matt’s waist and pulled him back. “We can’t just go around killing people. The council has to sanction it first...” Zac grinned. “Then we can kill them.”

“Christian’s pack ordered a hunt for him. They beat him up and left him for dead. Owen found him and cared for him until I arrived. We discovered we were all mates and tried to make our way here. Unfortunately, they found us and kidnapped Owen to use him as bait for Christian.”

“Are they still after your mate?”

“I suspect by now that they are after all of us,” Constantine said. “I’m sorry to bring this to your doorstep but I couldn’t think of anywhere else to go. My pack won’t accept my mates. Neither will Christian’s. And Owen is human.”

“No, no, you did the right thing, Constantine,” Zac said. “We’re pack now. We can better protect you here than anywhere else.” He turned to Aiden. “I know it’s late, but can you call Sebastian and his

mates, ask them to come over? I'm sure Constantine only wants to tell this story once and everyone needs to hear it."

Zac turned back to them after Aiden nodded and headed back into the house. "Let's get your mates inside, Constantine. I'm sure we can rustle up something for them to eat and a clean bed, maybe a shower if they want one."

Much to Constantine's shock, Owen stepped forward. "A real shower with hot water and everything? Oh man, I'd be so grateful. I feel like I have days of grunge on my body. We've been wiping down in rest stop restrooms."

Constantine actually saw Matt shudder as he stepped forward and took Owen's hand. "That's-that's just nasty, dude. You come with me. I'll get you fixed up right away."

Matt started to lead Owen away, but Owen glanced back over his shoulder at the car. "Oh, but Christian, he's in worse shape than me. I just have a broken nose. Christian was beat up twice. Can we bring him in first? Maybe get him something for the pain? I know he's hurting."

Constantine smiled to himself and opened the back door to reach in for Christian. Owen was going to make a wonderful addition to his new little family. He was already showing his caring for him and Christian in almost everything he did. Constantine couldn't have been happier.

He lifted Christian out of the backseat and started for the house. When Christian whimpered and started to struggle, Owen pushed away from Matt and, with concern written in the tense lines of his face, ran to them.

"Is he okay?"

"He's fine, baby. Don't worry. I just think he's still a little sore. A hot meal and a good night's sleep should help that. We wolves tend to heal rather fast. By tomorrow he won't even look like he's been hurt."

Just then, Christian's silver eyes fluttered open. He smiled as soon

as he saw Constantine and Owen leaning over him. “Hey.” Christian glanced around in confusion. “Are we there already?”

“Already?” Owen chuckled. “Christian, you’ve been asleep for hours. We just crossed several hundred miles, and you slept through it all.”

“You were supposed to wake me up so I could drive.”

“Nope, not happening.” Owen shook his head. “You needed your rest.”

“Owen, I’m a werewolf,” Christian snipped. “I can—”

Holding up a hand to stop Christian’s tirade, Owen said, “I don’t care if you’re a polar bear. You were injured. I decided you needed your rest more than I needed someone to drive. Deal with it.”

Constantine pressed his lips together to keep from laughing when Christian opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something. He snapped it shut a moment later when Owen crossed his arms over his chest and glared.

The stubborn little shit.

Amused laughter behind Constantine had him swinging around. Zac had his arm wrapped around his stomach as he laughed.

“You are so fucked, my friends.” Zac pointed to Owen. “He’s a little dictator just like my Matt. If you ever had thoughts of running your own life, give them up now because it isn’t going to happen. He’s the boss.”

Constantine heard a sound from Christian and looked down to see the man snickering. Owen, on the other hand, just arched an eyebrow at him as if daring him to deny Zac’s words. Constantine wasn’t stupid. He kept his mouth shut and followed Matt into the house.

Matt led them down a hallway to a spare bedroom. As a guestroom, it was pretty nice, with two dressers, two nightstands, and one large bed. It even had a private bathroom with a large tub and a separate shower.

“I’ll just leave you all to get settled and go whip up something for you to eat,” Matt said before shutting the door.

Constantine chuckled when Owen got a good look at the large shower and his eyes practically glazed over. He knew the trip had been hard on Owen, but the man never complained once. For a human, that was something.

“Why don’t you get undressed and get the water going while I get Christian settled?” Constantine asked when Owen couldn’t take his eyes off the shower.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Constantine heard the hope in Owen’s voice. Christian must have, too. He didn’t say a word when Constantine carried him back into the bedroom and laid him down on the bed. Constantine sat down beside Christian and stroked his hand down the side of his mate’s soft face. “So, how are you, really?”

“What is it with you two? I’m a werewolf, not an invalid.”

“Christian, I care about what happens to you. This has nothing to do with what you can and cannot do. This has to do with the fact that you and Owen mean the world to me and I’m concerned.”

“Oh.” Christian’s face was suddenly flushed. “I’m okay, swear. I feel a little achy but nothing another good night’s rest won’t fix. Right now I just feel like I slipped on the stairs instead of falling all of the way down them.”

Constantine smiled and patted Christian’s shoulder. “Okay then, that’s all I wanted to hear.”

“How’s Owen?”

“Surprisingly, okay.” Constantine shook his head. “I’ve never had anything against humans, but I always thought they were weaker than us. Now, I’m not so sure. He’s been a real trooper through all of this.”

“He’s pretty special.”

“He is, but then so are you.”

“He needs us, Constantine, more than I think you realize.”

Constantine cocked his head to one side and regarded Christian’s serious face. “What do you mean?”

“I talked with him a little in the car. I think, even though he’s

human, that Owen has lived a life much like you have, always on the outside. Being a psychic would have made him different from others of his kind. That couldn't have been easy."

Constantine didn't like what Christian was saying to him. His life as a Delta hadn't been horrible, but it certainly hadn't been a happy one. He'd been alone most of it, never getting too close and always feeling like people didn't really want to be around him because he might report them to the council. Being a Delta was a job that didn't make him a lot of friends.

Thinking of Owen going through the same thing nearly broke Constantine's heart. It was a horrible existence for anyone to live through, but at least Constantine knew he always had his mates to look forward to. Being human, Owen had nothing.

"I didn't say this to make you sad."

It was only when Christian rubbed his thumb on his lips that Constantine realized he had pressed them together. He grabbed Christian's hand and kissed the palm. "I'm glad you did. I need to know these things. I think being a Delta, there was a lot I learned to ignore. If you ever feel there is something I'm missing, tell me, please."

Christian nodded, then pulled his hand away to point to the bathroom. "I'm going to get just a bit more rest. Why don't you go in there and help Owen scrub his back?"

Constantine chuckled as he climbed to his feet and picked up the blanket folded at the bottom of the bed. He shook it out, then laid it over Christian. Constantine bent over and gave Christian a quick peck on the lips.

"If I go into that bathroom, I won't be scrubbing Owen's back."

"I know." Christian laughed.

"Get some rest, baby. I'll wake you when everyone gets here."

Constantine waited until Christian's eyes closed before turning to walk into the bathroom. Steam filled the room, but Constantine could still see Owen naked through the thick fog as the man stood under the

shower spray.

Constantine shut the door quietly behind him, then quickly stripped off his clothes. He didn't take his eyes off Owen the entire time. The man didn't move, just stood there under the hot water until Constantine opened the shower door and stepped inside.

"Hey," Owen whispered and turned to face Constantine.

"Hey yourself." Constantine stepped over to stand in front of Owen. He leaned forward, planted his hands on the wall behind Owen's head, and pushed his face close to his mate's. "How are you? Feeling any better?"

Owen nodded and dropped his head against Constantine's chest. "Can we have a shower like this?"

"We can have anything you want, baby."

"Big enough for the three of us?"

"Yep." In fact, that sounded just about perfect to Constantine.

"I really like showers, the hotter the better."

"Then we'll install an extra-large water heater. How about that?"

Owen's head came up then tilted back. "Really?"

Constantine grinned and bent down to kiss Owen's plush lips. "Anything you want, baby, I already said that."

Owen's moss green eyes flickered down for a moment then came back up to meet Constantine's. "And if I said I wanted you?"

"Then you can have me."

"Without Christian here?"

"Yep."

"Won't it hurt Christian's feelings if we have sex without him?"

"Who do you think sent me in here?" Constantine reached for a washcloth and body wash, squirted a small amount onto the cloth before putting it back on the shelf. "I'm supposed to make sure to scrub your back for you."

"Then I guess I better turn around then."

"I need to scrub your front first. Then we'll get to the back." Starting at Owen's shoulders and moving down his chest, Constantine

slowly rubbed the washcloth around on Owen's body. "I wouldn't want to miss anything."

"No," Owen panted. "That would be bad."

"Real bad."

Constantine could see Owens response to his ministrations in the quick rise of his cock. He hadn't even reached Owen's bellybutton yet and already the man's cock was hard and arching up toward his abdomen.

By the time Constantine reached Owen's groin, the man was leaning into his touch and moaning softly. Owen jerked, then shuddered when Constantine started washing his sac and the smooth skin behind them.

"Oh god, Constantine."

"Yes, baby?" Constantine murmured. "What do you need?"

"You, need you."

Constantine glanced beyond Owen and spotted the small bottle of waterproof lube he knew would be on the shower shelf. Zac and his mates would have made sure they had everything a Delta needed before they arrived.

He dropped the washcloth to the floor, grabbed the bottle of lube, and squirted some out on his fingers before closing the bottle and setting it back on the shelf. "Put your arms around my neck, baby."

The moment Owen wrapped his arms around his neck, Constantine reached down and spread the man's ass cheeks. He gloried in the hitch in Owen's breathing. It made him feel like a god. It was even better when Constantine pressed a finger into Owen's ass, and the man's head fell back, a small moan sliding from his lips.

"You like that, baby?"

"Yeah."

"Does it remind you of what Christian looked like when he stretched himself for your cock?" Constantine was rewarded with another groan and a shudder. Constantine added a second finger to Owen's ass just to up the man's arousal even more. "He has a

beautiful ass, doesn't he?"

Owen nodded rapidly.

"Your ass is very sexy, too." Constantine could dream of Owen's ass for years. "So soft, so rounded, and just tight enough to make my cock weep. Do you know that, Owen? You make my cock ache to be inside of you."

"Con-Constantine!"

"Yeah, baby?"

"Please!"

"What do you want, baby?" Constantine asked, pushing a third finger into Owen's ass. "Do you want my big cock in your ass? Do you want me to fuck you against the shower wall, all that hot water pouring down over you as I fuck you?"

"God, yes, please."

Constantine pulled his fingers free and wiped the remaining lube on his cock. Once he felt he wouldn't hurt Owen, he wrapped his arms around the man's waist and lifted him up. Owen's eyes widened when Constantine pressed him against the shower wall, but the man naturally wrapped his legs around Constantine's waist.

"That's it, baby. Just hold on."

Constantine supported Owen with one hand under his hips. He grabbed his cock with the other hand and guided it into his mate's tight entrance. Once the head slid past the first ring of muscles, Constantine gripped Owen by his hips and drove up into the man.

Owen screamed. For a moment, Constantine thought he might have hurt him until the man's head fell back and he got a good look at Owen's face. Sheer bliss radiated from Owen's glowing, wet face. Constantine pressed forward again and watched Owen's mouth fall open. Small cries of delight fell from Owen's lips.

"Is this what you wanted, baby?"

Owen dug his fingers into Constantine's shoulders and he nodded. "Fuck me harder," Owen shouted.

Constantine was only too happy to oblige. He thrust up harder,

pounding into Owen's tight grip over and over until Owen cried out so loudly that Constantine thought the shower door might shatter from its shaking.

Owen's inner muscles clamped down on Constantine's cock like a vise grip when hot liquid filled the space between them only to be washed away moments later by the shower water. Constantine gritted his teeth as sensation overwhelmed him.

He tried to thrust again but the tight grip Owen's body had on his cock wasn't allowing him to go anywhere. It was like Owen's body refused to give him up. Constantine would have been frustrated if Owen hadn't leaned over and bit into the soft skin between his throat and his shoulder.

Constantine roared as ecstasy exploded through him. His cock pulsed, and he filled Owen's ass with his seed. His knees threatened to give way, and Constantine felt the knot at the end of his cock extend and take hold inside of Owen, which caused the man to cry out again.

Constantine pressed Owen against the shower wall and he continued to rock his hips. He couldn't move much but it was enough to keep Owen on the edge of another orgasm. When Owen's breathing increased to a rapid tempo, Constantine bent down and bit him.

Sweet, hot blood filled his mouth, even while more seed splashed against his stomach. Constantine sucked for a moment more, then withdrew his teeth and licked the bite mark closed. He tilted his head back to look down at his sexy little mate. Shock filled Constantine when he found Owen passed out cold.

He chuckled when the knot inside of Owen receded, and he pulled free of his mate's body. He quickly moved the shower spray over both of them until they were clean, then turned off the shower.

Constantine lifted Owen into his arms and stepped from the shower. He pulled a towel of the towel rack and did his best to dry himself and Owen off. After grabbing another dry towel, he carried it

and Owen back into the bedroom.

He found Christian awake, drinking a cup of something hot while he reclined back against the pillows.

“I thought you were going to rest?”

“Through that?” Christian laughed and waved his hand toward the bathroom.

Constantine felt his face heat up, and he was pretty sure it had nothing to do with the hot shower he just climbed out of.

“I don’t think the dead could have slept through that.”

“Did everyone hear us?”

“Everyone heard Owen, that’s for sure.”

Constantine grimaced. “Oh, that’s going to embarrass the shit out of him.”

“No one will say a word, believe me. From what I understand from Aiden, Matt is quite the little noise maker himself.” Christian frowned. “He also has a thing for running around naked.”

“I hope he plans to curb that little impulse while we’re here.”

Christian chuckled. “Doubt it, but we can always ask.”

Constantine shook his head and he laid Owen down on the bed next to Christian and pulled the blanket up over him too.

“Is he okay?”

“Yes, we just proved that his body can handle multiple orgasms. He just seems to pass out from it.”

Christian scooted down in the bed, laid his arm over Owen’s stomach, and began running circles on the man’s skin with his fingers. “We’ll have to work on his stamina. He’s mated to a Delta now. He’s going to need to be able to put up with a lot of orgasms.”

“I don’t think he’s going to argue much.”

## Chapter 7

“So, if you can see the future, how come you’re not like a millionaire?” Matt asked Owen the next morning as they all sat around having breakfast. “I mean can’t you see the winning lotto numbers? Or at least play poker or something. You’d be able to tell who was going to do what.”

“He’s not a Magic Eight-Ball, baby.” Zac chuckled as he went to kiss Matt on the top of his head. Owen kept a smile on his face but his hands were clenched into fists under the table. He was so tired of people treating him like he was a walking parlor trick.

“Even if I could do that,” Owen said, proud that he sounded calm and even. “I don’t think that would be really fair to use my gift that way. I mean why don’t you go around and just take anything you want because you’re stronger and faster than humans?”

“Owen, I didn’t mean it like that,” Matt said quietly, looking down at his hands.

Great, now he was an asshole for making the man feel bad.

“I know. It’s fine.” Owen stood and took his plate to the sink. “I’m going to take a walk and get some air.”

He didn’t wait to hear what anyone said and headed to the patio door. Once outside, he walked along the lake, finally letting the tears he had been holding in stream down his face. Why had he thought being here would be any different? Just because everyone else was a werewolf, he was still the odd man out. Not only was he just a human, but he was also a human freak who had psychic visions.

When he was over halfway around the lake, he fell to his knees and started sobbing. Owen had been asleep last night when the other

Delta, Sebastian, and his mates had come over to hear about their situation. He'd been shocked when he'd gotten up and found himself alone in the bed.

Going in search of his mates, he found they all were already talking about his gift. Hiding his disappointment in Constantine and Christian for telling everyone about him, he tried to eat breakfast, barely choking down the food. He was so upset that he couldn't even remember what he ate. Then the questions started just like they always did...

*Can you predict the future?*

*What number am I thinking of right now?*

And Owen's all-time personal favorite, the question about knowing the winning lotto numbers.

He really had hoped that a group who was so different might understand what he went through better. But Owen had been fooling himself. He would be better off on his own. Owen had made the mistake of trusting again, and once again, Owen had been betrayed.

"Get off me! Don't fucking touch me," Owen shouted when he felt arms encircle him. "Just leave me alone! You've done enough fucking damage."

"What did we do?" Constantine asked. He instantly let go of Owen. "We just wanted to come out and make sure you were okay, baby."

"I'm not your baby," Owen snapped, looking up at Constantine. Whatever was on Owen's face made Constantine and Christian shrink from him. "I trusted you...again! And look where it's gotten me."

"Owen, we don't know why you're so upset," Christian said, kneeling in front of him carefully as if trying to appease an upset mental patient. That really set Owen off into his anger.

"Of course you don't know." Owen laughed bitterly and stood. "You both have your heads up your asses too far to see what you've done!"

"That's enough." Constantine growled and looked at Owen, the

anger on his face showing in the tight tension in his jaw.

*Good!* If Owen were pissed and hurt, at least he could share the wealth with his mates.

“I don’t know why you’re upset, Owen, but there’s no reason to talk like this to us. You need to calm down and just...”

“Or what?” Owen yelled, standing there with his hands on his hips. “What if I don’t? Are you going to beat me up? Are you guys going to go all wolf on me and put the little freaky human in his place?”

“Of course not,” Constantine said. The anger slipped from Constantine’s face to be replaced with a look like he’d been smacked by Owen. “We would never hurt you, Owen.”

“Too fucking late, asshole,” Owen screamed as loud as he could before he turned and ran. He didn’t have a clue where he was running, but anywhere had to be better than being there. Unable to see because of the tears, he tripped several times. Righting himself, he kept right on running blindly.

When his legs started to burn, he finally slowed to a walk. After walking for what seemed like hours, he sat on the ground. He needed to rest a bit before going back and getting his car. Owen didn’t want to be there another minute with any of them.

His anger was almost a living, breathing being of its own, working through him until he saw nothing but red rage. He was so stupid for believing in Christian and Constantine and all their lies about wanting to love him, putting his needs before their own. What a crock of shit! Fine, they were attracted to him and wanted sex. But they still treated him like everyone else, just a toy for their amusement, sharing his gift with their friends for laughs.

Owen had been through it so many times before, but no more. He was going to get in his car and drive home the first chance he had. Owen sat there wishing that he had fought against the werewolves who had taken him. Maybe then they would have killed him and ended this cruel joke of a life he had. That was the last thought he had

as he rolled to his side and let the weariness he felt all the way down to his soul take him away in sleep.

\* \* \* \*

“What the fuck was that all about?” Constantine asked as they stood there watching their mate run away from them.

Christian rolled his eyes at his big Delta mate’s outburst.

“Well, fine, if he wants to be a brat and run off, good riddance.”

“Are you done?” Christian asked. “Owen’s hurt. We did something to hurt him, don’t you get that?”

“We didn’t do anything. He—”

“We don’t know what we did, but obviously we did something,” Christian growled back. “It was after what Matt asked him about his gift. Then when he was yelling at us, he called himself a little freaky human.”

“We don’t think he’s a freak, far from it,” Constantine replied, throwing up his hands in the air.

“But did you tell him that we already knew he was psychic before he got here?” someone with a small voice asked.

Christian turned around to see Sebastian’s mate, Dobry, standing there twisting his hands together.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but I couldn’t help overhear Owen’s shouting from our backyard.”

“It’s fine,” Constantine answered, waving away the apology. “What do you mean did we tell Owen?”

“I think Owen didn’t know everyone in the pack already knew he was psychic. Whatever happened at Zac’s house, he wasn’t prepared for it. He thinks you told everyone without asking him first. Does he know he’s not the only human in the pack?”

“I didn’t tell Owen that Dobry was human, too. Did you?” Christian asked turning to Constantine, who merely shook his head. “So he thinks he’s the only human here, and we were gossiping last

night. And what? We were telling everyone how cool it was that our mate was some little psychic?"

"I'm not sure what he thinks you said," Dobry answered, shrugging. "But from what I heard, he's not happy that we all know. So I'm assuming you didn't warn Owen that we all knew before he got here."

"Oh god," Constantine whispered as he fell to his knees. "That's what he meant about trusting me again. Owen will never forgive me this time."

"We can fix this, Constantine," Christian said. He went and wrapped his arms around his large mate. "We'll go find Owen and explain everything to him."

"I'm sorry," Matt said quietly from behind them.

They both turned and looked at Zac's little mate. "I didn't know it was such a sensitive subject for him. I wasn't trying to be mean. I was just curious."

"I don't think any of us knew, baby," Zac replied, wrapping his arms around Matt and hugging him tight. "I'm sorry, too. It's just, how often do you get to meet an honest to goodness psychic? None of us meant to hurt his feelings, and we certainly weren't picking on him."

"We know that, Zac." Christian nodded his head. "I think there's a lot more going on with Owen than we know. He said some things on the drive over yesterday that just about broke my heart. I think he understands your pain as a Delta, but even more so. You had people to explain things to you. Owen didn't have that. Imagine growing up, not knowing why you were different from everyone else and no one believing you when you said you were."

"Oh, poor Owen," Matt cried out, burying his face into Zac's shirt and sobbing harder.

"It's okay, baby," Zac cooed, as he rubbed his little mate's back. "We weren't thinking about how it was for Owen. I have an idea how we can make it up to him."

“How?” Matt sniffled and lifted his head to look up at Zac. “How can we fix this?”

“How do we fix everything, Matt?” Dobry giggled and went to pat his friend on the back.

“Cinnamon rolls!” they said together and burst into peals of laughter.

Christian raised an eyebrow and met Constantine’s gaze. His mate just shrugged, obviously as confused as he was.

“Dobry is an amazing cook,” Zac explained, seeing they weren’t getting the joke. “He makes the most wonderful cinnamon rolls any of us have ever had. It’s his way of apologizing or thanking someone.”

“Dobry can’t make them too often, though,” Matt said wiping away the rest of his tears. “Otherwise, I’ll have two chunky, lethargic mates.”

“I’ll show you something chunky.” Zac playfully growled then wiggled his eyebrows at Matt. Before anyone could even react, Zac threw Matt over his shoulder and smacked his squirming mate on the ass. “Something chunky and hard, that has your name written all over it.”

“Whatever could you mean?” Matt asked with an innocent voice before giggling again.

“Okay, time to find my mates.” Dobry chuckled and shook his head before heading back toward his house. “Good luck with Owen, you guys.”

“Thanks,” Christian said, rubbing his hand over his face and he turned back to Constantine. “We’re going to need it.”

“Yeah, we really are.” Constantine shook his head and reached for Christian’s hand. “We’ve got some major apologizing and explaining to do.”

“Maybe we should shift. We can find him faster that way.” Christian took Constantine’s hand and brought it to his lips.

“Gorgeous and smart,” Constantine answered before leaning in to kiss Christian on the lips.

When they broke apart, they started undressing. Christian moved quickly, not only because he really wanted to find Owen but because Constantine naked was also giving him ideas of what that body could do to him.

*“Owen, can you hear us?”* Christian asked over their mating link once they were both in wolf form. They waited a few moments then they ran in the direction Owen went.

*“Please answer us, Owen. Let us explain,”* Constantine begged.

Christian could hear the desperation in his mate’s voice and started to run faster.

*“Owen, we didn’t get why you were so upset, baby. We’re sorry. Please talk to us.”*

Within minutes, they picked up the trail of their wayward mate and soon found him. Owen was asleep, lying on the dirty ground with his arms wrapped around his knees. He looked so forlorn and alone that it tore at Christian’s heart.

They shifted back, and Constantine picked Owen up in his arms. “Christian, he’s shaking. It’s not cold. Why would he be shaking this bad?”

“I don’t know, but let’s get him home,” Christian replied, not liking the fear in his mate’s voice. He could also smell how scared Constantine was. Wolves could always smell strong emotions like that. If big, bad Delta Constantine was that scared, it made Christian start to panic. He watched Constantine shift into his third form so he could get Owen home faster.

Christian shifted back into a wolf and sprinted to keep up with his mate. He remembered to snag their clothes on the way back, carefully taking them in his teeth so he didn’t rip them. Deciding Constantine naked in his third form was enough for Zac and his mates, Christian shifted back when he reached the patio door. He threw on his clothes and raced inside to find his mates.

“Cold, so cold,” Christian heard Owen say when he got to their room. Constantine was holding Owen in the bed, under the covers,

still in wolfman form.

"Baby, we're so sorry," Constantine said. When he looked up at Christian, his eyes were as big as saucers. It was evident the man didn't have clue what to do, but neither did Christian. Instead he climbed under the covers with his mates and moved so Owen was lying in the middle of them.

"We didn't know why you were so upset."

"Leave me to die," Owen whispered, trying to push them away. "Don't want to live like this anymore."

"Please don't leave us, Owen," Christian cried. "You're so important to us, and we just found you. Give us the chance to explain and love you, please?"

"No more lies," Owen replied looking into Christian's eyes. "I can't take any more hurt."

"I swear I'm not lying to you." Christian cupped the side of Owen's face in his hand. He had to bite back his startled reaction. Owen's cheek felt like ice. "We thought you knew everyone in the pack already knew you were psychic before you came here."

"I was sent by this pack to find you, baby," Constantine explained, tears running down his face. "Remember? When you woke up in the backseat of my mother's car? I told you I was sent here to find you and figure out why you told Alpha Roderick who Sebastian's mates were?"

"That was for here? This pack?" Owen asked, his eyes growing wide as his teeth started to chatter. "They'll hate me. No wonder they think I'm a freak."

"Baby, no one thinks you're a freak." Christian turned Owen's face back to his. "They thought it was cool what you can do. Zac and Matt both said they were excited to meet a real psychic and wanted to know more. They feel horrible that you were upset. No one was making fun of you or trying to be mean, I swear. Everyone was just curious about your gift."

"It's not a gift," Owen cried, and he started to shake more

violently. "It's a curse, a horrible curse I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy."

"But that's how you found us, Owen," Constantine kissed Owen's hair. "I know you've been hurt because of it before. But it has to have brought you good, too. Christian and I care for you so much already. We might never have found you if it wasn't for you being psychic."

"Don't want to be odd man out anymore." Owen sobbed and buried his face into Christian's shoulder. "Now I'm the only human among all these wolves."

"You're not the only human, Owen," Christian said. He looked over to Constantine. "I think we should get him into a hot shower. He's getting colder."

Constantine simply nodded, shifted back to human form, and raced to the bathroom.

"I'm not the only human?" Owen asked, looking up at him, confusion written all over his face. "Who else?"

"One of Sebastian's mates, Dobry, is human, too," Christian answered and kissed Owen's lips. "And his other mate, Alastar, is the only vampire here. But no one cares that they're different. All that matters is we all want to be here with our mates and build a home."

Constantine came back then, grabbed Owen off the bed, and went into the bathroom. Still naked, he held a fully clothed Owen in his arms while he sank to the floor.

"Please, Owen, stay with us," Constantine said as tears started to fall down his face. "We didn't betray you and tell everyone about you being psychic. They already knew. We were just idiots for not telling you that, or that you wouldn't be the only human here. Nothing that's happened is worth dying over."

"Give us the chance to show you what our life can be like now, Owen," Christian begged, stepping into the shower with his clothes on. He was completely confused about how Owen's body was shutting down like this, but he didn't have time to analyze it. "I'm already half in love with you after a couple of days of knowing you."

Please don't leave me. I couldn't live if I lost you."

"And I've loved you from the moment you saved me, my little angel," Constantine said softly. "Even after I couldn't remember everything, I dreamed of you."

"You love me?" Owen asked in barely a whisper as he looked up at Constantine. "Why?"

"Because you're so full of love and compassion," Constantine answered and kissed Owen's face. "You came to save both of us when you didn't even know us."

"You love me because I saved you," Owen replied, looking down and starting to fight to get away again. "Not good enough."

"Not because you saved us." Constantine turned Owen's face to look back at his. "I love you because your heart is so big you'd risk your own safety to help strangers. And how concerned you were about Christian last night when he was hurt. I love the way you feel in my arms. The way you taste when you kiss me. And how your face flushes when you're turned on. I love all of that and all of you."

"Really?" Owen asked. Tears poured down his cheeks. "You promise?"

"I promise, baby," Constantine replied, nodding. "I would never lie to you about something so important. I love you for so many reasons, most of all because you make me want to be a better man, a more caring man worthy of your love."

"I do love you," Owen answered, leaning his head up to kiss Constantine. "And I'm already falling for Christian, too. That's why it hurt so much to think you told everyone without asking me. That you laughed at your little parlor-trick mate when he wasn't around last night."

"That's not what happened at all, Owen," Christian said as he touched Owen. He almost stood up and almost did a happy dance when he realized Owen wasn't freezing cold anymore. But his mate still looked so unsure, Christian had to hold off the celebration. "We filled everyone in on what's happened so far. Then we explained the

danger following us from my pack. No one laughed or said anything bad about you. We would never allow that.”

“Matt and Zac were just so curious about your talents,” Constantine continued. “They didn’t mean to hurt your feelings or downplay your powers. No one realized it had been so hard on you to have this gift.”

“It must have been very hard on you,” Christian added. “Growing up different and with no one to ask questions about what you were going through.”

“No one believed me,” Owen buried his face into Constantine’s chest.

Christian didn’t want to upset Owen anymore, but they had to get this out in the open. Plus, Owen seemed to be doing better since he sat up in Constantine’s lap.

“Can we get out of the shower? I’m really hot right now.”

“Whatever you want, Owen,” Constantine whispered against Owen’s head and stood with their little mate in his arms.

Christian reached behind them and turned off the water. He peeled off his wet clothes, then helped Constantine take Owen’s off before handing towels all around. By helping hold Owen up, who still seemed too weak to stand on his own, they were able to get their little mate dry.

Christian threw the clothes into the hamper and cleaned up their mess while Constantine carried Owen to their bed. When he got back to their bed, Christian threw his towel on the floor and climbed under the sheet with his mates.

“We’re so sorry, Owen,” Christian said and gently kissed his little mate. “We had no idea what you thought we did or that this was so hard on you.”

“I should have talked to you,” Owen answered, looking into Christian’s eyes as if begging him to understand. “It just hit me, and...and I couldn’t turn off the anger and the hurt.”

“We know what that’s like,” Constantine said quietly. He scooted

over to spoon against Owen's back. "We've all been there for whatever reason, or shit life has thrown at us. But you're not in this alone anymore, baby. None of us are. The three of us have each other now. And while we've all been on our own, or lonely in our own ways, we have to start trying to work as a unit. I'm not just saying this because of what happened, but Christian and I should have told you what happened as well. This is our fault."

"Okay, you can take the blame," Owen replied, smiling as he turned to look at Constantine. "I'm okay with this mess being all your fault."

"I figured as much." Constantine chuckled. "You want to tell us how we can help you get used to being here? Is there something we should tell everyone?"

"Like not to bring up your gift or ask you questions?" Christian asked, rubbing his hand down Owen's chest. "Just tell us how to help, and we will."

"Maybe I just need to get used to the fact that they actually believe me," Owen answered shaking his head. "I'm not used to that. I thought they were picking on me this morning, like everyone has in the past."

"Matt was crying when he realized he had hurt your feelings, Owen," Constantine said. "I really don't think he was trying to be mean. From what I know of everyone in this pack, they've all had their difficulties and issues. I honestly don't think any of them want to make anyone in the pack feel bad for being different."

"We came here because no one seems to judge each other," Christian explained. "It would give us a chance to just be who we are. Free to love whoever we wanted to."

"It's not always bad people who hurt you the most," Owen said quietly.

Christian didn't say anything, knowing Owen had more to say.

"My parents were the worst when I was growing up, and I know they loved me. They tried to do what they thought was best for me."

“You don’t have to tell us about it now, baby,” Constantine said while he played with Owen’s hair. “It’s been a taxing day on you, and you just seem to be getting better now.”

“No, it’s better if I just get it out now.” Owen pushed himself up and sat against the headboard. “You haven’t seen me when I get a vision yet. It’s like the rest of the world falls away and I’m watching my own little TV show in my head. People can talk to me, but I can’t see or hear them.”

After taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, Owen continued. “At first, my parents thought I was having seizures. They sent me to all kinds of doctors and brain experts. And when it wasn’t seizures, they were adamant I had some type of brain tumor that was causing these visions. Again I went through all types of tests and scans, but no doctor found anything.”

“How old were you when they started taking you to the doctor like that?” Constantine asked. His hand balled into fists as if he knew he wouldn’t like the answer.

“About nine or ten, I think,” Owen replied softly then he started twisting his hands together. “I was twelve when they took me to the pastor of our church. He asked me all kinds of questions, and I was completely honest with him. I remember thinking, ‘He’s a priest. He’s not going to try to hurt me. Boy, was I ever wrong.’”

“What happened?” Christian asked, wiping away the tear trailing down Owen’s cheek. “He didn’t beat you or anything, did he?”

“No, nothing like that.” Owen shook his head. “He told my parents that the visions had to be the work of the devil. They tried to perform an exorcism on me, which, needless to say, didn’t go as they had planned since I didn’t have a demon in me.”

“What did they do then?” Constantine asked Owen as he looked over at Christian.

His face mirrored the pain and angst Christian felt.

“They sent me to an asylum that specialized in troubled teens,” Owen said so softly that they could barely hear him. “After a year of

the drugs and treatments, I started lying about the visions. I kept to myself as much as possible, so if I had one, no one would see me spacing out.”

“How long were you in there?” Christian asked, trying to keep his anger at bay after hearing what Owen’s parents had done to his little mate. “I mean after you stopped saying you had the visions, they had to let you out, right?”

“No. It seemed even after that, my parents didn’t want to deal with me,” Owen whispered. “I didn’t get out until I was eighteen and they couldn’t keep me there without my permission any longer. I missed out on everything. I spent five years in an asylum filled with crazy people while I was growing up. Even though I wasn’t really sure if I was crazy or not, I had to get out of there.”

“You didn’t go back home, did you?” Constantine asked.

“Nope, never saw my parents again,” Owen answered. “I got a job as a dishwasher at a little restaurant. Nothing that required prior experience, but I started getting images off the people I worked with. You know, things I never wanted to know about my coworkers. Eventually I couldn’t take it anymore and I quit. Then I tried to get another job, but I never even went to high school. What was I qualified for?”

“That’s when you started using your gift for hire?” Christian asked, even though it was more of a statement. He didn’t want Owen to have to confess anything that they could fill in. “Did that make it any easier on you?”

“Not at first.” Owen shook his head. “But then I bumped into a policeman, I mean literally bumped into him. And I got a vision about a case he was working on. I told him where the kidnapped child was being held. At first, he arrested me, thinking I was in on the whole thing. It was only after he got the kid out safely and the kid swore I wasn’t involved that I was let go from jail.

“The policeman and I stayed in contact, though. He really believed me. He was the first one to ever believe me,” Owen

continued, smiling. “He’s a great guy, looking after me from time to time. Making sure I had everything I needed and dropping off meals when he knew I was a little short on cash. Ever since then, I’ve helped the police when I can and do side jobs when I need the money.”

“Oh, baby,” Constantine said, pulling Owen into his arms. “I swear on my life that I never doubted your gift or thought any less of you for being psychic.”

“Me neither.” Christian moved into the group hug. “I think that not only are you really special, Owen, but you’ve had way more shit than you should have in just your life, too.”

“Thanks.” Owen snuggled closer into their arms. “I’ll try harder to let you guys in and talk to you instead of just running. But at least I hope you understand now why my first reaction is to run.”

“Yeah, we get it now, Owen,” Christian answered as he shared a look with Constantine. They really got it now all right. Their little mate had been through hell and back, and it was up to them now to make sure it never, ever happened again.

## Chapter 8

Christian smelled something delicious, almost as good as his mates. He lifted his nose into the air and sniffed, then followed the wonderful scent right into the kitchen. He was surprised to find Owen chatting happily with Matt and Dobry, especially after the previous day's mess.

Owen had been so upset at his little meltdown that he had refused to leave the bedroom the entire day. It hadn't gotten any better when he learned that nearly everyone had heard him and Constantine in the shower. His mortification had made him red in the face for hours.

Christian had been afraid Owen would never voice his pleasure again. He quickly learned that two orgasms could loosen anyone's vocal chords. Owen had screamed until the windows shook, and Christian had loved every moment of it.

"Hey, baby," Christian said as he walked into the room and headed directly for his little mate. He wrapped an arm around Owen from behind and kissed his neck, raking his tongue over the fading bite mark on Owen's skin. "I wondered where you got off to."

"Matt and Dobry bribed me with cinnamon rolls." Owen tore off a piece and held it up in the air.

Christian wasn't stupid. If this messy confection was the source of the wonderful smell, he was taking what was offered to him. He leaned over, snapped the small piece of food out of Owen's fingers, and groaned as several delicious flavors blasted across his tongue.

"Oh my god," Christian exclaimed when he could talk again.

Owen turned to smile up at him. "Good, isn't it?"

"It's fucking fabulous. No wonder you came out of the room. I

would have crawled through cut glass to get one.” Christian arched an eyebrow and eyed the pan of cinnamon rolls. “Can I get one?”

Matt pulled one of the small circular pieces of gooey goodness out of the pan and held it just out of Christian’s reach. “What’s it worth to you?”

Christian narrowed his eyes. “What do you want?”

“Nothing too terrible, I promise.” Matt chuckled. “As I am sure you can imagine, setting up a new wolf pack takes a lot of time. Add in the constant missions the council sends our mates out on and Dobry and I are feeling a little lonely.”

Christian frowned. He wasn’t sure he liked the way this conversation was headed. “And?” he asked cautiously.

“We want a day, just one day, that we can all spend together,” Dobry explained. “We want a picnic down by the lake, skinny-dipping, fun, and our mates.”

“All of our mates,” Matt added.

Christian was confused. “And why bring me in on this?”

“We’re sort of the least listened to around here,” Dobry said. “It’s not anything our mates mean to do and we know that. That’s why we try not to complain too much. But let’s face it, between Matt, Owen, and me, there’s not a one of us that is taller than six feet.”

“Okay, I’m really confused now. What does your size have to do with anything?”

“We all get treated like spun glass,” Matt said. “By trying so hard to protect us, they forget sometimes that we are equals.”

“I’m not over six feet either,” Christian said. “How can I help?”

“Because we want you on our side when we confront everyone.” Matt waved the cinnamon roll under Christian’s nose. “If we get together and demand a day of fun, we might be able to wrangle it out of them.”

“What about Alastar and Aiden? How do they feel about this?”

Matt frowned. “As big as they are, they kind of add to the problem.”

Christian looked at the three eager faces staring at him, then reached out to snatch the cinnamon roll out of Matt's hand and popped it quickly into his mouth. He groaned again as he chewed, wondering if bribery was such a bad thing.

"Fine, I'm in," he said once his mouth was clear. He eyed the men jumping and laughing while he snuck another cinnamon roll. Being newly mated, he hadn't realized that he might not see his mate as often as he liked, and he liked seeing Constantine whenever he wanted to. This would take some time to get used to.

"Thank you."

Christian looked down to see Owen staring up at him. He reached over and stroked the side of his face. "Not a problem, sweetness. You know I'd do anything for you, cinnamon roll or not."

"Are you saying you didn't want the cinnamon roll?"

"Do I have 'idiot' tattooed on my forehead?"

Owen looked perplexed for a moment. Christian knew he didn't have a tattoo on his forehead. He felt pretty sure that he would have noticed it this morning when he was brushing his teeth. "Owen?"

"Can werewolves keep tattoos?"

Christian blinked. "Um, yeah, but we have to use a special kind of ink. Why?"

"How do you feel about them?"

Christian shrugged. "I guess I never really thought about it."

"Do you think maybe you could?"

Owen looked hopeful, but Christian couldn't understand why. "It's not that I have a problem with them, Owen. I just never thought about getting one before. I never really had a reason to." Christian peered closer at Owen's hopeful face. "Do you want me to get a tattoo?"

"I was thinking more along the lines of all of us getting a tattoo."

"All of us?" Christian suddenly had visions of everyone in the pack getting matching Delta Pack tattoos, like a biker gang.

"Just you, Constantine, and me," Owen said. "Something that said

the three of us belong to each other.”

“Baby, everyone knows we belong to each other.”

“Everyone here does,” Owen waved his hand around the room. “But what if Constantine goes on a mission or if you get called away on business? It’s not like we can wear rings or anything. Where would you put it when you shifted?”

“So, a tattoo would be permanent and everyone would see it even if we shifted?”

Owen nodded. His moss-green eyes were so huge they dominated his face. Christian could read so much hope in them, determination, and just a hint of uncertainty. He knew that his answer was important to Owen.

“I think the idea is great, but it would have to be something tasteful, not one of those gaudy *I heart such and such* tattoos, okay?”

“Yes!” Owen launched himself out of his chair and into Christian’s arms. Christian laughed as he caught Owen and wondered how something so simple could make his mate so happy. “I’ll draw up several different ideas, and we can all decide together, okay?”

“You draw?”

Owen nodded rapidly. “I had to do something to keep myself from going crazy in the asylum. One of the other patients taught me how to draw. I’ve been doing it ever since. You might say it’s a stress reliever for me.”

“Cool.”

“Since meeting you and Constantine, though, I seemed to be relieving stress in a different manner.” Owen’s face turned red as he spoke.

“Are you feeling stressful, baby?” Christian said, pressing Owen closer to his.

“I’m feeling something.” Owen groaned.

Christian growled. He could smell the arousal pouring off Owen. He set Owen on his feet, grabbed his hand, and quickly pulled him past Matt and Dobry, laughing, and down the hallway to the room

they were sharing with Constantine.

Christian was attacking Owen's clothes before the door fully shut behind them. He whipped Owen's shirt over his head, tossing it to the floor, then went to work on the man's jeans. Owen laughed as Christian shoved them down his legs and off his feet.

"Oh, you think this is funny?" Christian pushed Owen back until he fell on the bed with a little bounce. Christian stripped his own clothes off and let them fall to the floor, then climbed up onto the bed to straddle Owen's waist. He grabbing Owen's wrists, pinned them above his head, and leaned down until they were almost nose to nose. "Now what do you have to say?"

"Bite me."

Christian grinned. "Gladly," he said then started to bend down and bite Owen in the neck but the man turned his head away. Christian frowned and leaned back, suddenly concerned that the words Owen spoke were not in pleasure. "Owen?"

"Uh-uh, Matt and Dobry told me about a different kind of bite. I want to try that."

Christian arched an eyebrow at Owen. Being a werewolf, he was pretty sure what kind of bite Owen was talking about. He just never thought his little human mate would be interested in such a thing. Constantine, yes, but Owen, no way in hell.

"Are you sure, baby?"

"Truthfully, no, but it sounded interesting enough to give it a shot." Owen's face flushed, and he lowered his eyes for a moment. "Matt and Dobry said it's very..."

"Intimate," Christian supplied when Owen seemed at a loss for words.

Owen's eyes flickered back up to meet Christian's. "Yes."

"Scoot up to the top of the bed, baby, and spread your legs for me."

Owen grinned and did what Christian asked, scooting to the top of the bed. His skin flushed when he spread his legs and bared himself to

Christian's hungry gaze. Christian wasted no time in crawling between the man's legs. He settled down onto his stomach, his face directly over Owen's hard cock.

"This is nice, Owen," Christian said, stroking the hard shaft.

"It feels nice."

Christian chuckled, then swiped his tongue across the head of Owen's cock. He groaned when droplets of precum blasted across his tongue. In the small amount of time they had been together, and with all of the things they'd done in that time, somehow Christian missed the taste of Owen. It was a mistake he wouldn't make again. Christian imagined that Owen's cock would be in his mouth a lot in the future.

Starting with right now.

Christian swallowed down every bit of Owen's cock that he could fit into his mouth. Owen cried out above him, and humped wildly in the air. Christian grinned, feeling Owen's hands curl in his hair.

Starting at the bottom, he slowly moved his lips up the long shaft until he reached the mushroomed head. Owen's hips bucked, shoving his cock deeper into Christian's mouth. Christian swallowed as much of it as he could.

He sucked and licked until he felt Owen's balls draw up closer to his body. Owen clenched Christian's hair. A low keening came from his lips. Just as Christian felt Owen's cock swell in his mouth and the first drops of come hit his tongue, Christian sank his fangs into the shaft in his mouth.

Screaming, Owen went stiff. Copious amounts of come filled Christian's mouth. Christian swallowed it all, then licked away any stray drops. Once Owen was cleaned up, Christian climbed to his knees between Owen's legs and grabbed his cock, stroking it furiously while he looked down into the dazed eyes of his mate.

He was almost there, almost at the edge of the cliff he would fall over into his orgasm when Owen reached down and cupped his balls, gently massaging them. Christian cried out, his head falling back on his shoulders. He tensed and he jumped over the edge with both feet.

He continued to stroke himself until his cock became too sensitive then slowly let the pleasure coursing through his body fade away. Christian looked back down at his mate, his eyes nearly crossing when he saw Owen run his fingers through the cum on his chest and stick them in his mouth, licking them clean.

“Yum!” Owen’s eyes twinkled.

Christian dropped his head down to rest against Owen’s as he laughed. “Jeez, Owen, you’re going to kill me.”

“Not my intention, certainly,” Owen said, rubbing his hands over Christian’s shoulders. “But it would be an interesting way to go.”

Christian chuckled and pressed his lips against Owen’s, giving him a small kiss. He settled against Owen and felt his cooling come squish between him and Owen. “Was that what you wanted?”

Owen nodded. “I wish I had fangs so I could show you what that felt like.”

He looked almost sad. Christian decided he couldn’t have that, not when Owen had been so happy moments before.

“Sweetie, I’m not sure I’m brave enough to let someone bite my dick.” Christian brushed the strawberry-blond curls back from Owen’s beautiful face. “But I certainly wouldn’t mind having my cock in your mouth, just no teeth.”

Owen giggled. Christian’s eyebrows shot up. Owen had actually giggled. It sounded like sunlight and pure joy. Christian fell in love with that sweet sound right there and then. He wanted to hear it again and again every day for the rest of his life.

“You’re beautiful, you know that?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, you. I could look at you every day...I *get* to look at you every day.” Christian stroked his fingers across Owen’s plush lips. “Christ, Owen, every fucking time I look at these lips I imagine them wrapped around my cock.”

“Yeah?” Owen sounded breathless.

“Yeah.”

Owen's moss-green eyes began to twinkle again. He opened his mouth and sucked Christian's fingers in, running his tongue over them. Christian groaned. He felt his cock start to take interest in what Owen was doing, starting to harden.

"I am so fucking doomed."

Owen giggled.

\* \* \* \*

"Anything else you need me to grab?" Christian asked as he placed the last food container in the large picnic basket Matt had supplied him. The basket was pretty much full, but this was Matt's show. If there were more to add, Christian would do it.

So far, they had fried chicken, homemade potato salad, fresh sliced fruit, and warm cinnamon rolls. A cooler full of ice, soda, and beer already sat by the kitchen door. Several blankets and pillows sat stacked on top of the cooler.

"No," Matt said, rinsing off the last of the cooking dishes and setting it in the dish rack. "I think that's about it. Are the guys ready?"

"Dobry and Owen are getting the music set up as we speak, nothing too loud, just some background tunes. They took out a stack of towels earlier. Other than taking the food out, I think we have everything covered."

"Hopefully, that will be the only thing covered." Matt wiggled his eyebrows.

"We're seriously going to go skinny-dipping together?" Christian felt a little doubtful of that plan. It wasn't that he was embarrassed to be naked around others. He just wasn't sure he wanted anyone to see Owen naked. The man was gorgeous in his clothes. Naked, he was stunning.

"Well, it's not like we're going to be getting it on with each other or anything," Matt said. "We're trying to get our mates to join us in a day of fun and relaxation."

Christian chuckled. "But not too much relaxation."

"Yeah." Matt grinned. "That would be bad."

"Real bad."

Christian set the picnic basket down on the floor, then walked over to grab the cooler. He turned to see Matt lifting the picnic basket in his arms. "You have that okay?"

Matt rolled his eyes. "Don't start."

"I was just asking."

"Uh-uh."

"Matt, I'm about two inches taller than you." Christian snorted. "Give me a break. I was just trying to help."

"Yeah, I know but sometimes it still feels like you're one of them."

"Them?"

"Dobry and Owen are both human. I'm just a regular wolf, no ranking. Besides the three Deltas involved, Alastar is a vampire and you're a wolf, a big wolf. It kind of feels like it's Dobry, Owen, and me against all of you, you know?"

"And that right there might be your problem." Christian nudged the door open and started walking out with the cooler. He could hear Matt walking behind him as they both headed toward the lake shore. "There is no them or you, Matt. It's us against the world, don't you understand that?"

"You just don't understand."

"I do understand, Matt. You need to remember that my old pack wants me dead. Without Owen and Constantine, I'd be six feet under right now. For most of my life, it was me against everyone else. Now I have Owen and Constantine to care for me. We're a team, the three of us. It's us against everyone else." Christian shrugged. "Well, us and the pack against everyone else."

"I don't know," Matt said. "It just seems like—"

"Matt, do you love Zac and Aiden?"

"What kind of question is that?" Matt snapped. His face took on a

fierce glare, his eyebrows drawing together in a deep frown. “Of course I love them.”

“Do you believe they love you?”

“Christian, what—”

“Do you?”

“Yes!”

“Then that’s all that is important,” Christian said. “As long as the three of you love each other, you are a team. Everything else can be worked out between the three of you. I’ll bet Zac and Aiden don’t even know that you feel left out. I think you should tell them. This picnic is a good start, but they need to know why you want the picnic.”

Christian chuckled as he walked away from Matt. The man’s mouth was dropped open when he stared at Christian as if he had never thought of speaking to his mates about his feelings. Christian knew the only way to work things out was to talk about them. He learned that earlier with Owen. He wouldn’t make the mistake of not communicating with his mates again.

Christian set the cooler under a tree, then walked back to the house to grab the blankets and pillows. He helped Matt spread out three blankets surrounding the basket then unloaded the food. By the time they were done, Dobry and Owen joined them.

“Hey, baby.” Owen sat down between his spread legs and leaned back against his chest. Christian wrapped his arms around Owen and started on the buttons of his shirt. This was a skinny-dipping picnic. Christian wanted skin.

“How soon do the guys get here?” Owen asked, tilting his head back to look up at Christian.

Christian grinned. “How soon can you get naked?”

## Chapter 9

“Once we get the town full of pack members, we could really have something great here,” Zac said as he, Aiden, Constantine, Sebastian, and Alastar walked back to his house.

“No! Put me down,” someone screamed.

Constantine realized he knew who was screaming. “Owen,” he whispered before he took off at full speed to get to his mate. Somewhere in his brain, it registered that the others were behind him, but all that mattered was getting to his mate.

When he rounded the side of the house and saw what was going on down by the lake, he couldn’t help but laugh. All the worry and concern just drained away from him. Christian was running with Owen thrown over his shoulder toward the small dock jutting out on the lake. And they were both buck-ass naked.

Constantine didn’t waste any time stripping off his clothes. He was just finishing when Christian threw Owen off his shoulder and several feet into the water. Deciding to give his little mate some fair play, he rushed over, wrapped his arms around Christian's waist, and launched them both into the water.

“I guess I deserved that,” Christian said when they surfaced from underwater a few moments later.

Constantine and Owen laughed at their mate, who was smiling widely and shaking the water out of his hair.

“That was fun,” Owen replied and giggled. “I forget how strong you guys are. I’ve never been tossed like that before. It was a rush before I hit the water.”

Constantine was just about to offer to toss his little baby off the

dock again if it made him happy when Owen's face went blank. He seemed to just be staring off into space. "Owen, are you okay?"

"Owen, what's wrong?" Christian asked.

Constantine started to panic when Owen wouldn't answer. Looking over to Christian, he saw that his mate had the same concern on his face about Owen.

"Matt," Owen said when he finally snapped out of it.

Constantine wanted to ask what Owen meant, but his little mate started swimming back toward the shore. They swam after him, wanting to find out what was going on.

"Owen, what's up?" Christian asked when they got out of the water.

"Matt! Don't go in the house," Owen screamed, racing toward Matt.

Luckily, Matt hadn't gotten very far from the picnic when Owen got to him, grabbed his arm, and tried to pull him back from the house. Owen looked desperate.

"Owen, what are you talking about?" Matt asked, looking at Owen like he'd lost his mind.

"I saw you die," Owen said breathlessly.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Zac snarled, pulling Matt against him and looked around the area wildly.

Constantine saw Zac's claws start to come out as the man went into protective mode.

"Christian's Alpha and some of his pack are here," Owen answered, going for a pile of clothes. "Some of them are in the house. They weren't expecting so many of us here, so some are waiting in the house to pick us off one by one. I saw Matt go into the house, and they slit his throat."

"Motherfucker," Christian screamed and started stalking toward the house.

Constantine tried to catch him, but Christian skirted away. "No, this fucking ends right now. Father, get out here."

“Father?” Constantine, Zac, and Aiden all shouted at the same time.

“Yeah, the asshole who put the hunt out on me is my own father,” Christian snapped.

Constantine growled. He wanted to kill the man, and he didn’t even know him. Christian was pale, but his hands were clenched into fists. Owen was bounding anxiously from foot to foot, looking back and forth between them.

A taller man, one who reeked of Alpha dominance, stepped out of the house with five other men. Constantine could smell that they were all werewolves.

“You never did understand respect, Christian.”

“I respected you, Father.” Christian crossed his arms over his chest. Most of their group was naked, but that was normal for shifter cultures. The only ones who seemed to need clothes were Owen and Dobry.

“As in past tense?” the man asked with a smirk and a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah, ordering me to be killed squashed what little respect I had left for you. Constantine, Owen, this is Alpha De’Angelos. Father, I’d like you to meet my mates, Constantine and Owen.”

“Men don’t mate other men.” Alpha De’Angelos snarled. “If you were right in the head, you would know that.”

“The council recognizes the mating,” Zac said, stepping forward. “Why are you on my pack’s lands without my permission, Alpha?”

“You’re not an Alpha, you’re a Delta. I don’t answer to you.” Alpha De’Angelos sneered, turning his full attention on Zac.

“According to the council, I am Alpha of this pack,” Zac replied, raising an eyebrow. “I was born a Delta, just as you were born male. When the Delta pack was formed, I was voted in as Alpha. My mate, Aiden, was voted our Beta.”

“Voted in?” The Alpha laughed. “Packs aren’t a fucking democracy.” He started laughing so hard that he actually bent over

while holding his stomach.

“Our pack is.” Aiden stepped up beside his mate. “We have a leader, but we run things differently here. Not that we have to explain ourselves to an asshole who orders an illegal hunt on his own son.”

“You better show some respect, boy,” Alpha De’Angelos shouted, his laughter suddenly gone. He pointed his finger at Aiden. “You may be fucking your Alpha for your role as Beta, but I fought my way to where I am.”

“I was a Beta in my last pack as well...” Aiden started to say, defending himself.

Constantine watched the light bulb go off over Aiden’s head as he realized the conclusion Constantine had already come to. “You checked us all out. This wasn’t just a chance for you to find Christian. You came here to destroy this pack.”

“This isn’t a pack. It’s an abomination before god,” Alpha De’Angelos snarled as he made a step toward Aiden.

Constantine had to give it to Aiden. He didn’t even flinch at the Alpha’s threat or approach.

“You’re not the first fucked-up Alpha I’ve had to deal with this month,” Aiden replied with a smirk. “Take your bullshit somewhere else. The hunt you called on Christian was wrong by our laws, and chasing him to a new pack is an execution offense. Isn’t that right, Alpha Sheehan?”

“That’s correct, Aiden,” Zac replied, the hard look on his face never changing. “You get one choice, take your men and leave now, Alpha De’Angelos. It’s just you and five men. You didn’t even bring your damn Betas.”

“I don’t need them to take out my son, two Deltas, a Beta, and another wolf. Humans don’t even count.” Alpha De’Angelos snorted.

“You weren’t prepared for me or my mates,” Sebastian replied laughing. “Nice intel you have. You missed another Delta and a vampire. And I count my other mate, human or not.”

“Vampires are forbidden to get involved in werewolf politics,”

one of the other men of Alpha De'Angelos' pack said.

"He's mated to a werewolf," Zac replied. "That makes him a member of this pack."

"Besides, I've never been much for the rules," Alastar said. He was still naked and leaning casually against a tree like they were talking about sports and not trading threats.

Constantine caught Sebastian's gaze and nodded over to the other men from De'Angelos' pack. Sebastian quickly looked toward them, then turned back to him with a knowing look. Constantine could cloak his Delta scent, but right now, he was working to have it go into overdrive. The men with Alpha De'Angelos already looked as if they were having trouble being around the Deltas and their scent.

Sebastian stepped off to the side of the Alpha and Zac, who continued yelling at each other. Constantine followed his lead and focused on two of the men off to the side of the group. Slowly, he ran his hands over his chest and down his abs to frame his groin.

*"What in the hell are you doing?"*

Owen sounded part scared and part pissed. When Constantine glanced over at him, Owen's eyes were wide, his mouth almost dropping open.

*"Distracting the enemy, baby,"* Constantine answered, not taking his eyes off the other men. *"That's why we have this scent. It distracts and drives wolves nuts. These guys may be serious homosexual haters, but right now, they want me and Sebastian. And it's got to be fucking with their heads something fierce."*

*"Smart men are so damn sexy,"* Christian replied in both their minds.

Constantine had difficulty not laughing, but they were in trouble here. He moved closer to the two men and started stroking his cock. It really wasn't easy to get hard right now. The only thing that helped was the thrill of the impending fight.

"Like what you see?" Constantine purred as he started to stalk the men.

“Yes, I want.” The first man reached out to Constantine.

“No, you don’t,” the other man growled. “He’s a Delta, a guy. Hold it together, Louie! He’s fucking with your head.”

“I don’t care. I want him.”

“Dude, you’re not even fucking gay,” the second man said, shaking Louie. “You’ve got that cute little girlfriend, remember?”

“She doesn’t have to know.”

Louie broke free and ran for Constantine. All Constantine wanted to do was punch the guy. First, this shit here, and then he’s willing to cheat on his poor girlfriend based on the fact she’d never find out. *What an asshole.*

Instead, Constantine stood his ground and waited for Louie to come over to him. The man started nibbling and licking his chest. He glanced to the side. Sebastian was having the same effect on the other two men. It seemed Zac was still arguing with the Alpha, and the other guy was too busy staring holes into Dobry and Owen. Great, on top of everything else, a human hater.

“You want me, admit it,” Constantine said to the second guy. Louie was still touching him. “Just touch me.”

“What is this place? A constant fucking orgy?” Alpha De’Angelos yelled when he turned to see what they were doing.

Lightning quick, Constantine turned and knocked Louie out with one punch. Alastar moved just as fast to help Sebastian. Focusing on the second guy, Constantine grabbed him roughly by the hair and threw him into a tree.

Turning just in time to see the fifth guy shift and launch at Owen, Constantine screamed, “No!” His heart threatened to jump out of his chest as he dove for Owen. He wouldn’t make it in time, but he still had to try.

Matt and Christian got there first, shifting to wolf form mid-dive. They landed growling and snarling at the last man standing in front of Owen and Dobry. Owen and Dobry, bless them, didn’t move a muscle.

“Enough!” Alpha De’Angelos shouted. “You’ve made your point.”

“No, we really haven’t.” Zac growled, moving to stand directly in front of the Alpha. “You’re all still alive. That can change in a second, you feel me?”

“Yes, I hear you, Alpha Sheehan,” the other Alpha replied. “You are within your rights to kill us all. I would have if you came on my lands. I’ll call off the hunt on Christian, as long as he never steps foot on my pack’s lands again.”

*“No fucking problem,”* Christian said in Constantine’s head since he was in wolf form still. *“You’d have to get an army to drag my ass back there.”*

“He says that won’t be a problem,” Constantine told Alpha De’Angelos for Christian. “He doesn’t go where he’s not wanted.”

“How would you know that?” Alpha De’Angelos asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I heard him in my head, through our mating bond.”

“You really are mated to my son, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Alpha, I really am,” Constantine answered, almost feeling sorry for Alpha De’Angelos. While the guy was a total asshole, people who were this prejudiced and filled with hate missed so much of the world. It was self inflicted of course, but it always saddened Constantine.

“We would have killed you all if not for your freak human pet,” the other man with Alpha De’Angelos said.

Before Constantine could even reply, the Alpha moved in a flash and punched the man in the face.

“I said enough!” he yelled so loudly it echoed. “It’s done. No more threats. Don’t ever disobey me again.”

“Yes, Alpha, sorry, Alpha,” the man quickly said.

It really came out more in gurgles because the man was trying to snap his broken jaw back into place. But Constantine knew groveling when he heard it.

“How did you turn out as sane as you are, Christian?” Constantine asked while his mate shifted back into human form.

“My mother,” Christian replied, never taking his eyes off his father. “She was a great woman, who showered her children with love and affection.”

“Don’t talk of your mother, boy.” Alpha De’Angelos snarled.

Constantine rolled his eyes. This hot-and-cold shit from Alpha De’Angelos was getting old. “She’d be turning over in her grave if she knew what you were doing here, god rest her soul.”

Constantine and everyone else seemed confused when Christian responded by bursting out in laughter. “That was the funniest thing I’ve heard in years,” Christian finally said when he could talk, wiping tears out of his eyes. “Who do you think first told me I was gay, Father?”

“You’re mother...”

“Was not anywhere near as judgmental as you are.” Christian shook his head. “She noticed I wouldn’t get naked with the other boys and shift when I was sixteen. Mom took me off to the side and told me it was okay to get excited, that no one would suspect that it was because I liked other boys. They would all think I was excited about shifting and running, that most men get excited before shifting.”

“She never told me that,” Alpha De’Angelos responded, looking paler by the second. “Why would she not tell me that?”

“What would you have said, Father?”

“I would have told her how wrong...”

“Exactly,” Christian answered, looking disgusted with his father. “Mom loved me for who I was, not just because I was her child. She helped me learn about being gay, that I wasn’t the only one and that there was nothing wrong with it. Hell, she helped me hide it from you!”

“She betrayed me!”

“No, she didn’t! She protected her son, even if it was protecting me from you!”

"I don't want to hear any more," Alpha De'Angelos said, suddenly looking older and defeated. "Your mother was a good woman. I don't want to hear you smear her good name."

"She was a great woman, and I'm not smearing her name. I'm telling you why she was so wonderful."

"I renounce you as my son, Christian," Alpha De'Angelos replied, looking stern again. "You are no longer allowed to carry the De'Angelos name, and death will come to you if you ever step onto pack lands again."

"Fine," Christian answered, looking like he'd just been slapped before turning and walking away from the group toward the lake.

Constantine couldn't keep a tear escaping for the pain his mate was suffering. It trailed down his cheek before he could wipe it away. Looking over at Owen, Constantine saw his little mate felt the same.

He went over, took Owen's hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze before they went after Christian. A few moments later, they found him sobbing, sitting on the edge of the dock. Constantine sat on one side while Owen sat on the other side of Christian. Both men leaned in and wrapped an arm around Christian.

"I was thinking we should all have the same last name anyways," Owen said quietly after a few moments. "I know being mated for you guys is the same as being married, but humans change their last names when they get married. I think that and the tattoos would be a great way to show both worlds we belong to each other."

"I've always been a De'Angelos," Christian replied still sniffing. "I wouldn't know how to be anything else."

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet," Constantine said quoting Shakespeare.

"I was thrown out of my family in a way, too," Owen answered gently. "And Constantine is the reason we all came together. I thought it would be nice if we both took Stylianos."

"You really have been thinking of that, baby?" Constantine asked, shocked as all hell.

“Yeah, I’m sorry if it’s a stupid suggestion, but my family name doesn’t mean anything to me,” Owen replied in almost a whisper, looking down at his hands. “And I want this to be real between us, not just in the werewolf community. I want to be your family, as much as you are already mine.”

“You are our family, Owen,” Christian said, wrapping both arms around their little mate. “And I love you. You are one of the two most wonderful men I’ve ever known, and I’m proud to be your mate.”

“That goes the same for me,” Constantine said pulling both of them into his arms and on his lap. “I love you both more than I can ever put into words. You make my life, my heart, and my soul complete.”

“I think taking Constantine’s last name is a great idea,” Christian answered looking up into Constantine’s eyes. “And not because I’m suddenly without a last name.”

“Plus I think Owen Stylianos is a way sexier name than Owen Carrell.” Owen giggled. “Not that I want to be sexy for anyone but you, too—which reminds me of something, Constantine.”

“What’s that, baby?” he asked, rubbing his head and scent over both his mates.

“You ever let another man touch you like you did earlier and I will cut off your balls in your sleep and hide them so they can’t be reattached.”

Constantine looked into his little mate’s eyes and saw anger and a little pain.

“I don’t care how big and bad you are. I won’t take cheating in this relationship.”

“Owen, please believe me,” Constantine started to say and took a deep breath. “I don’t want anyone but the two of you. That man disgusted me. I did what I did only to distract them. I can’t apologize for using whatever weapons I have in my arsenal when I’m worried about my mates’ safety.”

“You really weren’t attracted to him? You only want us?” Owen

asked, looking unsure. "You promise?"

"I swear on whatever honor or deity you will believe, Owen," Constantine said before leaning down and kissing Owen gently.

"He's telling the truth, Owen," Christian replied, looking between the two of them. "Wolves can smell each other's desire. Constantine wasn't giving off any hormones that suggested lust. I would have smelled it, especially in wolf form."

"Okay, then I'm not mad," Owen answered, nodding his head. "But you're only allowed to pull that shit if you're worried we might die. Otherwise my previous threat will come into play."

"My balls may be still attached to my body," Constantine purred. "But I swear that the two of you already have them in your pockets."

"I like the sound of that," Owen said, giggling.

Christian rolled them out of Constantine's lap and started a tickle assault on their little mate. Constantine wasted no time in joining in. Somehow, Owen ended up naked during the tickle attack, and what started out as innocent fun quickly turned into something more.

"Baby, I want you to ride me more than I want my next breath." Constantine panted and started to use his tongue on Owen's hard cock.

"And I want to fuck you while Owen rides you." Christian growled. He reached around Constantine and started stroking his dick.

"Oh god, yes," Constantine moaned. He yelped when he felt something smack him on the side of his head. Looking up, he saw Matt and Zac laughing from about forty yards away. He then turned to Owen and Christian when they started laughing as well. Seeing that Owen held a bottle of lube in his hand, he figured out what had happened.

"Nice aim, Zac," Christian yelled out in between bouts of laughter.

"Always here to help," Zac shouted back, scooping a giggling Matt into his arms. "Besides, Owen saved my baby's life today. If anyone deserves some fun, it's our little gifted human."

Owen stopped laughing and turned to look at Zac, his eyes wide. "I thought you were mad at me?"

"No, Owen, I was scared for Matt," Zac said, turning back toward them. "Aiden and I will forever be in your debt for keeping him safe when we couldn't."

"Matt's my friend. I'll always help him if I can," Owen replied gently.

Constantine knew Zac still heard Owen with his werewolf hearing.

"And now you understand what it means to be pack," Zac answered. "Human, vampire, werewolf, psychic, or man on the moon, it doesn't matter. We survive by looking out for each other. This is our family. It doesn't matter who we were born to. This is the family we choose."

"I like that," Owen said, smiling. Zac gave him a quick nod of respect before turning back towards the house, Matt still in his arms. Owen looked back at Constantine and Christian. "You know what else I would like?"

"My hard cock in your ass?" Constantine asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh yeah."

Owen moaned when Constantine leaned back down and sucked Owen's dick. His little mate was quite large for his size, and he loved the taste of it.

"Fuck yeah," Constantine cried out when he felt Christian's lubed finger push into his ass. A moment later, he felt some lube pour over his finger. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Christian's wide smile.

"You have got to get our baby ready for that perfect cock while I get you prepared." Christian chuckled.

Constantine could only groan when he felt another finger enter him. He gently spread Owen's legs and slipped a finger into his ass while still sucking his little mate's hard cock.

"Constantine, yes! Oh my god, this feels amazing," Owen cried,

and his hips seemed to move on their own.

“He likes it if you bite his cock with your canines,” Christian whispered quietly to Constantine so only they could hear.

Constantine smiled around Owen’s cock and let his teeth extend. Just when he felt Owen start to tense up, he sank his canines into his mate’s cock.

“I love you,” Owen screamed as he came.

Constantine swallowed every drop of Owen’s come and moaned at the sweet taste of his mate’s ambrosia. When Constantine was finally done lavishing Owen’s cock with attention, his little mate spoke. “I feel like Jell-O.”

“Well that won’t do.” Constantine snickered. “I still want you on my cock.”

“I’ll hold him while I take that tight ass of yours,” Christian growled and pulled his fingers out of Constantine and flipped the man over.

Constantine just looked up at Christian in surprise. He didn’t know Christian was strong enough to do that. But what he saw in his mate’s eyes had him quickly pulling his knees to his chest.

It was need, raw and unhidden need in Christian’s eyes. Constantine understood after everything that happened. Christian needed this closeness, this contact. Right then, looking into Christian’s eyes, Constantine would have gladly given his mate anything to wipe that need off his face.

Christian lined up his cock with Constantine’s waiting hole and pushed inside. Both men groaned when Christian bottomed out. There just wasn’t much out there that beat having his mate’s cock deep inside his ass, except maybe his other mate’s cock.

“That’s so fucking hot,” Owen groaned, starting to stroke his recovering dick. “I can still join in, right?”

“Come here,” Christian replied, the strain of holding still apparent on his face.

Constantine let his legs fall to either side of Christian. He held

onto Owen, and they gently lowered their baby onto Constantine's waiting cock. All three men moaned loudly when everyone was into position. Constantine loved the feeling of being inside Owen while Christian was inside him.

"Oh fuck, that's even better," Owen cried, bending over and bracing his hands on Constantine's chest.

Christian leaned over with him and wrapped his arms around Owen's chest. When Christian pushed inside Constantine, he moved Owen off Constantine's cock until only the head was still inside the man. Then Christian started to pull back out and pushed Owen down on Constantine.

"Fuck, yes, don't stop, so fucking good," he cried out as he held onto Owen's thighs tightly. The dual sensations were almost more than Constantine could take. He was fucking and being fucked all at the same time. It was mind-blowing. When Christian picked up the pace, Constantine started seeing stars explode behind his eyes.

"Almost there, so close," Owen hissed, his fingernails digging into Constantine's chest.

"Let me help you with that."

Grunting, Christian bent over and licked Owen's neck. Constantine's vision cleared just in time to see Christian sink his canines into Owen's flesh. Owen screamed out his pleasure, his cock erupting and shooting stream after stream of his seed onto Constantine's chest.

"I love you both," Constantine growled when he felt Owen's ass clamp down on his cock. He quickly sank his own teeth into Owen's neck on the other side from Christian. The sweet taste of Owen's blood was all it took for his cock to explode in the man's tight ass. Seconds later, he heard Christian scream and felt his mate's seed fill up his ass.

"I love you, Owen and Constantine. You are my real family," Constantine heard Christian say before he succumbed to the pleasure and the darkness swept him away.

## Chapter 10

Owen slapped his shoulder blade several times as he tried to remember the care instructions he'd been given about his new tattoo. He could smack it lightly, just not scratch it, and he wanted to scratch it so bad.

The damn thing was only a week old, but it was driving him nuts. Christian's and Constantine's tattoos had healed up in a matter of hours. Owen, the human, was still suffering. He felt like he was going to go fucking insane.

Still, it was a damn good-looking tattoo—three circles entwined with a larger circle around them. Each circle represented one of them, each one having a different theme. They all agreed that another mate would pick out the design for a different mate.

Owen got to choose Constantine's design. He didn't even have to think about it. He just grabbed a piece of paper and drew three moons with blue-violet wolf eyes ghosted over all of them. To Owen, it was his big, strong mate, always looking out for him, and Christian, protecting them and loving them.

Christian chose Owen's design. It was a tree with ivy twisting around it three times in a Celtic loop. Christian called it the tree of life or some such shit. Owen still didn't get it, but it seemed to please Christian and Constantine to no end.

Constantine chose Christian's design, and Owen thought it was the most beautiful of all the designs they chose. It was a sword with a rose stem wrapped around. The rose stem actually had three rose buds, one silver, one blue-violet, and one moss green.

The names Christian, Constantine, and Owen Stylianos were

written in silver in the outer circle, each word divided by a Celtic knot.

Owen still didn't know how it happened, because they all gave their designs to the tattoo artist separately and the rule was they couldn't look until their tattoos were done, but all of them incorporated *three* in their designs...three moons, ivy entwining around the tree three times, and three rose buds.

The tattoo *was* the three of them. Still, it didn't keep Owen from wishing his would stop itching. He slapped at the tattoo again and rolled his eyes when Christian laughed and pushed his hand away.

"Knock it off." Christian chuckled. "You're just going to make it worse."

"Easy for you to say, Mr. I-Heal-Faster-than-Shit!"

Out of nowhere, Owen was tackled to the ground. He grunted when he hit the hard unyielding grass and a large body almost as hard came down on top of him. When he looked up, blue-violet eyes stared down at him.

"I think you need to be reminded why we got these tattoos, angel." Constantine growled. "You were the one that suggested them after all. Would you rather we didn't get them?"

"No, it just itches so damn much."

The grin that crossed Constantine's face made Owen nervous. He'd seen that particular look on the man's face once or twice before, and he usually ended up unconscious right afterward. It wasn't a bad way to go, but it sure was incredibly embarrassing, especially when everyone heard him crying out his delight.

"Maybe we need to take your mind off the itching," Constantine said. The sensuality and lust in the man's voice shot straight to Owen's cock. "Maybe we can give you something else to think about."

Owen swallowed audibly as he went from somewhat interested to full-blown hard as rock in a blink of an eye. "Okay," he croaked out. He felt his face flush when his voice broke, and Constantine arched an

eyebrow at him. It really was embarrassing how little resistance he had to anything his mates wanted. They called, and he melted.

The only thing keeping Owen from crawling into a hole to hide his red face was the fact that all he needed to do was lick his lips and his mates started panting.

Owen knew from what he'd been told about Delta werewolves that Constantine had an increased sex drive and needed two mates to care for him, but Owen was pretty sure he got laid more than either of his mates. Apparently, he was the flavor of choice.

"Do you think we could take this inside this time?" Christian asked from over the top of them. "I'm still pulling pine needles out of my ass from the last time we fucked outdoors."

Owen snickered. "Maybe you should have been on top then."

Christian growled. Owen laughed with pure joy and he scooted out from under Constantine. He climbed to his feet and ran all out for the house. He could hear Christian and Constantine in hot pursuit.

Owen knew they could easily catch him, he was human after all, but both men seemed to enjoy their games of catch-me-if-you-can. They would give him just enough lead to make it inside of the house before tackling him or grabbing him.

Owen couldn't remember the last time he made it to their bedroom with all of his clothes on. He wasn't even sure why he wore them anymore, maybe due to his upbringing or something. No one else seemed to mind all the naked men running around.

Owen sprinted around the side of the house and, barreling in the back door at full speed, was grateful that someone forgot to close the large pained-glass door. He ran through the kitchen and headed down the hallway toward the bedroom when Matt suddenly stepped out of his office, holding up a cell phone in his hand.

"Hey, dude, some guy is on your phone asking for you." Matt shrugged. "I wouldn't have answered it, but he kept calling and calling. I figured it might be important."

Owen skidded to a stop and took the phone from Matt, holding it

to his ear. "Hello?"

"Owen?"

"Detective Marcus?" Owen let a relieved sigh fall from his lips when he realized it was just his friend from back home. "Hey, man, what's up?"

"I haven't heard from you in nearly two months, Owen. I was beginning to become concerned, especially when I found out you let your lease go on your apartment. Is everything okay?"

Owen glanced up quickly when Constantine and Christian came barreling into the hallway. He grinned. "Yeah, everything is cool. I moved, that's all. Sorry I forgot to call you and let you know, but I've been a little caught up in things here."

"Where the hell did you move to?"

"Believe it or not, a little place outside of Atlanta, Georgia."

"Why did you move?" the detective asked. "Was someone giving you problems? You should have come to me, Owen."

"Two words, hot and gorgeous." Owen chuckled.

"Hot and gor—You met someone?"

"Two someones, actually, one is hot and one is gorgeous. I just haven't figured out which is which yet."

Constantine and Christian grinned.

"Well, I'm happy for you, Owen, you know that, but do you think three people being in a relationship is a good thing? Isn't it kind of weird?"

Owen looked over at his mates, knowing they could hear everything the detective was saying to him. The biggest clue was the smirk on Christian's face and the arched eyebrow on Constantine's.

"No, it's all good," Owen replied. "It's actually kind of hot, too. You should try it sometime."

The detective chuckled. "Yeah, I don't see that happening anytime soon, Owen, but thanks for the advice."

"I highly recommend it." Owen went all breathless watching his mates slowly undress for him. He needed to get off the phone with the

detective and fast, before he just tossed the damn phone away.

“Hey, maybe we can catch up again later? I was right in the middle of...” Owen’s eyes widened as he watched Christian drop to his knees and swallow Constantine’s cock all the way to the root. “I gotta go.”

Owen hung up and tossed the phone onto the counter. He had his clothes off before he even reached his mates, tossing them wherever they could go. “That is so fucking hot!” Owen groaned, reaching down to cup Constantine’s balls.

Constantine groaned and tossed his head back. Owen saw it as the perfect opportunity to suck up a red spot on the man’s neck, ’cause it wasn’t like he could actually bite the man. Still, Constantine’s groans said he appreciated the gesture.

When Constantine started humping his hips, a sure sign that he was close to release, Owen stepped back just enough that both his mates could see him. He grabbed his hard cock and started stroking while he backed toward the bedroom, positive he had both men’s attention.

“First one on the bed gets to be in the middle,” Owen said before he turned and sprinted toward the bedroom. He laughed, making it through the door before either of his mates and launching himself at the bed.

Owen had just enough time to roll over onto his back before Constantine and Christian ran into the room. Both men came to a complete stop at the end of the bed, their mouths dropped open, and they panted heavily.

Owen bent his knees slightly and let his legs drop open. He wrapped his hand around his cock again and slowly stroked from his balls to the very tip of the head then back down again. His mates’ cocks seemed to throb with every stroke of Owen’s hand.

Their eyes followed the movement of his hand almost as if mesmerized when Owen stuck his fingers into his mouth and got them all nice and wet. Stroking his wet hand down his chest to his balls

then below to his tight hole.

When Owen pushed a finger into his ass and started stretching himself, he could hear his mates' pants become low growls. A second finger had their hands clenching. By the time Owen pressed a third finger into his ass, their cocks were leaking and their hands were clenched with restraint.

Owen pulled his fingers free and reached up under the pillow for the lube. He dropped the bottle next to his ass and pulled his spread legs up to his chest. Owen laughed when his mates attacked him. He didn't even have to say anything.

Constantine's hard, pulsing cock was shoved into his ass at the same time Christian straddled him. Owen opened his mouth and swallowed the man as far as he could. Christian moved up to rest his hands on the mattress above him, hovering over Owen.

Constantine started thrusting into him and Owen dropped his legs, reached down to grab Christian's ass cheeks, and pulled them apart. Christian cried out, his body suddenly shuddering, and Owen knew Constantine had taken his silent suggestion. Owen just wished his could watch his big, bad Delta mate lick Christian's ass.

That had to be fucking hot!

Owen's breath caught in his throat when he saw Constantine pull back. He knew what was coming even before Christian pulled away from him. Owen bemoaned the loss of the cock in his mouth but the feeling of Christian body sinking down on his cock quickly replaced any disappointment he might have felt.

Christian's upper body still hovered over Owen, but the man's lower body was impaling itself over and over again on Owen's cock. Owen arched up and latched onto the nipple right above him, grinning at the long drawn out groan he received. Bringing his mates pleasure was almost as good as receiving it...almost.

The cock pounding into his ass felt pretty damn good. Owen could feel himself being drawn to the heights of ecstasy he had only ever known with Christian and Constantine. He never dreamed that sex

could be this good and he was pretty sure, with anyone else, it wouldn't be.

Constantine and Christian made it special, made it something wonderful. The flames of passion burned bright in all of them, but that flame only burned for the three of them. Owen no longer felt he was left out or would be left behind. He knew he was right where he was supposed to be, being loved by his mates.

Owen cried out when the fire burning inside of him ignited. The loud cry that came from his lips when he poured himself in his mate was by no means manly, and Owen could not have cared less about who heard him in that moment.

He was suddenly overcome by uncontrollable joy while his mates roared out their release at the same time, Constantine filling his ass with pulsing heat, Christian shooting rope after rope of pearly hot seed all over Owen's chest.

Owen sighed in pleasant exhaustion. Christian rolled to one side of him, Constantine to the other. He felt the arms of his mates cover his chest, each man snuggling up close to him. Yep, this was exactly where he was supposed to be.

"I win."

"Owen, angel, you weren't in the middle," Constantine said. "You were on the bottom."

"I'm in the middle now."

Constantine and Christian chuckled at the same time. "I guess we can't argue with that."

Owen patted Christian's and Constantine's hips. "Now you're learning."

## **THE END**

[www.stormyglenn.com](http://www.stormyglenn.com)

[www.joyeeflynn.com](http://www.joyeeflynn.com)

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Stormy believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

Stormy lives in the great Northwest region of the USA, with her gorgeous husband and soul mate, six very active teenagers, two boxer/collie puppies, two old biddy cats, and three fish.

You can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand and a puppy in her lap, or on her laptop, creating the next sexy man for one of her stories. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website at [www.stormyglenn.com](http://www.stormyglenn.com).

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago, living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Although she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasies that only books could bring. Her wide interest in reading is 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, of having enough land to have a few horses, and finding a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

## ***Also by Stormy Glenn and Joyee Flynn***

Delta Wolf 1: *Chameleon Wolf*

Delta Wolf 2: *Mating Games*

## ***Also by Stormy Glenn***

Wolf Creek Pack 1: *Full Moon Mating*

Wolf Creek Pack 2: *Just A Taste Of Me*

Wolf Creek Pack 3: *Tasty Treats: Volume 3, Man to Man*

Wolf Creek Pack 4: *Blood Prince*

Wolf Creek Pack 5: *Love, Always, Promise*

Wolf Creek Pack 6: *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*

Tri-Omega Mates 1: *Secret Desires*

Tri-Omega Mates 2: *Forbidden Desires*

Tri-Omega Mates 3: *Hidden Desires*

Tri-Omega Mates 4: *Stolen Desires*

Tri-Omega Mates 5: *Unspoken Desires*

Lover's of Alpha Squad 1: *Mari's Men*

Lover's of Alpha Squad 2: *The Doctor's Patience*

Lover's of Alpha Squad 3: *Julia's Knight*

Lover's of Alpha Squad 4: *Three of a Kind*

Love's Legacy 1: *Cowboy Legacy*

Love's Legacy 2: *Cowboy Dreams*

*Sweet Treats*

*Mr. Wonderful*

*The Katzman's Mate*

Sequel to *The Katzman's Mate: Dream Mate*

*My Lupine Lover*

*The Master's Pet*

*Wolf Queen*

*His Gentle Touch*

*Fire Demon*

*Mating Heat*

## ***Also by Joyee Flynn***

Marius Brothers 1: *Micah*

Marius Brother 2: *Remus*

North American Dragon Series: *Dragon Mine*

Available at

**BOOKSTRAND.COM**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**