

Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

# MY ANGEL CHEETAH

JOYEE FLYNN  
PURRFECT MATES 4

The  
ManLove  
Collection

## Purrfect Mates 4

# My Angel Cheetah

Shem Cowell has been through a lot in the past year. He's lost his parents, his home, and is still wanted by the Hunters who took everything from him. To make matters worse, as the runt of his litter of cheetah shifters, he is completely blind in his human form.

Curtis Booth is a vampire whose brother was involved with the Hunters that destroyed Shem's life. But, from the moment Curtis sees Shem, he knows that the little shifter is his mate. He also knows that he will have to share his mate with another person, though he is willing.

Lt. Dieter "Diets" Sheron is a fireman— a sexy, hot fireman. He is also human. How will they convince him about vampires and shifters, much less that he is their destined mate? Will the three realize that together they can overcome anything or will they let their past force them apart?

**Genre:** Alternative (M/M or F/F), Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Shape-shifter

**Length:** 35,160 words

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**Joyce Flynn**

**MENAGE AMOUR  
MANLOVE**



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

**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**  
IMPRINT: Ménage Amour ManLove

MY ANGEL CHEETAH  
Copyright © 2011 by Joyee Flynn  
E-book ISBN: 1-61034-479-0

First E-book Publication: April 2011

Cover design by Jinger Heaston  
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**PUBLISHER**  
Siren Publishing, Inc.  
[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)

# DEDICATION

To Gabrielle Evans: For keeping me on task, focused, and offering to bribe me for more Purrfect Mates. The late night chats and support helped more than you'll ever know. You rock sister!

# MY ANGEL CHEETAH

*Purrfect Mates 4*

**JOYEE FLYNN**  
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## Chapter 1

I finally decided it was time to leave my room at Conley's huge mansion. It had been over three months since my parents were murdered by Hunters. And I needed to rejoin the land of the living, or there was no point for their sacrifice to save me. Well, not just me but all of their children.

What happened that day was forever burned into my brain, and the nightmares made what happened even worse for me. Sulking in my room, living with nothing but my grief and guilt hadn't been working. I figured some fresh air might.

So there I sat in one of the courtyards in an oversized sweater to keep out the frosty March Montana air. I could smell spring in the air. It wouldn't be long now until it was here. And while I wanted to see the sun, feeling the rays of it on my face would have to do because I was blind. I'd been born that way.

It was a genetic fluke that happened in cheetah shifters. In larger litters, like mine of five males, the runt was normally blind. Since I was said runt, I'd been born blind. The only reprieve I had was that I could see shapes and figures when I shifted to my half and half form and could see fully when in cheetah form. But like all large cats, I only had 20/70 vision and was red-green color blind.

But 20/70, while humans would get glasses for that vision, to a blind man was a gift. And I tended to stay in cheetah form more than most shifters spent in their animal. It helped me map out my surroundings instead of that fucking cane that I detested. Not that the cane had done anything wrong. It just made me feel weak. It reminded me of my limitations.

I was so lost in thought that I didn't hear someone join me. While the stories about not having sight would lead to the other senses being heightened were bullshit, I relied on my other senses more than others would. For instance, when a person smelled something foul, they'd turn to see what it was. Their sight would confirm the smell.

That wasn't an option for me, so I learned to discern different scents better than most. Same with sound. I couldn't see someone approaching, so I'd learned to listen better. It wasn't that my senses of smell or hearing were stronger than other people's. I'd just adapted to use them more when most people leaned on their sight to guide them through life.

"Who knew the cheetah who was hiding all the time would be the most important one to me," a deep voice said from my left. I cursed the heavens that I'd finally found one of my mates and I couldn't see him.

"Yeah, would have been nice to know my mate was here all along." I agreed, but then thought it might have been better. I was so lost, and while I'd finally ventured out of my seclusion, meeting my mate earlier wouldn't have been the right time with everything going on in my head.

"I'm Curtis Booth," he said, taking a step closer to me.

"As in Harold Booth?" I asked, still not turning towards him. What was the point? I still couldn't see him if I did. "That sucks to be related to him."

"Yeah. It's hard, especially now that his death sentence has been carried out."

"Why is that?"

“He wasn’t always a bad guy. There was a time when he was a loving older brother, and those memories seem to conflict in my brain and heart with the man he became. It makes finding closure harder for me.” Curtis cleared his throat, sounding as if emotion was swarming him. “I’m sorry for your loss as well, and my brother’s part in all of it.”

“You’re not him, and it’s not for you to apologize for what happened.” Harold had been involved with the Hunters that had killed my parents. They wanted the two litters of cheetahs for their freak show circus, but my parents fought them off so we could escape. “But I thank you for your condolences.”

“If you’re not upset that you’re mated to the brother of a monster, then why won’t you look at me?”

I gestured to the cane leaning against the stone bench I was sitting on.

“My god, you’re blind,” Curtis gasped, and I was instantly lifted into his arms. “I’ll take good care of you, baby.”

“I’m not a child! Put me down this instant,” I shouted, pushing at his massive chest. Just how big was this guy? He set me on my feet as I shook with rage and grief over my mate’s reaction. “I don’t need to be taken care of, Curtis. I’m a fully functioning adult. Sorry fate stuck you with what you think is a defective man.”

“No, baby, that’s not what I mean,” he said, his voice taking a higher pitch. My cat wasn’t having any of it, though. As much as a huge part of me just wanted to jump his bones, I wouldn’t be with someone who saw me as broken. That would never work for equal partners in life.

The change swarmed over me as it did when shifters felt intense distress. It was ingrained in our animals to take over and protect us when any threat or person put us on the defense. I cursed in my head, over my ruined clothes though. I’d really liked that sweater and jeans.

“Please, cheetah, don’t leave,” Curtis begged as I turned to face him. I could at least see my mate now. *Shit!* He really was huge! No



wonder he picked me up like that. My small five-five frame had to be toy size to his six-eight. And while I had the orange with black laced hair of a cheetah, he had dark blond. His eyes were so light blue they almost looked lavender. Though I'd never seen mine, I knew I had deep green eyes like other cheetahs and most cats.

I snarled loudly when he took a step toward me. Damn! Didn't this just pile on more grief to my already overwhelming load. Before he could say anything else, I flicked my tail in agitation a few times so he got the idea to leave me alone. And then I raced from the courtyard.

A few people in the hallways on the way back to my room jumped out of the way. I bet it wasn't every day that they saw a one hundred forty pound cheetah racing through a vampire compound. But right then, I didn't care if I was breaking the rules or freaking people out.

When I reached my room minutes later, I shifted back so I could turn the doorknob. I was grateful no one was there to see me buck naked. Once inside, I slammed and locked the door before throwing myself on the bed. If this is what I got for leaving my solitude, I'd just stay alone forever. Or for as long as I had before I got sick and died from not claiming my mate now that I'd smelled him.

I still didn't care that I was signing my death sentence. I refused to be mated to someone who didn't see me as whole. Consequences be damned. Right then, I didn't care. I was too busy cursing the heavens for dealing me a bad hand yet again. Wasn't there some limit as to how much shit one person got?

\* \* \* \*

The next day I was sitting on the floor of the shower in my attached bathroom when I heard pounding on my bedroom door. I'd woken that morning to overheated skin and need clawing throughout my body. I swear I was ready to scratch off my own skin, since it felt

like bugs were crawling all over me. The freezing cold water was a nice reprieve.

“Shem, open this door before we break it down!” my older brother, Cass, said as he pounded on the door. He was the oldest of the older litter of us. I was the baby of the youngest litter, and we’d just turned twenty-one in January, old enough to mate by two months.

Before I could even reply, someone busted down the door with a loud cracking sound. I heard several people traipse through my room and into the bathroom.

“I told you something was wrong when he didn’t even eat the tray of food left for breakfast,” Hameal, or Ham, said firmly. He was the oldest of my litter.

“Twenty bucks says this is also why I saw Curtis walking around this morning mumbling to himself about how bad of a screwup he was.” Cass sighed. “He’s your mate, isn’t he? That’s why you’re in a freezing cold shower. You feel the need to mate.”

“D—Don’t tell him my name or where I am,” I stuttered out as Cass shut off the water. “He doesn’t want a broken, blind mate.”

“If that was true, he wouldn’t have been so upset,” Cass replied softly as he helped me to my feet. “Curtis kept muttering that he’d never even got his angel’s name, Shem. He might have been shocked to learn you were blind, but someone who was going to reject their mate for whatever reason wouldn’t be as broken up as he is.”

“Really? He’s upset?” I asked, completely shocked at hearing this new development. “Then why did he treat me like a child?”

“Because men are stupid?” Hael snickered. He was another brother and one of my litter-mates. “We’re all dense some of the time. Of course our sisters can be, too. So maybe just we’re not perfect, little brother.”

“Okay,” I whispered, searching back through what had happened yesterday. “I may have overreacted and not given him the chance to explain.”

“Nooooo, you?” Cass said with feigned shock as he thrust a towel in my hands. His voice softened when he started talking next. “Shem, hiding from him won’t help. You’re on a timetable, and we don’t want to lose you, okay? Kody told me what he went through when his mates weren’t there when he went into heat. You’ll go through something much worse and then die. You need to talk with him. I’ve gotten to know Curtis. He’s a good guy.”

“And enough with you sitting alone in this depressing room,” Ham announced, and I knew that tone. It meant that he wasn’t fucking around and would drag me out of here kicking and screaming if I didn’t do as he said. And my eldest litter-mate wouldn’t care if I was naked when he did it. “Go fuck Curtis and claim your mate, Shem.”

“Romantic,” Cass growled, and I heard the smack of his hand. I guessed it was to the back of Ham’s head.

“Ouch!” Ham exclaimed. Yup. Cass was fond of cuffing us upside the head when we misbehaved.

“Where is he?” I asked as I finished drying off and made my way to the dresser.

“I saw him at breakfast, but that was a few hours ago. We’ll go track him down and bring him to the library,” Hael said excitedly. I realized I had at least three other brothers there as well. Not being able to see sucked at times. I heard the door open and then close as I pulled on my jeans.

“Guess it’s too late to tell him no.” I snickered and grabbed a shirt. “Does this work for talking with my mate?”

“Sure, it will look very nice on the floor later.” Cass chuckled as he thrust shoes into my hands. I slipped them on and then the shirt. “This also explains the whispers I heard about a cheetah running in the halls, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah, that was me,” I sighed, feeling like a drama queen. “And I might have left my cane out in the courtyard as well.”

“You go through those things like paper.” Ham snickered. I heard some movement and moments later he thrust one of my spare ones in

my hand. “Go with Cass to the library. I’ll go track down your other cane.”

“Thanks,” I replied sheepishly and then blew him air kisses as Cass led me to the door.

It didn’t take us long to get down the stairs and to the library. Unfortunately, since I’d not been out of my room much, I had to rely on my brother more than I liked to get there. I really needed to spend some time in my cheetah form to map out the mansion.

“Everything will be fine, Shem,” Cass said gently as he helped me into a chair. “I like Curtis. He’ll be a good mate, okay? If you need anything just give a holler. I’ll stay close.”

“No, it’s okay,” I replied quickly. If things did progress and I jumped Curtis, I didn’t want my eldest brother hearing it. “I trust you, Cass. If you say he’s a good guy, I’ll give him a chance.”

“Good, baby bro.” He chuckled and gave me a quick kiss on the forehead. Then I heard him move across the room and leave. I sat there alone with my thoughts as I daydreamed of the idea that I could be mated soon and maybe even happy.

Several minutes later I heard the door open and took a deep breath. As Curtis’ scent hit my nose, my pulse started to race and the need swarmed me again. Shit, it was going to be hard to have a civil conversation when my whole body was vibrating with desire.

“I’m so sorry,” Curtis said softly as he closed the door and came closer. “It doesn’t bother me that you’re blind. And I didn’t mean to treat you like a child. I—I reacted on instinct. I can’t imagine how much harder everything you’ve been through has been with you not able to see.”

“So you don’t see me as damaged?” I asked, making sure to turn my head in his direction. I’d learned over the years that people got wigged out when you didn’t face them when talking to them. It was as if they especially noticed you were blind if you didn’t conform to what they were used to.

“No, that’s not how I see you, angel. Do I wish you could see? Of course, but not because I think you’re broken. I just think there are lots of things in the world that are beautiful and wish you could see them.”

“Me, too,” I sighed and jumped when he knelt in front of me and his body brushed my legs. “Curtis, you need to not be so close to me.”

“Why? Do you want me to leave?”

“No, when you touch me, I want you naked,” I said with a purr. “Everything in me is screaming to claim you, and when you’re this close, I can’t think.”

“I don’t have any lube,” he whimpered as he ran his hands up my thighs. “And please, please, *please* tell me your name, my angel cheetah.”

“Why angel?” I asked, tilting my head to the side as I mulled over the pet name choice.

“Because you’re the most heavenly thing I’ve ever seen,” Curtis answered as he leaned closer. “And I was feeling so lost and defeated, without any purpose, until I saw this vision sitting in the courtyard sunbathing. Seeing you before I even realized you were my mate made me remember that there was beauty in the world. That there were reasons to keep going on.”

“I’m still having that problem,” I whispered as my cheeks heated up. “I was just sitting here daydreaming about what it would be like to be mated and maybe be happy again one day. But while I feel such overwhelming desire for you because you’re my mate, I just lost my parents. I’m a mess, and that shouldn’t be your problem.”

“Please, angel, give me the chance to show you that we can work. I know you’re on a deadline, but we can go slow after that, okay? I promise to give you everything and make you happy.”

“Shemael Cowell, but everyone calls me Shem,” I said so quietly I barely heard myself. “I thought you were making a joke at how we’re all named after angels. My parents were very religious, even if they

didn't follow any one church. They also named my sisters after saints."

"No, I didn't know that, but it makes sense to me," he replied. His lips brushed over mine gently, and I felt a jolt of electricity run through me from just that kiss. "Please give me a chance, Shem."

"Okay." Before he could say anything, I pulled his head to mine and kissed him again. My mate tasted like heaven! Sweet, but manly, oh so manly. And I knew I could do nothing but kiss him for a week and never get bored. "Do you know what happens when I claim you and afterwards?"

"You go into heat, right?" He panted, needing air as much as I did after that kiss. "I saw what Kody went through when his mates weren't around. God, I'd die if you were ever in pain like that."

"It hurts now," I admitted as I blushed again. "My brothers found me sitting in a cold shower because I wanted to claw off my skin with need."

"Then we need to mate right now," Curtis exclaimed and lifted me into his arms. "And I'm not trying to treat you like a child when I pick you up like this, Shem. I just wanted any excuse to touch or hold you. I was dying to see what my mate felt like in my arms."

"I'm sorry I was a butthead and didn't give you the chance to explain." I heard the door open and close again and realized he was taking me to his room. "I'm scared, Curtis."

"Of me?" he asked, halting his steps.

"Of all of this," I answered honestly as I snuggled into his chest. "I'm scared to love anyone else and then have the chance I could lose them. I'm scared to have sex for the first time. I'm scared this won't work out, and we'll be stuck with each other. I'm just scared."

"Vampires are very hard to kill, my angel," Curtis said gently as he walked us up the stairs. "And I mean very hard. And you'll become immortal after mating me. I know your first time having sex is scary, probably more so for you because you won't be able to see what's happening. But you're going to claim me first, and I promise

I'll bottom until you're ready, okay? I have no problem with you taking me, so we'll wait until you're ready for anything else."

"Cass was right. You are a good guy," I replied with a purr. "Thank you, Curtis."

"God, when you purr my name, it makes me almost blow." He groaned. I giggled and then stopped suddenly. "What's wrong?"

"That's the first time I've laughed since my parents died," I whispered. I didn't know how to process that. Was I allowed to be happy and laugh when they'd just died a few months ago?

"It's okay to be happy even when you're grieving, Shem," he said as if he'd been able to hear my thoughts. I nodded and thought about what he said as he carried me to our destination.

A few minutes later, he opened a door, led me inside, and closed it behind us.

"I'm going to love you so good, angel," Curtis whispered as he nuzzled my neck. Him simply touching me felt so amazing that I was struck speechless. When he laid me on the bed, I immediately toed off my shoes and yanked off my shirt. "God, you're gorgeous."

"Thank you. You are, too," I replied as my cheeks heated up. He didn't say anything as I started to undo my jeans, and I realized he thought I was lying to him. "I can see shapes, shadows, and figures when I'm in my half and half form. I can see as a cheetah can when I'm in full shifted form. So I saw you yesterday."

"Oh, that's good to know." He chuckled and kissed me again. "I wasn't sure if you were saying I was gorgeous on the inside or something."

"Nope, on the outside." I giggled. Then suddenly his hands were gently taking my jeans off, and I wasn't in the mood to laugh anymore. I was shaking with desire as my cat was screaming to be free and claim my mate. Once my jeans were off and I lay naked in front of Curtis, I finally got my mouth to work again. "I think you'll need to get yourself stretched. I'm having trouble holding back my shift, and claws don't work on sensitive areas."

“Do we have time for a little bit of making out before you need to shift? I don’t want you to feel as if I’m rushing you into something without even having some proper foreplay.”

“Can we do it next time?” My body felt on fire as he touched me. I knew trying to hold back my cheetah would be a battle that I would lose shortly. “I could have controlled this better if I’d not run off yesterday. I’m so sorry, Curtis. This is your mating, too.”

“Don’t worry about me, my angel cheetah,” he replied gently and moved away from me. I heard rustling and guessed he was getting naked. “Whatever my mate needs, okay? We can play for the rest of our lives, but it kills me to know you’re in any discomfort. So we’ll skip it this time. Though I plan on giving that glorious cock of yours lots of attention soon. I don’t think I’ve ever seen such a perfect dick in my life.”

“I wish I could see yours,” I whispered, feeling awkward I couldn’t return the compliment.

“I’ll stand naked on display for you one day when you’re in cheetah form. How’s that?”

I groaned and nodded as he climbed back in bed. His naked skin brushing against mine sent tingles through my body as my brain went into overload from the sensations.

“Thank you for saving yourself for me, Shem. I’m sorry I didn’t do the same.”

“It’s okay. I’m way younger than you, right? I’m not sure I could have waited if I was older than twenty. Wait, no, I turned twenty-one a few months ago. Duh.”

“It’s cute when you ramble.” He chuckled, and I heard a snap. That had to be the cap of the lube. Curtis kissed my neck, and I angled it to give him better access.

“Cute is good, right? I mean, it doesn’t make me a chick to be cute?”

“No, cute is wonderful on you, Shem.” He let out a long moan, and I knew he was stretching himself.



“Fuck, I want to see you do that,” I whimpered and glanced to where I guessed his ass was. “Is it rude to shift so I can see? I mean, we can’t really kiss once I turn into my half and half form.”

“We have the rest of our lives to kiss, baby. Shift away.”

“Music to my ears,” I purred and let the change flow over me. I may be blind, but I definitely wasn’t stupid. Curtis was hot, and I wanted to see him naked. But that was a perk of being mated. I got to see him naked any time I wanted to.

## Chapter 2

“Is it wrong that I’m still turned on when you’re in that form?” Curtis asked a few moments after I shifted.

“No, it’s still me in here,” I answered with a slight growl. It was hard to be part cat and not have everything I say sound like an animal was saying it. “I’m glad you still want me.”

“Oh yeah,” he moaned and spread his legs wider. I moved in between them carefully, since I still couldn’t see much. “You don’t have depth perception, do you?”

“No, not at all,” I admitted, my cheeks heating up. “Two of my brothers see like this when they’re in human form and can see perfectly in their other forms. One explained it as it’s like when someone’s standing in front of the sun and you see the shadows over you. You can kind of see the person, but it’s hard to gauge much.”

“I still think you’re perfect, Shem.” Curtis leaned forward to kiss me, which must have pushed his fingers deeper into him because he groaned. He was careful to kiss my catlike nose so he didn’t get cut on my sharp teeth. “I’m ready for you, angel.”

“You have to be on all fours,” I whispered, scared at what was going to happen. Once we did this, there was no going back, and it was all happening so fast. “D–Don’t l–let me hurt you, o–okay?”

“I promise,” he said gently as he cupped my face. Then he moved to turn over on his hands and knees. “I pledge myself to you, Shemael Cowell. I promise to always be faithful, love, cherish, and always put you first. I swear to share you with your other mate and respect your bond as mates.”

“Wait—they’ll be your mate, too,” I replied, freezing in place. I’m sure I looked silly, my cock in hand pressing against his hole, but we needed to discuss this. The wheels in my head were spinning at his words. “You were willing to mate me thinking that I’d only be with you half the time?”

“Cat shifters get two mates,” he said, and I could hear the confusion in his voice. “I figured you’d be in his bed and with him part of the time.”

“No, Curtis,” I whispered as I ran one clawed hand down his back gently. “All three of us will be mates. We’ll all share each other. No some with him, some with you. Fate would never be so cruel.”

“Oh,” Curtis replied quietly. Then suddenly he moved to push harder against my cock and reached for my hip. “That’s way better than what I thought. Now I’m even more excited to be your mate. I give myself to you, Shem. Take me and claim your mate.”

“I can’t believe you were going to let me claim you thinking you only got half a mate.” I pushed into him slowly, not able to hold back anymore. My mate was there like an offering from fate, and my cat was getting impatient.

“Half of you would be more than a full mate for most, angel.”

“You don’t even know me, Curtis,” I replied, still shell shocked as I worked my dick in and out of him to loosen him up. “How can you say that?”

“Because you’re frightened, but you’re not running. Hell, you actually admitted to being scared, which shows me how honest and open you are. You’re worried about hurting a six-eight vampire, and it’s not my first time having sex, it’s yours. You might be blind, but you’re not handicapped by any means, Shem. Oh, and you love and trust your brothers enough to have given me a second chance after I fucked up. That’s a lot to know about someone already.”

“And that makes you want me?” I asked with a moan as I finally pushed the rest of the way in. I leaned over him, relishing in the feeling of being together so intimately with my mate. It might have

been rude to just lay over him with my full weight when I should be moving, but I just wanted this one moment to savor it.

“Yeah, Shem. And it makes me want to give you my heart, and I would do anything to deserve your love.”

“I’m pretty sure I don’t deserve you, Curtis.” I wanted to smack myself in the forehead for admitting that, but it slipped out before I’d even realized it. “I—I just mean, you’ve thought about this already and think these nice things about me. All I’ve got so far is you’re hot and sweet.”

“Shem, you’re a little distracted with the drive to claim me,” he said gently as he pushed us both up so we were kneeling. Curtis wrapped his arms back around me and turned his head. “I feel the pull to your blood, Shem. I’ve been feeling it for a while before I met you, and while it was hard to stay away, I knew eventually we’d find each other. But it’s nothing like what you’re describing and experiencing.”

“Wait, I thought you didn’t know I was your mate?” I gasped, pushing to get away from him.

“I knew my mate was close, but I didn’t know it was you, angel.” Curtis kept his hold on me until I stopped struggling and held him back. “It’s like a homing beacon. I felt the pull and knew my mate was somewhere near. But with everything else going on, I felt it better to wait until I had my head on straight. And then I stumbled on you and realized that was silly because just being near you fills me with peace.”

“How about this? Does this make you feel calm and peaceful?” I asked as I pulled out and thrust back into him deep. I was all for serious talking and getting to know Curtis, just not right this second. It was my first time having sex, and I wanted to enjoy it and feel everything. Not think so much.

“No, no calm isn’t what I’d say,” he groaned and moved back onto all fours. “Hot. I’d go with completely hot and horny for you, angel.”

“This is good for you, right?” I asked as I grabbed his hips and started thrusting in a slow, smooth motion.

“Does it feel good to you, Shem?”

“Yes, but I want to go faster,” I answered as I was fighting to hold back the animal in me. My cat wanted to fuck Curtis into the bed so he couldn’t walk for a week and remember this forever.

“Then go faster, angel.”

“Don’t do that,” I growled loudly and smacked his ass. “I’m asking what you want, too. I know you want to make this perfect for me, but I want to do the same for you. Don’t just say whatever I want works. We’re both in this.”

“I didn’t mean it that way, Shem,” he said softly as he glanced at me over his shoulder. “I meant, it all will feel good to me, hard, fast, slow, gentle. It doesn’t matter because it’s with you, and that makes me love it. I want whatever you want to give me.”

“Are you always this easy to please and easygoing?” I groaned when I started taking him faster, loving the way his hole sucked me right back in every time as if it knew that’s where I belonged.

“Pretty much,” he gasped, and I guessed I was rubbing over his sweet spot. “Harold might not have always been a bastard, but he was always a control freak. I learned early in life to just go with the flow.”

“I’m the same way,” I grunted as I thrust harder. “Our other mate better be someone who likes to be in charge, or I can just imagine the three of us never making decisions because we all are like that. Even picking a restaurant will be hell.”

“Oh, I like to be in charge.” He growled and pushed back hard against me. If I hadn’t been gripping his hips tightly, he would have thrown me off of him. “I just don’t always have to be in charge and can listen to others. I’m not very demanding, but I can be a good leader.”

“I don’t doubt it,” I said firmly. I wasn’t sure what his statement meant, but I knew this wasn’t the time to discuss it. “Fuck, this is so much better than I ever thought it would be.”

“Yeah it is,” Curtis moaned loudly and met me thrust for thrust. The closer I got to my climax, the harder and faster I pounded into his ass. When I knew it was time, I leaned back over him and started stroking his cock. “Bite me, angel. Claim me as yours.”

“Oh, hell yeah,” I growled as he tilted his head to the side. I sank my teeth in his neck, moaning when his sweet blood flowed over my tongue. Curtis even tasted perfect. My mate cried out as he shot his seed all over my hand and the bed. I drank down enough to completely claim him before lifting my head and roaring out his name as I came.

“Shit, yeah, so fucking good,” he yelled as we both kept coming, wave after wave hitting us hard. “You’re all mine now, angel.”

“And you’re mine, Curtis,” I panted as I pumped the last of my cum inside of him. “You’re stuck with me now. Hope you made the right decision.”

“I know I did.” He snickered and gasped for breath. I shifted back to human form and pulled out of him. I wasn’t ready for the spent and exhausted feeling that came as I collapsed to the bed. Except I never landed. Curtis must have turned and caught me before I flopped down. “I’m going to love you forever, Shem.”

“Okay,” I replied, still trying to catch my breath. He pulled me against him, spooning me from behind. “That fucking rocked.”

“Yes, it did. Do you feel better now? No more clawing need?”

“Yeah, I feel much better, but still horny. I’ll be a very horny kitty for the next few days,” I answered and then started laughing. “I’m not sure why I’m laughing. I’m just so fucking happy.”

“That’s good. I am, too,” he said, nuzzling his face in my neck. And suddenly I was so thirsty it hurt. But it wasn’t me... it was him. Our mating had started the chain reaction of our emotions intertwining.

“Drink from me, Curtis,” I whispered and gave him better access to my neck. “I can feel how much you need it, my mate.”

“I thought maybe I was losing it when I started to feel your excitement and content. And that I make you feel safe. But then I wasn’t sure those weren’t my thoughts.”

“When cheetahs mate, there’s a bond that forms. Everything we feel from now on, the other can sense,” I explained, feeling guilty that I’d not told him that beforehand.

“Stop it. I would have mated you either way,” he said, gently chastising me. I heard him lick his lips, and his words sounded different. I guess his fangs had come all the way out. “Did you mean it when you said I could drink from you?”

“Yes, of course, Curtis. Take as much as you need.”

“I just need to take the edge off and finally taste you, angel,” he whispered in my ear. “It won’t hurt. It will probably make you come again. And you won’t be immobile from the chemicals in our fangs since we’ve mated, okay? Don’t be scared. It will feel good.”

“I know. You’d never hurt me,” I sighed, reaching back to run my fingers over his hip. “Drink from me, take my blood, and let me be what you need.”

He didn’t hesitate then, sinking his fangs in my neck quickly. I gasped in shock and delight. He was right. It didn’t hurt. For a second I felt them pierce my neck, which wasn’t great, but then it was like that warm feeling in my balls right before I came. And it spread out from my neck to my entire body.

The moment he drank from me, my cock swelled right back up instantly. His hand brushed mine away as he started to stroke me furiously. I moaned and squirmed against him as intense pleasure shot through my groin. By the third pull of my blood, I came hard. I cried out, bucking against his hand as my cock shot reams of cum. This orgasm was about as intense as the one I’d had making love to him.

Hell, if this was what I got in return for giving Curtis some blood, he could drink from me as often as he wanted. As the last wave of my climax left, he pulled his fangs out of me and started licking the bite. “Did you like that, angel?”

“Uh-huh,” I grunted, not having enough energy to form complete sentences or thoughts.

“Did I take too much?”

I shrugged that time. I had no clue what was too much blood.

“Do you feel dizzy or light-headed, Shem?”

“No, just spent and a little sleepy now.” I chuckled, snuggling back against his body. “But I was feeling like that after we had sex. My body isn’t used to this much sexual exertion. And I’ve never come like that before, and twice!”

“I promised to keep you happy.” He snickered and tightened his arms around me, interlacing our fingers over my chest. “Thank you for giving me what I needed, my angel cheetah.”

“Is it dorky that I love that you have a pet name for me already?”

“No, not at all, Shem. I’m falling for you hard, and you feel so perfect in my arms that I was just thinking how I ever thought I was living before experiencing this with you.”

“Well, I can’t take away what makes you happy,” I said with a yawn. I patted his arms lightly as I closed my eyes. “I guess I’m just going to have to keep you.”

“I’m thrilled you’d even want to,” he replied after a moment as sleep pulled me under. The last thought I had was what the hell had my mate been through to doubt himself so much? Curtis was a catch, and he was acting like he’d found the Holy Grail in me as a mate. While I was flattered, he didn’t seem to see himself as I did. And that was something I was going to fix.

\* \* \* \*

The next afternoon we were lounging in bed, getting to know each other in between rounds of hot, hot sex. I’d never been so happy in my life. Curtis was amazing. I’d really struck the mating lottery with him.



“Would you quit feeding me?” I giggled and pushed his hand away when he put another strawberry against my lips. “I’m fully capable of feeding myself.”

“It’s part of my seduction,” he whispered in my ear. Chills went through my body at the simple sound. “It’s not about you being blind, my angel. I want to pamper you.”

“Okay,” I sighed teasingly. Opening my mouth, I moaned loudly as I bit into the berry, just to seduce him back.

“I swear, I’ll never get tired of hearing you make that noise.”

“But I make so many other nice ones,” I replied with a purr. I swallowed the food in my mouth and bit the bullet. I needed to know what that comment last night meant. “What did you mean last night when you said you could be a good leader? I’m not doubting the truth of that. It’s just you sounded like there was more to that statement.”

“Yeah, I guess there was. Conley asked me to take over Harold’s position as head of the Dakota and Wyoming covens. I’ve been thinking about the offer for days. That’s why I was wandering around the mansion when I found you. I’m actually really glad I have someone to talk to about this now.”

“You can talk to me about anything, Curtis. You know that, right?” I heard him move the tray before he picked me up and sat me down to straddle his lap. Instinctively, I started nuzzling his neck and marking him with my scent.

“I know I can, and that means the world to me,” he answered softly. “It affects you now, too. I mean, we’ve not even gotten to your plans, Shem. Are you going back home? Where is home?”

Suddenly, I was very cold. The mention of home, which was my parents’ house, brought that day with the Hunters swarming like locusts and my parents death back to the front of my mind. I pushed away from Curtis as my stomach started to heave.

“Shem, what’s wrong?” he asked in a panicked voice as he held onto me. But I couldn’t answer him. I was afraid if I opened my mouth, I’d vomit. Smacking his chest hard with my hand, he finally

loosened his hold on me enough so I could get away. “What did I say wrong? Why can’t you go home?”

Oh god, that just made it worse. I tried to scramble off the bed, but I’d not yet mapped the room, so I ended up hitting my head on the nightstand and falling to the floor in a heap. When I went to cry out in pain, I threw up all over the floor. I grabbed my head in a futile attempt to stop the pain, but everything was just hitting me so damn hard.

My parents were dead, and here I was lounging around with my mate in bed like I didn’t have a care in the world. So many emotions were slamming into me as I emptied the contents of my stomach. I hadn’t even made it to the bathroom. Fuck, I was useless!

“It’s okay, angel. Just breathe, okay?” Curtis cooed gently as he rubbed my back.

“Leave me be,” I croaked out, my throat hurt from the vomiting. “I’ll clean it up in a minute. Just give me some space.”

“I’ll clean it up. It’s not a problem,” he replied softly and moved away from me.

“I can clean up my own puke, Curtis,” I growled none too gently.

“How? You don’t know the room, and you just hit your head.”

“And I’m blind, right? I’m weak and blind. You forgot that part.” I pushed up enough to plop on my ass as I grabbed my head again. It was wet against my fingers, and I knew I was bleeding. I’d have to shift to heal the wound.

“Don’t put words in my mouth, Shem,” he said firmly as he pattered to the bathroom. Well, I assumed it was the bathroom unless he had a tiled closet that made his voice echo. “I’m sorry you got hurt and upset by whatever I said. But I don’t think you’re weak, so don’t put that shit on me.”

“Fine, just leave it. I’ll get one of my brothers to clean it.”

“I can take care of my mate,” Curtis shouted as he turned on the sink.

I couldn't deal with this right then. I needed to get out of there. My head hurt, I was embarrassed I vomited and couldn't clean it up, guilt and grief were swarming me faster than I could process, and I was just all around annoyed with myself. And most of all, I didn't want to admit Curtis was right. I needed to be taken care of at times. I stumbled to the door and turned the knob before letting the change flow over me.

"Shemael, don't you dare run from this," Curtis roared out as I booked it from the room. As much as I knew he was right and had every reason to be upset, I couldn't stay because I felt as if the walls were closing in on me. "Get back here, Shem!"

I raced down the main staircase, grateful at least my head stopped throbbing, and out the door someone ran to open for me when he saw me coming. Smart vampire, because right then I wouldn't have cared if I shattered the door barreling through it.

Once outside, I just ran. I made sure to circle the property since I knew when I got exhausted, I'd collapse and shift back. And the idea of being naked on strange grounds when I couldn't see was scary enough to cut through my emotional fog.

It didn't take long for Ham to join me as I circled the grounds. As we were litter-mates, we could talk to each other telepathically and had like a hive mind when in cheetah form.

I saw images in Ham's mind of my mate crying to my brother, scared out of his mind at where I went and the danger I could be in. Well, shit, that wasn't the reaction I'd expected from Curtis. Pissed I could handle. Worried and distraught, no way. I sent Ham back images of what had happened, the questions, the guilt, and the emotional turmoil I was feeling.

*"You're right. We need to have a family meeting,"* he said as we headed back to the mansion. *"We've let this go too long with our grief. It's time we decide what's the next step for our family."*

"Agreed," I replied. A few minutes later, we reached the back terrace. Before we even had to worry about shifting back and being

naked in front of people, my mate came racing out the back door. *"Thanks for coming to get me, Ham. He doesn't deserve to deal with my shit, and I never thought he'd be so upset I went for a run."*

*"Did you tell him you were just going for a run?"* he asked in a tone that let me know Ham already knew the answer.

"Angel, I'm so sorry, okay? I won't ever yell at you again, just don't scare me like that," Curtis rambled as he dropped to his knees and buried his face in my fur. "I can't survive without you, Shem. You can't leave me, baby."

Cass came out with some clothes for Ham and I, and I shifted back. When I was in human form again, I threw my arms and legs around my mate.

"I wasn't leaving you, big guy," I said gently, running my hands over his back to sooth him. He was shaking in my embrace, and I started to feel even more guilt.

"Stop feeling guilty. Whatever it is, it wasn't your fault. It was mine."

"No, it was mine, Curtis. I should have told you I was shifting to heal the cut on my head, and I needed some air. I wasn't running from you. I just couldn't deal right then."

"Okay, angel, whatever you need," he said quickly as he moved his hands over my body as if checking for wounds. Then he growled loudly and started to pull off his shirt. "No one sees my mate naked but me."

"I've got clothes, Curtis." Cass chuckled and tossed a set at me. "Shifters are cool with nudity. You might want to get used to it now that you're part of this family."

"Sorry, I've not claimed Shem yet." He answered and I felt his shirt brush my back as he put it back on as I got dressed. "We're incredibly and obsessively territorial until that happens and sometimes afterwards."

"But you've drank my blood when we've been intimate," I whispered as my cheeks heated up with embarrassment.

“But not while I’ve taken you, angel,” he replied, cupping my cheek. “Just like you have to take me and bite me to claim me, the same is true for vampires. Or there has to be a simultaneous blood exchange. ”

“Oh fuck,” I gasped as once again his selflessness made me feel like a selfish asshole. “I—I didn’t know. I knew you were giving me time, but I didn’t know you weren’t claiming me until we did it that way. We can do it right now. I’m ready. Come on, you can take me.”

“I’m fine, angel.” He chuckled as I tugged on his hand with my arm only through one hole of my shirt. Of course, it was like trying to move an oak tree, even with my increased shifter strength. “I’m just a little extra possessive until I claim you.”

“But you don’t hurt, right? You’re not uncomfortable or clawing with need?”

“No, but thank you for your concern,” Curtis answered as he pulled me into his arms and brushed his lips across mine.

“I’m sorry about earlier. I was being a total brat,” I admitted as I finished pulling on my shirt.

“Since we’re all here, let’s go to the library and talk as a family,” Cass said loudly after he’d been whispering over with Ham. “There are things we need to handle.”

“I’ll leave you guys to it.” Curtis went to pull away from me, but I smacked him across the chest. “What was that for?”

“You *are* part of this family, my mate.” I snickered as I took one of his hands in both of mine.

“I’m good with that,” he replied and led me to the library.

A few minutes later, we were all seated and ready. I was snuggled on Curtis’ lap in an overstuffed chair, and while I could smell my brothers, I had no clue who was where. Swallowing loudly, I braced for the conversation to come. Part of me wanted to go hide in my room, but I knew it was time we dealt with what had happened and planned for the future.

## Chapter 3

“Conley was kind enough to send some of his people to clean our house and take care of Mom, Mom, and Dad’s bodies,” Cass started after clearing his throat a few times. “I have their ashes in my room. Since they weren’t found in the best of condition, Conley explained to me that it might be best to have them all cremated together, and I gave him the okay.”

“So then let’s go home,” Hael said softly. “I’m tired of being here as a guest and having no purpose. I think we all knew Conley handled everything, but I was still scared as to what we’d walk into.”

“Not all the Hunters have been killed, just the ones who took Kody and ran the circus,” Curtis replied slowly. And I could feel his apprehension to jump in and be the bearer of bad news. “It’s not safe for you guys to go home and stay there. They know where you live and already have made moves to capture you.”

“Other cat families live on their own,” Ham objected. “The Donovans for instance. And I know Avery and his mates live by a wolf pack, but the rest of the Donovans live in Sheridan alone.”

“There’s a wolf pack there, too,” Cass countered. “I agree with Curtis that it’s not safe for us to live out in the middle of nowhere outside of Boston. We’re too far away from the Boston pack if we need help. And we need to take into account that Curtis and Shem will be in South Dakota.”

“We will?” I asked, confusion swarming over me. “Is that where you’d be if you take over Harold’s position?”

“Yes,” Curtis answered from between ground teeth.

"I apologize," Cass said softly. "Conley and I talked about this once he learned you were mated to my brother. He said it was an inherited position and it might be best for us to consider living with you guys since we'd be safe around vampires."

"Bullshit!" Hael exclaimed. "Look, I like Conley, and everyone here has been cool, but those vampires in South Dakota were the ones who took Kody. How can we trust any of them? And how could the vamps do any better keeping the Hunters away than we could if we stayed together?"

Before I could even throw in my two cents, I was moved off of Curtis' lap, and he was gone. It was faster than I could even follow, not having realized that he'd moved except I was now alone in the chair.

"You buy it now?" Curtis growled from the direction of Hael.

"Yeah, yeah, I get it," Hael gasped, and I could hear the fear in his voice.

"What the fuck is going on?" I yelled, frantic that my mate and brother were fighting and I couldn't even see what was happening. "Curtis! Don't you dare hurt Hael!"

"He didn't," Hael said quickly, and I felt Curtis kneel in front of me.

"I was proving a point, angel."

"Not by scaring my brothers ever." I growled and slapped his hands away when he went to touch my thighs. "What did you do, Curtis? All of a sudden, I was sitting in the chair alone. Do you have any idea how freaky that is when I can't see what the fuck is going on?"

"Shit, I'm so sorry, Shem," my mate begged as he kept trying to touch me. But every time he did, I smacked his hands. "I didn't hurt Hael. I was trying to show him why vampires were able to protect your family. I can move faster than any of you can even track. He could blink and miss that I was at his neck with my fangs out."

“You were going to bite Hael?” I gasped, hurt more now than angry. “Do you want him instead of me? I thought you were happy with me? Is this because I threw up and ran? I said I was sorry for that!”

“Shem, calm down!” Cass shouted as he moved and put his hands on my shoulders. “Your mate wasn’t putting the moves on Hael, okay? Just relax, and we’ll explain what just happened. Everyone and everything is fine, baby bro. You need to just breathe a moment. I’m sorry you were startled, but your mate was smart and showed us something we didn’t know.”

Before I could answer, he shoved my head in between my knees so I could calm down. Cass was the best at handling us when we panicked. Since he had four brothers who were partially or completely blind, he was used to how certain things freaked us out. There was never a time when I felt more helpless in the world than when it sounded like the shit was hitting the fan and I couldn’t do anything but just sit there.

“Shem, I’d never hurt your family,” Curtis whispered in my ear as he rubbed my back. “And I don’t want Hael. I only want you, my mate.”

“Okay,” I replied, taking a few more deep breaths before sitting back up. “Then please tell those of us in the room who can’t see what just happened.”

“Curtis showed us how fast he could move,” Hael said gently. “Before I even knew what was happening, he was out of his seat, holding me to my chair with his fangs bared against my throat. He didn’t hurt me, Shem. It was smart. He showed us what vamps are capable of, which couldn’t be put into words. I mean, saying he’s really fucking fast doesn’t quite cover it.”

“So basically you questioned how great vampires were, and my mate had to whip it out and prove to you otherwise?” I asked, staring at where I knew Curtis was kneeling in front of me with what I hoped was a scathing look.



“Yes, but it was also something we needed to see,” Ham answered, always the peacemaker. “I didn’t know vampires could move like that. So I think it’s safe to say we all agree now that being around them would be our best bet given we’re on the Hunters’ radar. The question now is whether we can trust the vampires in South Dakota after what happened to Kody.”

“Wait, Curtis hasn’t decided if this is what he wants,” I said as I stood up. I grabbed my mate’s hand and moved him back to sit on the chair before plopping my butt on his lap. “We barely started discussing it when I freaked out over the idea of going home and being happy after what happened to our parents.”

“Is that why you got sick? I felt your guilt, but I didn’t know why,” he replied gently as he hugged me against his chest.

“Yeah, the real world came crashing back, and suddenly I couldn’t breathe.” I sighed and snuggled back against him. “And then I was embarrassed for my graceful flop out of the bed and hitting my head and then throwing up. I just needed some air.”

“Next time tell me, okay, angel?”

“I will. I’m sorry, Curtis.”

“You don’t have to be sorry, Shem. I just didn’t understand what I did wrong,” he said softly as he ran his hands down my arms. “I can’t fix what I don’t know is broken or help you when I don’t know what’s going on.”

“So we need to know what you guys are doing before we talk about what comes next,” Cass said after a few moments. “I mean, we didn’t even ask if we’re welcome with you guys in South Dakota yet. We need to decide what to do with our house and stuff.”

“And where in South Dakota?” Ham asked. “Is it the same spot where Kody was taken in Rapid City?”

“Yes, Rapid City,” Curtis answered as he kissed my neck. “The spot where they were holding Kody was at the back of the property of our family estate. Which is also the compound for the head of the

covens in those states. Conley was right when he said it is an inherited job like his. I just don't know that I want it."

"Why not? You're obviously good with crazy. I mean, you handle me well." I giggled, trying to lighten the mood.

"It's not that I don't think I could do the job well." He sighed. "It's after everything Harold's done, there's a huge mess to clean up. And why would anyone trust me? All they know is that I'm his younger brother and he did a lot more damage than good."

"Ignore all that and the crap that could come with this," Cass said gently. "Is this something you want, Curtis? I mean, how long has this position been in your family? Are you willing to let Harold take that all away from you?"

"Yes, it's what I want, and it's been in my family since vampires got organized on this continent. I don't want it to be about Harold, if that makes sense. But now that I've mated Shem, the estate would provide the security I'd want for him. And of course I'd want you all there. You're all adjusting to what happened. I couldn't bear the thought of you guys all separating when you're this close."

"Thank you, Curtis," Cass replied, and I could just about hear the wheels turning in his head. I knew what was coming next. "We could be of help if you'd let us."

"How?"

"Our younger litter hasn't finished their degrees yet," Cass explained. "They were home for the weekend visiting when everything happened to our parents. Each of them has a semester left, but our older litter has degrees, and we all had jobs we abandoned and I'm sure lost now. I worked in public relations. Raquel is an accountant, Rashnu is a business management, Raziel has a political science degree, and Cameal has one in computer technologies."

"Fuck, you guys are like any manager or leader's wet dream," Curtis said with a whistle. "Could the others finish their degrees online or at the college there?"

“I’m sure that’s feasible,” Cass said slowly. “But we need to talk to your family’s attorney. We’re not without resources. We just didn’t want to use our accounts and lead the Hunters to where we were running.”

“I’m a whiz on the computer,” I stated proudly. “I just need my computer that runs in Braille with the Braille keyboard. I was getting a computer engineering degree, and I’m only a few credits shy of graduating.”

“Hot and smart, how did I get so lucky?” Curtis groaned in my ear, and suddenly I was reminded I was in heat. I squirmed in his lap and started panting. “Why are you getting warm, angel?”

“Because I’m not sad anymore, and we’re still in my honeymoon heat,” I moaned as I rubbed my ass over his growing erection. “Are we done talking for now?”

“Yes, if Curtis has decided he truly wants to take the position,” Cass answered.

“Now that I know I won’t be facing the mess to clean up alone, yes I do,” my mate replied as he stood with me in his arms. “Let’s plan on packing everything up here and moving to my family estate by the end of the week, okay? Right now, I need to tend to my mate.”

“You guys go, we’ll plot.” Ham chuckled.

“Bye,” I yelled as Curtis moved fast enough that I felt a breeze in my hair. It had to be less than a minute later that he was laying me on his bed. Hael wasn’t kidding that vampires were really fucking fast.

“Did you mean it earlier when you said you were ready for me?” Curtis asked as he yanked off my clothes.

“Yes, gods yes, take me,” I hissed as my skin heated up so much I felt I was on fire.

“Gladly,” he growled when I was naked. I heard some rustling and guessed he was getting undressed as well. While he was doing that, I pulled my knees to my chest, exposing my hole to him. “Sweet mother of mercy. You’re so breathtaking I’m ready to come now.”

“In me, come in me,” I whimpered as I moved my hands and pulled back the cheeks of my ass to give him a better view. “Take what’s yours, Curtis. Take my virginity.”

“Do you trust me, my angel cheetah?”

“Of course, why?”

“Put your hands next to your head like you’re going to do a back bend,” Curtis ordered as he moved on the bed. I did as he asked immediately, and he moved my feet onto his biceps. “Just hold on and enjoy the ride, my mate.”

“Okay,” I yelped as he raised my hips into the air. I knew he was kneeling on the bed, and I was now at a forty-five-degree angle. I wasn’t really sure what the plan was until he buried his face in my groin. Hot damn, my mate had some kink in him!

“Is this uncomfortable?”

“No, no, lots of fun,” I gasped as his tongue swiped my hole. “Are you going to rim me? Oh, I’ve always wanted to try that.”

“I’ve wanted to lick and eat this sweet ass from the moment I saw you, angel.” His words were muffled as he moved between licking my hole and sucking on my sac. I was ready to blow within two seconds of his attention. Then he thrust his tongue in my ass, and my feet started to slide off his arms. Instead of falling, Curtis threw them over his shoulders as he kept tonguing my ass.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck me,” I chanted as he licked, sucked, and nibbled my hole in between sliding his tongue inside of me. Then he pushed in a finger alongside of his tongue, and I just about fell apart. “Never, never been so full!”

“You’ve never fingered yourself, angel?” he asked, pulling out his tongue but leaving his finger inside of me to do glorious things.

“I lived with nine brothers, three sisters, two moms, and a dad before going away to share a dorm room with four of them.” I snickered. “I barely had time to whack off in the shower without getting caught. And I’ve never been intimate with anyone beyond a

hand job from a girl. So no, never had anyone ever even play with my ass.”

“Am I the first man you’ve ever made out with?” Curtis slid in another finger, and I heard the snap of the cap to the lube. Suddenly, he was pouring cool slick over those fingers before pushing them back in.

“Yes, you’re the only man.”

“Are you okay with this? I mean, were you straight?”

“Cats aren’t really gay or straight,” I gasped when he rubbed over my prostate. Now I knew why men went wild over it. Just that one movement sent shocks all over my body. I cried out his name as I suddenly, and without warning, came.

“That’s it, my angel. Enjoy what I’m giving you,” Curtis cooed as he moved his fingers faster. I couldn’t move my hands to control where my cock was shooting my seed and ended up hitting myself in the face. Maybe that should have grossed me out, but right then I was so wrapped up in the most intense orgasm of my life I didn’t give a flying fuck.

“We’re so doing that again,” I said, gasping out each word as I tried to get air into my lungs. Curtis chuckled as he lowered me back to the bed and leaned over me. I felt his tongue lick off the cum on my face. “Oh shit, you’re gonna make me hard again.”

“That’s the idea, Shem,” he hissed in my ear. Curtis slid in a fourth finger in my ass, and I realized sometime during my orgasmic bliss he’d put a third one in there. I rode his hand as he cleaned up my face, thinking if I got this type of loving, I’d shoot all over my face any day.

“Love me,” I whispered when I couldn’t take anymore.

“I do,” Curtis said and then froze. Damn! This was another time I wished I could see him. But at least I could feel his emotions as I tried to sort through my own. My mate was scared. He was so afraid it was almost crippling.

“You do love me?” I asked hesitantly. Was that what he was afraid of? That he was in love with me already?”

“Yes,” he answered so softly I barely heard him. “I know it’s too soon and you don’t feel the same, but don’t be upset, okay? I didn’t mean to tell you already, but it is how I feel.”

“I’m not upset, big guy.” I chuckled and then pursed my lips. I heard my mate sigh as he brushed his lips over mine. It was sweet and slow and perfect. I wanted to tell Curtis what I knew he wanted to hear, but I couldn’t. “I—I think I do you, too, but I’m not sure yet. I’m sorry. I just want to know for sure before I say it. I’ve never said it to anyone besides family.”

“I understand,” Curtis replied as he started moving his fingers again and nuzzled my neck. “You’re giving me your virginity, angel. That shows me how you feel, okay? I don’t want you to feel pressured in saying it back until you’re ready.”

“You really are like the perfect mate,” I groaned and spread my legs wider. “Fuck me, Curtis. Claim me as yours.”

“Oh yeah,” he snarled, and while that should have scared me, I shivered with delight. It wasn’t a bad, I’m-going-to-attack-you snarl. It was more I-can’t-control-my-lust-for-you-and-need-you-this-second.

I gasped as he pulled his fingers out from me, and then the head of his cock was at my hole. I shook with anticipation and partly from fear. I mean, it was my first time after all.

“Push out while I push in, angel. Just breathe through the slight burning, but I stretched you enough for me.” I nodded with my mouth hanging open, looking like a total drip probably. But I did as he said. It didn’t hurt. It was just weird. Like something that shouldn’t be there or had never been there before.

“There’s no burn. Is that bad?” I asked as he started moving slowly, pushing more of his cock in me each time.

“No, angel. There might be some later when I’m all the way in you since it’s so new to you, okay? Just tell me if you don’t like it or you want to stop.”

“You really would stop if I asked you to, wouldn’t you? You’re already in me and moving, but without a single thought, you’d pull out if I said so.”

“Of course I would, Shem,” he answered, and I could hear the strain in his voice as he took things slowly. “If you didn’t like this or decided you weren’t ready, we’d do something else. It’s what being mated means, angel. Your needs are more important to me than my own.”

“I love you, Curtis,” I blurted out. What he said wiped away any lasting doubt that I’d fallen head over heels for my mate already. “You’re the most loving, sweetest, wonderful man I’ve ever met. And I won the mating lottery getting you as mine.”

“I love you, too, angel,” Curtis sighed, and then we both moaned as he bottomed out inside of me. “You feel like heaven, Shem.”

“It feels weird,” I whispered, still not in any pain but not really enjoying it yet either. I mean, I was thrilled to be with Curtis, but so far I could kind of do without being on the bottom for sex. But Curtis seemed to love it, and that made me want to keep going to find out more.

“It won’t once I start moving. Just give your body a moment to get used to me,” he said against my lips as he leaned over. Then he ran his tongue in my mouth when I opened for him. I moaned into his mouth as I threw my arms around his neck. Curtis explored every inch of my mouth, taking his time as he had when entering my ass.

Our tongues danced and ran over each other for several moments before I realized my mate was shaking. “I’m ready, Curtis. Take me.”

“Oh thank god,” he groaned and slowly pulled back.

“Sorry, didn’t know you were waiting for my green light,” I replied sheepishly. When he thrust back into me that time, it didn’t feel so weird. Almost as if he belonged there.

“I wish you could see how gorgeous we look joined together,” Curtis whispered before thrusting into me again.

“Tell me,” I gasped as he rubbed over my prostate. “Tell me what it looks like so I can imagine it, big guy.”

“Your back arches when I push into you, and your hole sucks me right back in as if it wants me there as much as I want to be there. My sac rubs against your soft ass, angel, and it’s like nirvana. When I start to pull back out, your pretty, hard cock smacks against your stomach and leaves wet spots from your pre-cum. Your balls are already pulled up against your body, and it makes me remember how they tasted in my mouth.”

“Holy shit, you’re going to make me blow,” I moaned as the images he painted in my head played.

“Do it, my angel. Come for me again,” he growled as he started to move faster. “Are you ready for me to claim you?”

“You’re going to come already?” I asked, shocked it was almost over.

“Shem, you’re so tight I can’t last long after that delicious appetizer of your ass. I’ve been waiting all my life to claim my mate and the anticipation had me on the edge before we started.”

“Okay,” I gasped as he thrust into me harder. “Okay, I officially like being on the bottom now. It doesn’t feel weird. It feels fantastic. Claim me, Curtis. Make me yours forever.”

“Thank the heavens,” he moaned loudly and nuzzled my neck. I tilted it to the side to give him more room. Curtis licked my throat, and I started to spin into a blissful spiral of sensations. “I love you, Shem.”

Before I could even respond, he sank his fangs in my neck. I screamed out as my brain turned to mush and my cock erupted. I came so hard I thought I might black out from the pleasure of it all. Curtis went wild at my reaction, pounding into me as he drank my blood. It was like I couldn’t tell where I ended and he started as our mating bond solidified. And I never wanted it to end.



But like all good things, it had to. Moments later Curtis lifted his head and roared as he shot his seed into me. Oh man did I love that feeling. It was as if he was claiming me all over again and branding me from the inside out! He wrapped his body around me as he pumped the last of his cum in me before rolling us over so I lay sprawled all over him.

“Did I hurt you, angel?” He panted as I moved up and down on his massive chest. “I got rough there at the end, and I didn’t mean to do that. I wanted to be gentle with you.”

“Shut up. It rocked. Need sleep,” I grunted out as I slapped my hand over his mouth. “So gonna be the bottom from now on.”

“Get some rest, my angel cheetah.” Curtis chuckled and kissed my palm. “I’ll clean us up and take care of you as soon as I catch my breath.”

“So I was good? I mean, I kept up with your other partners?”

“That was the best sex of my life, Shem.”

“Yeah me.” I yawned, snuggling against his chest. I was glad I could keep him sexually satisfied, and that was my last thought as sleep pulled me under.

## Chapter 4

Good to Curtis' word, we were at his family's estate in Rapid City, South Dakota early Friday afternoon. My brothers had packed our few items up and worked with some of Conley's vampires to get the rest of our belongings from our house in Massachusetts. It was a larger house, and it ended up that the Boston coven was overflowing, so they were going to buy it from us at a good price considering the market.

I was excited for the move and for Curtis to claim his title as head of the local covens. It was his family's legacy, and while Harold made the whole thing have a bad taste, I knew it would make Curtis happy. And I loved Curtis, so him being happy was a priority with me.

But when he said that we'd be having a meeting after we got there with the heads of those covens and his entire household, I suddenly felt sick to my stomach. I figured I'd meet a few people here and there, wade into the deep end of this.

Oh no! We were jumping in right away, and it was sink or swim time. It wasn't bad enough that there were going to be issues with Curtis after Harold, but he was going to introduce his blind, male, shifter mate. This was going to suck huge monkey balls, and I seemed to be the only one who realized it.

"Everything will be fine, angel," he said in my ear softly as he took my hand and helped me out of the vehicle. "We'll have a quick meeting to introduce you and your brothers after I lay down a few new mandates. I just need to get the immediate issues out in the open first. Hopefully your brothers can help me with those. Then we'll get

everything to your rooms before meeting with the Rapid City Fire Department.”

Curtis had called them Tuesday when we’d decided to officially make the move and offered the RCFD the chance to use that falling-apart house at the back of the property where Kody had been kept as a controlled burn. It would be a good training tool for the RCFD, and Curtis thought it would bring everyone a lot of closure when it was gone.

“Just catch me if I faint,” I hissed at him as he led me up some stairs. Then we walked for a while amongst lots of whispers. At least I could smell my brothers flanking us, and that helped my nerves some. Finally, he led me up some more stairs onto what felt like a platform. Fuck! Were we on some stage in front of a bunch of people? I was going to beat him later for leaving out that detail.

“I’d like to thank everyone for coming at such short notice,” Curtis said loudly as he dropped my hand and stepped forward. “Some of you know me, but for those of you that don’t or we haven’t met yet, I’m Curtis Booth. I know there’s a lot that needs to be handled after they way things were run under my brother, but I ask that everyone please be patient while we handle the most pressing issues first.

“As some of you may have heard, I’ve recently mated. This is my mate, Shemael Cowell, and his brothers, who will be residing here as well. I know how Harold felt about shifters and their use for vampires. Let me make this clear, that is *not* how I feel, and they are to be treated with the same respect as any other coven members. Speak now if you have questions or if this is an issue because Conley Norton feels the same way and has instituted laws that they are to be treated as our equals.”

“Why? They’re weaker than us,” one man called out, and already I didn’t like him.

“Says whom?” Curtis snickered. “I’ve seen them in cheetah form, and they are not to be messed with. I know most of you haven’t been

around shifters and might not know their capabilities. But I can assure you that them deciding to join us here is a benefit to us. The eldest of the Cowell brothers, Cass, has agreed to answer any questions.”

Well, that was another thing they left out of the agenda to me. Idiots. I figured they did it on purpose so I didn’t know how long we’d be the center of attention.

“Shifters have three forms, right?” one woman asked after a few moments of silence.

“Yes, we have our human, half-animal-half-human, and full animal form,” Cass answered. “But we are completely sentient in every form.”

“You can’t be faster than vampires though,” that same man said. Douche.

“Not in human form, but we are faster than cheetahs in nature and are stronger than humans in human form,” he replied slowly as if choosing his words carefully. “I’ve never raced a vampire in cheetah form, so officially I can’t say either way. But I’ve seen enough vampires move that I know it would be close.”

“So what can you do that we can’t?” the woman asked hesitantly. And while the question might have seemed harsh, I was pretty sure she was giving us a chance to show the perks of having us around.

“Our sense of smell is much greater for one—” Cass replied but was interrupted when a few vampires snorted or snickered. “In this room there are sixty-seven vampires, and ten outside the room. You all have different scents.”

“Yeah? I can smell that, too,” Douche Bag countered.

“Seventeen of you in this room haven’t showered today,” Cass continued, ignoring the guy. “Thirty-five of you have had blood in the past twenty-four hours, twenty in the past two days, the rest within the week except one of you who smells sick. I’d guess it’s been a while since that person has drunk any blood.”

“Holy shit,” someone gasped.

“Furthermore, there are twenty-two guns in this room, and sixteen more in the hall. Ten of you are aroused for whatever reason. Three of you are sweating profusely, and six of you smell of another vampire in this room that you’ve been intimate with.” Cass finished up and paused while people whispered. “Can you still smell all of that?”

“We can’t confirm any of that,” the man sneered.

“Everyone who has a gun of any form, hold it up,” Curtis said loudly. After a few moments, my mate started chuckling, and I knew Cass got it right. “That would be twenty-two. Any more tests?”

“Actually, Master Booth, I’m the one that’s sick,” a different man replied. “Harold was upset with our coven for various reasons and cut off our blood supply six months ago. We’ve been living off what reserves we had, but we’re out, and my whole coven is sick.”

“We’ll handle that immediately after this meeting,” Curtis said gently. “And none of this ‘Master Booth’ shit. I hate that title. Curtis is fine.”

“Why is your mate staring out the window, Curtis?” that same woman asked. Awww, shit. I didn’t realize that’s where I was facing.

“I mean no disrespect. I’m blind,” I answered as I turned towards the sound of her voice.

“Oh great, a blind shifter is his mate,” I heard the douche bag mumble.

“Can we see you shift? I mean, is that rude to ask?” the woman asked. “Can you see nothing at all even then? How can you run if you can’t see?”

“I can see somewhat in half and half form and fully when in cheetah form,” I answered before turning to Curtis. “That’s up to my mate. I have no problem shifting in front of everyone, but Curtis has issues with others seeing me naked. Shifters aren’t bothered by nudity, but I guess vampires aren’t used to it.”

“Fine,” Curtis sighed, and I started to get undress. He grabbed my hand as I went to unbutton my jeans. “I’ve got a tablecloth here. Wrap it around your waist for when you change, okay?”

“I love you, too, big guy.” I chuckled while finishing getting naked. I trusted he’d keep me hidden. As soon as I was naked, he wrapped it around my waist, and I held it there. “Can everyone see me?”

“Yep, you’re all good, angel.”

I gave him a nod and then let the change flow over me. I heard several gasps and a few soft shrieks as the tablecloth fell away and I let my cheetah out. I took a moment to stretch out the kinks and took in my surroundings before hopping off the stage. We were in a ballroom, and the room wasn’t even half full with vampires.

“It’s a common trait with larger litters of cheetah shifters that the youngest is blind. No one knows why,” Cass explained as I moved around the room. A few hesitant hands petted my head, while a few went pale and stepped away. “Shem can hear you and understand you. He won’t hurt anyone.”

I smelled Douche Bag before I saw him and headed in his direction.

“Curtis won’t always be around to protect you, shifter,” he sneered quietly as he stupidly knelt down to be closer to me. “And that’s when I’ll gut you like the animal you are, and he will die with you.”

I roared loud enough to rattle the windows as I pounced on his chest. He fell back to the ground as I stood on him, crushing him. The guy tried to move in vain. He might have been wicked strong since he was a vampire. But I was a hundred and forty pound cheetah in a better position.

“Anyone still think that they’re weaker than us?” Curtis chuckled, but I could feel his fear and confusion at what was going on. I wasn’t about to shift back and explain. Then I smelled my litter-mates who had shifted and joined me.

They snarled at him as they read my mind at what had happened and took position around the guy. Ham sent me images to go back to Curtis, shift, and explain what was going on while they watched him.

“And we have a hive mind in our litter when we’re in cheetah from,” Cass said loudly as I made my way back to the stage.

Curtis saw me coming and held up the tablecloth to block me from everyone else’s view. I moved behind it and shifted back.

“What happened?” my mate asked quietly as I wrapped the cloth around me.

“He threatened to gut me like the animal I am when you weren’t around,” I answered loud enough for everyone to hear. “And that you would die with me because of it.”

“I want Mel detained and questioned,” Curtis ordered to someone as he wrapped his arms around me. No one must have moved because my mate started growling. “Which of you are guards for the estate?”

“Harold dismissed all of us and replaced them with his men that were sentenced to death with him.”

“Lovely,” he muttered under his breath before raising his voice. “Mitchell, you used to be in charge of the guard, right?”

“Yes, Curtis.”

“Okay, then I reinstate you and your loyal guards. We’ll talk later and get this all ironed out as well.”

“Of course, we’ll take charge of the prisoner if you’ll call off the cheetahs,” Mitchell replied.

“They won’t hurt you, Mitchell,” I said gently as I pulled my jeans on under the tablecloth. “They understand what’s going on, I promise.”

“My apologies, you did say that earlier.”

“He’s detaining Mel now and your brothers backed off just fine,” Curtis told me softly as I yanked on my shirt.

“Thanks. It sucks not knowing what’s going on.”

“Cass,” Curtis called over as the room started to spin into chaos and voices started rising.

“That went so well.” Cass snickered as he came up to us. “You want us to start taking down grievances while you guys handle the

RCFD? Just give us a room to talk with people one at a time and some guards. Let's not leave open any room for more issues."

"Great minds think alike." Curtis snickered and took my hand before facing back to the crowd. "Everyone, please, quiet down." It took a few moments, but eventually the room went silent. "Cass and a few of his brothers will be in one of the dining rooms in a little bit to start listening to everyone's issues. They are here to help us, and we need as much of it as we can get, okay? Hopefully everyone can stay for the weekend, and I'll get a chance to meet with each of you personally. But for now, let's start with this, thank you."

We got off the stage then, swarmed by my brothers as Curtis called over the staff of the house. I leaned against the wall and listened absently as he rattled off instructions over guest rooms, food, and orders that the sick vampire be given some of the blood the house had right away. Moments later Mitchell came back and told my mate that Mel was locked up in one of the basement cells.

"Good, thank you," Curtis sighed, and I could feel his weariness and stress. I reached out and took his hand, and suddenly he was grateful I was there with him. That made me smile. How could this big vampire leader be so affected by something as simple as me holding his hand?

"Might we speak now about the guards, Master—I mean Curtis?" Mitchell asked.

"Shem and I have an appointment with the RCFD. Would you mind riding to the back of the property with us so we could talk?" Mitchell must have nodded because Curtis went on. "I also want at least five guards you'd trust with your life to guard Cass and his brothers as they start talking with the different covens. I don't want any more issues for the day, okay? I think we've hit our limit."

"Agreed." Mitchell chuckled. "I'll set it up and meet you guys at the front entrance in five."

"Thanks for jumping right in to help."



“My family has been protecting yours for generations. It was like a knife in the back when Harold dismissed the lot of us. But then it became apparent why when his crimes came to light. I look forward to taking my place as head of the guard again.”

He left after that, and I felt at least we had some good news today after all. Mitchell was a good guy, and I felt better knowing he had Curtis’ back, especially after what had happened with Mel. Because obviously, all of Harold’s allies had not gone the way of the dodo.

It was about ten minutes later we were loaded up in one of the bigger vehicles and heading to the building where Kody had been held. I couldn’t help but shiver. The place was evil, and I couldn’t even imagine all the horrible things Harold had done there. Curtis must have felt the same because he went tense next to me.

“They’re already here,” Curtis whispered as the car pulled to a stop. He helped me out of the car and gasped the same time a sweet scent hit my nose. Our mate! “I wasn’t paying attention. I felt a draw to blood, but I assumed it was yours since I’m stressed and thirsty. Our mate is a hot fireman.”

“Nice,” I groaned and followed my nose. Curtis kept my hand as we made our way over the grass until I knew our mate was right there. “Hello, I’m Shem Cowell.”

“Nice to meet you, I’m Lieutenant Dieter Sheron,” said a deep whiskey drawl that made me shiver. “I was told to speak with a Curtis Booth.”

“I’m Curtis, nice to meet you.”

“You as well,” Dieter replied, and I heard them clasp hands to shake. “Thank you for letting the fire department use your building for training.”

“Not a problem. We were going to get it demolished anyways and I figured with the remote location you might be able to use it.”

“We get an old barn here and there, but not many more residential buildings.” I stuck out my hand for an excuse to touch him, but it was

left hanging there for a moment. “Oh god, I’m so sorry. I didn’t realize you’re blind.”

“Is that bad?” I asked hesitantly as I dropped Curtis’ hand and gave him a wave. He must have seen it because I heard him walk away. “You have a very nice voice, Lieutenant.”

“Diets, everyone calls me Diets,” he said huskily as he took my hand in his. “And no, being blind isn’t bad at all. I just wasn’t paying attention.”

“Diets, like beets. I like it.” I purred and stepped closer to him. Taking a chance, I moved closer and placed my hand on his chest. “Are you single, Diets?”

“Y–Yes, yes, I am,” Diets replied, and I could smell his arousal. “Are you always this forward?”

“No, I’m not,” I answered honestly. “Something about you just calls to me, Diets. And when I heard your voice, I knew I’d kick myself later if I didn’t ask you out or at least talk to you until you asked me out.”

“Why am I so drawn to you?” he whispered, more to himself than to me. I knew the answer, but right then wasn’t the time to explain. “You are probably the hottest little thing I’ve ever seen. Are you even legal?”

“I’m twenty-one, but isn’t age just a number?”

“I’m almost thirty-five. That’s a big gap, Shem.”

“Are you saying you don’t want me or even to go out with me?” I asked, my heart crumbling as I started to pull away.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying,” he said firmly as he put his other hand over mine to keep it on his chest. “I’m saying this attraction is like playing with fire and I think we’re going to get burned.”

“Good thing you’re a fireman then,” I purred, playing the pun. A cheesy move, but I was ready to pull out all the punches to get him alone so we could talk later. “Will you come see me at the main house when you get off work? I think we need to talk with less people around.”

“Why do I think when you say talk you mean get naked?”

“I said no such thing. You did.” I giggled and then purred again as I rubbed my thumbs over his hands. “Don’t say no, Diets. You said it yourself. You’ve never been so drawn to someone. There’s got to be a reason that’s worth exploring, right?”

“Yes,” he hissed, and he was so hard I could feel it brush my stomach when we were this close. I moved slightly so he knew I felt it, but not enough where if anyone was watching, they could know what I was up to. “You feel this, too, right? I’m not making a complete ass of myself?”

I stood on my toes to whisper in his ear, but he was a big guy, too, and I didn’t quite make it. Diets leaned down the rest of the way, and I felt his cheek brush my ear length hair. “If we were alone right now, what I feel is so strong I’d already be naked and begging to lick every inch of you. Please don’t run from this, Diets. Please come at least talk to me later, okay? I promise if you don’t like the idea of a younger man after we have dinner, I’ll never bother you again.”

“It’s not your age that scares me, Shem,” he said back in a seductive voice that melted my knees. “Fire like this between people normally burns out fast and leaves one party hurt. And I have a feeling it will be me.”

“I don’t think that will happen with us, but you’ll never know if we don’t try.”

“Okay, I get off at four,” Diets groaned after a moment. “I’ll leave right from the station, if you don’t mind just jeans and a polo shirt, and come to the main house.”

“You could wear a dress, and I couldn’t see it.” I chuckled, trying to make a lame joke.

“Shit, I keep forgetting,” he cursed under his breath. He moved back a little and reached out to cup my cheek. “How can you want me? I could be horridly ugly, and you’re so beautiful. Why take that chance?”

“I’ve learned to trust other instincts besides looks.”

“Lieutenant, you coming?” someone called out, breaking into our own little bubble.

“Yeah, get it started now that the owner’s here,” Diets called out and dropped my hand. “I’ll see you a little after four, okay? We can go out to eat, or if it’s easier for you, we can spend some time at your house. I’ve never dated anyone blind before, so you’ll have to educate me on what’s best for you.”

“Okay,” I said, smiling widely at him as I took a step back. “I’m looking forward to it, Diets. I really am.”

“Me, too.” He chuckled and then I heard him move away. I kept smiling at him in case he looked back at me, hoping I made the perfect picture of his best wet dream. I felt Curtis approach, but didn’t take his hand when he went for mine.

“He’s coming over for a date at four,” I informed my other mate. “I don’t want to scare him with thoughts that we’re already a couple. He’s human and going to have enough to take in right off the bat.”

“Do you like him more than me?” I could hear as well as feel the fear in my mate and his words.

“Curtis, I love you. This isn’t a contest, and he’s both of our mate.” I sighed. “You know the timetable and pressure I’m under after smelling my mate. Do you have a better suggestion as to how to proceed?”

“No, you’re right,” Curtis said quietly. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to get all jealous. It’s just when you waved me away, I didn’t understand.”

“I thought one of us talking to him would be better than overwhelming him with the idea of a real ménage relationship. And let’s face it. Of the two of us, I’m way less intimidating. Once we get him alone, we can talk to him and be honest. I kind of felt like the spider trying to lure the fly into my web.”

“It must have worked because he keeps looking at you.” Curtis chuckled. “And I can smell his arousal from here.”

“Holy mother of hot,” I gasped suddenly as I felt immense heat coming from my left side. I started to step back instinctively, but then I didn’t know what I could be stepping into. “I don’t want to be here. I don’t know the land, and I can’t run if I need to.”

“Take my hand, and we’ll move farther away, angel. Don’t panic. I’d never let anything happen to you.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry,” I whispered as he led me a good distance away. I couldn’t even really feel the heat from where we were standing. “I trust you, and I know you’d protect me, Curtis. It’s just really hard when I can’t see and something like fire is around me.”

“I know, angel. We just have to stay for a bit and then we can leave, okay? One of the guys was finding the paperwork I need to sign as the owner. Then we’re gone. We’ll get some lunch and check on your brothers.”

“And then make love to your mate and drink from me,” I added with a purr. “You’re thirsty, and I can still feel your fear since we met Diets. I love you, Curtis. I’m not going anywhere or choosing him over you. It’s the three of us.”

“I know. You’re my entire world, my angel. It’s hard not to worry that your other mate could take you away from me. I’ll try, okay?”

“Good,” I answered, hoping it really was the end of the discussion. We had a big enough hurdle getting Diets to accept there were shifters and vampires and not run away. Much less mate with me in the next two days. I would do everything I could to comfort my mate and reassure him that we were fine, but I needed his help, and his insecurities could do more damage to the situation.

## Chapter 5

It was about quarter after four when my date showed. I was in one of the front sitting rooms away from all the vampires and other confusion in the house. Curtis was in the connecting room listening so he knew when to join us. I was vibrating at the idea of claiming our mate and had need for him crawling all over me.

"I'm glad you came," I said as Diets' scent hit my nose, and the vampire closed the door behind us.

"W-Who are you? Is this all yours?" he asked, and I could hear the apprehension in his voice.

"No, it's a family estate where I just moved to," I answered. It was the truth, with certain facts missing. I held out my hands to him as I stood there in front of one of the couches waiting for him.

"Why are you so warm, Shem?" he asked softly after taking my hands in his.

"I tend to run on the hot side," I purred as I stepped closer to him. "Are you glad you came, Diets?"

"I couldn't not come if that makes sense." He leaned down as I moved against his body, and I stood on my toes to brush my lips against his. "I was distracted the rest of my shift. All I could think about was you."

"Naked?"

"Yes, that, too," Diets groaned before mashing his mouth down to mine. I opened for him, loving that he immediately slid his tongue in my mouth. Throwing my arms around him, I purred when he lifted me up and moved my legs over his hips. I yanked off my shirt as he sat down on the couch with me in his lap. "Fuck! I've never wanted

someone as badly as I wanted you. You're like my own personal angel."

"Your what?" I gasped as my hands froze on the hem of his shirt.

"You're an angel, Shem," he said in that husky tone that drove me insane. "I know that's where Shemael comes from. It's the name of an angel, and that's what you are."

"Do you want me to be your angel, Diets?"

"Yes, more than anything," he answered and went to kiss me again, and I caved. I knew we needed to talk, but I just wanted another taste before I told him everything. "Do you want me, angel?"

"More than you know," I purred as I pulled off his shirt. I nuzzled his neck and chest, marking him with my scent.

"Are you part cat?" Diets chuckled, and I felt fear wash over me. It was now or never time.

"Would it be so bad if I was?" I whispered before leaning back. "What if I told you I was different? Would that matter to you? Would you run from me?"

"T-That depends h-how different you were, I guess."

"Will you promise to hear me out and not run? Please, Diets? It's important."

"You're shaking, Shem," he said gently and cupped my cheek. "Whatever it is can't be that bad. Do you have a nut-job ex-boyfriend or something?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head as I got off of his lap and stood. I toed off my shoes and took off my jeans.

"You're stunning, angel," Diets whispered as he touched my hip. "Why are you getting naked if we need to talk?"

"Because it's more a show-and-tell before the talking. Promise you won't run, okay?"

"Okay, angel. I promise."

I nodded and let the change flow over me until I was in full cheetah form. I heard him gasp as I opened my eyes. Diets started to

reach out to touch, but then stopped. I leaned forward and rubbed my head against his hand.

“You can see me now, can’t you?” I nodded as much as I could. “Can you understand me?” Again, I nodded as Curtis slipped into the room soundlessly. “This can’t be real. Did you drug me?”

“No, we didn’t do that, Diets,” Curtis said gently as he joined us. “When could we even have done that? You walked in, kissed Shem, and he shifted. There was nothing we could have slipped drugs into.”

“Right, right, I’m just hallucinating then,” he replied as he glanced from me back to Curtis. “Are you a cat, too?”

“No, but I’m sure you’ve heard the rumors of who lives here.”

“A cult of some kind,” Diets said, his eyebrows scrunching together in thought. He probably didn’t even realize he was doing it, but he was still petting me. I purred loudly to get his attention again, and he turned to me. “W–Will you change back please? I have questions.”

I shifted back to human form and ended up kneeling in front of him with my head on his thighs. He hesitantly touched my hair before running his fingers through it.

“Still think I’m an angel?” I whispered, scared out of my mind that he would reject me.

“Why are you telling me all of this?”

“Remember how you said you’ve never been as drawn to someone as you are to me?” I asked as I moved to straddle his lap.

“Yes.”

“Shape shifters mate for life,” I said slowly as I placed my hands on his chest. “Fate chooses our mates for us, and we know them instantly. Whether they be another shifter, vampire, human, it doesn’t matter. Both people will know that the other is their mate or just someone special that they’re drawn to.”

“And I’m your mate?”

“If I answer that, will you still not run?”



“Can Curtis leave?” he answered after a moment. “This seems a little personal to be sharing with him. And why does he get to see you naked?”

“Was it just me you were pulled to, Diets? Or did you feel something for Curtis when you met him?”

“No fucking way,” Diets shouted as he stood suddenly. I obviously didn’t see it coming and got thrown off of his lap and landed a few feet away on the floor by the coffee table.

“Angel, are you okay?” Curtis asked as he dove to the floor by me.

“Shit, shit, shit, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you, Shem,” Diets said, his voice reaching a higher octave than normal in distress. “Are you hurt?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I’ve taken way worse spills when someone moves the furniture on me,” I replied with a chuckle. It was more nerves than anything funny. I moaned loudly and got instantly hard when they each touched one of my arms and helped me sit up.

“You don’t sound like you aren’t hurt, Shem.”

“Wasn’t that kind of moan,” I panted as I turned towards him, letting him see my hard cock. I sniffed the air as his arousal filled the room. His hand was still on my arm so I knew exactly where he was and pounced. He fell back to the floor as I sprawled all over his body and attacked his lips. At first he kissed me back, his hands running all over me until he seemed to snap out of the lustful haze we were in when he touched my ass.

“Wait, stop. This is going too fast,” he said firmly as he pulled away from me. I did as he asked but took it as a good sign when he just sat up and didn’t move me off of his lap. That and he kept his hands on my ass. “You really are gorgeous.”

“So are you,” I purred, but kept my distance. It was true, too. I’d gotten an eyeful of our hot fireman mate when I was in cat form. He had dark chocolate eyes and matching hair that he kept short. I’d never imagined a man as tall as him at about six-six would have

dimples, but he did. And he had to be about two-eighty of hard muscles. "I'm blind in human form, but I can see in cheetah form. And I can partially see when I'm in half and half form."

"Okay, run me through this slowly," Diets said, and I gave him a nod. "You're a cheetah shape shifter."

"Yes, I was born this way. My whole family is."

"And what, Curtis is a werewolf?" Diets snickered, and I felt the blood drain from my face. Oh shit. I hoped to get him used to the idea of me being different before throwing in Curtis.

"No, but he's not human either," I whispered and glanced toward where our other mate was sitting. "Are you sure you're ready for more, Diets?"

"Yeah, just give it to me all now."

"I'm a vampire," Curtis said, and I knew his fangs were extended from the change in his voice. I hoped he didn't go all vamp on Diets. I'd heard it was scary enough.

"And were you born that way?" Diets asked softly.

"Yes."

"And you guys are mated to each other?"

"Yes," I answered this time.

"And you're saying I'm your other mate? Or are there more?"

"Cat shifters get two mates," I said gently as I moved my hands over his chest. It wasn't seductive, more a calming gesture. "After we're mated, we go into heat with the lunar cycle. Fate gives us two mates because for those three days we become nymphos, and it takes two mates to keep up with us."

"So we'd share you?"

"No, the three of us are all mates," I answered and placed both hands over his heart. "Can't you feel it in here, Diets? Did you just know something was different about us when you met us? It wasn't just me you were thinking about today, right? You were thinking about Curtis, too."

“Yes,” Diets answered so softly I barely heard him. He slowly moved me to sit on the floor before I felt him stand. “Okay, I listened and didn’t run. But I need to go. This is too much.”

“No,” I whimpered, wanting to reach out to him but keeping my hands in my lap to cover my wilting erection.

“I’m sorry, Shem. You’re breathtaking, and I thought you could be my own angel. But this is too much for me. I—I can’t get involved in all of this. I’m so sorry.”

I nodded and turned my head away as if he’d smacked me as tears burned in my eyes. Reaching out, I found my pants and started to pull them on as our mate walked toward the door.

“I’m sorry, Diets, you can’t leave,” Curtis said firmly.

“The fuck I can’t,” Diets growled, and I heard skin smacking and guessed someone shoved the other one. “What are you going to do, keep me prisoner?”

“Don’t, Curtis. Please, just let him leave. It’s what he wants,” I sniffled as the first tears escaped. “He doesn’t want us, okay? Just leave him be.”

“No!” Curtis shouted, and I could feel his anger and grief. “No! I won’t lose you, my angel cheetah. I won’t let you die because he’s too scared to deal with this! He could have everything, have you, and he’s going to walk away. We could be a real family and make you happy if he’d pull his head out of his ass. He can’t leave!”

“It’s not what he wants, big guy,” I whispered as I stood up. I felt the couch and made my way to the door, counting my steps. “Let him go.”

“I won’t lose you because he’s an idiot,” Curtis cried out.

“Why would you lose him? What do you mean let him die?” Diets asked in a frantic voice. “Why is anyone dying?”

“If Shem doesn’t claim his mates within forty-eight hours of scenting them, he dies,” Curtis choked out. “If you deny him, he will get sick and die, and there’s nothing I can do to stop it. I won’t lose him.”

“He told you that?” Diets asked.

“Yes.”

“Bullshit.” Diets laughed, and it wasn’t a nice laugh. Oh god, that was just the knife in the back. I crumbled to my knees as he howled so loudly it was as if he was slapping me over and over again. I couldn’t hold back the tears, sobbing as I curled into a ball. “Why is he crying?”

“You’ve just rejected him, called him a liar basically, and signed his death sentence,” Curtis answered with a snarl. “Why do you think he’s crying?”

“This can’t be real. He can’t die because of this,” Diets denied adamantly. “You guys are trying to trick me. This is some type of scam.”

“Why? Why would we lie, Diets? What would we have to gain from trapping you as our mate? It’s forever. You think we’d want a mate forever that didn’t want us?”

“I don’t know, but things like this don’t happen,” Diets shouted.

“What can we do to make you believe us at least? Let’s start there,” Curtis begged as I sat up and shook my head.

“No,” I whispered, but they ignored me.

“I don’t know, Curtis. You’re going to get some other shifter or vampire, which I still can’t believe is real, to feed me the same crap. How does this end? You need a human sacrifice for something, and you guys trick people this way?”

“No,” I said louder this time.

“What the fuck, man? Because I’m a vampire I sacrifice humans? That’s bullshit,” Curtis yelled back. “We’re not trying to hurt you! Being mated to Shem is the best thing that ever happened to me. He’s amazing. Fate gave you the chance for immortality and happiness on a silver platter, and you’re just going to walk away?”

“What do you expect me to say? Sure, sign me up and let’s fuck until we drop?”

“No!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. That finally got them quiet. I turned to where I knew Curtis was. “Just stop, okay? He wanted me until he knew what I was, doesn’t that tell you something? Do you think he’ll ever change his mind about us or ever want us? Just let him go.”

“I can’t do that, angel. He leaves, you die in two days. And then I die because I’m tied to you. You forget that part about being mated to a vampire. You die, I die, and not only could I not make it through losing you, but there are a lot of people who count on me. What about your family? What would they say if they found out you were going to die because our mate was running from you?”

“You know what they’d do,” I answered, shaking my head. “They’d break the bond before I died. But you know that’s wrong.”

“Wait, there’s a way to break this bond?” Diets asked with such venom in his voice I could almost feel it. “Nice of you guys to leave that tidbit out. Let’s do that. Let’s break this bond so everything can go back to normal.”

“No, we’re not breaking the bond,” I said firmly when Curtis started to speak.

“Why not? He’s willing to let you die,” Curtis grumbled. “I love you, Shem. I’d do anything to keep you alive.”

“What’s the big deal? How do you break a mating bond?” Diets shouted.

“Someone has to die,” I yelled back, my heart in shambles at the way this was turning out. “Curtis is saying my brothers would kill you so the bond was broken and I wouldn’t go into heat and then overheat and then die. Okay? That’s how you break the bond. Someone dies. And no matter what, I’m not willing to let you die. Whether you claim me or not, want me or not, you’re my mate.”

“You’re serious,” Diets whispered, and I heard him plop on his butt. “And you’d die to keep me safe if I don’t agree to mate with you?”

“You don’t want me because I’m a shifter.” I shrugged and went to stand but stopped when he grabbed my arm to keep me sitting. “Nothing I can do about that. I can’t change what I am anymore than you can. So you want to run, go, okay? You don’t want me now because of what I am, fine, leave.”

“It’s not what you are that bothers me, Shem,” Diets said as he moved closer to me. “It’s all of this. There are shifters and vampires and mates, and it’s too much. I’m not any less attracted to you knowing you’re part cat or whatever. This isn’t about me rejecting you. It could be any shifter. It’s just too much to take in. A few hours ago I was a fireman, a normal guy who thought this kind of stuff was in the movies.”

“Then we dump all of this on you.” I nodded, trying to understand. “Let me ask you something then. If Curtis didn’t drop the bomb that I’ll die if I don’t claim you, would you ever have come back? I mean, if he’d let you leave, would we have ever heard from you again?”

Diets was silent for several torturous minutes before whispering one word. “Yes.”

“Yes, what?” Curtis asked as he moved closer as well.

“Yes, I would have come back,” he answered. “I just needed to get out of here, think about this. I know I said I couldn’t get involved in your world, with all of this. But I meant right now, ya know? Like this was too much to process when you’re sitting there naked and beautiful and everything in me was screaming to say fuck it and be with you. I need time to think.”

“What if you claimed Diets and that was it? Could he just leave then and you’d be safe?”

“I think so.” I shrugged. “I don’t think the lunar cycle affects humans after they mate with us. But my bite when I claimed him would leave a permanent mark on him.”

“And that would keep you alive and give me time to process all of this?”

“Yeah,” I sighed and pulled my knees to my chest. “The day after I met Curtis I started to feel sick from not claiming him. It was awful. I started to overheat, and it felt like thousands of bugs were crawling all over my skin.”

“So what happens? We just have sex?” Diets asked hesitantly.

“I’d shift into my half and half form and take you while on your hands and knees. When we were close to coming, I bite you on the shoulder and claim you as my mate. Once we do that, you’ll be able to feel my emotions when I’m around you and vice versa.”

“Can I see you in that form first?”

“Seriously? That matters to you when we’re talking about Shem’s life?” Curtis snarled.

“I just want all the facts, okay? He’s saying he’ll be able to sense my emotions, leave a permanent mark on me, and tie us together forever. I’m simply asking to see what he looks like when he’s in that form! What if I can’t get it up when he looks like a cat? I’m not into animals!”

Curtis started to talk again, but I held up a hand to stop him. Diets’s request was reasonable given the shit we were dumping on him. I stripped back off my jeans before shifting into my half and half form. I turned in a circle to show him what he’d be getting into to, tail and all.

“Okay. You can claim me, but I walk out that door afterwards, and you give me time to think about all of this. No pressure, no more loopholes or bombs to drop, right?”

“No, that was it.” I nodded as I shifted back.

“Why did you do that?”

“I—I can’t kiss you when I’m in that form,” I whispered, suddenly feeling vulnerable.

“Does that matter?” He snickered, and I reached for my jeans again. “What are you doing now?”

“I can’t do this,” I sniffled as I yanked them on. “You don’t want to even kiss me. How can I be intimate with you?”

“You mean fuck me,” Diets growled as he took a step towards me. “I don’t normally bottom, Shem.”

“And I’ve only had sex with Curtis,” I yelled, spinning around to face him. “I saved myself for my mates, okay? It’s like being married in our world. Curtis took me first since I found him first, but I’ve never given him oral sex because I thought my other mate should be my first for that. So just go. I can’t do this as some emotionless one-night stand. I don’t know how to not care about someone and have sex.”

“Cut me some slack, would you? I’m trying here,” Diets sighed. “When did you meet Curtis?”

“A week ago.”

“Christ on a stick,” he groaned at my answer. “You’ve only been having sex a week? No wonder you can’t separate sex and making love.”

“You make it sound like there’s something wrong with me because I can’t!” I ground out, getting tired of his shit. Yeah, we’d dumped a lot on him, but I was done feeling like a freak for so many different reasons. “All humans can’t do it either. Some of them save themselves for marriage, too. Any other reason you think I’m a freak?”

“No,” Diets replied as he reached out and grabbed my arm. He yanked on it so I fell into his lap. Before I could say anything, he crushed his mouth down to mine. I couldn’t help myself. I moaned and opened up for him as I touched every inch of his skin I could reach. “You’re not a freak, Shem. You’re amazing. I wasn’t picking on you, okay? I’m sorry, I’ll stop being an ass.”

“It’s okay. You’ve got a lot to process.”

“That doesn’t ever excuse being a douche.” He chuckled and brushed his lips against mine. “Is there somewhere we can be alone, with, like, a bed? Maybe get a chance to make out for a while before you claim me?”



“Will you ever come back after tonight?” I asked, desperate to know if we’d only have this one time.

“I don’t know, Shem. If I knew the answer to that, I wouldn’t need to leave and take time to think.”

## Chapter 6

Twenty minutes later, we were in Curtis' room without Curtis. It felt weird that Diets and I had invaded his bedroom, but my mate had assured me it was mine as well. And while this wasn't the ideal situation, he didn't want me in a strange spare room bed.

"How come Curtis doesn't need to bite me like you do?" Diets asked as we lay in bed and traded gentle caresses. He'd undressed me before getting naked and climbing into bed next to me. And while I wanted to jump his bones and be over with this so I could deal with him leaving, I was enjoying this calm leisure time with him.

"He feels the need, but I guess vampires can control it better than shifters can. Werewolves don't have a timetable like cats do. But I hear they get ultra aggressive and have trouble controlling their shift until they claim their mate."

"What if I have other questions while I'm thinking? Who do I ask?"

"I can give you my older brother's number," I whispered and pulled my hand away. "It would be too hard to talk to you and not know if you were ever coming back."

"But maybe talking would be what we need to get to know each other while I get used to all of this," Diets replied after a moment. "I mean we're already skipping the dating part of our relationship. Why can't we talk for a while and see how I deal and where this goes?"

"Okay."

"Can I kiss you, Shem?"

"Yes, please," I groaned, and he rolled over on top of me. I opened my legs for him, whimpering when his hard cock rubbed

against mine. The kiss was soft, his lips moving over mine as if exploring and committing them to memory. When he licked his tongue across the seam of my mouth, I opened for him.

“You really are the most breathtaking man I’ve ever met,” he whispered before kissing me again. There was a lot more heat in it this time. I purred and wrapped myself around him as his tongue ran over mine. This is what I’d been hoping for tonight, this closeness that two people could only have when being intimate. “How fast do you recover, angel?”

“I’m young.” I snickered as his hands ran down my hips. “Do you want to take me first?”

“Y–You’d do that? I thought you needed to claim me?”

“I do, but this is about more than just that. As long as you’re touching me, loving on me, I’m not overheating or uncomfortable. I want you, Diets—all of you. I want to feel you inside of me, connected to me.”

“Where’s the lube?” He groaned, and I gestured over to the night stand. He moved away for a moment, and I heard some rustling as he fished in the drawer before he came back. I really hoped this all boded well for him coming back after he had time to think. “Are you sure, angel?”

“Gods, yes. Fuck me, Diets.” I purred as I pulled my legs to my chest. “I’m yours, my mate. You own my body, heart, and soul. I give myself and everything I have to you willingly.”

“It’s like insta-marriage,” Diets grumbled under his breath as I heard the cap of the lube snap. I chose to ignore the comment since this was a lot for someone who didn’t grow up in our world to process. “How do we even know we’re going to like each other? Maybe all we have is this strong attraction.”

“We don’t,” I gasped as he rubbed his fingers over my hole before easily sliding on in. “But I doubt fate would stick three people together who would end up hating each other. My parents were the happiest people I’d ever known. Curtis and I know some other mates

from a tiger shifter family. They all love each other so much it's almost like you can reach out and touch it."

"Were? Your parents were happy?"

"They died recently," I answered, turning my head away when he stopped moving. "Can we talk about that later? It's still painful for me to think about and this isn't the time."

"Of course," he whispered and kissed my collarbone before moving again. "I'm sorry though, angel. I'm glad you have Curtis to lean on at least. He seems to really love you."

"Yeah, he does," I sighed as he pushed in another finger. "I admit I'm not always easy. Being blind is really hard. And shifters are stronger than humans, so it's like I have all this power but in a broken body."

"You're not broken, Shem. I think you're amazing. Anyone who's so open and willing to love after all you've been through, and I'm sure I don't even know the half of it, has my respect."

"Thank you," I whispered and pulled his head down to mine. He kissed me sweetly, gently before I nipped his lower lip. It seemed Diets liked that. He growled and started kissing me fiercely as his fingers moved faster inside of me. "I'm ready. Fuck me, Diets. I'm getting too close and I want to come on your cock."

"Dirty mouthed angel," he groaned and pulled his fingers from my ass.

"You like it when I talk dirty to you?"

"Oh yeah. You look so innocent, and when you talk like that, it makes me think there's so much to you that I want to explore."

"Well, I'm very flexible. So there are a lot of positions I know I want to try," I said with a purr as I felt his cock push against my hole.

"Right now?" Diets asked, swallowing so loudly I could hear it.

"How do you want me?" I panted, leaning up on my elbows so he could see the desire on my face I knew was there. "I trust you to make sure I don't fall or get hurt. If there's something you want, Diets. All you have to do is ask."

“Do you like it hard and fast?”

“So far I’ve loved all of it.” I giggled and squirmed so his cock pushed against me again.

“There’s something I’ve always wanted to try,” he moaned as he moved me around on the bed. “Just for a little while. If you don’t like it, just say something, okay?”

“Okay,” I squeaked out as he folded me in half so my knees were by my ears. Then Diets turned around so his legs were on either side of mine, his feet by my head. I was trying to visualize how this would work when he started to push inside of me. His thighs were brushing the backs of mine as he worked his cock in deeper.

He said something so quietly I couldn’t even hear it with my shifter hearing. I swear it sounded like, “my own fantasy angel.” And the thought he saw me that way made me smile. I groaned when his balls sat on top of mine, his cock all the way in me.

“Does it hurt?” Diets asked through clenched teeth. It warmed my heart to know he was restraining himself until he knew I was okay.

“No, just different. You’ve got a huge cock, Diets. Ram it into my tight ass.”

“Oh fuck,” he groaned and started pounding into me. It was a little hard to take deep breaths in this position, but it was worth it. “You feel like heaven, angel. It’s never been this good before.”

“Harder, Diets. You’re not fucking me hard enough if you can still talk,” I said, egging him on. He grunted and picked up the pace at a punishing rhythm. I knew I’d feel this for days, and I loved it.

“Kinky-hot-angel,” he gasped as he got closer. Then suddenly he froze.

“What’s wrong?” I whimpered.

“I forgot a condom, fuck,” Diets cursed as he pulled out of me. “I’m so sorry, Shem. You trusted me to not hurt you, and I didn’t protect you.”

“Diets, wait. Come here,” I panted, holding my hand out to him as he moved away. I lowered my legs with a groan as he took my hand.

“It’s okay. I knew you weren’t wearing one. I’m a shifter. We can’t get sick. I can’t get a human disease or give them. You’re safe with me, and even if you’re not clean, you can’t hurt me.”

“I am clean, for the record,” he said as he moved back over me. He kissed my neck, latching on and sucking hard so I’d have a mark. “I get tested all the time for my job. And it’s been over a year since I’ve been with anyone.”

“I trust you,” I replied softly as I ran my hands over his back. “I should have told you about the condom thing. My bad.”

“Does that mean we can keep going? Because I’m so hard it hurts,” Diets whimpered as he rubbed his cock over mine.

“Yes, gods, yes. Fuck me. I need to come,” I begged as I lifted my legs over his hips. He growled and slid back inside of me easily. I gasped and arched my back as he hit my prostate.

“Oh, my angel likes that, does he?” He did it again, his cock nailing my sweet spot. I purred and nodded, knowing he’d see it when I couldn’t voice the words. “What do you want, Shem?”

“You, I want you, Diets!”

“I’m here, baby,” he whispered in my ear before nipping my lobe. “Do you want to come, Shem? Beg me to let you come on my cock.”

“Yes, please, Diets. Please, I need so badly.”

“Come for me, angel,” Diets demanded as he fucked me hard and fast. He reached down and ran his thumb over the slit of my cock. That’s all it took. I screamed out his name as I came so hard lights flashed behind my eyes.

Seconds later, I heard Diets groan my name as he flooded my spasming passage with his seed. He collapsed on top of me, and I relished in the feel of his weight as I wrapped myself tighter around him. I swallowed my fear and grief that this might be our only time together, but he must have noticed a change in me.

“What’s wrong, angel?” He panted in my ear as he ran his hands down my sides.

“Nothing. I don’t want to put pressure on you. What you’ve asked for is reasonable.”

“Tell me anyways,” he said gently as he leaned off of me and cupped my cheek.

“I’m just scared this will be the only time you take me. That I’m going to lose you.” I shrugged and started to pull away.

“I have a feeling I’ll be back for seconds.” Diets chuckled but let me go. “I’ve never come so hard in my life, never wanted someone the way I want you. And the idea of being with you *and* Curtis... well, that just makes me ready to blow without even touching my cock.”

“Does that mean you’re ready for me to claim you?” I asked, trying to taper down my excitement at his words.

“I’m scared, Shem,” he admitted as he started shivering. “This is a big step. I mean you’ll be able to feel my emotions, and we’ll be tied together. But I’m more afraid of losing you before we get to explore whatever this is.”

“We’re tied together whether I claim you or not, Diets,” I said gently as I felt around for the lube. I heard him start to speak as I found it and held up my hand. “I know that’s hard to understand, and I get why you need time to wrap your mind around the idea. But it’s the truth, and I refuse to lie to you.”

“I appreciate that.” He took the lube from me, and I heard the cap snap closed. “You need me to get myself ready since you can’t see?”

“Actually, because I’m dying to claim you as my mate and I won’t risk my hands changing into claws when I’m touching you there.”

“I appreciate that, too.” Diets chuckled and then moaned. God, I wanted to watch him stretch himself for me. I let the change flow over me so I was in my half and half form. “It’s you, but it’s not when you’re like that. And I still want you. This is going to take some getting used to.”

“I know.” I nodded as I focused on what little I could see of his fingers in his ass. “You started with more than one finger.”

“I’m not much for being the bottom. I’m too much of a control freak for that. But I do like to play with my ass and have toys at home.”

“I’ve never played with toys,” I moaned as I started stroking my cock which was getting hard again. “Curtis and I haven’t gotten that far.”

“Will you wait for me? Can I be there when you do?”

“What if you don’t come back?” I asked, voicing my greatest fear.

“We’ll have to cross that bridge when we get to it. But right now, I plan on coming back, Shem. I just need to take things slowly. I want to get to know you and Curtis before just announcing I’m in and sign me up. Doesn’t mean I’m not open to dating and taking baby steps to get to where you guys are. This is a lot, but what you guys are doesn’t scare me or make me want you any less. I just don’t know how I can fit in your world.”

“I have a friend, Avery Donovan, who’s mated to two humans. Would you want to talk with them? Maybe that would help you?”

“Yeah, I think that would be a good idea,” he answered after a few minutes. “I’m ready for you, angel.”

“On your hands and knees, Diets,” I snarled as my cat was ready to claim our mate. I saw enough of him to see when he was in position and moved behind him.

“Will it hurt? The bite?”

“It might for a second, but Curtis loves it when I bite him,” I answered as I ran my hands down his back, careful of the claws. “And when he bites and drinks from me, I can come just from that. It’s so intense that I just explode.”

“Okay, then.” He snickered and then took a few deep breaths. “I’m ready, Shem.”

“Thank you for giving yourself to me,” I whispered and kissed his back as I pushed inside of him. “I know this is hard on you, and I know the chance your taking. I swear I’ve not lied about any of this.”



“I believe you,” he gasped as I thrust in gently. “Oh god, I’ve never liked being taken before.”

“Before?” I asked, wondering what that meant about now. We both groaned as I bottomed out inside of him. “What about now, Diets?”

“I–It feels r–right.”

“I’m so glad,” I sighed and rubbed my cheek over his back. “I don’t want anything to ever be bad for you. I want you to be happy.”

“I know that. You were willing to die instead of forcing this on me. That kind of selflessness can’t be ignored, angel.”

We lay there together for a few moments before he snapped his hips, letting me know he was ready for me to move. I knelt up and grabbed his hips as I started to pull out. When the head of my cock was all that was left inside of him, I thrust right back in.

“Oh shit, Shem. Give it to me, baby. I want you to fuck me like the animal I know you are.”

“As my mate wants,” I snarled and pounded into him. I loved the feeling of his strong, muscular body shaking with desire for me to please him. I wasn’t about to fail him. Riding him hard and fast, I ran my cheetah tongue over his neck and shoulders.

I was in heaven. Diets was taking the leap of faith enough to be with me after everything he learned. Even more so since he trusted me to top and claim him.

“Gonna come,” he grunted as he reached down and stroked his cock. “So fucking good, Shem.”

“Glad you like it because I’m loving being inside of you,” I hissed in his ear. “I’m going to claim you now, Diets.”

“Do it. Make me yours, angel.”

I gasped in shock at what he said. My need to claim him was so strong I didn’t hesitate. I sank my teeth into his shoulder, piercing the skin and drinking down his blood. He cried out under me, shouting my name as he came. The muscles in his ass massaged my cock, as if demanding my climax.

Lifting my head, I roared out my release as I pumped it into his ass. Diets collapsed under me, and I caught myself in time to not crush him. My cock was still pulsing inside of him as he groaned and twitched under me. When my orgasm passed, I shifted back and fell to the side of him.

“Yeah, I’ll be coming back,” Diets panted as he wrapped an arm around me and pulled me back to his chest. I snuggled against him, letting him spoon me as I caught my breath. “You were wonderful, my angel. This feels so right being here with you.”

“I feel the same way,” I said as sleep started to pull me under. I wanted to say more, tell him so much more, but everything just caught up with me all at once. And seconds later, I was out like a light in the arms of my mate.

\* \* \* \*

I woke alone and horny. While Diets didn’t know it was going to happen, since I didn’t want to put any more pressure on him, I was in honeymoon heat. He’d made us promise not to add anything to his knowledge already or any other reason he couldn’t leave. Though Curtis could take care of my needs, I was sad to wake and smell Diets was gone. It did help when I realized he’d cleaned me up though. At least he cared enough to do that.

And he was gone. His scent was thinned out enough to let me know he’d left at least an hour ago. I needed to find Curtis and not stumble along with my cane, looking weak in front of his vampires, so I decided to shift into cheetah form. It would help me map out the house and track down Curtis faster.

I got out of bed, made my way to the door, and tuned the knob before shifting effortlessly. Then I made my way down the hall, carefully taking in my surroundings while counting steps and committing them to memory. My human steps were shorter than my

cheetah ones, but I'd learned long ago how to convert them accordingly.

Making my way down the stairs, I saw several of the vampires we'd met with this morning. A few gave me a nod of acknowledgement, while others just moved out of my way. I sniffed my mate out and found him in one of the dining rooms with my brothers.

"Shem, where's Diets?" Curtis asked when he saw me and stood. Did he think I could answer right then? He must have figured it out because he started chuckling and pulled his shirt off. I got the request, and since it was just him and my brothers, I shifted back to human form. He quickly dressed me in his shirt before pulling me into his arms. "Now you can talk to me."

"I guess he left," I answered, marking him with my scent as I rubbed against him suggestively. "I woke up alone and needing. Think you can help me with that problem, my mate?"

"I think that can be arranged." He chuckled. "Can we pick this meeting up tomorrow guys?"

"Of course," Cass answered, and I heard them all moving. "See you guys in the morning."

"Love you all," I called out in between licking my mate's neck. "Tell me you have lube."

"I started carrying it all the time once we mated and I realized how insatiable you are, angel."

"Good," I purred as I moved to find the table. When I did, I hopped up on it and yanked back off his shirt. I brought my feet up onto the table, knowing he'd have a perfect view of what I was offering. "Someone could walk in on us while you're fucking me within an inch of my life."

"Does that turn you on, you little exhibitionist?"

"Oh yeah," I moaned and leaned back as I felt his tongue lick my hole.

“Do you think he’ll be back?” Curtis asked gently as he stood, and I heard the rustling of clothes.

“He said he would be, but then I woke alone. Not sure what to make of that. Diets said he’d need time and wanted to take things slowly. But does he even have our numbers? I don’t have his.”

“We’ll give him some time, angel. If he doesn’t contact us, we can track him down through the fire department. Did, um, things work well?”

“Yeah, we fit that way.” I giggled and then moaned when he rubbed slicked fingers over my hole. “He’s rather inventive with positions. I can see the two of you being with me at the same time trying to figure out just how flexible I am.”

“Sounds like a plan,” he growled as he pushed in two fingers. “I want your legs spread and in the air, Shem. I’m going to punish your tight ass for your behavior earlier.”

“What did I do wrong?”

“You were willing to let him walk out of here and just die,” Curtis ground out as he fucked me with his finger. Before I could answer, he pulled me to the edge of the table while I moved my legs in the air. His hand suddenly slapped my ass hard. “You were going to give up and leave me. What did you think that would do to me, Shem?”

“No, that’s not what I wanted,” I cried out as he spanked me again. It hurt at first, but then it burned and radiated out, and I moaned. “I wanted us to be a family. But it seemed he wouldn’t accept us because we’re not human. I wasn’t going to force him.”

“I didn’t mean force him, but you weren’t giving him all the facts either!” He smacked my ass a few more times as he shoved in another finger roughly. “You can’t ever give up like that, angel. I’d die if you left me, and I mean that literally. Were you willing to throw away my life to give him his?”

“No,” I whispered, not having thought of it like that. “Jesus, Curtis. I wasn’t thinking. I swear to you I didn’t connect those dots and put it together. I—I just, when he didn’t want me—I couldn’t.”

“So his needs or stubbornness aren’t more important than my needs and life?”

“Gods no!” I gasped and sat up. Except my ass was hanging off the table and Curtis had his fingers in me. I started to fall, but my mate caught me, growling when his fingers slid out of me so he could support my weight. “I love you, Curtis. You’re my life. I didn’t think. I’d never hurt you or put someone else before you.”

“You did hurt me, Shem.” He sniffled and wrapped his arms around me. “Do you understand how it seemed to me? That you were willing to just give up and die so he wasn’t uncomfortable and forced to face the situation.”

“I’m so sorry,” I cried against his shoulder. “That’s not how it went in my head, Curtis. I wasn’t thinking about death or even the consequences, just the rejection. I’m so fucking sorry.”

“Okay, angel,” he whispered and kissed my temple. “That’s what I needed to hear. I can’t hear your thoughts. I didn’t know what was going through that pretty head of yours. I simply knew you were upset.”

“I love *you*, Curtis. I don’t even know him. I’d do anything for you. I just had my head up my ass.”

“I think my head needs to be up your ass,” Curtis hissed in my ear as he squeezed my ass hard. “But I’m still going to spank you so you never forget that what happens to you happens to me, too.”

“Do it, I deserve that,” I replied as I slid down his body. I made sure to rub my erection over him along the way so he knew I liked the idea. He got the idea and growled as he spun me around and pushed me down over the table.

Curtis was good to his word, spanking me hard as he fondled my sac and hole. When he was satisfied I’d learned my lesson, he fucked me until I was hoarse from screaming so loudly into my arms. It was after we were both spent and I was sitting in his lap cuddling that I realized my big vampire mate was quietly crying.

“It’s okay, Curtis,” I whispered and turned around so I could hug him.

“It’s *not* okay, Shem.” He hiccupped. “I could have lost you. When he went to leave, I thought I was going to lose my mind. You can’t ever leave me, Shem. I’d crumble without you.”

“Not going anywhere, my mate. You’re stuck with me because I love you so much.”

“Good, good,” Curtis said in between big gulps of air. “I’m sorry I was rough and all over the place. I was just so fucking scared, angel.”

“I claimed him, nothing to be scared of now,” I replied, not sure that was the case. I was tied to Diets now, and I didn’t know how that would affect me if he didn’t come back. But I figured right now was just one day at a time, and we’d see.

## Chapter 7

Later that night my cell rang while Curtis was taking a shower. I reached over to the nightstand to grab it, wondering who it could be since most everyone I talked to on the phone was in the house with me. But then again, my brothers would be very lazy cats when they wanted to be.

“Hello?”

“Hey, angel.” Diets’s deep, whiskey drawl came over the phone.

“Oh, hi,” I gasped, shocked that he called already.

“I’m so sorry I had to leave you earlier. I got called into work, and I couldn’t find paper to write you a note. Then I realized how a note wouldn’t help you much anyways. I tried to find Curtis when I left, but he wasn’t around. You seemed so tired earlier and were sleeping so peacefully I didn’t have the heart to wake you up.”

“It’s okay. I’m just glad you called. I didn’t have your number, so we didn’t know how we’d get in touch from you. But you programmed it into your phone, didn’t you?”

“I—I hope that’s okay?” he asked hesitantly.

“It’s perfect,” I purred as I snuggled into the pillows. “Thank you for calling and letting me know. I was kind of worried I didn’t rock your world as much as you did mine.”

“Oh, no, angel. My world was rocked all over the place.” He chuckled seductively, and I felt myself get hard. “Did I wake you?”

“No, Curtis is just taking a shower before—” I started to answer and realized he might not want to hear about my sex life with our mate. “You said you didn’t want to hear anymore, never mind.”

“Okay, but I’m asking you now what’s going on,” Diets drawled.

“You said you didn’t want any more pressure or loopholes to keep you from walking out the door,” I whispered as my erection deflated.

“But I already left, and there’s no pressure. You are worrying me now, Shem.”

“Remember when I said that I go into heat with the lunar cycle?” I asked, taking a deep, shaking breath.

“Yeah.”

“I go into a honeymoon heat as well after claiming my mates. So I was going to say that Curtis is taking a shower before I jump him again.”

“Explain to me what that means for you? What can I expect if I’m around when you’re in heat?”

“I’m constantly horny for my mates,” I answered and had a visual of both my mates touching and pleasing me. I moaned into the phone as my cock filled back up. “It starts the day before the full moon and ends the day after. So for those three days I’m pretty much the horniest kitty in the world. I begged Curtis to fuck me on the dining room table when I woke up earlier, and I’m ready to go again.”

“I’m sorry I missed that,” Diets said, clearing his throat. “So you didn’t want to tell me that you’d be going through this now so I didn’t feel trapped?”

“It honestly didn’t cross my mind until after I woke up because everything happened so fast.” I reached over and grabbed the lube, squirting some on my fingers while I balanced the phone to my ear. Then I closed the cap and tossed it by the pillow before reaching down and rubbing my fingers over my hole. “You have to remember that most supernaturals know most of the rules of each other. I can’t promise some things won’t pop up that I forgot to tell you.”

“Like the spot where you bit me would be an erogenous zone for me?”

“Shit,” I gasped as I pushed in two fingers. “Yeah, like that.”



“Why are you panting, angel?” he asked, his voice dropping low and sensual. “Are you touching yourself while on the phone with me?”

“I’m fingering my ass thinking about your cock in me,” I admitted after a moment. No point in lying to him. “I hope you don’t mind, but I told Curtis you were quite inventive in bed. I hope one day the two of you together will try to find out just how flexible I am.”

“You tease,” he hissed in my ear, and I heard the distinct sound of a zipper over the line.

“Who’s teasing?” I purred as I slid in a third finger. “You’re always welcome in our bed and to my ass. I’m your mate. It’s one of the perks.”

“Jesus, Shem,” he moaned in my ear.

“Do that again and I might blow without touching my cock, Diets.”

“Or put it on speaker and he can listen to me fuck you, baby,” Curtis growled as he got into bed. I’d been so distracted I’d not realized he’d gotten out of the shower.

“Would you like that, Diets? Would you want to hear Curtis fuck me?”

“Yes,” he hissed loudly. I handed Curtis the phone for him to figure out how to put it on speaker as I pulled my fingers out of my ass.

“I stretched myself for you, Curtis. Fuck me hard and fast. Your mate is horny and needing,” I begged as I rolled over and presented myself to him.

“My pleasure, angel,” he groaned as he moved behind me.

“This is the best phone sex ever,” Diets moaned by my ear. Curtis had put the phone on speaker and then put it on the pillow with me.

“You should see it live,” Curtis offered and the thrust hard into me. I cried out as my back arched, and I fisted the sheets. “Our angel likes the bite of pain when you slam into him after he’s prepared.”

“Good to know,” Diets panted. I purred loudly enough for both of them to hear as Curtis pulled out fast and thrust back in even faster. “How does his cock feel, angel?”

“As good as yours,” I moaned. “You should try it some time. Curtis knows how to give you exactly what you need without asking.”

“Thank you, my mate,” Curtis grunted as he took me harder. “You’re very expressive in bed. You don’t hold anything back, so I know what you like right then.”

“I noticed that, too,” Diets said. “Did you tell him how I fucked you, angel? Maybe you should tell him how I folded you in half and pounded into your sweet ass.”

“His feet were by my head,” I groaned as Curtis changed the angle and nailed my sweet spot. “And he was over me, his balls hitting mine as he took me upside down.”

“Oh sweet hell,” Curtis moaned and reached around to stroke my cock. “That is flexible.”

“I like to keep my men happy.” I whimpered as he ran his thumb over the slit. “I’m going to come.”

“Do it, come now,” they both demanded. That’s all it took. My cock exploded as I screamed. I heard Diets making happy noises in the background as Curtis leaned over and sank his fangs in my neck.

“Oh fuck,” I shouted as my orgasm kicked up a notch. He took just a sip since he’d already fed from me today. But he knew how much I loved him sinking his teeth into me when I was climaxing. It was like he was connected to me in every way.

“I love you, baby,” Curtis roared out, lifting his head as he shot his load inside of me. His seed coated my passage, and I groaned at the feeling of him marking me. When we were both spent, he collapsed on the side of me, pulling me down against his chest as I reached for the phone.

“Why did you start screaming all over again?” Diets asked after a moment, still panting.

“He sank his fangs into me,” I purred as Curtis nuzzled my neck. “When he does it as I’m coming, it sends me into a second tailspin, one that just fucking rocks.”

“I think I’d like to try that,” he whispered as Curtis and I froze. “I can say that, right? I mean he’s just as much my mate as you are.”

“Yes, we’re all mates,” I answered, wanting to pump my fist in the air. Curtis ran his hand over my hip as I felt his cock renewing against my back. Seemed he liked the idea as well. “We should get some sleep before the next round starts.”

“Maybe I should come over tomorrow for lunch and help you out with that,” Diets said softly as if he didn’t know if he’d be welcome.

“I’d love that,” I groaned. “Do you want to just keep it us are you okay with Curtis joining us?”

“I think it’s best to keep it separate for now,” he answered after a moment. “How about we all have lunch, I can scratch that itch for you, and then maybe Curtis and I can hang out for a while. I’d like to get to know you guys, ya know what I mean?”

“Yeah, we get it,” Curtis said as he hugged me. “You’re trying, Diets. That’s all we can ask for. We’ll see you at noon for lunch then?”

“It’s a date,” Diets replied and then made kissy noises in the phone. “Thanks for the best phone sex ever. I’m going to sleep like a baby after that orgasm.”

“Glad we could help.” I giggled as we hung up.

“Everything’s going to work out, my angel cheetah,” Curtis whispered, kissing my neck as he pulled the covers up over us. I nodded as I snuggled against him. He was right. Diets would get more comfortable with us over time, and we’d all be a family. I couldn’t wait, but if Diets needed patience from us, we could do that for our mate.

Over the next few weeks, we dated Diets. Sometimes we'd all have dinner together or watch a movie, but when things got intimate, he still didn't feel comfortable with both of us. He had a strange work schedule, twenty-four hours on and then two days off, unless there was an emergency. But my schedule was flexible since I was helping Curtis now.

We spent most of our time loving each other and working to fix what was broken with the covens when we weren't with Diets. Curtis admitted to me one night that he got sad when Diets went home at night instead of coming to our bed where he belonged. I felt the same way. And while things were progressing, it was slower than most mates were used to.

I think overall it's a supernatural thing to jump in the deep end on most things and see if you can sink or swim. It's how we were with mating and our lives. I didn't know if there was a human stigma about commitment or if just not growing up with the knowledge of mates made our ways just seem so odd.

We also did a lot of talking. Diets would call from the station when there was downtime and talk with both or one of us. It was nice and low pressure. We'd watched TV a few nights together that way when Curtis had business to attend to.

And was our mate ever curious. I mean, I knew our ways and lives were different, but even other stuff, like my schooling. Diets wanted to know everything about me and why I liked what I did. It was nice. It made me feel special to him when he was being so cautious. He also liked to give gifts. Most dates he had something for me, normally smaller things that were so thoughtful.

For instance, he found me a label maker that printed in Braille. He said with the move, new roles in Curtis' household, he figured it would make life a little easier on me. Other times it was gag gifts. I told him I thought I needed a cowboy hat now that I was living in South Dakota instead of the East Coast. Next date, he showed up with

one for me. It was things like that that had me totally and utterly in love with him.

He did the same for Curtis. Diets didn't make either of us feel we were second best. He'd just spent more time with me so far, and we knew each other better.

We were waiting for him to get off shift at a local restaurant that he and Curtis loved when my phone rang.

"Hey, angel," Diets said when I answered. "I'm sorry it's so last minute, but I have to cancel our date. I was just leaving when the alarm sounded for an all hands on deck call. I'm on my way there now, so I can't really talk."

"We understand," I replied as Curtis took my hand, so I knew he heard, too. "Just be safe and call us when you're home so we can reschedule."

"Thanks for being cool about it. Give Curtis a kiss from me."

"You bet." I giggled as we hung up.

"You okay, my angel?"

"Yeah, I just don't like that his job is so dangerous when he's more fragile than we are." I sighed. We were interrupted then by the waiter and ordered. I tried a local treat, fried pickles. And as normal, I was incredibly graceful, biting the end since it was hot and pulling the whole thing out of the fried shell.

Curtis laughed so hard as it dropped out of my mouth and onto my plate. I flipped him off as I wiped my mouth, and before I could say anything, he sucked my finger into his mouth. In retaliation, I rubbed my foot over his leg suggestively, and we both started laughing. I loved that about Curtis. He was always fun no matter what we were doing.

We finished dinner and left after Curtis paid the check. Then he helped me back to his vehicle before we headed home. He took my hand in his as we drove along and sat in a comfortable silence.

“Holy shit,” Curtis gasped, and I smelled the smoke a few blocks away. “That’s gotta be the fire he was called into. I think we should pull over and see what happens, Shem.”

“That bad?” I asked quietly as he put on his signal and pulled over.

“Yeah, angel. That bad,” he answered as he threw the vehicle in park. Curtis came around to help me out after I got the door open. “I know you don’t like being around this kind of stuff when you can’t see, but I’ll keep us far enough away, okay?”

“I trust you, big guy,” I said, trying to lighten the mood. I could feel apprehension flowing off Curtis in waves, which scared the shit out of me since he was normally so calm and collected. He led me for about a block before stopping. I smelled so much smoke it was scaring the shit out of me. Was Diets really in there? I really hoped not.

As if fate just *had* to fuck with me, I suddenly felt Diets’s fear in waves. It had to be intense for me to feel it when we were that far away. Then I felt Curtis’ panic, and I knew it had to be bad.

“Everyone out, the building’s going to go,” someone shouted, and I guessed it was one of the other firemen.

“Go,” I said to Curtis as I squeezed his hand. “Go save our mate. He’s in there. I can smell him.”

“Where is he? I can’t smell anything but smoke,” Curtis asked, panic in his voice.

“Far back corner, right side,” I said, praying I was right. “I don’t know what floor.”

“Stay right here, okay? I’ll come back for you,” he replied and leaned down to kiss me. “I love you, my angel.”

“I love you, too,” I said, swallowing my own fear. “You keep your ass alive, you hear me? I will be so pissed if you die.”

“I’ll bring him back,” Curtis whispered, giving me another quick kiss before letting me go. Fuck, I hated being blind! There I stood, completely useless unless I was planning on shifting in front of a

bunch of humans. I tried my best to keep my emotions under control, knowing Curtis would need to focus to find Diets.

Someone bumped into me, and I had nothing to grab onto as I fell. I picked myself up in time to have someone else crash into me. I started moving farther away, trusting my sense of smell that I was going the right way. Finally, my back bumped something, and I realized it was a building I could lean against out of the way.

It felt like hours that I waited. Since I couldn't read the time on my phone, I had no clue how long it really was. But I guessed it was closer to twenty minutes of agonizing waiting. I sent up silent prayers that my parents were able to watch over my mates for me when I couldn't.

"Shem! Where you are Shem?" Curtis called out finally.

"I'm here," I shouted and waved my hands. Seconds later he was there pulling me into his arms. "I love you."

"I love you, too, baby," he whispered in my ear. "I found him. He was trapped under a fallen beam."

"H-How is he?"

"He was dying, so I drank from him and gave him my blood. The humans won't know why, but he'll heal now when he wouldn't have before. I got the beam off of him and carried him out after I did it. I couldn't risk someone seeing us, and he's totally out of it."

"Can we see him?"

"They took him away in the ambulance already," he answered, taking my hand and leading me back to his car. "I know which hospital they're going to. We'll go find him now. The firemen were calling after me to answer questions, so we might have a few issues at the hospital, but I don't care. We can figure an explanation out. Losing him wasn't an option."

"I agree," I said, squeezing his hand before he got me in the vehicle. Moments later, Curtis was racing towards the hospital. "You're amazing, you know that?"

"Me? Why?"

“You raced into a burning building, risking yourself to save our mate,” I answered, shocked he didn’t know what I’d meant. “You thought quickly on your feet, giving your blood and strength to help him survive.”

“He’ll have your strength, too, since you’ve claimed him,” Curtis said after a moment. “Worst case, he’s got some injuries he doesn’t fully recover from. But by the time the ambulance was pulling away, his pulse was stronger, and he wasn’t having as much trouble breathing.”

“He won’t be mad you mated him given the circumstances, Curtis.” I could feel his angst and assumed that’s what it was from. Curtis and Diets hadn’t discussed Curtis claiming him yet. But since he did it to save Diets’s life, I was pretty sure he’d get a free pass from the man we loved.

“I just keep wondering if I had to do it. I really do think I did it to keep him alive. I’m not a doctor, and I’ve never been around humans that much. But I don’t think a heart can sound that weak and recover again. And he could barely breathe.”

“I would have done the same thing,” I said firmly as he stopped the car. We got out, and Curtis led me into the hospital as quickly as he could.

“We’re here for Lieutenant Dieter Sheron,” Curtis informed someone.

“He’s being taken into surgery,” the woman said after a moment. “Are you family?”

“I’m his blind brother,” I replied, shamelessly trying to gain her sympathy. Being a boyfriend or girlfriend wasn’t enough to get access to your loved ones. “This is my husband.”

“I’ll let the doctor know the lieutenant has family here,” she said after a moment. “You want the surgical waiting room, sixth floor. Turn right when you get off the elevators and follow the signs.”



“Thank you, ma’am,” I replied, putting my hand over my heart and giving her a slight bow. It’s not like I could reach out and see her hand to shake.

Curtis said thank you as well and got us onto the elevator.

“Smart thinking,” he whispered in my ear.

“Yeah, but the other firemen would know if he had a brother probably,” I grumbled.

The elevator dinged then, and Curtis got us to our destination. He helped me find a seat before telling me he needed something to drink and he’d grab me a pop.

“Are you okay?” I asked when he came back and gave me my drink. “You were in there, too. Are you hurt?”

“No, I’m fine, angel,” he answered, taking my hand. “I feel like I’ve smoked a carton of cigarettes, but nothing that won’t clear up by tomorrow.”

“Good,” I said before taking a sip of my pop. We didn’t talk for a long while, trying to give each other silent comfort as we waited. And waited. And then we waited some more while losing what was left of our minds.

Somewhere along the waiting marathon, Curtis called my brother, Cass. Shortly thereafter, all my brothers came in full force with snacks and coffee. Then some of the firemen I’m assuming worked with Diets started joining us.

“I was told Diets’s brother is here,” a man said loudly. Well, fuck, this was going to suck.

“Me,” I squeaked out, clearing my throat and trying again. I heard the guy approach me and then invade my space on the chair while Curtis started to growl at the guy. The man put his hands on both armrest and leaned in to my ear.

“Diets doesn’t have any brothers,” he whispered. “But you’re just like he described the man he was in love with. Shem, I assume?”

“Yeah,” I sighed, realizing the guy wasn’t a jerk. “Sorry, but they wouldn’t give a flying fart that I’m his boyfriend. I figured since Diets

spent some time in the foster system, maybe I could get away with saying a foster brother.”

“Smart and cute, Diets is a lucky guy.” The man chuckled and backed away. I reached to take the guys hand. “Right, forgot you’re blind, sorry. I’m Kaleb Bauer. Diets is my best friend.”

“Nice to meet you, Shem Cowell.”

“And I’m Ham Cowell,” my older litter-mate purred as he joined us. “Diets has such attractive and hot friends.”

“Oh, fuck,” Curtis groaned under his breath. “This is so not the time or place for this.”

“So what if he wants to flirt, it—” And then it hit me. Ham wasn’t a flirt. “Oh, fuck me sideways.”

“Cass, you might want to come over here,” Curtis said as he took my hand. I heard them whispering together for a moment as my brother and the fireman flirted.

“Are you free tomorrow for some lunch?” Ham asked Kaleb. “I know there are a few things on you I’d like to eat.”

“Depends,” Kaleb drawled. “Are you normally this flirtatious? Am I just going to be a notch in your headboard?”

“Ham flirt?” I busted out laughing, completely shocked with the idea of my eldest, introverted litter-mate being thought of as a player. “Yeah, because he’s got such great lines. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him flirt or date.”

“Hey, I can flirt,” Ham said softly, and I could hear the pout in his voice.

“What you said got me hard, baby. I think you did a great job as long as it’s only directed at me,” Kaleb whispered before leading my brother away. Well, at least some good might come out of all of this. It would be nice for Diets to have someone to talk to about all of this, but I wasn’t envious of Ham trying to fill Kaleb in. I couldn’t even think about all of this right now. I had bigger issues on my plate.

## Chapter 8

“Is one of you Dieter Sheron’s brother?” I heard a man ask, waking me up. I didn’t think I had it in me to sleep, but I must have dozed off at some point.

“Yes, that’s me. How is he?”

“He’s resting in recovery. I’m Dr. James,” the man said gently as he moved closer to me. “When he first came in, we took X-rays, and they showed he had a crushed pelvis. There must have been something wrong with the machine because when we took him into surgery, there was only a small hairline fracture. I apologize for that, and we called in techs to check out the equipment.”

“Better to be safe than sorry,” I replied, waving away the doctor’s concerns. I knew it had nothing to do with the doctor’s machine and everything to do with being mated to a shifter and vampire. “How is he otherwise?”

“He’s healing remarkably well considering how he came in,” the doc replied, confusion in his voice. “We had to set his leg back into his hip socket, some stitches, and he’s got a concussion. I’d like to keep him for observation.”

“I’m Curtis Booth, Shem’s husband. If it’s all right, I called in my private physician, so Diets can recover at my estate.”

“Oh, of course, Mr. Booth,” Dr. James replied. “I was sorry to hear about your brother’s passing. I know the board of directors was looking to talk with you about taking his spot on the board.”

“Yes, I apologize for not replying yet. With Harold’s passing, there’s been a lot to take over with the estate. I know he had some

funds set aside for another donation this year, and my attorney is sorting it out.”

“I’ll let the board know to expect your call. But I can discharge your brother-in-law into your care within the hour if that’s what you’d like. I can also set up an ambulance for transport.”

“That would be wonderful, Dr. James,” my mate said smoothly.

“Thank you so much, doc,” I sighed, feeling a huge weight lifted. The doctor said his goodbyes after assuring us the paperwork would be handled right away and we’d get instructions for Diets’s care. When we were alone, I asked the question on my mind. “Board of directors?”

“Helps our image in the community if we donate money, and since we have ties with blood banks, the hospital was the likely choice,” Curtis explained quietly. “We needed to get Diets out of here before they start asking too many questions about his miraculous recovery.”

“I understand,” I replied, giving him a quick kiss. “You really are full of surprises.”

“I have to keep my mates on their toes.” Curtis chuckled.

As the doc had said, within the hour Diets was discharged and being transported to home. The things you can get done when you have money and an influential name to back it up. When we were all home, Curtis showed them our room for Diets, tipping the paramedics for their help and time. I wasn’t sure if that’s what you did, but Curtis knew what he was doing.

When we were alone, I crawled into bed with Diets, needing to touch him more than I needed air right then. He groaned slightly when I touched his cheek.

“They said the sedatives should be wearing off, but we’ve got pills for his pain if he needs them,” Curtis said softly as he moved to the other side of Diets.

“I’m good for now,” Diets croaked out. “Water would be nice.”

“Anything you want, big guy,” I said gently as I heard Curtis move to get the water. “Don’t you ever scare us like that again! I’m going to tie you down to this bed for the rest of our lives.”

“You can tie me down naked any day you want, angel.”

“You know what I mean.” I sniffled, trying to fight back the tears.

“I’m okay, Shem. Someone got me out.”

“Curtis did,” I replied. “The building was going, and everyone was getting pulled out, but I felt your distress, so Curtis went storming in there.”

“How am I not crippled? I remember part of the building falling on me. I thought I was dead.”

“I drank from you and gave you some of my blood,” Curtis said, and I heard Diets sputter his water.

“Don’t you dare get upset,” I growled. “He saved your life by mating you. You were dying, and he didn’t know what else to do.”

“I’m not mad,” Diets whispered. “Surprised is all. Thank you, Curtis. I know you took a big risk at getting outed by doing that.”

“You’re more important to us than that,” Curtis said, kissing Diets. “I couldn’t sit back and do nothing when one of the men I love needed help.”

“I love you, too,” Diets replied after a moment. Then he took my hand. “I love you, too, angel. You both were the only thoughts on my mind when it happened. I was so sad that I thought I’d never get to tell you both I loved you.”

“I love you, too, Diets,” I purred, nuzzling his shoulder. We all lay there for a few minutes, enjoying our glow from admitting how we all felt about each other. But then of course the real world had to come crashing back in.

“Sooo, if Curtis came rushing in to save me with everyone else was pulling out... How did you guys explain that one?”

“We didn’t,” Curtis answered. “I helped them get you loaded into the ambulance and ran back to Shem.”

“How were you guys even there?” Diets asked, and I snuggled up as Curtis explained everything up until Diets woke up.

“Oh, and we’re pretty sure that Kaleb and my brother, Ham, are mates.” I giggled when they were done. “So we might need your help explaining to your friend what’s going on so I don’t lose my brother.”

“That’s going to be a fun conversation,” Diets groaned. “I think I’d like something for the pain after all.”

“Curtis, it’s Mitchell,” the man said as he pounded on the door. Our mate hopped off the bed and let him in. “Mel’s escaped somehow. One of my men went to check on him for the night, and he was gone.”

“And the hits just keep on coming,” Curtis growled. “How did this happen?”

“I think there’s someone still here that was loyal to your brother,” Mitchell answered. “I know none of my men would be a part of this.”

“Find him and contact Conley. I want all the covens on the lookout for him. Put the house on lockdown. His accomplice will be missing with him most likely, but have your men question the others here. Post two guards on Shem and Diets at all times. I’m not taking any risks with their safety.”

“Someone needs to let Cass know as well,” I said.

“Who’s Mel?” Diets asked after swallowing down his pill. “And why do we need guards?”

I quickly filled our mate in while Curtis made some calls and talked to Cass. By the time I was done, I was really tired of all this crap Curtis had to go through because of his asshole brother.

“So why come after us?”

“Because being mated ties us together, we can feel each other’s emotions since we’ve all mated. For vampires, it’s different. Our life lines intermingle. You’re immortal now, and if one of us dies, Curtis will most likely as well.”

“Well, good thing I’ll be living here with you guys so we can watch after each other,” Diets drawled. I gasped in shock at what he was saying. “That is if I’m welcome to move in with my mates?”

That was also the first time he admitted we were mates. Instead of giving him a verbal answer, I threw back the covers and moved between his legs. He still had on the hospital gown, so it was easy to get at what I wanted. I leaned down and licked his cock as it started to fill.

“I take that as a yes.” He chuckled as I licked him like a popsicle. “Why now, angel? You said you wanted to wait for oral.”

“Because you’re really committed to us now. You said you’d move in and called us your mates. If there was ever something that deserved a blow job, I would say it was that.” I swallowed down the head of his cock as I cupped his balls.

“Sweet hell, Shem!” Curtis growled. “Everyone out, now.”

I’d forgotten that Mitchell and a few others had joined us. Whoops!

“Go slow, angel. It’s your first time, just play,” Diets cooed as he ran his fingers through my hair. I was way past just playing with the lust I had for my mate right then. I swallowed him down until my nose hit his skin. “Fuck me! Curtis, our angel has no gag reflex.”

“Well, he’s getting spanked for that display now that everyone’s gone.” I pulled off Diets’s cock with a loud pop.

“He said he’d move in with us and called us his mates. What was I supposed to do?”

“Clear the room before you sucked our mate off,” Curtis answered with a moan. “That’s a beautiful fucking sight, baby.”

I was too busy playing with my new toy to do more than grunt. So instead, I wiggled my ass in his direction as a blatant invite.

“Are you okay if I join in on the fun, Diets? I think our angel wants to be fucked while he sucks you,” Curtis asked hesitantly.

“Oh yeah, get in on this, love,” Diets moaned and spread his legs to give me more room to play. “I want to watch that big cock of yours pound his sweet ass.”

I purred my appreciation at their decision as I sucked on Diets harder. I really liked giving head. It was amazing the rush it gave me knowing I was bringing my mate that much pleasure.

“Squeeze my sac, angel,” Diets ordered, and I did as he asked. Curtis tore my jeans he was in such a rush to get to me. “Does he always go commando?”

“He says it’s one less thing for him to try and find.” Curtis chuckled as slicked fingers rubbed my hole. “I think he just does it to drive me insane because I always know he’s free balling it.”

I smiled around Diets’s cock. My mate was totally right. I loved that he went nuts knowing all he had to do was unzip my jeans to get at me.

“Shem told me he’d like to play with toys, that you guys haven’t done that yet.”

“No, when I asked, he said we should wait for the three of us to be together,” Curtis replied as he slid in another finger. Diets hissed in pain as he started to thrust into my mouth.

“Don’t. They had to pop your leg back in the socket. You’re not all better yet, big guy,” I said gently as I moved off of his cock and kissed his hips. “Let me take care of you tonight, and as soon as you’re better you can go back to being in charge.”

“Thank you, angel. You’re so good to me.”

“I try,” I moaned as Curtis pulled his fingers out and then lined up the head of his cock. “Do it hard, big guy.”

“As you want, baby,” he growled as I sucked Diets back down. He thrust into me hard, bottoming out in one shout.

“That’s a pretty sight,” Diets whispered as Curtis impaled me with his cock. “Angel, I’m close.”

I purred at the idea of his blowing in my mouth. Why did the idea of swallowing his cum turn me on so much? I didn’t know, but I’d



wonder about that later. Right now, I doubled my efforts, deep throating him since that's what he seemed to like best. I was proud of myself for being able to take him all in, especially my first time. My lips were stretched so tight around his girth that I was worried I'd split them.

"Coming," Diets grunted, and his cock exploded. I pulled back so I didn't choke and was able to swallow most of his seed down with only a little dribbling out of my mouth. Damn! Even his cum tasted like heaven to me. The sight must have flat out done it for Curtis because he started slamming into me so hard I had to hold on to Diets's thighs tightly to stay upright.

"So good," I purred when Diets was done coming, and I was licking him clean.

"I was thinking the same thing," Diets gasped as Curtis reached down and started stroking my cock.

"Drink from me, big guy," I whimpered. I heard Diets groan as Curtis licked the side of my neck. I was so excited about what was coming, I climaxed with a yell. He sank his fangs in me, tailspinning my orgasm. It lasted for what seemed like forever, and Curtis came just as hard. He roared out as he filled my ass with his seed. I couldn't help but wonder if he tasted as good as Diets did.

"That was the best housewarming gift ever." Diets chuckled as Curtis pulled out of me and went to the bathroom. I was still trying to catch my breath when he returned with a warm washcloth and cleaned me up. Then we crawled up to lay on either side of Diets.

There was another knock on the door that once again interrupted us.

"Come in," Curtis said loudly after he covered us with the blanket.

"We found a note in Aaron's room," Mitchell said as he entered. "He's the only one missing."

"Aaron, really?" Curtis asked, and I could feel his pain along with hearing it in his voice. "He and I grew up together. I've always considered him a close friend."

"I'm sorry, Curtis. Maybe the answers will be in that letter," Mitchell replied gently, and I heard the rustle of paper. Everyone was quiet for a few moments until Curtis started cussing up a storm.

"What does it say, big guy?" I asked softly when he settled down.

"Dear Curtis, I'm so sorry for what I've done and am about to do," he read to us. "I hope you find this in enough time to send help. I didn't want to let Mel out. You have to know that. I hated Harold. But when I pissed Harold off by helping kidnap Kody, he took my boyfriend and left him with some Hunters. They said they'd kill Logan if I didn't get Mel free. I demanded to go with him, though. I have my cell on and GPS enabled.

"I don't know if they will let me keep it, but that's all I could think of to do. Please, Curtis, I know you have no reason to trust me after what I've done, but I hope you do and send men after us. Maybe at least we can find the Hunters' headquarters and kill them all. Otherwise, I'm pretty sure I'm signing my own death sentence going to them. I'm about to sneak him out while everyone's distracted with bringing home your mate from the hospital.

"Please help us, Aaron," Curtis sighed at the end. I could almost hear the wheels turning in his head as his determination swam over me. "Do it. Send men and call Conley. He's got choppers that can get his guards to catch up. I trust Aaron. He wouldn't hurt me or my mates. I know Harold hated him, and this explains a lot. Track his phone and follow them at a distance as long as you can."

"I'll see to it right away," Mitchell said with a nod and left.

"It's never going to be boring around you guys, is it?" Diets asked softly after a few minutes. "And what are Hunters?"

"Hunters are humans that know of us and want us all dead," I answered before I got too choked up with emotions to talk.

"Holy shit," Diets gasped as he pulled me closer to him and wrapped me in his big arms. "I can feel your grief as strongly as if it was my own. What happened, angel?"

“Remember we told you that my brother Harold was a horrible man who helped kidnap our friend Kody?” Curtis asked, and Diets must have nodded because he went on. “He was working with some Hunters that wanted Shem and his brothers for their freak show circus. As much as they want us dead, they’re willing to work with some of us to achieve their goals. And they have these traveling circuses to help fund their operation. Most of the time they just kill us.”

“Your parents,” Diets said softly, filling in the blanks. I nodded against his massive chest as tears fell silently.

“Yeah, they died to protect the Cowell children and give them time to escape when they swarmed their house,” Curtis replied. He reached over to rub my back in a sign of comfort. “A coven in Casper found them on the run and gave them sanctuary before Conley got involved. Then when they rescued Kody, they realized that their operation was compromised and killed off a lot of the shifters in their capture before they could be rescued.”

“It’s how our friend Avery and his mates got their daughters,” I said as I wiped my eyes. “Conley’s men found the cubs amongst the survivors. It was the same circus that had taken Avery when he was younger and tortured him all those year. He knew the cubs’ parents. So he thought they were the best to adopt them.”

“I’m so sorry, my angel cheetah,” Diets whispered and kissed my temple. It was the first time he used Curtis’ pet name for me, and it warmed my heart because it meant he accepted the fact that I was part cat. “They must have been great people to give their lives to save you and your brothers.”

“Yeah, they were. My moms and dad were the most selfless, loving people you’d ever meet in your life.”

“I see that’s where you get it from,” he said gently.

“I’ll do everything in my power to do whatever I can to stop Mel and the rest of them, angel.”

“I know you will, big guy,” I replied, giving Curtis a smile. “We need to tell the others in the morning. And Cass can call my sisters, too. Or actually, I might. I’ve not talked to them since we met Diets. I’m sure they’d like to know their baby brother has both his wonderful mates.”

“How many kids did your parents have?” Diets chuckled.

“I have nine brothers and three sisters,” I answered as Curtis moved around the bed to lie at my back. It felt so right to be snuggled in between the two of them. “My mom Maureen had my sisters and my litter, while my other mom Jan had my older brothers’ litter. At least there were the two of them with my dad Francis to help.”

“How much older are your sisters?”

“They are twenty-eight and working over in England while getting their doctorates. We all work in various fields, though closely related. The three of them all do the same thing, genetics.”

“Smart family,” Diets said and then hissed when he moved. “It might be time to let the drugs work their magic. I don’t mean to cut you off, angel, but after the awesome blow job you gave me I’m finding I’m out of energy.”

“Did you really like it, or do you just have to say that?” I asked after a moment.

“Best blow job I’ve ever gotten in my life, Shem. I wouldn’t lie or exaggerate on that.”

“Yea me,” I sighed as I reached back and took Curtis’ hand. I moved it so his arms surrounded me and lay on Diets’s hip. “This is what I’ve always dreamed of. Who knew I’d be so lucky to find my mates at twenty-one and they’d be the most perfect men?”

“And here I was thinking how grateful I was that I found both of you,” Diets answered and kissed me. Then I felt him move to kiss our mate as well. “I love you both. Thank you for being patient with me and giving me the time I needed to come to terms with your world.”

“Thank you for wanting to,” Curtis replied, and I nodded. It took an amazing man to not just run when things got hard. Plus, he was

embracing a whole new world by loving and living with us. But our family wouldn't have been complete without him. And I would be forever grateful he gave us the chance.

## Chapter 9

Diets was feeling better the next morning, but Curtis and I weren't taking any chances. We spent most of the day spoiling him rotten. I sat with him and listened to old movies in his arms while he watched them. Curtis was hopping from meeting to meeting with everything going on but would join us for meals and a nap.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking," Diets said after clearing his throat as we had a picnic for dinner in bed. I froze in mid-bite of my chicken leg when I felt his apprehension. This couldn't be good. "I'm okay with giving up my job to be with you guys. You're both more important to me than being a fireman."

"No, Diets," I gasped and dropped my dinner. "You love being a fireman!"

"Yes, I do," he replied quietly. "But I can't do both and live here with you guys."

"Yes, you can, Diets," Curtis said firmly. "I know things are crazy now, but we'll figure something out. Conley and I are working our tails off to resolve this before you'd be getting back to work after being injured. I'd never ask you to give up what you love for us. Compromise at times, yes. But straight-out give up? No way. You're good at what you do, and you spent years of training and education to get there."

"Really?" Diets asked as he pulled me against him.

"Yeah, our sexy fireman." Curtis chuckled. "Though I expect your hat to make an appearance in bed one day while you're riding me. It's a new fantasy of mine."

“You really thought committing to us meant you had to give up your job?”

“Not at first,” he answered and kissed my temple. Then I felt Curtis’ body behind mine and knew Diets had pulled him to us. “But when you guys filled me in on the situation last night and said it was bad enough for us to be guarded, I figured I had to. I mean, is someone going to try to take me out at work? That could put my men in jeopardy, and I won’t do that to them.”

“And I’d never ask you to,” Curtis replied. “Mitchell and his men followed Aaron’s cell phone signal to a location. They’re coordinating with Conley’s guys as to how to handle everything. But it means the world to me that you’d be willing to sacrifice the job you love to be with us.”

“Me, too,” I purred as I rubbed against him.

“Family’s more important to me than a job, even one I love.” Diets sighed and wrapped Curtis in a group hug. “I lost my parents when I was a baby. And then I lost my grandpa when I was fifteen and had no one, so I got stuck in foster care. While I didn’t have any issues like I know a lot of kids did in the system, I always longed for a family. I have one now, and I’d do anything to keep us a family.”

“We love you, too,” I said, pursing my lips for a kiss. He chuckled and gave me one. “I think such a wonderful gesture deserves another reward—for both of you. Curtis has been working hard to make sure we’re safe after all.”

“What did you have in mind, angel?” Diets hissed in my ear as Curtis moved and started clearing off the bed. “Could it involve toys?”

“Isn’t that a treat for me?” I giggled and squirmed against him.

“Well, you have been taking wonderful care of me today,” he said as he started undressing me. Since we’d stayed in bed most of the day, I was only wearing pajama pants. He had them off in a flash and then started on his own as I heard Curtis finish up moving our dinner off the bed.

Curtis had sent one of the vampires that was a doctor in earlier to take out Diets's stitches and gave him a clean bill of health. That was the only reason I was okay with him being physically active right now.

"Do you trust us, angel?" he asked in that whiskey drawl that made me shiver with lust.

"With my life," I answered honestly as Curtis moved me to lie back on the bed. "You're both turned on by the idea of being here to see me use toys for the first time, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah," they both groaned and ran their hands over my body. I felt myself heat up and get hard at the TLC.

"I'm all yours," I whimpered as slick fingers rubbed against my hole. "What are you planning on doing to me?"

"We'll keep it a surprise for now," Curtis growled and pushed in two fingers. "Unless you get frightened. If you don't like something or get scared, just let us know and we'll stop, okay?"

"Okay," I moaned and spread my legs wider. I'm sure I looked like a slut, lying there all spread out, begging for their attention. But I didn't care. They were my mates, and they loved and wanted me. I was theirs—heart, body, and soul. I would always offer myself up to them any time they wanted.

"It's going to be cold," Diets warned before Curtis pulled out his fingers. Then there was something hard but slicked up pushing at my hole. He was right. It was cold and not a dick. Were they going to use a dildo on me? The idea got a purr from me as it was pushed inside of me.

Then Diets latched his mouth on to one of my nipples, and I reached up to run my fingers through his hair. I went to tell them how kinky they were, but I couldn't form words because the thing in my ass started vibrating. Holy fuck!

"I think he likes it." Curtis chuckled as I cried out. He ran his finger over my leaking cock as Diets moved onto the other nipple.



Then something metal clamped down on the nipple he'd just been playing with, and I went nuts.

"Toys good. I like toys," I whimpered as Curtis fucked me with the dildo. He started off slow but then picked up speed until I was hard enough to pound nails.

"We thought you might," Diets said after letting go of my nipple with a loud pop. "We may need to pierce these since you respond like this when they're played with."

"Whatever my mates want," I moaned as he clamped the other one. "I live to make my men happy."

"What do you want, angel?" Curtis asked me. He kept thrusting the dildo in me, harder now as I felt their desire coming off of them in waves.

"More, please. I want to come," I begged, knowing full well both my big men loved it when I begged. "Please? I need to come, big guy. I've been a good mate. I swear I have."

"Yes, you have, Shem," Diets replied and started stroking my cock. I knew it was him because his hands were just a tad smaller than Curtis'. Plus, he had the calluses of someone who used their hands for their job in a physical manner. Like a hot fireman for instance.

"Come for us, angel," Curtis growled. And it worked. I screamed out their names as my cock shot reams of my spunk that landed on my stomach.

"Fuck, he's so gorgeous when he comes," Diets whispered with a voice of awe. He kept working my cock as wave after wave of my climax rushed over me.

"And we're the only ones who have ever gotten to see it," Curtis replied, and I could feel his possessiveness as my balls drained. It was like the never ending orgasm, and I was loving it.

"Love toys," I panted as I came back down and tried to catch my breath. "Love that you're both focused solely on me."

"Maybe someday we'll take you together, too," Diets cooed in my ear. "Would you like both of us in you at the same time, love?"

“Oh gods, yes,” I groaned as Curtis pulled the toy out. I’d missed when he’d turned off the vibrations, but I’d been a little distracted.

“You ready for more?” Curtis asked as he wiped my stomach with someone’s discarded clothing. “I think we’re going to demand at least four good orgasms from you, angel.”

“Good luck with that.” I snickered, not thinking I had that in me even when I was in heat. “Give me your worst,” I taunted, which might not have been the best idea because one of them tugged on the nipple clamps.

“I think he needs to be spanked now for that comment,” Diets said firmly, and I guessed my men had been talking since he hadn’t been there when Curtis had spanked me. Something else that was slicked up and squishier was pushed into my ass before I was flipped over Diets’s lap.

“Let’s see if he likes the spanking with a butt plug in his sweet little ass.” So that’s what they’d put in there! Curtis’ hand landed on my ass with a loud smack, wiggling the toy in my ass. I couldn’t help it, and I let out a pathetic yelp at the surprising sensations. But damn did it feel good!

“More,” I groaned and rubbed my refilling cock against Diets’s leg. “Your very, very bad mate needs more spanking. I was wrong earlier. I’ve not been good. I’ve been a naughty cheetah.”

“Yes, he does,” Diets hissed as he ran a hand over my ass before giving two sharp slaps to each cheek.

They took turns spanking me as I rambled and made all kinds of noises I’d not heard out of my mouth before. Then they would torture me with the plug in my ass. It didn’t take long until I was hanging on by a thread.

“Come for us, love,” Diets said suddenly after the minutes rolled by of exquisite torture. He yanked the plug out and shoved three fingers in my ass, rubbing over my sweet spot to push me over the edge. I groaned as I came all over Diets’s lap. When I was spent, I lay there like a wet noodle. “We’re not done with you yet, angel.”

“Okay,” I panted as he lifted me up and turned me around to straddle his lap. Before I was sitting on him, Curtis grabbed my hips and lowered me onto Diets’s cock. “Oh fuck, I’m still having aftershocks.”

“Good,” he grunted as he thrust up into me. Curtis moved me so I was leaning back against his chest as he flicked the nipple clamps.

“Are they starting to hurt, angel? They’re really red.”

“Yes, too much,” I gasped as he took them off. Then he reached down to stroke my dick that was desperately trying to come back to life as Diets pounded his cock into me. It took a little bit of work, but between both of their attention it filled back up. “Who knew I had it in me?”

“We did,” Curtis said before sucking a mark on my shoulder. “You love your mates too much to deny us anything we want.”

“So true,” I grunted as our mate changed the angle and nailed my prostate. Curtis held me to help Diets with one hand, and he kept stroking me in time with Diets’s thrusts. I felt his hard-on pressing against my back, sending me into even more desire for my men.

“Gonna blow,” Diets panted, giving us fair warning.

“Come for us again, angel,” Curtis whispered in my ear before nipping it. He ran his thumb over the slit of my cock, and I came again, crying out that I loved them.

“I love you, angel,” Diets roared out as he filled my hole with his seed. I’d thought I was a wet noodle before, but now I really was as they milked me dry. Diets kept thrusting gently, pushing the last of his orgasm and seed deep into me. “Never ever had sex like this before. I didn’t think it could ever be this good.”

“Perk of being mated.” I snickered as his soft cock slipped out of me. Diets pulled me down onto his chest as he flopped on the bed, giving me a sloppy kiss.

“Ready for number four?” Curtis asked as he ran his fingers over my hole as Diets’s cum started running out of it. “Jesus, is this a pretty sight. Your ass is all red with our handprints, our mate’s seed

filling you to the point it's coming back out. It's just begging for mine next."

"Fuck me, big guy," I panted, loving the image he painted. "I don't know if I can come again, but I still want you in my ass."

"We'll give you a couple of minutes," Curtis replied, and I could hear the restraint in his voice. He moved to lie next to us, and then I heard the two of them kissing. Once again I wanted nothing more than to be able to see them. But given how great my life was with the two of them, I wasn't going to focus on the negative. I was very lucky and I knew it.

Even though we'd lost our parents, I had great siblings, and we'd be there for each other always. We had a place to live with protection so we didn't have to worry about the constant threat of the Hunters. Plus, I knew my family was helping my mate, who I loved with all my heart. And to top it off, Diets had committed to us and loved us enough that he'd been willing to give up the job he adored to be with us.

How could I really bitch about being blind when it wasn't like I could ever change it? There were people who could see that would never know what it was like to have a family or mates that I had. Nothing or no one could ever be completely perfect. And given what I had, I wouldn't trade any of it for my sight.

But I did notice I was less afraid all the time now that I had Curtis and Diets. If fate hadn't given me sight, at least it'd given me two very strong mates that I knew would protect me. They never pushed me and did everything in their power to help me to adjust when I needed it.

"Where did you go, angel?" Curtis asked gently a few minutes later as he ran his hands over my back along with Diets.

"I was thinking that life will never be completely perfect," I answered and snuggled into Diets's massive chest. "I lost my parents, but I have great siblings. I'm blind, but fate gave me two strong,

loving mates who will always look out for me. And I wouldn't trade any of what I have to be able to see."

"What brought this on?" Diets replied after a moment. "Did we bring up something we need to talk about?"

"No, big guy." I chuckled and kissed his chest. "I was just thinking about how much I wish I could see you guys kissing. I bet it's so hot. But I refuse to sit here and focus on the negative. Because as much as I want to see it, and I do, I get to experience it and your love first hand."

"You are so amazing, my angel cheetah," Curtis whispered and kissed my back. "Most people would be living a life of anger and depression with their limitations. But not you, you live your life for what you have, not what you don't."

"I have bad days, though," I admitted after a moment. I did my best, I really did, but everyone has those days where they just sulked at their lot in life. And I was blind after all. It was hard not to have those thoughts.

"We'll be here for those days, angel. You don't have to go through them alone," Diets said and kissed my hair. "You can bitch to us whenever you want. And I know it won't ever bug me if you shifted so you can see at times."

"I do tend to spend a lot of time in cheetah form. But now I have reason not to. I mean, I can talk to my litter-mates when we're shifted, but not you guys. And that means more to me than being able to see."

"What do you mean you can talk to them?" Diets asked.

"Every type of shifter has different gifts, like vampires," I explained as my men hugged and touched me lovingly. I couldn't help but purr at their affections. I'd noticed that both of them were very touchy-feely which I adored. "But cat shifters are born in litters like in the wild. We're of a hive mind when in our cat form. It's not like I can talk to them with words like a telepath. It's more that they see what I'm thinking about as if it was a movie."

“Just don’t think about our sex life when you are around them, okay?” Diets snickered after a few moments. “Am I ever going to get all the rules and details straight? I mean there’s just so many to try and keep up with.”

“Give yourself more than a few weeks before asking that question.” Curtis chuckled and kissed our mate with a loud smack. “You’ll get it. We grew up in this world, knowing about all of this, and we still come across surprises.”

“Like saber-toothed tiger shifters.” I giggled, thinking of the Donovans. “That one threw me for a loop.”

“There’s extinct animal shifters?” Diets asked.

“I guess so.” I shrugged. “Kody and his brothers shift into five hundred pound extinct tigers.”

“Life will never be boring at least.” Diets chuckled, and we all shared a good laugh.

“I think it’s time for that fourth orgasm, angel,” Curtis whispered in my ear after we’d calmed down.

“Okay,” I groaned as he moved behind me. “Game on.”

“Always,” Curtis grunted as he thrust into me hard. And it was the truth, all of it was. Our lives would be full of adventure and love. That and I knew that we’d always desire each other just as we did now. There was so much to try in and out of bed, and I was excited to experience all of it with the men fate had given me to love always.

# THE END

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# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she left for college. She loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

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