



BETWEEN TOOTH
and Paw

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Between Tooth and Paw

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*

BETWEEN TOOTH AND PAW

Kim Dare

Dedication

To everyone who learns to look past all the generalizations and stereotypes
and who begins see the people around them for who they really are.

Chapter One

"This is an incredibly stupid idea."

"It is the only way."

"If they kill each other off, that is one thing. But, I will not condone throwing the girl in the middle of it all."

Jasmine Neal knelt naked in the middle of the hotel bedroom. Her training had long ago instilled in her that during a scene a submissive's gaze should never rise from the floor. Unable to look up and see anyone's face, she watched various pairs of expensive shoes walk around her as a dozen eyes trailed over her skin, examining her body from every angle.

Forcing herself to stay still under their casual inspection, she made yet another attempt to work out which voice belonged to which pair of circling shoes.

"Perhaps she will be a good influence on them." A woman's voice. High heeled stilettos – very expensive but discreetly so – they fitted the cultured tone of voice perfectly. Old money, a vampire perhaps.

"Huh!" That exclamation, no doubt, belonged to the scuffed loafers. The edge of the man's trousers had frayed where they'd rubbed on the floor. Poor perhaps or, more likely given the situation, a man who was simply careless of clothes and appearances. Perhaps, a man who felt more at home in a fur coat than a tailored suit – a werewolf.

"Then perhaps she will distract them," the woman suggested.

"The situation has been explained to her and humans are far more resilient than you give them credit for. I have every confidence she will survive the encounter."

Jasmine didn't need the help of footwear to identify that voice. She knew Mr. Washington's voice very well. Harsh, commanding and undeniably dominant. Even if she hadn't known already, she would have guessed he'd wear military boots – each one always polished to a gleam by another person's hands. A submissive's hands. In this particular case, by her hands.

"It is all the damn humans' fault anyway. All those stupid stories about how much vampires and werewolves hate each other. It puts ideas into our children's heads. We've

lived in peace — each species happily minding its own business for hundreds of generations and now we are brought down to this!”

A new pair of shoes came into her view. Black lace ups. Polished, but not excessively so. Well made, but not by any designer of note. Nondescript, just like the voice she attached to it.

“She is their physical type,” Mr. Washington said. “She’s been well trained and she knows what’s required of her. She’ll follow her orders.”

“She is still only one woman,” that was Mr. Nondescript. Jasmine struggled to attach a species to him. Zombie? Ghoul? Maybe the man was even another human. It was possible a human besides Mr. Washington had made it onto the council of elders — highly unlikely, but possible.

“Do not underestimate women,” the high heeled possible-vampire said from somewhere behind Jasmine. “There are many times when more can be accomplished by a smile from a woman than by the threats of a hundred armed men.”

“I’d prefer to be in the middle of those armed men, if I was going to be the one stuck between those two brats.”

“Threats have had no success with Hayden,” the scuffed loafers said. Jasmine changed his species label from possible-werewolf, to definite-werewolf. An alpha werewolf who didn’t like members of his pack disobeying him one little bit. The growl in his voice came through loud and clear.

“Nor Stafford,” the lady sighed. “Oh well, bring them in. If nothing else, she might keep them out of trouble until tomorrow morning.”

Some signal passed above Jasmine’s head and footsteps hurried from the room. The men and women who made up the council of elders wouldn’t have rushed to follow anyone’s command. A servant must have left the room then — or perhaps another trained submissive like herself.

The position she’d been ordered to assume would have given her a perfect view of anyone entering or leaving the room, if she had been allowed to look up. A few seconds later she heard the door open again and saw two new pairs of shoes stride into her field of vision.

One vampire, one werewolf. She’d been told that when she agreed to take part in the scene and it wasn’t hard to guess which one was which.

The vampire stood on the right – designer shoes and tailored black trousers. On the left stood battered trainers that had obviously been pushed off and on the wearer's feet without him bothering with the laces, topped by ripped jeans. He wasn't wearing socks either, she noted.

Jasmine looked for other clues about the men. Long years spent never looking anyone in the eye during a scene had given her a lot of practise at reading people from the knees down. The men were both tall.

Risking glances up as far as the men's waists, she could see the werewolf carried more muscle, and that he was also an inch or two taller than the vampire. But, from her place on the floor, Jasmine would bet her life that neither man would have a real advantage over the other if it came down to a fight between tooth and paw. And both of them were ready to brawl right then, each man had already adopted a stance which would allow them to attack at any moment.

Tension poured off each man. They stood just a few feet from each other, facing the council. Technically they faced her too – although they were so caught up in hating each other, she doubted they'd even noticed her small, naked presence in the middle of the room.

"Hayden Griffith, you understand why you have been called before the council?" a voice asked over her head.

"Yes," a deep voice said, betraying a trace of a Welsh accent. The voice came from above the scuffed trainers – from the werewolf.

The other man tensed, obviously perceiving an insult in being addressed in second place. A moment later the council asked him the same question.

"I understand," he said coldly. "And is the lady the prize? Rather inappropriate, don't you think? *They* might have to live like animals, but perhaps the more advanced species could try to maintain a higher standard?"

The werewolf, Hayden, crouched down. Jasmine caught the movement out of the corner of her field of vision and looked towards it. For the first time in years, she made a novice's mistake and looked a dominant man straight in the eye during a scene.

Hayden held her gaze. Jasmine caught her breath, unable to look away from the deep blue eyes. He tilted his head to the side, a shaggy blond mop of hair falling across his

forehead as he studied her. His chest rose and fell as he inhaled deeply, taking her scent from the air. He smiled at her.

"She is not the prize," a voice said behind her. Still trapped in Hayden's gaze, Jasmine couldn't focus on the words well enough to work out who the speaker was, but whoever it was went on. "She is a participant in the challenge. She has been selected from all the humans to represent the part they have played in this mess."

Hayden frowned and looked away, gazing over her head to meet the eyes of those who he might consider his equals. "I'm not fighting her," he said.

"If the pup is scared a woman can call him to heel too easily," Stafford said. "Then he is more than welcome to forfeit."

"A female *wolf* would not be a problem. Humans are too fragile to fight. They break too easily. I won't fight her," Hayden repeated.

"And I do not fight women," Stafford said. "Of any species."

Sure no one in the room was paying the least bit of attention to her, Jasmine glanced up and stole a look at Stafford. He was dark, aristocratic and perfectly styled. Like Hayden, he was well over a decade younger than her. He was also looking down his nose at Hayden, as if the werewolf were something he'd scraped off his designer shoes. A glance at Hayden, still crouched down to bring his eyes to a level with hers, showed he was making a great show of ignoring the vampire. He caught her eye and smiled at her again.

"You said there would be a contest between us," Stafford snapped at the council. "What are the terms?"

"Stand," Mr. Washington ordered.

Jasmine rose to her feet, each movement made graceful by effort of long practise and knowledge of the appropriate punishment sloppy movements earned. Naked, with not even a collar to show for her submission, she stood before them, long blonde hair trailing down her back in loose waves. As Hayden also rose to his full height, Jasmine extended her hands, palms up, the way she had been instructed to do.

"Stafford, Hayden, step forward. Extend your hands. Each of you, put one hand into hers."

Stafford's right hand and Hayden's left hand were duly placed on her palms. She could tell by the way the two men stood, by the way they moved, that each believed they

were undertaking the start of some sort of challenge ritual. They faced each other solemnly across her as Mr. Washington walked around them and took up his place facing her.

Jasmine knew the dominant was good at what he did. He could be quick when he wanted to be. He took one step forward. A flash of silver, a flick of his wrists and a set of handcuffs had secured two wrists together.

Hayden and Stafford's reactions were both a fraction too slow to do them any good. A moment after the cuffs clicked closed, the two younger men reacted, trying to pull their hands apart, to pull away from each other.

Jasmine, unable to step away from them without permission was, caught in the middle of the struggle. She braced herself for a fall as the cuffed hands, swung towards her. Her training failed her and she stepped back, all thought of permission temporarily forgotten.

As if someone tripped a switch inside them, both men reached for her the moment she moved. One hand grabbed her arm, another caught her wrist and each man pulled her towards them.

"What is the meaning of this?" Stafford demanded.

Jasmine looked up at him, thinking he spoke to her, but he stared beyond her at the council.

"If keeping you apart cannot appease the differences between you, we will keep you together. The human woman belongs to both of you for the rest of the night," one of the council said.

"A slave?" Stafford spat. "Even the damn dogs know better than that. What the hell do you mean, putting the girl in this position?"

Jasmine turned her gaze to Hayden. He frowned. "We don't own people," he said. In a silly way, it felt he was saying it to her – as if her opinion was the only important one to him right then.

"If neither of you will accept charge of her, I will take her back with me, there are plenty of human men who would jump at the chance of spending the night with her," Mr. Washington said.

He made it sound as if the prospect didn't appeal to her — as if she hadn't chosen this way of life of her own free will — as if she hadn't spent the last months and years looking for a master. His tone of voice made the statement barely better than a lie, but it did the trick.

"I will take guardianship of her," Stafford began.

"Mine," Hayden growled at the same time.

They glared at each other.

"Very well," Mr. Washington said. *"The rules of the challenge are very simple. She is yours to do with as you please. Make whatever use you want of her — but you will stay in this room and in those cuffs until you reach an agreement, so don't waste all your time screwing her."* His tone of voice changed to the one he only ever used when he was addressing a submissive. *"They are your masters — do as they command without exception."*

"Yes, sir," Jasmine whispered in return.

The council filed out of the room. For the first time in a long time, she felt nerves as well as desire peak inside her at the thought of the scene she was about to take part in. Not sure what else to do, Jasmine lowered her eyes and waited for an order to be issued.

For several long minutes the two men just glared at each other.

The tension in the room doubled over again and again, but in spite of all that, Jasmine felt something settle inside her. She had her orders, she knew what was expected of her. If only for one night, she belonged to someone — to two someones actually.

Finally, one of those two someones moved.

Stafford released his grip on her elbow and put his arm lightly around her shoulders. Hayden slowly let go of her wrist. He stepped to the side to let Stafford lead her to the edge of the bed, but followed them closely.

Jasmine's training prompted her to lower herself to the floor at the side of the bed.

Stafford's light grip around her shoulder's tightened. *"No, on the bed,"* he corrected, guiding her to sit on the edge of the mattress.

Jasmine did as he commanded, and waited for another order.

"You have nothing to be scared of," Stafford told her. *"I'll see no harm comes to you."*

As Stafford stood in front of her, Hayden crouched down next to him. He shouldered the side of Stafford's leg until the other man moved slightly to the side and made room for him to face her too.

"She's not afraid," Hayden announced.

"And what do you know about humans?" Stafford demanded.

Hayden shrugged. "If she was afraid, she would smell afraid. She doesn't smell afraid, so she's not."

He ducked his head, looking up at her, making an obvious effort to catch her eye. He was right about one thing at least. She saw no reason to be afraid of them. She'd submitted to enough men during her search for a master to be able to read the signs of cruelty or sadism in her prospective partners. These two young men, for all the stories she'd read about their respective species, were neither.

They were simply dominants—inexperienced, as was to be expected when neither of them was far past their teens, but with the potential to become great dominants, great leaders of their respective species in the years to come.

Jasmine took a deep breath and tried to steady her nerves as they blossomed once more. They were just the type of men she'd had in her mind when she started down the road to find a master.

One more deep breath. Jasmine hoped like hell Hayden couldn't scent arousal as easily as he would have smelt her fear.

"I won't hurt you," Stafford said again.

Hayden looked up to Stafford. "And you think I would," he growled.

"Werewolves are still wolves, they are not a species known for their gentleness."

"And vampires are? At least we have learnt not to bite our lovers," Hayden snapped, jerking back to his feet and making the extended chain between their handcuffs rattle.

"Lovers? A pretty word for a species capable of nothing more than rutting like animals," Stafford taunted. "Vampires are known for skill, subtlety, seduction when they take a lover to their beds. Werewolves are merely known for an inclination to do it doggie style."

They were so focused on each other, Jasmine felt it was safe to look up at them. Squaring off against each other, they were glorious. Two dominant men, as different as could be, fighting over her. If she hadn't been well aware neither of them gave a damn about her, she might have been stupid enough to feel flattered by the idea.

Hayden's expression slowly morphed into a smile. "A man with a small cock can become a fantastic lover if he puts a lot of time and effort into acquiring a great technique, a guy with a big cock doesn't need to know a damn thing to be bloody marvellous."

His gaze dropped to Stafford's trousers. He looked particularly unimpressed.

The vampire's eyes narrowed. They appeared to be two seconds from launching themselves at each other when Jasmine slid to her knees between them.

That at least made them pause for a few seconds. She felt their attention turn towards her.

Hayden crouched down. He stroked her hair back from her face. "Hey, it's okay..." he stumbled for a moment when he obviously realised he didn't know her name. "No one is mad at *you*. What's your name?"

"I'll answer to whatever name you choose to give me, sir," she said softly. "I belong to both of you and I will do whatever you want me to do. My name is your choice."

"I meant what I said," Stafford said. "I'll see no one takes advantage of your position in this arrangement."

Hayden spared one, annoyed glance at the other man. "She doesn't just belong to you. And I know well enough how to be careful with those weaker than me." He reached out to touch her cheek. His palm was rough and had obviously seen a lot of use as the surface of a paw, but in spite of Stafford's predictions, his touch was the most gentle she remembered feeling.

Leaning in close, he nuzzled her neck. "You're safe," he whispered, softly in her ear.

"What name is written on your birth certificate?" Stafford asked.

Jasmine looked up at him. The vampire glowered at Hayden's closeness to her. He obviously wasn't in the mood for games or for naming anyone.

"Jasmine Neal, sir," she said.

He nodded. "Jasmine, very well. In case you missed the rather inadequate introductions earlier, I'm Stafford Ingram. The pup is Hayden Griffith."

Hayden smiled against her neck and pressed a kiss to the sensitive bit of skin behind her ear.

"For heaven's sake, stop slobbering all over the poor woman."

He pressed another gentle kiss to her neck. "She likes it."

"Not believing she has permission to push you away is not the same as welcoming you," Stafford snapped.

She felt Hayden sway as Stafford tugged on the cuffs, but he didn't move away from her.

"You do like it, don't you, Jas?" he asked her, softly, whispering the words against her skin. "I can tell by your scent."

Jasmine swallowed. The gentle kisses were getting to her, calling to something inside her that had slept through a great many of the scenes she had completed over the last few years.

Such soft touches from a strong master always made her ridiculously eager to please and gain more of the same. She looked up at Stafford and saw his expression change as he saw the truth in her eyes.

"You are here of your own free will?" he asked.

Jasmine swallowed down her nerves. "Yes, sir."

Stafford studied her very carefully. Seeing no other way to communicate the truth, she forced herself to hold his gaze and let him read the truth there.

"You want this, with both of us?" Stafford asked, almost daring her to lie to him.

Jasmine took a deep breath. She hadn't expected it to be the entire truth, she hadn't expected the misgivings she'd felt when she agreed to take part in the scene to fade away so quickly, but somehow when she nodded it was the entire truth.

Yes, something inside her said. She wanted this. She wanted both of them.

"Excuse us for a moment." Stafford sharply tugged on the cuff around Hayden's wrist. "We need to talk."

Hayden shrugged. He rubbed his cheek against hers. He was clean shaven without a touch of stubble to roughen the gesture. His fingers stroked the other side of her face, trailing down her neck. "So, talk," he told the other man. "I'm not stopping you."

"In private," Stafford clarified with obviously forced calm.

Hayden pulled back a fraction. He looked from Jasmine to Stafford and back again. He gave another shrug and a soft sigh.

Getting up from his crouching position, he turned back to her before he followed Stafford to the other side of the room. "Stay there."

"She is not a bloody puppy," Stafford snapped.

"I didn't say she was."

"Then stop ordering her around as if she's the mongrel in the room."

"I want her to stay where she is. If I don't tell her, she won't know," the werewolf replied calmly.

Stafford gave a long suffering sigh. He walked away, tugging on the cuff. Jasmine heard him mutter the words, "heel boy," under his breath.

Hayden growled in response, but he followed Stafford across the room and out of her earshot.

Stafford Ingram looked across the room. The woman, Jasmine, sat on the edge of the bed, eyes lowered and patiently waiting. Her hair flowed across her shoulders, down her back. It was practically impossible to catch sight of her throat, unless you were willing to burrow and nuzzle past the blonde locks the way the damn wolf had. Stafford took a deep breath and tried to turn his thoughts away from the girl's jugular.

The thought of sharing a woman with the wolf was... he mentally shook his head at himself. This is what he got for going too long between feedings. If blood lust hadn't been pounding through his veins, begging him to feed from her it would never have even occurred to him to lower his standards far enough to include a damn werewolf in his sex life—even if the man was very firmly on the other side of a woman.

"You're certain you would be able tell if she was unwilling?" Stafford asked.

"Can't you tell?" Hayden asked, tilting his head on the side as he studied him.

Not with blood lust making him lightheaded with need. Not with the damn wolf in the room clouding his thoughts and making it so much harder for him to focus in on the woman. He couldn't speak softly to her and read her body language the way he normally would, not without showing weakness before the other man—and that wasn't going to happen.

It was bad enough to have to ask the man once. He would cheerfully be damned before he gave him the satisfaction of repeating the question.

"I am sure," Hayden finally said. "I can smell it in her scent."

Stafford nodded that he had heard, then he stood very still, determined not to show any sign of uncertainty. "If we are going to do this, we need to set some ground rules."

"Why?"

"Because the only reason I'm resisting the temptation to kill you right now is because I don't want your corpse hanging from my arm until the council stop playing these stupid bloody games and let us out of the room."

Hayden seemed to consider the possibility that Stafford would mount an attack on him for several long seconds before he shrugged the idea aside. "Werewolves are not easily killed. Perhaps I am the one who will be left with a corpse attached to his wrist."

"We need to set the rules," Stafford repeated firmly.

"Werewolves do not follow rules."

"Well, you're going to have to learn pretty bloody quickly if you want this to happen," Stafford snapped.

"There is a natural order," Hayden said. "Rules are not necessary when everyone in the pack knows his place in the order."

"Fine," Stafford bit out. "Your natural place in the order is *after* me. I want the girl first."

Hayden looked back at her over his shoulder. He seemed to consider the matter very carefully, putting more thought into the matter than Stafford would have believed a wolf capable of. Then he nodded. "Yes."

Stafford waited, but the word seemed to be the beginning and the end of the answer. He tried to switch mental tracks. The long and difficult battle he'd expected to fight before finally gaining privilege of laying with Jasmine first wasn't happening and for a full minute he couldn't think of anything to say.

Finally he kicked his brain into action. "You have no objection?"

Hayden shook his head. "Why would I?" he asked.

Stafford cast a suspicious look at him. The werewolf returned it blankly.

"Very well," Stafford said eventually. He looked at the cuffs around their wrists. There was only a certain amount of space he could put between them—at the very least, they would have to allow the pup onto the bed with them. There was no chance to obtain any privacy for Jasmine.

Privacy. Yes, Stafford told himself he wanted it, but he knew it was a lie. At least part of him wanted Hayden to see him with Jasmine. He wanted to make it quite clear to the wolf that the woman was his. There really was no better way to do so than let him watch and see the evidence for himself.

Pushing that aside as best he could, Stafford turned away from Hayden and walked back across the room to Jasmine.

As he reached her, he held out his hand. Jasmine hesitated, but rose to her feet, placing her hand delicately in his. With his one hand trapped alongside Hayden's, it was practically useless. He had to let go of Jasmine's hand before he could brush her hair back to reveal her throat.

"You know how vampires feed?" he asked her.

She nodded.

Stafford tucked her hair back behind her ear, completely exposing her neck. There was no mark where a vampire had fed from her before. Against all his expectations, she was truly fresh blood.

"The bite does not hurt," he told her. "Most women find it very pleasurable."

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

Stafford leaned in and kissed her neck, very gently. An expectant shiver ran through her body. He smiled against her skin and trailed his lips over her neck. Hayden was right, she wanted this, and she wanted the bite too. He could always tell once he was close enough to feel the tremors of building desire running through a woman's body. Her breaths sped up. Her muscles tensed. She was waiting for it now, waiting rather impatiently if he was any judge.

Stafford trailed his lips back to her mouth. The first kiss was important. A brief brush of lips to start with—just a little something to tell her what was to come, to make her crave a real kiss. By the time he allowed her the real kiss she was leaning eagerly into his touch. She whimpered as he finally slid his tongue between her lips and tasted her properly.

He opened his eyes as he broke the kiss, so he could guide her backwards onto the mattress. As she lowered herself onto the edge of the bed, he pushed his clothes off, dropping them onto the floor around his feet. There was nothing that could be done with his

shirt except to rip the sleeve so it could be torn from the handcuffs. He tossed the ruined garment away as he joined Jasmine on the bed.

Hayden got onto the bed next to them, and settled himself comfortably, watching them both with obvious curiosity. The damn werewolf had no sense of decency. Stafford tried to turn his attention away from the man, but he was just *there*, just watching him.

"Do you have to stare like that?" he demanded.

The wolf rested his elbow on his knee. "Why shouldn't I watch you?" Hayden asked. "Jasmine is very beautiful. I will enjoy watching her pleasure. Don't vampires like to watch too?"

Stafford frowned across at him, but he was damned if he would waste any more of his time with him when Jasmine was so ready to offer him her body and her blood.

"Just try to ignore him," he told her. Leaning close in to her, he whispered in her ear. "He is not important. Pretend it is just you and me."

She nodded and he guided her to lie back on the bed. Leaning over her, he kissed her again, trailing his kisses over her neck once more. She relaxed back so easily for him. "So beautiful," he whispered. "A vision of Aphrodite."

"Who's she?"

Stafford looked over his shoulder at Hayden. "What?"

"Aphrodite, who is she?"

"It's not polite to interrupt people when they are having sex," Stafford said through gritted teeth.

"It's not polite to call one woman by another woman's name during sex either. You're going to end up getting slapped if you make a habit of it."

"Aphrodite was the Greek goddess of beauty," Stafford said and pointedly turned his back on the other man to look down at her. She didn't lift her eyes and meet his gaze. If Hayden had upset her, he was going wring the wolf's neck right then and be done with it.

Brushing his lips against hers, he whispered, "He's an idiot, but he's harmless."

She nodded and leaned up for another kiss. At that moment he was sure there could have been an auditorium full of people watching them, and all she would have registered was their lips brushing together.

He moved his right hand to touch her, but the cuffs rattled — he wasn't going to have Hayden's hands anywhere near her if he could help it. It was far better to leave his own right hand out of the equation and make do with his left.

Shifting on the mattress to free his other hand, Stafford trailed his fingers down her neck and to her breast. Her nipple peaked eagerly under his touch, pleading for his attention. He allowed his attentions to linger there for several minutes as he manipulated the nerve endings with practised ease.

Jasmine whimpered her frustration, arching her back to push her breast into his hand. He studied each reaction before he trailed his fingers further down her body, caressing her skin every inch of the way. She spread her legs for him, quickly inviting him to slide his fingers down between her thighs and Stafford was not about to refuse such a generous invitation. She moaned her appreciation as he slid his fingers against her slit and up to her clit to tease the tiny swollen bud, his fingers slicked with her moisture so they slid perfectly against her.

She pressed herself against his hand as he worked her slowly to a peak of frustration, never letting her have quite enough stimulation.

As hard as he tried, it wasn't long before he couldn't wait any longer. "If you want this, Jasmine, you have to tell me. You have to say yes for me."

"Yes," she said, very loudly.

Stafford grinned down at her. A movement from the side caught his eye. Hayden shifted uncomfortably and probably very frustratedly on the bed next to them. His smile changed and became more calculating.

"Does it bother you, Hayden watching us?" he asked her.

She shook her head, and looked into his eyes for a moment. If that was the case then it was about time someone showed the wolf how a real man made love to a woman.

"I want you to ride me."

Jasmine immediately pushed herself up onto her elbow, ready to get into whatever position he wanted. Stafford knelt on the bed behind her and gently guided her to spread her legs so he could put his knees between them. She leaned forward putting her hands on the mattress, as if she thought he wanted her doggie style, like the damn wolf inevitably would.

Sitting back on his heels, Stafford pulled her back close to him instead, so she would be able to ride him.

She hesitated for a moment, and then she seemed to realise what he wanted and she nodded her understanding. "Yes, sir."

"That's right," he soothed, as she he guided her to lower herself down onto the full length of his erection. Stafford pushed her hair aside and kissed her neck as she settled onto him.

Looking across at Hayden, still watching their every move, Stafford met his eyes as he bit down on her neck.

His teeth sliced neatly through her skin. She threw her head back with a pleasure filled gasp as her muscles clamped down around him.

Hayden tilted his head to the side, frowning as if he only then realised Stafford told the truth when he said human women enjoyed being bitten by him. Stafford smiled against the cut and teased it with his tongue as blood began to seep into his mouth.

She was so sweet, so perfect, and he didn't need Hayden's sense of smell to tell him she wasn't afraid anymore – he could taste her pleasure, hot and eager on his tongue. He rocked his hips, pushing his cock deeper into her slit as she rode him and he felt her pleasure grow and double.

Reaching around with his free hand he teased her nipple between his thumb and forefinger the way she seemed to like so much. She seemed to appreciate a rougher touch than other women in his experience. A sharper pinch of his fingers, a scrape of his nail across the nipple and she gasped and writhed around his cock for him.

He closed his eyes and sucked at the small wounds on her neck, coaxing the blood to flow more freely as his fingers danced across her breasts. Jasmine shakily took up the rhythm he set for her and she began to ride him properly. She took control of the movements, leaving him free to concentrate on the feeding while she worked hard and fast for both their pleasure. All of a sudden she faltered, gasping and bucking as her rhythm deserted her.

Endorphins failed to pour into his mouth. Her blood made it very clear she hadn't come. He frowned, breaking the bite to speak to her.

Something moved against the base of his cock.

"What the...!"

He looked down. Hayden's head was down between her legs, lapping at her clit as she rode him, and the damn wolf wasn't being too careful about who received the benefits of his tongue's attention.

Before he could reach around Jasmine and push the other man away, she moaned low in the back of her throat and dropped her head right back onto his shoulder. She shifted in his embrace, turning her head to rub her cheek against his neck. Her eyes were closed, but he didn't need to see into her eyes to see her pleasure.

She reached back for him. One hand threaded into his hair to guide his lips back to her neck, begging him to resume the feeding. Her other hand went behind his waist, to slide down over his arse. She whimpered and tugged at his body, pleading with him to thrust into her, imploring him to ignore the other man and finish what he had started.

Stafford automatically kissed the wound on her neck. His every instinct told him she was right. What the pup did was irrelevant. He could wring Hayden's neck for his impudence later. Right then, when pleasure was flowing through her veins and straight onto his tongue, there was nothing to do but keep going.

Warm breaths caressed his cock as Hayden's tongue worked Jasmine to fever pitch, but right then it was impossible to care if those breaths belonged to a man or a werewolf or anything else.

Jasmine whimpered again and bit her lip. Her rhythm was shot after the shock the wolf had given her, but she was still doing her very best to ride him, encasing his cock in her hot, wet slit only to slide off him a little way and repeat the process again and again.

With each bit of pleasure his teeth and the other man's tongue gave her, she writhed against him, no longer able to think but only to react. The hand she'd tangled in his hair, slipped forward to stroke his cheek, then she arched sharply, pressing herself back against his body. Her hand went to his hair again, as if those strands twining through her fingers represented her only grip on reality.

Her other hand left his backside and move forward to tangle into Hayden's longer, fairer hair too.

She was so close to coming, Stafford could taste it. She tried to say something, but she couldn't even seem to catch her breath to ask either man to push her over the edge.

Stafford pressed his teeth deeper into her jugular.

Chapter Two

Hayden Griffith looked up as Jasmine screamed. It wasn't quite a howl, but he was still pretty damn impressed by the sheer volume a woman Jasmine's size could produce when she came. For a tiny little thing, she had a great pair of lungs.

Grinning to himself, he kept lapping at her clit, following her jerky movements as best he could. A moment later she jerked against his mouth again as Stafford lost his rhythm and came inside her. Hayden kept licking Jasmine's clit as Stafford's scent filled the air, marking Jasmine as his.

When they finally fell completely still and Jasmine's grip of his hair eased then disappeared, Hayden pulled back as far as the cuffs linking him with Stafford would allow and he watched the two lovers rest against each other's bodies. Stafford stayed very still, supporting Jasmine as she took deep breaths and struggled to regain her composure.

She smelt happy. So did Stafford. That was new. Stafford usually smelt incredibly pissed off with the whole world – as if the entire planet only existed to inconvenience him. Now, the vampire knelt on the bed, letting a human woman collapse against him, and he seemed to be entirely content to rest there, just kissing her neck over the place he'd bitten her and teasing her skin.

Stafford, for all the things Hayden hated about him, had been right about one thing. Jasmine had liked the careful, controlled way the vampire touched her. Hayden trailed his finger tips along his own leg, copying the way Stafford had caressed her skin. He frowned a little.

The way they were together was very different to how he and the female wolves he had mated with conducted themselves. Hayden watched as Stafford caressed Jasmine's breast and coaxed a final shudder of pleasure from her body.

Stafford, Hayden decided, obviously wasn't a man who had been born knowing how to be gentle or controlled. He must have learnt human ways at some point and Hayden was sure he would be able to learn too. Failing to learn their ways wasn't an option – not if

learning how to be more like the humans would allow him to curl his arms around Jasmine the way Stafford did.

He shifted on the mattress, wishing he could move across the bed and offer her another set of arms, another strong body to rest against right away. He held back a sigh, knowing Stafford wouldn't be ready to release her for quite some time yet.

Stafford moved and he withdrew his cock from Jasmine's slit, guiding her away from him. Hayden tilted his head to the side, watching every move. As she pulled away from Stafford she opened her eyes and smiled across at him. He was right there in front of her, and when she moved forward it was right into his arms.

Behind her, Stafford frowned. Hayden pushed that aside. It was the vampire's own fault for not thinking the situation over properly. Any man in his right mind should have realised it was best to enjoy Jasmine's body last, not first.

Hayden touched her cheek as gently as he knew how.

"Do you need to rest?" he asked, trying not to let her hear how much he wanted to her to say no.

Jasmine shook her head. Hayden smiled his relief and dipped his head to nuzzle her neck. Stafford had left his mark on her throat. It was healing as quickly as rumour had it a vampire's bite always did, but it was still there.

He kissed the mark very gently, letting his tongue run over the wound to aid its healing. "It does not hurt?" he checked.

She shook her head again.

"I will not hurt you either," he told her. "Wolves do not hurt each other when they mate and I will be especially gentle with you."

He caught sight of Stafford's expression over her shoulder. He didn't look at all impressed, but Jasmine smiled at him.

"I believe you, sir," she whispered.

Stafford moved to sit back on the bed, rearranging his legs so Jasmine knelt between them with her back to him. Hayden looked at the handcuff joining them at the wrist. There wasn't enough room to move her away from him, and right then he didn't care how close the other man was to them anyway.

He kissed Jasmine very carefully – tasting her lips and coaxing her tongue out to play. He could smell her scent hanging in the air and he knew she was very ready for him. Watching Stafford enjoy her body had put him on edge too. He couldn't wait if there was no need to.

He turned her around, so she faced Stafford. The vampire looked surprised, but he made no objection.

Stroking his hands down Jasmine back, Hayden ducked his head down and lapped at her clit a few times, the way the werewolf women liked so much. She moaned her appreciation very loudly as he used the length and suppleness in his tongue to tease her to the edge of her pleasure.

Jasmine arched her back, offering herself to him and inviting him to mount her. The tiny movement was all the invitation he needed. Still lapping pleasure against her, he blindly pushed his clothes off and kicked them off the side of the bed. Ripping his shirt the same way he'd seen Stafford resort to, he freed the trailing material from the cuff and positioned himself behind Jasmine.

Placing his hands on her waist to hold her in steady, he had to tug at the cuff to make Stafford move his hand and rest it on Jasmine's back so he had more freedom of movement.

Hayden pressed the head of his cock against her slit. Rocking his hips he pushed his cock into her a little way, and then a little further with every motion.

Little by little, inch by inch, he filled her slit until he was fully sheathed inside her. He stilled then, letting her get used to the feel of his cock inside her. Whatever Stafford wanted to believe, Hayden was well aware he had several inches advantage over the vampire. Stafford might be larger than most of the human men Hayden had chanced to see naked, but he still wasn't a werewolf.

Looking past her shoulder, he saw Stafford watching her face. He seemed fascinated by her expression. A mirror. Next time they had sex, he would have to arrange for Jasmine to face a mirror, so he would be able to watch her expression too. Right then, he focused on the way her muscles clenched and unclenched around his shaft instead. Taking a deep breath, he ran his palms over her back and stayed as still as he could inside her.

Jasmine looked over her shoulder, as if confused by his stillness. She tried to move, pushing back against him, fidgeting within his grasp.

"Hush," he told her, stroking her skin again.

He felt his shaft begin to swell slightly inside her, filling her further. He let his eyes drop closed as he savoured the hot, wetness surrounding his cock holding him tighter by the moment.

"Hayden?" She sounded nervous. Hayden blinked his eyes opened.

Stafford held her face still so he could stare into her eyes. "What's wrong?" he asked, casting an accusing glare at Hayden.

Hayden made a soft hushing sound in the back of his throat. "Hush, it's fine, Jas."

"What going on?" Stafford said.

Hayden ignored him. "I feel good inside you, don't I, Jas?"

Jasmine nodded, her muscles tightened around him. He rocked very slightly inside her, letting his expanding shaft rub against her inside, seeing if she had that little pleasure spot in the same place female werewolves did.

She gasped, a soft little pleasure filled sound, and he smiled down at her. "You're safe," he said. "I've got you, now, the bond will keep us together."

She nodded again, moaning slightly as he caressed her hips.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Stafford demanded

Hayden continued to ignore him. He hadn't interrupted the bloody bat when he was with Jas, Stafford should have the decency to follow his example. Jasmine purred her appreciation as he filled her just a little more snugly. His pre-cum leaked inside her — coaxing her muscles to contract around him and finally lock them together.

Hayden settled his hands on her waist and started to move inside her. The way they were joined still allowed for a little bit of movement — enough to bring pleasure to them both without actually allowing them to part completely. Every time he pulled back as if he would let his cock slip from her slit, her muscles tightened around him, milking a little more pleasure from his cock.

Her head dropped down until she practically rested against Stafford's body. Hayden guided her away from him. The vampire glared at him and held onto her until he seemed to realise Hayden was only trying to rearrange them so Jasmine could be more comfortable.

"That's right, Jas, lie down," Hayden coaxed her, guiding her to lie down on her side as he spooned behind her, still perfectly connected to her.

The ache inside him was easing now. Knowing he had his mate close and safe with him where she belonged, made the world seem a far less complicated and confusing place.

His mate.

The words were suddenly right there in his head. His mate. His alpha female. Hayden held her a little closer and smiled to himself. Jasmine was his. She might not realise that, he was well aware other species could be somewhat slow on the uptake when compared to werewolves, but that didn't dampen down his smile at all.

She was his.

Hayden licked her neck and stroked her hair and then her body, running his hands over her curves and tugging at the cuffs whenever they got in the way. He felt clumsy and awkward after watching Stafford's delicate touch, but she arched against his hand and he could see the pleasure in her body as well as in her scent.

A glance past her and he saw Stafford was still frowning at them both. It had to be hard for him now, to realise he had picked the wrong place in the order, to realise another man was with the woman he had made love to. He didn't want to share his lover, he didn't want to let another man touch his alpha female, but when Stafford reached out and touched Jasmine's cheek, Hayden forced himself to let him make contact with her.

He might be willing to admit he had a lot to learn about humans and vampires, but he knew how packs worked – Stafford probably hadn't wanted to share Jas with him either, but he had. The laws of the pack made it quite clear. Even if she was to take her place as his alpha female in the future, she belonged to both of them right then. He had no right to stop Stafford touching her if Jasmine remained willing to accept his touch.

Just able to see her expression from that angle, Hayden saw her smile at the vampire.

"You're...connected?" Stafford asked.

Hayden kissed her neck. For a man who seemed to think he knew all there was to know about both women and sex, he really was pretty clueless. "Of course," he said against her neck.

"Does it hurt?" he asked Jasmine.

Jasmine shook her head. "It feels good," she whispered.

Hayden smiled behind her, rocking his hips so he moved inside her. Her muscles clamped down around him and she purred her pleasure loud enough for the other man to hear.

Stafford frowned.

"Like the bite," she added.

"What?" Stafford said.

Hayden hesitated – damn sure the joining shouldn't feel like anyone was biting her.

"Just like the bite," she whispered again. "It shouldn't feel good, but God, it does!"

She pressed back against Hayden. He ran his free hand over her shoulder and then along her waist. He tried to think the way Stafford seemed to, but in simple truth, he knew he didn't want to do anything more than stroke her body. There was no technique, no plan. He just liked touching her and feeling her skin under his hands.

He rocked a bit inside her again, letting pleasure run through them.

A chain rattled. The handcuff moved around Hayden's wrist. Stafford moved closer to Jasmine and put his hand on her hip. Hayden looked across at him. He was watching their lover very intently, studying every moment of pleasure as it passed across her face.

Before long, Hayden couldn't stop his movements inside her from quickening. He couldn't hide how eagerly his hands moved against her skin, as he desperately tried to touch every part of her, all at once. Any idea of doing anything other than what came completely naturally to him faded away.

He put his hand on her hip to steady her as he rocked harder and faster inside her. His hand landed over Stafford's trapping the other man's hand against her skin as he felt his pleasure peak one final time and he came inside her.

His jerky movements rubbed his cock against her pleasure spot, just as he knew it would and Jasmine came at the same moment he did, gasping for breath and pushing back against him until he fell still behind her.

Stafford reclaimed his hand from under Hayden's palm and stroked her hair from her face, tucking it behind her ear. He leaned in and brushed their lips together. Hayden, temporarily sleepy and sated, was still not at all willing to be left out. He nuzzled at her neck and turned her face to him, for his lips to be kissed too.

He snuggled into her, pulling her closer into his arms as she closed her eyes and rested her head against the pillow.

"You should sleep now, Jas," he whispered.

"And you should give her some space," Stafford told him.

Hayden shook his head. "Connected," he reminded him.

Stafford didn't appear impressed.

Jasmine reached out for the other man. "Rest with us, sir?" she asked.

"Vampires do not require to rest in this manner," he said coldly, even though Hayden could already see the other man was looking at the way they were wrapped around each other and working out where he would fit into such an arrangement.

"Rest with us anyway," she asked. "Please, sir?"

Stafford looked unenthusiastically at Hayden, but he moved a little closer across the bed, seemingly willing to humour Jas, regardless of his presence. Resting his head on the pillow in front of her, he stroked her cheek and pressed a delicate kiss against her lips.

"It won't be much longer," he reassured her. "I won't let him keep you *connected* like this all night."

"She's happy where she is," Hayden told him, a note of growl making its way into his voice.

Jasmine smiled and turned her head so it was clear she was addressing them both.

"I'm fine, sir."

She certainly sounded fine, all tired and content with her world.

Stafford nodded his understanding.

Hayden murmured his agreement too, and snuggled closer to her as his erection began to slowly soften inside her.

* * * *

Hayden lay on his back, staring up at the ceiling. The more he tried to ignore it, the more impossible it became. Jas was curled in close to his side, which was very right, and just as it should be. Stafford had migrated toward the other side of the bed, which wasn't really proper pack behaviour, but which was fine with Hayden right then.

Taking a deep breath, the wolf smelt all of their pleasure mingled in the air above the bed. Jasmine smelt like him now. Stafford's scent was still there, but it had faded away when he put his scent over it. Jasmine was his. She smelt like her alpha male.

The only problem was Stafford. He smelt like Stafford, which was to be expected and tolerated, but his cock still smelt like Jasmine's pleasure. There was no use trying to ignore it. The vampire smelling like Jasmine's scent was wrong – it made it smell like her pleasure only came from the other man. Carefully moving out of Jasmine's sleepy embrace, Hayden negotiated his way past her slumbering form.

Stafford moved his arm in his sleep, allowing the handcuffs to guide where he rested his arm as Hayden made his way closer to him.

Sitting on the bed, in the gap between Jasmine's body and Stafford's side, he leaned over and slowly began to wash Jasmine's scent off the vampire's body.

* * * *

Stafford shifted in his sleep. He rocked his hips as a hot, moist tongue caressed his shaft. He blinked his eyes open and stared at the ceiling. What he'd assumed was an amazingly realistic dream became an obvious reality and the tongue didn't leave him for a moment.

Jasmine...

Stafford smiled to himself. He let her carry on for a few more minutes before he was willing to admit he was awake. Lifting his head and looked down his body.

Suddenly wide awake, Stafford scrambled back on the bed, jerking away from the mouth hovering over his cock. "What the –"

"Hush," Hayden whispered reproachfully. "You'll wake Jas."

Stafford stared wide eyed down the bed. He looked at Jasmine still sleeping next to them. She stirred, reaching out across the bed for the warmth of another body and failing to find one, but she didn't wake up.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Stafford hissed as quietly as his anger would allow, pulling the blanket he'd cast aside during the night back over his body and almost up to his chin.

"I couldn't sleep," Hayden said.

Stafford opened his mouth. He closed his mouth. He really couldn't think of anything to say to that. He ran a hand through his hair, putting the strands into some sort of order. He tugged the blanket even further up his body and cast a very suspicious glare at the werewolf. "And what? Fellatio is a traditional werewolf cure for insomnia?" he demanded.

Hayden tilted his head on the side. "What's that?"

"What?" Damn, the man didn't even have a vocabulary! "Fellatio—it means sucking another man's cock."

"I wasn't sucking, I was licking," Hayden corrected mildly.

"You should wait for an invitation before you do either!" Stafford snapped.

"You were sleeping."

"And that gives you the right to do whatever you want?" Stafford demanded.

Hayden shrugged. "I didn't think you would mind."

"Well, I do!" He looked across to Jasmine as he realised his voice was getting louder again.

Hayden tilted his head on the side. "Why?" He genuinely seemed curious.

"Because I'm not bloody well gay!" Stafford snapped.

Hayden looked more confused than ever by the declaration. Stafford studied the werewolf. He really didn't seem to understand why he was pissed off with him.

Stafford took a deep breath and tried to think rationally. "Not all men like having sex with other men," he said. "There's nothing wrong with it if a guy happens to like other guys, but I don't. I only like women. Understand?"

Hayden blinked at him. "We weren't having sex."

"You were licking my cock," Stafford pointed out as patiently as he could.

"Your cock still smelled like Jasmine," Hayden offered in explanation.

Stafford tried to follow the logic. "And you were attracted to her scent?"

"I couldn't sleep when you still smelt like her."

Bizarre though it was, Stafford found himself doing his very best to follow the other man's logic. "Doesn't she smell like me anyway?"

Hayden shook his head. "She smells like me now."

Stafford looked across at her.

"You picked to go first," Hayden reminded him, as if he believed Stafford had any reason to regret that.

Stafford tried to look at the situation from the werewolf's point of view. "That's why you were willing to wait, so you would be the last man to put his scent on her?"

Hayden nodded.

Stafford ran a hand through his hair again. Hayden's messy blond mop was sticking up in all directions. Some stupid part of him wanted to reach out and put the other man's hair into some sort of order, but he resisted that temptation.

"For the rest of the night," Stafford said. "You don't do anything unless I specifically give you my permission." He decided not to point out that would happen around about the same time the devil started building snowmen.

Hayden nodded. "Okay."

Stafford echoed the gesture. "And you don't do anything, anything at all," he stressed, "when I'm asleep."

Hayden nodded again. He *seemed* to understand the situation.

Stafford looked at Jasmine, still somehow sleeping soundly through the whole thing. "Neither of us will mention this incident to Jasmine."

"Why not?" Hayden asked. "It's wrong to keep secrets from other members of the pack."

"Because... it will only confuse matters," Stafford said. It would make it far harder for him to implement the plans he had for Jasmine and himself in the future if she got the idea that he was gay into her head.

"You don't think she would like me licking you?"

"I don't know," Stafford said. "And I don't particularly care. We are not telling her."

Hayden tilted his head on the side in that funny way he had which always seemed to indicate he was thinking. "Okay."

"Right," Stafford said. "Now, go back to your side of the bed. Go back to sleep."

Hayden nodded, calmly enough.

Stafford cautiously lay back down on his side of the bed. As Hayden moved back onto the other side of Jasmine, Stafford placed his hand on the pillow above Jasmine's head. It wasn't exactly comfortable to sleep with his arm stretched out to accommodate the

handcuffs, but it was a damn sight better than having Hayden on his side of the bed with him – especially if the guy couldn't keep his tongue, or any other part of his body, to himself while he was asleep.

The vampire shook his head and stared up at the shadowy outline of the ceiling. Running their conversation over in his head, he wasn't sure exactly what the hell Hayden had thought he'd been doing.

Stafford sighed quietly to himself and tried to find a comfortable position on the bed. Really, it only went to prove what he had always expected, werewolves were just weird.

* * * *

"We're ordering breakfast."

Stafford blinked his eyes open. His first thought on hearing Hayden's voice was to pull away from the hand resting on his cheek. God only knew what the damn pup was up to now – or what he intended to lap up for breakfast.

He stopped himself from brushing the hand away just in time, realising it was Jasmine's and not the wolf's. He smiled up at her. "Good morning."

She offered him a shy smile as she took her hand away. "Good morning, sir."

She looked behind her, to where Hayden was sitting on the bed, reading from the hotel menu.

"I didn't know werewolves could read," Stafford observed as he sat up.

"And I didn't know vampires could sleep so damn long. I thought you'd never wake up," Hayden shot back at him.

Stafford looked, blurry eyed, at his watch. "It's seven am."

"He's been awake since dawn, sir," Jasmine told him, with something like amused affection in her voice.

Stafford rolled his eyes. "Bloody dogs."

"Do you eat real food?" Hayden asked him.

"Yes," Stafford told him. "Real food, not kibble."

"Kibble?"

"It's a food people feed pet dogs, sir," Jasmine explained when Stafford didn't bother.

Hayden shook his head. "No kibble," he said. "Steak. And chicken. And bacon."

"I hope for your sake you're not a vegetarian," Stafford muttered under his breath.

Jasmine smiled at him and shook her head.

"What do you want?" Hayden asked her.

"I'll eat whatever you choose to give me, sir."

Hayden frowned. "We don't know what you like to eat."

Stafford took the menu from the wolf and glanced down the various options. "What do you usually eat for breakfast?" he rephrased, wondering if that would get them a real answer.

"Whatever my master chooses to give me, sir."

Stafford glanced at her. "Have you been told not to give us any information?"

"The council think it is for the best if you two make the decisions as you both see fit, sir," she offered.

"And you get caught in the middle?" Stafford asked.

She smiled. "And I submit to whatever my masters desire, sir."

There was something about her tone of voice which made him wonder if she was just following the council's orders or if rules like that were part of her whole life. Either way, it would have to change once she was properly under his protection. A submissive was one thing, he had no interest in owning a slave.

"May I go and freshen up before breakfast, sir?" she asked, glancing toward the ensuite.

Stafford nodded. "Of course, you don't need anyone's permission to go to the bathroom."

He pushed down his annoyance as she looked to Hayden to confirm his order.

The werewolf nodded. "You don't need my permission either," he agreed, frowning at his lack of understanding.

Jasmine nodded and offered a small smile to each of them before she left the room. She looked happier today than she had when they first met her, there was a lightness in her manner which made him sure she didn't regret anything any of them had done the night before.

When the door closed behind her, Hayden looked across to him. "What do humans normally eat?" he asked.

"I don't normally eat with humans," Stafford said. Humans were for blood and sex, not socialising, but somehow, the statement he would have said without hesitation at any other time, stuck in his throat while thoughts of Jasmine were still fresh in his mind. Not willing to confess complete ignorance, Stafford looked at the menu and guessed. "It's a human hotel. She probably eats something from the breakfast menu."

Hayden took the menu back from him and looked it over. "We'll get one of everything then."

Stafford nodded.

He looked across at Hayden.

Hayden looked back.

One of them obviously had to say something.

Stafford cleared his throat. "Last night, the part of last night *before* we went to sleep," Stafford stressed. "Didn't go as badly as I thought it would."

As peace offerings went, it was at least something, and at that time in the morning Stafford was actually quite proud of himself for managing that much of a token step towards not hating the other man outright.

Hayden nodded. "I like her."

Stafford studied him very carefully, wondering what the wolf was plotting now. "So do I," he informed him.

Hayden put the menu to one side. "You are to be the alpha of your pack, aren't you?" he asked.

"The head of my clan," Stafford corrected with a nod.

Hayden considered the matter further. "And there is only ever one head."

"Yes."

"There is only ever one alpha pair in our packs too," Hayden informed him. "An alpha male and an alpha female."

"Vampires aren't good at sharing power, even with their lovers. There is *one* head of the clan."

"So who do you mate with?"

"Submissives," Stafford said. "Humans usually."

"Omegas?"

Stafford half smiled. "To the head of a vampire clan, everyone who isn't him is a considered a submissive."

Hayden frowned. "No pack?"

"We aren't pack animals."

"You should have a pack," Hayden told him firmly. "Packs are good. I'm going to have a pack."

"You don't have one now?"

Hayden shrugged. "I have my parents' pack, but I'm going to have one of my own soon. First, I must find an appropriate alpha female."

Stafford raised an eyebrow at him, suddenly realising where this conversation was going. "Oh?"

"Jas would make a good alpha female," Hayden said.

"You're not good enough at subtlety to make this sort of conversation to work – you'd best stick to simpler forms of communication," Stafford said.

Hayden didn't seem to perceive the intended insult. He nodded. "You would make a good beta," he said simply.

"No, I wouldn't. However, you might make a competent submissive – with a lot of training."

The wolf's eyes narrowed. He shook his head as his hackles rose. "Alphas do not submit to betas."

"I guess you're not really an alpha then," Stafford said with a dismissive shrug as he reached for the phone. "I'll order breakfast."

Hayden reached for the phone receiver at the same time. His hand landed on top of Stafford's. "I am the alpha – I will provide for the pack."

Stafford's grip tightened on the phone.

The bathroom door opened. Jasmine stepped back into the room. Hayden didn't break eye contact, he didn't look down. Stafford tracked Jasmine's progress across the room out of the corner of his field of vision, but he would be damned before he looked away first.

Jasmine glanced back and forth between the two young men. They obviously weren't at the point where they could be left safely on their own yet.

She walked slowly across to the bottom of the bed and knelt down well within both their fields of vision. Neither of them looked away from the other man, but she could feel the subtle change in the atmosphere as part of their attention transferred to her.

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to speak without first looking to one or both the men for permission. "How may I serve you sir?" she asked softly.

Both men turned their complete attention towards her at exactly the same time.

Hayden inhaled deeply, taking her scent from the air. "You smell different," he observed.

Jasmine stood up. Stepping forward, she knelt on the bed between them. She offered her hand to the wolf, letting him sniff at the skin inside her wrist and learn the scent of the shower gel she'd used.

He didn't look incredibly impressed with the change, but he lapped at the skin she offered him, accepting her back under his protection. She smiled across at him, and turned her attention to Stafford.

He brushed her hair back from her face, tucking the damp ringlets behind her ear. "As beautiful as ever," he said.

She offered him the same shy little smile and waited for one of her masters to give her an order, but none were forthcoming.

"Would you like me to order the breakfast for you, sir?" she asked, carefully directing the question at both of them at the same time.

The two men looked at each other.

"Very well," Stafford said slowly.

Hayden, watching the vampire all the time, took his hand away from the phone and Stafford offered it to her.

They each gave her their order for breakfast and retired to the bathroom, still trapped together by the handcuffs.

She phoned down the order for the breakfast and listened with half an ear just in case one of the men took it into his head to drown the other in the shower. It seemed quiet in there – maybe too quiet for two young men who seemed inclined to bicker over everything.

Jasmine put the phone down and crept to the bathroom door. Through the wooden panelling, she heard the faint sound of voices inside.

"Do you have to get the water everywhere? I'm getting soaked out here." That was obviously Stafford, she couldn't imagine the werewolf ever managing such haughty a tone.

"If you'd just let us share the shower like I said, it wouldn't be a problem." Hayden said cheerfully back, never the least bit repentant.

Jasmine found herself smiling as she walked away from the door. Tidying the bed and setting the room in order, she picked up all their clothes and put them in separate neat little piles on top of the dresser.

Smoothing out the creases in the fabric, her smile faded a little. She closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind. She was here to serve them, to distract them until they realised they didn't hate each other as much as they assumed they did, or perhaps as much as they liked everyone else to assume they did. That was all.

She didn't belong to them. Once they found their common ground, she would be returned to Mr. Washington and they would probably never think about her or anything that had happened that night again. They would go on to find vampire and werewolf girlfriends who were closer to their ages and they would have no use for her.

Jasmine took a deep breath and shook her head at herself. She wasn't here to enjoy herself—if she had loved every minute of the previous night then that was chance and nothing more.

They weren't her masters, and they weren't going to be.

The door to the bathroom swung open. Stafford pulled impatiently at the cuff joining their wrists.

Hayden carried on rubbing at his hair with a towel, not in the least bothered by Stafford's tugging at his wrist. As she watched, he tossed the towel aside and shook the last of the moisture from his hair. Stafford, standing well within range of the last few droplets, closed his eyes and, if she was any judge, only just kept his temper.

"Breakfast will be here in a few minutes, sir," she said quickly.

"Thank you, Jasmine," Stafford said, glaring at Hayden but not actually saying anything to him.

Hayden caught his eye and tilted his head on the side as if trying to work out why the other man looked so pissed off with the world.

"How may I please you, sir?" she asked them both.

"After breakfast we all need to talk," Stafford said firmly.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes, sir."

Stafford walked over to his clothes and extracted his boxer briefs and his trousers from the neat little pile she had made of them.

Hayden, by the necessity of the cuffs, followed him across the room, but he showed no interest in his own pile of clothes.

Stafford looked to him a few times. When he seemed to realise Hayden had no intention of picking them up himself, Stafford grabbed the other man's jeans and tossed them at him. "Put them on."

"Why?" Hayden asked.

"Because civilised people don't go around with their cock hanging out all day," he snapped.

Hayden shrugged and pulled his jeans on with a long suffering sigh. They rode low on his hips, the legs were full of tears and rips.

"Couldn't you find anything else to wear?" Stafford asked.

"What's wrong with them?" Hayden said.

Stafford huffed and made no further comment.

Hayden looked across at Jasmine. Out of Stafford's line of sight, he winked at her.

The phone rang. Stafford's slightly faster reactions allowed him to pick it up before Hayden. He smiled, very smugly and went to the far end of what the handcuffs would allow.

Hayden beckoned her across to him.

"May I ask you something, sir?" she asked softly as she stood before him.

In the background Stafford went through the payment details on his credit card and confirmed the breakfast order.

Hayden smiled and nodded, pulling her close in so their bodies were pressed together. His free hand slid over her back, caressing her wherever his fancy took him as she rested her hands on the sharply defined muscles of his arms.

"What do you want to ask?" he whispered in her ear, rubbing his cheek against hers.

"You... you wind him up on purpose, don't you, sir?"

Hayden's smile grew. "Sometimes, yes. He has..." his brow creased as he began to think about the matter more carefully. "He has too many sharp edges. He has to learn how to get on with people if he is ever to be happy in a pack."

Jasmine hesitated. She knew very well what correcting a master could lead to, but wrapped in Hayden's embrace, somehow it seemed safe to say more than 'yes, sir' to him.

"Vampires don't usually live in packs, sir," she whispered.

Hayden looked past her at Stafford. "He should. He would make a good pack member. He is wasted on his own. Don't you think so?"

Jasmine looked down. "It is not my place to tell masters how they should live their lives, sir."

Hayden tucked his knuckle under his chin and made her look back up. "You don't think your pack would listen to your opinion?" he asked, immediately concerned.

She offered him a small smile. "I gave up the right to have an opinion of my own a long time ago, sir."

Hayden frowned down at her. Stafford hung up the phone and turned back towards them.

"What's wrong?" Stafford asked.

Jasmine forced a smile. "Nothing, sir."

"Then you should rest until breakfast gets here," Stafford decided, with a nod to the bed.

Hayden nodded his agreement and took her by the hand. Stafford had no choice but to follow where the cuffs and Hayden led. For some reason Stafford seemed quite set on her lying between them on the bed despite the inconvenience of the cuffs and the chain crossing over her body.

The werewolf wasted no time making himself very comfortable and pulling her close.

Stafford, who'd left a gap between their bodies when he lay down, frowned. "She'll rest far more comfortably if you give her some room to breathe," he snapped.

Hayden glanced at Stafford and then to her. "You're comfortable, aren't you, Jas?"

She didn't get a chance to answer.

"I know a damn sight more about women than you do," Stafford snapped.

Hayden considered the idea for several long seconds. "No," he decided. "You said before that humans are for feeding and sex, you don't know any more about human women than I do."

"You'd never even had sex with a human before last night," Stafford accused.

Hayden grinned. "Doesn't matter. I'm a quick learner."

Stafford ran his eyes over the way he held Jasmine. "You haven't learned anything."

"I know Jas has the same pleasure spot inside her as a female werewolf," Hayden said. "I know she likes to feel my tongue here too." He slid his hand between her legs and brushed his finger tips across her clitoris.

Jasmine stopped turning her head to look from one man to the other as they argued across her. Her eyes dropped closed. Instant pleasure coursed through her. Part of the bliss from the previous night seemed to have lingered inside her body, it only took the lightest touch to rekindle the spark into a blaze.

"When you know what you're talking about you'll find those 'pleasure spots' are actually called a G-spot and a clitoris."

Hayden shrugged, his fingers pressed more firmly against her clit with the movement. "Don't need to know what it's called to make sure Jas feels good."

Jasmine blinked her eyes open, looking from one man to the other, trying to work out what the hell she was supposed to do now. "How may I serve you, sir?" she asked both of them.

Her question trailed into a low throaty moan as Stafford pushed Hayden's fingers out of the way. "Like this," he corrected the other man. His fingers played her clit to perfection, trailing the moisture gathering at her slit up to slick his carefully orchestrated movements. Jasmine bit down on her lip, desperately trying not to show favouritism for one man's touch or another man's technique.

She glanced at Hayden, but the werewolf didn't seem to be the least offended, merely curious. Turning to Stafford, she saw the triumph in the vampire's eyes.

Turning back to Hayden, she was ready to reach out and reassure him, when he smiled and ducked his head to push Stafford's hand out of the way with his cheek. Replacing Stafford's finger tips with an amazingly versatile tongue, he lapped enthusiastically at her clit.

A whimper escaped from between her lips, but that was as close as she could get to real words right then. Jasmine reached for the back of his head, trying to wordlessly beg him to stay where he was and to keep doing exactly what he was doing forever.

Stafford caught her wrist before her fingers touched Hayden's hair. She turned to him, blinking her confusion as he pinned her wrist against the mattress. Moving slightly, she tested his hold, not trying to free herself, but wondering what he would do if she tried.

Her gaze met Stafford's and was instantly trapped. Hayden stopped licking. Without thinking she pulled at the wrist in Stafford's grip. He wouldn't allow her to reclaim her hand, but he made no objection to her moving her other hand and tangling the fingers of that hand into Hayden's hair.

"Don't do that," Hayden said. Blond eyebrows almost met as a frown descended on his normally happy countenance. "You'll hurt her."

Stafford dismissed his objection. "I know what I'm doing."

"If you have to hold her down, you're doing something bloody well wrong," Hayden growled.

"Do you like being held like this?" Stafford asked her, turning all his attention away from the werewolf. "Do you like to be held tight so you know that the man you're with will always keep you safe and close to him?"

Jasmine looked back and forth between the two men, trying to work out what answer would please both of them.

"The truth," Hayden ordered.

"I like it, sir," she whispered.

Hayden's frown remained as he took hold of the hand she'd wound into his hair and wrapped his fingers around her wrist. Looking back to her eyes, he offered her a small smile and licked the skin next to his grip, giving the pleasure she took from being held his blessing.

She smiled tentatively back at him, and then at Stafford.

"You like this too, don't you?" Stafford said as his free hand caressed her breast, his finger tips quickly making her nipple peak and plead for attention.

Hayden watched for a few moments before he lowered his head and lapped at her other nipple, sucking the tiny nub into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it. In

different ways each man's touch was exquisite, each man's hold on each of her wrists was perfect.

When Stafford lowered his head to her other nipple, she wanted nothing more than to reach out for them both, but hands tightened around her wrists and stopped her. An extra shot of arousal coursed through her body with the knowledge she belonged to them both more and more thoroughly with each moment she spent in their bed.

As Hayden's lips left her breast and began to kiss his way back to her clitoris, Stafford's teeth scraped against her nipple. She arched and bucked against the bed as somehow the two young men she was caught between began to work together rather than against each other.

Hayden licked at her clit, murmuring his enjoyment of her taste against her. At the same time, Stafford nipped at her nipple again, letting her craving for a real bite, and the pleasure that could bring, bubble and peak inside her.

Jasmine squirmed against the mattress. "Please," she whispered, right on the edge of her orgasm.

No longer able to distinguish which jolts of pleasure that raced through her body were given to her by each of the men, she only knew that it would take just the smallest extra little bit of stimulation to push her right over the edge.

"Please," she gasped again.

The hotel bedroom door swung open and crashed against the wall.

Jasmine let out a small cry. The men on either side of her practically launched themselves vertical and off the bed at the first click of the lock.

The handcuffs didn't seem to bother them at all right then, Stafford reached back and tossed the blanket up over her. Hayden was already half crouched next to him, as they stood at the bottom of the bed, ready to throw himself at whoever stepped into the room.

A low growl rumbled in the back of his throat. A shiver ran down Jasmine's spine. That wasn't the grumbling sound he made at Stafford when the vampire wouldn't let him have his own way. This version had a primal chill to it which no human would forget once they heard it.

Mr. Washington strode into the middle of the room. Stafford and Hayden seemed to hesitate when they recognised him. They slowly morphed from the predators at the top of

the food chain back into young men who wouldn't be a match for Mr. Washington for several years to come.

Jasmine met Mr. Washington's eyes and held his gaze for several seconds. As soon as she saw his expression change at such a huge breach of protocol, she looked down. As the other members of the council trooped in behind them, she kept her gaze on the bed and forced herself to stay still and silent as she felt all their eyes trail over her.

Her hair was a ruffled mess, her skin flushed with arousal, her breaths came in pants. There was no way they couldn't smell their scent of their combined arousal still hanging in the air.

Jasmine quickly tried to push aside the idea that the council were intruding upon something private and intimate right then. She was there to serve, she reminded herself again. They'd screwed her, not made love to her. They weren't her lovers, and they weren't her masters either.

"It seems finding a common interest has helped them after all."

Jasmine cast the briefest possible glance at the two men standing at the bottom of the bed. It wasn't just the handcuffs keeping them together right then. Their very postures showed they were presenting a united front against anyone who walked into their space unannounced and uninvited.

"I trust this little venture has got your petty disagreement out of your system?" the female vampire asked.

The two young men glanced at each other. Jasmine knew it had worked just as the council wanted it to. She doubted many things would break the bond she saw growing between them. The safety of the council's future was reasonably secure already. But she doubted either of them was willing to admit as much yet.

She wondered if failing to bring them to understanding in one night would gain her another night in their bed, lying snugly, happily, between two strong bodies or if it would just lead to her being replaced by another submissive.

Hayden looked across at her. She didn't lower her eyes as quickly as she should have. She saw something peculiar in his expression before she looked away.

"We understand each other," he announced.

Jasmine risked a look back up. Stafford turned to Hayden and raised an eyebrow at the idea there was any such understanding in place.

Jasmine saw Hayden tug his wrist when Stafford would have disagreed with him.

"Jas did everything her old pack wanted her to do," Hayden said. "She convinced us to get on well with each other, didn't she?"

She felt Stafford looking across to her, but she couldn't bring herself to look up again to meet his eyes.

"Yes," the vampire said. "We understand each other just fine. Jasmine fulfilled her role perfectly."

"Then, I think we can consider the matter closed, don't you?" Mr. Washington said. He sounded very pleased with himself as he stepped forward and unlocked the cuffs linking the two men together.

Once they were free of the cuffs, they stepped away from each other.

Mr. Washington turned to her. "Come along."

"What?" Hayden and Stafford both stepped between her and the older man, trying to stare him down.

Jasmine knew it was pointless. A human didn't rise to the top of a council of paranormal beings by being scared of them—or to the top of a community of human dominants by showing any sign of fear either.

She hesitated, but her training gave her the strength to push past her reluctance to uncover herself. She slipped from between the sheets to kneel once more, naked before the council.

"Mine!" Hayden snapped when the Mr. Washington would have pushed past him. He put his hand in the middle of the man's chest and pushed him back several feet without even exerting himself.

"She belonged to both of you for the duration of the exercise. The exercise is over, neither of you have any claim to her," Mr. Washington explained, perfectly, calmly.

Stafford stepped in closer to him. "Are you telling us Jasmine has no say in this?" he asked coldly. "Surely it is up to the lady to decide who she belongs to?"

Mr. Washington looked from one of them to the other. "Very well," he said eventually. "She can have a free choice between you."

Stafford and Hayden looked at each other as Jasmine stared past them at Mr. Washington. Jasmine could practically see the tension ratchet up between them. Mr. Washington wasn't an idiot. The rest of the council might think everything would be fine between the two young men forever, but Mr. Washington had to see as clearly as she did that there was no way they were ready to compete with each other, over a woman or anything else.

Each man nodded their head, accepting his terms, and it was obvious each was sure she would pick him.

"But, it will be a *free* choice," Mr. Washington said. "Each of you will go to a different room in the hotel. When she has made her decision, she will go to whichever man she selects to be her master and that will be the end of it. You will both accept her decision without comment or recrimination towards her or the other man."

Stafford moved to stand in front of her. He touched her cheek and tilted her head back so he could look her in the eye. "If you don't feel safe with him, I won't leave you on your own with him," he said, glaring across at Mr. Washington.

Hayden came across and crouched down to be at her eye level.

"I'm fine, sir," she said to both of them.

With clear reluctance, they eventually took her at her word. A few minutes later they were dressed in what was left of their clothes and had left to wait for her in two of the bedrooms where other members of the council had spent the night. When the door closed behind them, the senior members of the council lost interest and filed out too.

Jasmine stared at the floor as possibilities rushed through her head. If they both wanted her to belong to them then... for the first time in as long as she could remember, she actually thought about accepting a man who offered her a place under his protection.

"Do you have any injuries to report?"

Mr. Washington's question dragged Jasmine out of her thoughts.

"No, sir," she said.

"Very well, then. Get dressed. We're leaving."

She looked up at him, all protocols tossed aside. "You told them..."

"And when you don't arrive at their door, they will each believe you have gone to the other man."

Jasmine stared at him, at first unable to work out what he was telling her. "Sir, you said..." she trailed off.

"Are you questioning my orders?"

Jasmine shook her head. "I'm sorry, sir. I don't understand...you said."

"Do you believe that I will look after you, that I have your best interests in mind when I exercise my control over you?" he asked.

Jasmine nodded. "Yes, sir, but..."

"Then you will do as you are told," Mr. Washington said.

Jasmine closed her eyes for several long moments. He had always given her a free choice before. She knew the older man wouldn't order her away from someone who offered her a place in his house on a whim. None of that made it any easier for her to obey him right then.

Finally, she forced herself to nod. "Yes, sir."

It took more effort than she would have ever believed possible to put on her clothes and leave the room with Mr. Washington right then. On the way out of the hotel, she looked at each of the bedroom doors they passed, wondering if she was walking past one of the rooms Stafford and Hayden were waiting in.

She shook her head at herself. Mr. Washington was right – she'd been crazy to think she could go to either of them. She forced herself to remember the truth of the matter – they'd been more focused on each other than her – it was only novelty and a competitive nature that led them to have even a passing interest in her.

That would have faded away in a few days and what would have become of her then? She glanced across at Mr. Washington as she got into his car. He turned his attention to her for a few moments and studied her carefully.

"Sir?" she asked, when the depth of his focus on her became uncomfortable.

"Take a few days," he told her with surprising gentleness for a man who never forgot who the master was during a scene.

"Sir?" she said again, panic suddenly bursting inside her.

"I'm not disowning you," he chided as he saw the worry in her eyes. "You spoke about visiting your family for a few days a little while ago. Take a few days to put both men out of your mind. Sometimes the paranormals can get inside a submissive's head far more

easily than a human master. Caught between the two of them all night, it's no wonder you're off balance. Take a few days, see your family, and come back to the club ready for the weekend. We'll discuss everything then."

He was right. She was off balance.

In that condition, Jasmine clutched onto the order like a lifeline.

"Yes, sir."

Chapter Three

Stafford stormed through the club. As hard as he tried to focus on the women swarming through the shadowy rooms, they really didn't appeal to him. It had been three days since his last feeding and still, all he could think about was how the hell Jasmine could have picked the damn wolf over him.

The man had no idea what he was doing with a woman. He had no idea what he was doing full stop. He was an idiot. Stafford could barely close his eyes without imagining Jasmine's fate.

Perhaps Hayden would treat her as well as he knew how, the vampire allowed. After seeing how careful he had been with Jasmine, he didn't think the wolf was capable of real cruelty, but what of the other wolves in the pack? Hayden seemed very happy to share his lover with him, what if he didn't have the sense to keep Jasmine to himself now she really belonged to him?

A low growl was Stafford's only warning before someone launched himself at him. Stafford just managed to put his hands out in time to avoid going face first into the wall. "What the hell!" He swung to face his attacker. Hayden loomed between him and the room.

"You couldn't stay faithful to your mate for one week, could you?" the wolf demanded.

"What the hell are you talking about now?" Stafford snapped, pushing the larger man away from him. He looked around, eager for the sight of Jasmine and already wondering if he could convince her to change her mind. "Where's Jasmine?"

Hayden growled and pushed him back against the wall. "You can't even keep track of her. How the hell are you supposed to be her alpha if you can't even..."

"What are you on — she picked..." he faded away at the same time as Hayden. "She didn't come to your room?" Stafford realised.

Hayden frowned down at him, the hand against his chest stopped trying to push Stafford through the wall.

They held each other's gaze, each waiting for the other man to blink, each hoping the other man would confess he was in the club screwing around behind her back, just so he could know Jasmine belonged to one of them and was safe.

"I wouldn't be here looking for blood if she'd come to me," Stafford said.

Hayden stepped back and let him move away from the wall. "Where is she?"

"Washington," Stafford remembered. "The human's name was Washington." He stormed toward the exit. In moments he'd pushed past the crowds and was outside in the cold night air, throwing himself into his sports car. Before he could even slam his door, the other door opened and Hayden folded his bulky frame into the small space on the passenger seat.

Stafford stared across at him. He bit back the order to get out of his space and out of his car. It was just possible a wolf might be useful if everything came down to brawn rather than brain.

"We find her and we bring her home," Stafford said. "We'll sort out whatever the hell is going to happen between you, me and her later. Deal?"

Hayden nodded and slammed the car door.

Stafford turned the key and put his foot down. "Washington owns a club on the other side of town," he told the wolf.

Hayden nodded again.

Stafford cast a glance at him. Hayden's normally over cheerful countenance was conspicuously absent. In fact, the guy looked ready to kill. "We'll find her," Stafford said.

Hayden nodded once more.

"And when we find her, you're going let me do the talking," Stafford went on.

"You talk," Hayden agreed.

His tone of voice said everything he needed to say. While Stafford was talking, Hayden might well occupy himself by ripping the throat out of whoever Jasmine was with now.

He looked across at Stafford. "She is *our* alpha female. Our pack. She wouldn't walk away from us unless she had no choice. If someone has hurt her, I will kill him."

Stafford stared out of the windscreen and made no comment. Maybe the werewolf wasn't as stupid as he looked. It sounded like a damn good plan to him.

By the time they reached the club there was a low persistent growl building in the back of Hayden's throat. For some reason, the bouncer took one look at them and waved them through without a word about the queue of people they'd walked past.

Mr. Washington stood on the far side of the club. In the darkness, it took a vampire's night vision to pick him up, but Hayden obviously wasn't reading the room with his eyes—he took one sniff of the air in the club and he was off across the room.

By the time Stafford caught up, Hayden had picked Mr. Washington up by the neck and had him pinned to the wall, his feet dangling several inches off the floor.

"Where is she?" Hayden demanded.

"Perhaps he'll answer you more readily if you release his windpipe," Stafford said, from a few paces behind him. Cold amusement dripped from his voice—if Jasmine was not at stake, he imagined it might be a great deal of fun to play bad cop to Hayden completely-bloody-psychotic cop.

Hayden reluctantly lowered the man to his feet. Stafford stepped in close to him, crowding the man into a corner.

"Jasmine left the hotel with you. Where is she?" he demanded.

The human was far more resilient than any other Stafford had met. He didn't look the least bit impressed with their interrogation technique.

"Neither of you have any claim on her," he said calmly. "She signed a contract. She belongs to me."

Hayden began to growl low in the back of his throat again.

"Where is she?" Stafford demanded, leaning in close to the human man so he had no space at all to breathe.

"She went away for a few days. She's staying with family. I don't know where." He sounded incredibly bored by the conversation.

Hayden's growl escalated.

Mr. Washington looked from one of them to the other. "Grow up both of you—she's no toy for you to play your petty games with. And do stop trying to play above your weight—I've been dealing with vampires and werewolves since long before either of you were born. Neither your parents nor your grandparents scare me, you two aren't about to

either. Especially not when I remember you as a scruffy little pup, and you as a bawling baby."

Stafford cleared his throat, suddenly feeling rather like a child who was about to be sent to bed without his supper.

"And I remember both of you before you hit puberty and decided to hate each other – apparently for no good reason other than to annoy your parents."

Stafford opened his mouth, he closed his mouth, then he pulled himself together. "Whatever you remember of us, neither of us is a child any more – Jasmine belongs to us."

"No, she does not. Neither of your species has ever had any idea how to keep a human submissive," Mr. Washington said. "Your lot always go back to your pack and your lot never keep one of your 'human pets' around for longer than a few feedings. Jasmine deserves a damn sight better than either of you."

"She is my pack," Hayden snarled.

Mr. Washington stared back at him, obviously not the least impressed with the show of temper.

"You sent her to us," Stafford reminded him.

"She's been rather annoyingly able to remain detached from every damn master I've tried to place her with up until now – who could have known she'd be foolish enough to take an interest in two childish idiots."

"What?" Hayden blinked. "You're her alpha..."

"I'm her trainer," Mr. Washington said coldly. "I have no interest in the girl."

"Right," Stafford said – as if any man could 'train' Jasmine and not give in to the temptation to enjoy what she seemed to offer far too freely.

Mr. Washington smiled slightly, amusement dancing in his eyes for a moment. "You two are both far more my type than she will ever be," he informed them.

It was Stafford's turn to blink.

"Sir?"

Stafford turned around, a young man stood near them with a tray of drinks. He looked from them to Mr. Washington and back again.

"It's fine, Stewart. These are the two gentlemen I told you about. They're looking for Jasmine."

"Do you know where she is?" Stafford demanded.

The young man looked him up and down with more haughtiness than he had ever seen in someone who wasn't one of his own species. "She's not here. And my master says you're not good enough for her."

Mr. Washington chuckled, genuine affection warming his voice. "*Now* the boy starts listening to me."

Hayden turned and looked over his shoulder, then he looked back to Mr. Washington. "He is your pack," he observed. "He's your mate."

Mr. Washington nodded.

"Jasmine is our pack," Hayden told him seriously. "She is our mate. She belongs with us, just as he belongs with you. Can't you understand that?"

"Both of you?" Mr. Washington asked.

"Yes," Stafford said, without even thinking about what he was actually saying.

The human looked back and forth from one to the other of them. "She'll be here tomorrow," he said. "It's her choice if she will accept you or not."

"You said it was her choice before."

"If you hadn't come to get her now, you wouldn't have been worth choosing. And she was in no condition to make the choice right then."

Stafford narrowed his eyes. "If anyone has hurt her, we will kill you."

Mr. Washington didn't seem at all impressed with the threat.

Stafford stepped back, seeing nothing else to be done with the human. "Tomorrow," he said and turned away.

Hayden followed along behind him and got into his car as if it was obvious he would be welcome there.

Stafford started the car and considered his options. He wasn't about to leave the wolf on his own, so Hayden could go off and search for Jasmine without him. "You can stay at my place," he offered.

* * * *

Stafford's bedroom door swung open. Hayden stood framed in the moonlight, just visible as a shadowy outline.

"What?" Stafford demanded, leaning up on his elbow. After finally getting the other man to go to bed in the early hours of the morning, he was damned if he was going to get up before noon. He glanced at his watch. "It's four o'clock – you haven't even been in bed an hour!" God, it was like babysitting a damn toddler!

Hayden calmly walked across the room and got into the bed next to him.

"Get out," Stafford demanded.

"Wolves don't sleep alone," Hayden said, making himself comfortable in Stafford's bed.

"Well, vampires do!" Stafford informed him.

"You didn't sleep on your own a few nights ago."

"That was different – Jasmine was with us then."

"We aren't a proper pack without Jasmine," Hayden said sadly.

Stafford hesitated when he saw the pain and the worry in the other man's eyes.

"We'll find her tomorrow," Hayden said. It sounded suspiciously like he was trying to reassure himself, not Stafford.

Stafford sighed. "I suppose I can put up with you for one night if I have to. Just stay on your side of the bed."

Hayden turned his head on the side. "Why?"

"I'm not used to sharing my bed with another man." He would have felt a hell of a lot better about it if Jasmine was sleeping in between them.

"Packs always sleep together," the wolf explained.

"Fine – here are the rules. You stay on your side of the bed and you keep your hands, your tongue and all other parts of your anatomy to yourself. Understand?"

"You think I want to have sex with you," Hayden observed. "Like Mr. Washington and Stewart."

Stafford hesitated. He really didn't want to have this conversation on top of everything else, but perhaps it would be better to have everything sorted out between him and Hayden before Jasmine got back and got caught in the middle of this mess as well.

"Do you?"

Hayden shook his head. "You are not my mate. Jasmine is my mate. You are a member of my pack. It is different."

Stafford tried to fit that idea in with a grown man getting into bed with him in the middle of the night.

"Packs usually sleep closer together," Hayden observed after a little while.

"You're in my bed, don't push your luck, pup."

Stafford watched the wolf warily as he thought about that. Reaching his decision, the other man pushed the blanket back and climbed on top of the covers. Moving firmly onto Stafford's side of the bed, he crouched over his legs.

Before Stafford could even decide what curse word best fitted the situation, the man began to morph. In seconds Stafford was looking down at a perfectly formed wolf.

Yawning to work his jaw into just the right shape, Hayden stretched and settled himself comfortably close to the only available member of his pack. Stafford looked down the bed at the other man... at the wolf... at Hayden.

He supposed it was a compromise of a sort. Humans let dogs sleep at the bottom of their bed all the time. Vampires didn't generally get on well with animals they couldn't eat or bite, but as he met the wolf's eyes he saw how much the other man was trying to make him feel better about the situation.

Stafford sighed once more. "Very well then, you can stay there, but I meant what I said. You keep your paws and your tongue to yourself – especially when I'm asleep."

The wolf... Hayden nodded.

Stafford lay back and looked up at the ceiling. "Jasmine will be fine," he told Hayden, because the wolf and the man he'd been until a few seconds ago obviously needed to hear it.

As he closed his eyes, he repeated it to himself without so much as an excuse to hide behind. Jasmine would be fine. She had to be.

* * * *

Stewart was waiting for her as Jasmine stepped through the back door of the club.

Jasmine hesitated. "Mr. Washington told me I could go away for a few days," she said.

Stewart smiled. "I know. But my master wanted to speak to you before you go through to the front of the club. There are a couple of guys looking for you, and I think he wants to make sure you have fair warning before you run into them."

Five minutes later, she was sitting in Mr. Washington's office behind the club.

"Did your time away help you gain some perspective on recent events?" Mr. Washington asked, as Stewart put a cup of tea in front of her and settled himself on the floor at Mr. Washington's feet.

Jasmine nodded and stared into her cup.

"You're not in a scene now, Jasmine," Mr. Washington corrected. "Look up and look me in the eye when you answer me."

She met his eyes across the table and forced a weak smile. "You were right, sir. The vampires, the werewolves—they get inside your head somehow. I'll get over it."

"So you're still committed to living this lifestyle, to finding a master?"

She nodded, very determinedly.

The older man was silent for a few minutes. She waited, wondering if he had another man in mind for her.

"Stafford Ingram and Hayden Griffith came to look for you," Mr. Washington said.

She blinked at him. "They..." Jasmine could feel the colour drain out of her face.

"You're not quite over them, then?" Mr. Washington asked.

She looked back to her tea, her hands were shaking. She wrapped them around the cup and let the heat from the tea seep into her palms.

"It's your choice if you meet with them. It's your choice if you leave the club with them. But, if you doubt your ability to say no to them and mean it, I would suggest you think very carefully before you agree to speak with them. They both appear quite..." he paused, searching for the right word. "Quite intent upon making some sort of arrangement with you."

Jasmine took a deep breath, trying to calm herself as her pulse raced. "They want me to belong to them?"

"Vampires and werewolves don't often take on human submissives," he said. "I can't guarantee what sort of arrangement they have in mind or how long it would last for."

Jasmine's mind swirled with different possibilities, some of them amazing, some of them terrifying and every single one of them worth risking if the end result was one of the only two men she'd ever really be able to think of as her master taking her on as his submissive.

She looked up. The moment their eyes met, she knew Mr. Washington saw the decision in her eyes.

"Very well," he said and stood.

"I should go and get ready," she said, setting her tea aside.

Mr. Washington looked her up and down. "You'll do very well as you are now."

"Sir?"

"I doubt either of them would be impressed by an outfit which makes it clear you came to the club tonight to meet a man that wasn't either of them," he told her gently. "It appears both... gentlemen seem quite possessive of you."

Jasmine nodded. She swallowed down her nerves and followed Mr. Washington out into the main part of the club.

She saw Stafford first – standing by the bar and glowering at everyone who walked past him. He looked at his watch.

"Five minutes since the last time you checked," she heard Hayden say. The werewolf had his back to her, but he turned suddenly, inhaling deeply.

Stafford turned to face her a second later. He strode across the room and took hold of her arm, immediately moving her away from Mr. Washington.

Hayden grinned and put his arms around her waist, pulling her in close to his body and nuzzling her neck.

"Has he hurt you?" Stafford asked her.

He wanted her to say yes, she could hear it in his voice. He wasn't looking for a reason to launch himself at Mr. Washington right then, just an excuse.

"No, sir, he's never hurt me. Mr. Washington has never been anything but very kind to me."

"She's telling the truth," Hayden reported as he kissed her neck. "She's not afraid of him."

"You didn't choose either of us," Stafford said.

Jasmine looked down.

Hayden and Stafford both reached for her face to make her look up at the same time. She looked from one to the other. In that moment, she realised that even if Mr. Washington hadn't taken her out of the hotel, she wouldn't have knocked on either of their doors. Perhaps in the back of her head, she'd always known that and it was why she'd walked out of the hotel with barely a word of protest.

"I can't choose," she blurted out, pulling away from them both.

Each man held onto her, stopping her retreat.

"I'm sorry, sir. I can't choose between you. Everything rests on you two forming an alliance and..."

Stafford put his finger tips over her lips to stop the sudden stream of words. "We have an alliance, Jasmine, and you're right in the middle of it. You are part of our alliance. Vampire, Human, Werewolf."

Jasmine shook her head. "Mr. Washington was right. This is a bad idea." This wasn't going to work.

Hayden growled.

Jasmine looked from him to Stafford, the vampire looked equally unimpressed with the idea Mr. Washington had ever been right about anything.

"His opinions are irrelevant. You don't belong to him. He told us he's not your master, he's just your trainer. He has no claim on you."

"Trainer yes, but I still have a contract with Jasmine," Mr. Washington corrected him.

Hayden's growl went up a notch. Jasmine automatically reached out to him to stroke his skin and soothe his nerves.

"One week," Mr. Washington decided.

"What?"

"You may both consider yourselves to be her master for the next week. At which time she will be brought back to this club. Jasmine will then be given a free choice, if she still wishes to belong to one or both of you, then perhaps the next scene will last a month, and so on and so forth."

"She belongs to us now," Hayden said. "She is our pack, not yours."

"She is a human, and until both she and I are satisfied the life you two can give her is what she wants and what she needs, I retain the right to call her back to the contract she signed with me at any time, and she retains the right to ask either or both of you to return her to me at any time too."

"No," Stafford's grip on her arm tightened.

"Ours," Hayden said.

Mr. Washington didn't even blink.

"Do you really think you can stop us?"

"Yes."

Stafford's eyes narrowed.

"The council will accept my contract with her as proof of ownership of Jasmine."

Hayden shook his head. "She is not part of your pack, she doesn't belong to you."

Stafford's eyes hadn't left Mr. Washington. "Come along, Jasmine," he said. "We're leaving now."

Jasmine looked across at Mr. Washington. He nodded to her, giving her permission to leave. "One week," he reminded her and them.

She could feel the cold fury pouring off Stafford and the confusion surrounding Hayden. As the two men turned away from Mr. Washington, she saw him roll his eyes at the two younger men.

It wasn't the first time she'd seen him express his exasperation with them. While arranging the challenge he had made her well aware he thought they were both idiots. Although, she'd only once heard him admit he vaguely remembered being just as stupid as they were when he was their age.

Jasmine bit back a smile at him and turned away from him to follow Stafford and Hayden out of the club. When they reached the car Stafford put her firmly in the back and tugged Hayden back when he would have got in there with her. Hayden grumbled but he got into the front passenger seat.

"Since you left the hotel, has any man hurt you?" Stafford asked, catching her eye in the rear view mirror.

She shook her head. "No, sir."

"Have you submitted to anyone?" he asked. "Had sex with anyone?"

She shook her head again. "No, sir."

"Good girl." he said, more to himself than her if she was any judge. Some tiny part of the anger bubbling inside him seemed to settle.

Hayden twisted in his seat and looked past the headrest at her.

Stafford nudged him. "Turn around."

"Why?"

"You can look at her as much as you want to once we get home."

Hayden gave a long suffering sigh and turned around. Something between them had changed since she'd last seen them, their tentative truce seemed to have deepened into some sort of understanding, but by the time they reached the apartment, each man was watching the other one somewhat warily.

"How may I please you, sir?" she asked as knelt on the floor half way between them.

"Not sir," Hayden said suddenly. "I don't want you to call us sir."

"Speak for yourself," Stafford said.

"She calls everyone sir, we aren't everyone."

Stafford looked across at her. "Master, would be more suitable," he decided.

"Yes, master."

"Alpha," Hayden said.

"Yes, alpha," she responded, looking back and forth between one of them and the other.

Neither of them seemed quite sure what to do with her now they had her. Mr. Washington was right, neither of them had owned a submissive before—that much was obvious. And they were still young enough to be worried about looking like a fool in front of the other man if she should rebuff any advance they made towards her.

"How may I serve you?" she asked.

Hayden crouched down and stroked her cheek. "Come to bed?" he asked.

"You have no idea how to treat a woman with respect," Stafford snapped.

"You want her too. Scent doesn't lie, and she wants us as well, don't you Jas?"

He smiled at her as Stafford frowned at them both. Then Stafford gave in and held out a hand, helping her to her feet. "Perhaps the simplest ways are sometimes the best," he allowed. "Come to bed. There will be time enough to talk later."

Their clothes dropped away as they walked. Once they were all naked in the bedroom, Stafford turned to her. He reached out and stroked her lips with the tip of his fingers.

She smiled up at him without needing him to put the order into words. "Yes, master."

He took her hand in his and walked backwards until the backs of his knees hit the bed. He sat naked on the edge of the bed, leading her to kneel at his feet. She automatically leaned in and pressed a lapping kiss to the tip of his stiffening cock.

Hayden crouched down besides her and touched her cheek.

Stafford glared at him. Jasmine looked from one man to the other. She could practically read what the vampire thought right then – fairness suggested the man who went second yesterday would go first today, but the vampire wasn't inclined to give a damn about fairness right then.

"He doesn't like that," Hayden said.

It wasn't at all what she expected him to say.

Jasmine hesitated and pulled away, looking up at the two men for further instruction. "I'm sorry, master," she said. "I thought..."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Stafford demanded, turning to the other man.

"You said you don't like people to do that," Hayden reminded him.

Stafford rolled his eyes and sighed. "I don't like men. The statement is hardly relevant to Jasmine, is it?"

"Because she is female you don't mind."

Jasmine looked back and forth between them, wondering what exactly had gone on between the two men while she had been out of the way.

Stafford touched her cheek. "Ignore the pup. This is exactly what I want."

She nodded and pushed the matter aside, leaning in to take the tip of Stafford's cock into her mouth. Wrapping him in the wet heat between her lips, she felt him quickly stiffen. Her tongue flickered and swirled over the head of his cock, seeking out all the most sensitive points as she made the most she possibly could of everything she had been taught over the years.

Hayden sat patiently on the bed next to Stafford, watching every movement of her lips against his cock, apparently content to wait his turn again. Then he suddenly seemed to realise it wasn't essential for him to wait and he got off the bed. Jasmine tracked his

movements as he walked around behind her. The other man ran his hands down her back, casually caressing her and she felt annoyance suddenly surge inside Stafford.

Hayden's hands left her back. Dipping his head, he lapped at her clit. Jasmine murmured her pleasure and let the vibrations shoot straight through her mouth and into Stafford's cock. He stroked her cheek, telling her to look up at him when her eyes drifted closed.

His expression told her very clearly that she was his. Right then, she could tell it didn't matter to Stafford that the pleasure she whimpered around his cock was given to her by another man. In that one moment, she knew she belonged to him and nothing would ever change that.

Hayden stopped licking her clit and she felt him move away from her for a moment before the blunt pressure of his cock pressed against her slit. Stafford kept looking into her eyes as Hayden pushed into her. She couldn't hide anything from him right then. She knew he saw all the emotions flash across her eyes.

Jasmine did her best to keep working his cock in her mouth. She was so desperate to please him – to prove to both men that she could please them both, that she could belong to them both, at the same time.

Stafford touched her cheek and she knew she had failed. One glance up and she dropped her eyes again. Mortified at her failure to be able to please them both, she let his cock slip from between her lips.

Before she could say anything in apology, he slipped his finger into her mouth. She looked up at him in confusion. He moved his finger between her lips. Working entirely on instinct, she wrapped her lips tight around the digit, sucking on the tip of his finger.

He smiled down at her and moved his finger again, coaxing her to keep working the digit as best she could as her body was overwhelmed by the sensation of Hayden's cock swelling inside her and her own most intimate muscles began clenching around his shaft.

Stafford pulled his finger from between her lips and she instinctively leaned forward, trying to keep it in her mouth. A moment later she sucked hard on the very tip of his finger, her teeth grazed the skin and she was very glad he had the sense to replace his cock with his finger.

She bucked between the two men, coming fast and intense and without any warning. She sucked hard on Stafford's finger as pleasure flashed through her body.

Jasmine felt the bond the werewolf formed with his lovers finish sealing them together as she clamped down around. As her head started to clear, she looked up at Stafford. Her mind started to work again, well enough for her to realise it wasn't his finger that Stafford really wanted her to suck on right then.

Stafford dropped his hand to his side and simply gave her the freedom to submit to him however she wanted to without offering her a single instruction. Jasmine nuzzled into his body, rubbing her cheek against the inside of his thigh and working her way back to his cock.

She took the long, slim shaft into her mouth and bobbed her head into his lap. Inside her, she could feel her muscles working around Hayden's shaft, trying to draw him further into her body than would ever be physically possible.

His cock jerked inside her as he spilled more of his pre-cum into her slit. That set off another wave of contractions inside her. She sucked hard and fast around Stafford's cock as she came a second time.

His body jerked in response as she dragged him over the edge with her, and he came into her mouth. Hayden reached out and stroked her throat as Stafford's hand reached in the opposite direction and traced a path down her back.

The muscles in her throat worked in time with those inside her, pulling the vampire's semen inside her just as she coaxed Hayden's out of his cock with another set of muscles.

Hayden stroked her hair very gently, praising her and soothing as she let the vampire's cock slip from her lips.

"Can you move onto the bed?" Stafford asked.

Hayden nodded and moved them both onto the bed to join Stafford. The werewolf lay pressed close against her back, cuddling into her body as he kissed her neck. Stafford brushed her hair back from her neck at the same time, and it was obvious the vampire obviously wanted to feed. Jasmine looked over her shoulder at Hayden and then back to Stafford, trying to think of a way she could offer her blood to one man without taking her body away from the other.

Hayden turned her face toward him and studied her carefully. Then he nodded and, taking hold of her hand, he offered her wrist to Stafford. The vampire's gaze fixed onto the small patch of skin where the veins came closest to the surface.

Lifting her wrist to his mouth, he pressed a gentle kiss onto the spot where he would feed from and met her eyes. She nodded. His teeth broke the skin.

Jasmine's muscles clamped down around Hayden pushing both her and himself over the edge into a final spasm of muscles that marked his final release. He collapsed behind her, wrapping his body more firmly around hers, gathering her close to rest with him as his erection began to slowly fade inside her.

He pressed a sleepy kiss to her neck, and she murmured her contentment as Stafford's feeding turned into a sleepy tasting.

He lay down closer to them than he had the previous night. Hayden caught the other man's wrist and pulled him closer still.

"Bond," he said.

Stafford looked incredibly sceptical.

"With Jas," Hayden specified. "Rest with your pack and bond with your mate."

The vampire moved a little closer and Hayden arranged them with all the ease of a man used to sleeping in a tangled mess of limbs.

Stafford met her eyes. "Rest now," he told her. "We will all talk later."

Jasmine nodded.

Stafford pressed a kiss to her lips. "Everything will be fine. You belong to us now – we will look after you – regardless of what that bastard thinks about us."

She smiled back at him, thinking Mr. Washington would be quietly pleased by the title.

"You are safe now, love."

"Yes, master."

Hayden nuzzled at her neck until she turned her head to offer his lips to him too. "Ours," he whispered.

"Yes, alpha," she replied.

"And the bat means to say he's pretty damn sure we are both falling in love with you – he's just too embarrassed to say so in front of me."

Stafford glared at him, but he didn't go so far as to deny any of it.

"I think I'm falling in love with both of you, too," she whispered back.

They both smiled down at her and pressed a last sleepy kiss to her lips.

Minutes later, they were both sound asleep. Jasmine tried to turn over to find a more comfortable position. Two strong pairs of arms wrapped tightly around her holding her in place.

Jasmine smiled to herself and closed her eyes, caught firmly between her master and her alpha.

About the Author

Kim is 25 years old, from a small town in South Wales.

After writing for years, Kim is finally editing some of the stories to share with the rest of the world. Kim writes both male/male and male/female stories that range from the dark and paranormal right through to the lighter, funnier side of life.

The only thing every story contains is a happy ever after for the two (or more!) characters that deserve it most. Oh, and kinky sex – there's always plenty of that too – but Kim takes no responsibility for any of that. It's all the characters' fault. Honest...

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