



LOVE'S

INDECISION

WARRIOR CAMP, BOOK 2

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SILVER PUBLISHING
Published by Silver Publishing
Publisher of Erotic Romance

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Cover Artist: Reese Dante
Editor: Alison Todd

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PUBLISHER

SILVER PUBLISHING

+1 (313) 444-2091

<http://www.silverpublishing.info>

To my Yahoo Group:

You guys fucking rock!

Thanks for pushing me so hard to get this book done.

Your love and support make being an author fun.

CHAPTER 1

"Mind if I join you?" A voice asked, pulling me out of the calm, relaxing shower I was taking. Opening my eyes I saw Nate Hathus standing a few feet in front of me. He was completely naked, gorgeous, and my student.

"Why are you in the instructor's shower room, Nate?" I asked, turning from where I was leaning my back against the cool tile to facing it instead. I couldn't talk to him when we were both naked like this, plus I needed to hide my now raging hard-on.

"Our showers were full," Nate purred, turning on the shower next to me. I froze when his hip brushed against my ass. "Besides, it seemed a shame to know you were in here wet and naked and not get to watch."

"Don't do this, Nate," I answered, angling my body so my back was to him once again. "I think you should go."

"You don't want me to leave, do you Matteo?"

No, I really didn't. But Nate was twenty-four, and while he'd be considered an adult in the human world, in our world it meant he hadn't even gone through his transition yet. We didn't transition into full vampires and come into our powers until midnight of our twenty-fifth birthday. And while I wanted Nate more than I needed my

next breath, he was my student and as such, off limits.

"Yes, please go," I whispered as I felt him move closer, the heat from his body causing me to shake. Instead of listening, Nate placed his hand on my side and started massaging my hip. I wasn't able to keep the groan from passing my lips.

"You want me as much as I want you, Matteo," Nate answered, stepping so close I felt his hard cock press against my thigh. "Why do you deny it?"

"Because you're my student," I replied, stepping away from him. "You're too young to know what you want, Nate."

"I'm not some wide-eyed virgin," Nate snapped. Just the idea of someone else touching him, being with him, set me off. In a flash I had him against the wall, my entire body pressed flush against his. My hands were on either side of his head as I leaned in so close our noses touched.

"Who have you been with, Nate?" I growled possessively. I knew it was wrong, and that I shouldn't care. He wasn't mine to have. But the beautiful man in front of me was my Achilles' heel, had been from the moment I first met him. "Who has touched you? I will fucking kill them."

"No one you know," Nate panted as his hands moved to my hips and pulled me closer.

The instant our cocks brushed together I was done for. I mashed my mouth down on his, finally tasting the sweet lips I'd been dreaming of. Nate parted his lips as he moaned, so I slid my tongue into his mouth to explore him. He tasted even better than I could have ever imagined.

He yelped when I pulled his legs up and wrapped them around my hips. Taking advantage of it, I claimed his mouth again. Demanding his submission, I took everything he had to offer me. "You shouldn't play with fire, Nate."

"I want to be burned by you," he moaned as he started to kiss the side of my neck. "Please don't deny us this anymore, Matteo."

"Fuck," I groaned as he began biting on my earlobe. I shook as his hands roamed my back, loving the feel of the smaller man finally in my arms. "Be sure this is what you want, Nate. My control is not limitless."

"Fuck me, Matteo," Nate hissed in my ear, making my cock twitch against his. "I want you pounding my ass. I need to feel your cock inside me."

Any rational thought left in my head flew out the window. Reaching over to one of the shelves, I grabbed the shampoo. It wasn't lube but it would work for now. I squeezed some on my hands before dropping it back on the shelf and moving them to his ass. Slowly, I slid a finger

into his tight hole as he cried out and shook in my arms. Bracing us against the shower wall gave me the leverage I needed to hold Nate while still being able to stretch him out.

"I've wanted this for so long," I whispered against his lips before delving back into that sweet mouth. He moaned and wrapped his legs tighter around me as I slipped a second finger into his hole. I almost regretted not being able to take the time to lick and rim his ass with my tongue, but there was no way I would have the control for that much foreplay.

"Please hurry, Matteo," Nate whimpered as he licked the side of my neck. "I need to have you in me."

"Okay, baby," I answered, quickly pushing in a third finger and moving them around to stretch him out. I had the same need to be in him as he had for me to take him.

"I'm not going to last much longer," he panted, pulling his head back to look into my eyes. The fierceness of need I could see there was amazing. "Fuck me now. Please, Matteo, I'm ready."

Instead, I rubbed the tips of my fingers over his sweet spot as I kept stretching him out. I watched, completely enthralled, as he stiffened in my arms before his

cock exploded against my stomach. Nate cried out loudly, moving his hips so that he impaled himself further on my fingers and rubbed his dick against my abs.

"We should stop here," I said as I leaned forward and touched our foreheads together when he came down from his climax. "This shouldn't have happened."

"You wanted it to as much as I did," Nate said, still trying to catch his breath. "I don't want to stop. I want you to fuck me like you've never fucked anyone before."

"Nate, don't push me," I growled, desperately wanting to do what he said. Instead I pulled my fingers out of him and let him slide down until his feet touched the floor. "This is wrong. We can't do this."

"It's not wrong," Nate yelled, shocking me down to my core. I'd never heard him raise his voice before, especially not to me. "Fine, I'm all stretched and ready to go. If you won't fuck me, I'm sure I can find someone else who will."

He didn't get more than two steps away from me before I was on him again. The idea of someone else touching him, especially after what we just shared, had me seeing red.

"You want me to fuck you, Nate?"

"Yes, I want you, Matteo," he panted, unable to

move, seeing as I had his chest pinned against the wall. My body surrounded his smaller one completely as I held us both facing the tile. "And you want me."

"God help me, I do," I answered as I lined up my cock with his perfect little hole. Gently, I pushed in, stopping after passing the first ring. "You're so fucking tight, Nate."

"I said I wasn't a virgin," Nate seemed to have trouble talking, "I didn't say I'd had anyone in my ass before."

"I'm your first?" I asked, a thrill shooting through my entire body at the idea of being the only person in the man before me. "I should have prepared you more."

"It feels perfect, Matteo," he replied, turning to smile at me over his shoulder. "You're a perfect fit."

"Fuck," I groaned, loving that little smile of his and the fact that I was pleasing him. Not being able to hold still any longer I pushed more of my cock into him. I slowly worked it in and out of his very tight ass, grabbing his hips once I had worked more than halfway into him. "So fucking tight. Your ass is like heaven."

Nate moaned, turning his head to the side so that his cheek was against the tile. He reached back and grabbed my hips, pulling me to him. "Harder, Matteo. Don't hold

back, take me."

"As you wish," I purred, licking his lips before pulling back and slamming my cock all the way into him. We both moaned loudly when I was seated all the way in. When I started moving again my pace was fast and hard. Nate moved his hands to brace himself against the wall as I grunted and pounded my cock into him.

"Fuck, you're so huge," Nate cried out. "Slam that massive cock into me."

I just about swallowed my tongue as his dirty words caused my cock to twitch inside of him. I didn't think I could fuck him any harder, but I was wrong. The force of my thrusts was too much for a virgin ass but I had no reason or control left.

Just as I was getting close I licked the side of his neck, wanting to sink my fangs into his tender skin. He smelled so fucking good.

"Bite me, Matteo," Nate moaned. "Make me yours forever."

That got my attention. I hadn't realized until he said it, but that was exactly what I wanted. Turning my head away from his neck I reached around in front of him and grabbed his hard dick. It only took a few strokes with my hand before he screamed, coming all over my hand and the

shower wall. The muscles in his perfect ass clamped down on my cock.

"Fuck!" I roared as I climaxed, shooting my load into Nate. I kept thrusting my hips into him hard, drawing out my orgasm. When my dick was finally spent we slumped to the ground until I was sitting on my heels, Nate's back pressed against my chest, his tight ass still around my cock. After a few moments of post orgasmic bliss the guilt started to set in.

I pulled Nate off my lap and moved to sit with my back against the wall. Resting my head against my knees, I tried desperately to catch my breath.

"What's wrong, Matteo?" Nate asked kneeling in front of me.

"Oh nothing," I snorted. "I just fucked one of my students and almost claimed him. I am fan-fucking-tastic."

"There's nothing wrong with what we did," Nate whispered, almost as if trying to convince himself more than me.

"It can never happen again," I answered, making sure I was looking him right in the eye. "I mean that, Nate. Don't ever come to me like this again."

"You don't mean that," Nate gasped, dropping the hand he'd stretched out to me. "Matteo, don't do this."

"I'm stopping this before it starts," I replied, shaking my head. "This was a mistake, a horrible mistake."

"I'm not a mistake," Nate whispered as he started to back away from me. "Don't do this, Matteo. Don't take this away from us."

"There is no *us*, Nate," I said firmly, knowing in my heart it was a lie. There was very much an 'us', and I wanted there to be. "This should never have happened."

"You don't mean that."

"I do mean that, Nate," I replied, squaring my shoulders to leave no room for argument. "This was a mistake, it will never happen again. I won't ever touch you again, Nate."

"No," Nate whispered. Tears started to fall down his cheeks. Seeing the pain I was causing him made me want to do nothing but pull him into my arms and comfort him. But I knew this was best for him. Nate had so much promise, and was so young. He didn't need to be tied to a centuries-old warrior, he needed to explore life. I couldn't let him miss out on that, no matter how much I wanted him.

"I'm sorry I let this happen," I said as I got to my feet. I reached out a hand to help Nate up. He looked at it like it was a snake before his gaze went back to my eyes.

"It wasn't a mistake," he sniffled as he got to his feet

without my help and backed away. "I'm not sorry it happened, so don't you dare apologize."

Before I could say anything else, he turned and ran from the showers. I stood there like an idiot, unable to move. It felt as if my heart had been ripped out of my chest and gone with him. Turning, I went to clean up in the water. I sighed as I washed Nate's cum off my hand and his scent off my body. It felt more like I was washing away the best thing that ever happened to me.

Shutting off the water, I grabbed a towel and dried off. Never mind that being with Nate was the best sex I could ever remember having. Even if I ignored how much I wanted to claim him, make him mine forever, it hurt to wash him off me. I would have loved to walk around smelling like the gorgeous, wonderful man I just hurt.

CHAPTER 2

The next few days I went through the motions of my responsibilities knowing my heart wasn't into it. Nate avoided me like the plague, not that I blamed him. Even my best friend was starting to notice. The third day, I looked up from my work to see Dimitri standing in the doorway of my office looking extremely pissed off.

"Want to explain why my best instructor and student are walking around like zombies?" he growled as he came into the office and shut the door. "Start talking, Matteo. I gave you guys a few days, hoping this would resolve itself. But no more. I'm officially sticking my nose into this."

"I fucked up," I answered quietly, dropping my head in my hands. "I so fucked up, Dimitri."

"You slept with him, didn't you?"

The lump that formed in my throat was so large I couldn't talk. Instead I just looked at him and nodded, feeling the tears burning in my eyes.

"Fuck, Matteo!" Dimitri yelled. "How can I be pissed with you when you're obviously hurting? Tell me what happened?"

"The little siren cornered me in the shower," I

choked out, wiping my eyes. "I lost all control and fucked him against the shower wall."

"It was... I mean... Nate agreed to it, right?"

It took me a minute to get what Dimitri was hinting at. When I did, I saw red. "I would never rape him! Of course it was fucking consensual."

"Okay. Okay, Matteo," he said quietly, holding his hands out in front of him in surrender. "I'm just trying to figure out why this is such a big deal? So, you guys finally had sex. I've been waiting for that to happen for months, I know you love him."

His statement hit me like a ton of bricks. I knew I lusted after Nate, but love? Did I love Nate?

"I can see the look on your face, dude," Dimitri said as he took a seat in front of my desk. "Yes, you love Nate. It's written all over you every time you look at him."

"God, I'm a selfish bastard," I replied, letting my head thump on the desk. "I do love him. Which makes me believe even more that I'm doing the right thing; I should never have touched him, though."

"Okay, so you guys had sex in the shower, then what?"

"I told him it was a mistake and that it would never happen again."

"You're a fucking idiot, you know that, right?"

Dimitri grumbled. "You're pulling the same shit Alexander pulled on me. And you saw how well that went."

"It's not the same," I replied, defending myself.

"He's just a kid. My student, for god's sake. Nate's not even hit his transition; he can't know what he wants."

"He's not a kid, Matteo," Dimitri said, running his fingers through his hair and taking a deep breath. "Yes, he's not transitioned yet, but he's not a child. Nate loves you, and you love him. I'm not really seeing why this is confusing for you."

"He deserves better than some centuries-old warrior. Nate's young, and full of life," I answered shaking my head. "You know how we change after our transitions, he might not even be the same man."

"That's bullshit, and you know it," Dimitri replied, smacking his hand on the top of the desk and looking like he wished it were me. "Yeah, we change after our transitions, but not our core personality. And no one said anything about mating for eternity with Nate, just be with him."

"Yeah, no one mentioned mating," I laughed. At first it was just a chuckle, but it turned into a hysterical, 'I've lost my mind' kind of laugh. Then the laughs turned

into sobs and I thunked my head back down on the desk... repeatedly.

"Talk to me, Matteo," Dimitri said gently as he rubbed my back. I hadn't even heard him move from where he was seated. "I can't help you if you won't talk to me."

"Like you talked to me when you were having problems with Alexander?"

"One, it was Alexander jerking me around," he answered, going very still. "Two, you're right, I should have talked to you about it. I realized that after things got better. Maybe if I'd had the help of my best friend before everything got so out of control, things would have turned out differently."

That got me to lift my head and look at him. I could see the stark honesty on Dimitri's face. "You never told me that."

"I was embarrassed," he replied, shrugging. "I was humiliated when it was happening, and embarrassed afterwards that I didn't have the balls to seek help. You have no idea how many times since Alexander and I worked things out that I wished I'd sought you out earlier."

"Thanks, that means a lot to me," I answered. In a surprising move, I stood and hugged my best friend. At first he was stiff in my arms but then he hugged me back. "I

thought I failed you as a friend. All I kept thinking about was what I had done wrong to cause you not to trust me, why you wouldn't confide in me."

"It wasn't you, Matteo. You're like a brother to me, always have been," Dimitri said, rubbing my back as we kept hugging. "Don't make the same mistakes I did, brother. Talk to me."

"It wasn't just the sex," I whispered, clutching onto my friend as if he was the only thing real in my world. "I didn't realize I was doing it, but I was licking his neck as if to prepare to mate him. Nate told me to bite him, make him mine forever, and that snapped me out of it."

Dimitri didn't say anything, just kept rubbing my back as if waiting for me to continue.

"Once you've had the urge to bite your mate, it won't go away," Alexander said from the doorway.

"Believe me, I know."

"How long have you been there?" I asked, looking up from Dimitri's shoulder.

"Long enough to know you're struggling with the same thing I did," he answered, looking at his feet. "I'm sorry I was eavesdropping, but I was looking for my mate. When I saw him in your arms I almost came in and ripped off your head."

"I was just comforting my friend," Dimitri said, not letting me go.

"I realized that and calmed down," Alexander replied nodding. "But when I heard what you were talking about, it was like hearing my own thoughts from a few months ago. I didn't even mean to stand here and listen, but it was like I couldn't leave."

"I'm not upset, Alexander," I answered moving out of Dimitri's arms. "You're right. If anyone understands where I'm at, it's you."

"Thank you," he replied, sitting in of the chairs. I watched him rub his chin, as if thinking on how to proceed. "I agree our circumstances are different, Nate being pre-trans and all. But, you need to have enough faith in the man you love to talk to him, Matteo. Nate is a good man, he deserves to know how you're feeling."

"You mean, tell him I think I'm just some washed-up warrior not worthy of him?" I asked chuckling. "Oh yeah, I can see that conversation going well."

"Hey, that's my best friend you're talking about," Dimitri said, smacking me upside the head. "I think Alexander means telling Nate about your fears of him changing his mind after his transition."

"As always, you are very astute, my love,"

Alexander replied as he smiled at his mate. How I longed to have someone look at me like Alexander was staring at Dimitri, as if his whole life was wrapped up in my best friend. "Your concerns are valid; while Nate is a man and not a child, he will be different after his transition. That doesn't mean it can't work out between the two of you, it's just something you have to address."

"Neither of you think it's wrong for me to have been with a student?" I asked, looking between the both of them. "How can you not hate me? I hate myself for what I did."

"It's one thing if you were just fucking your way through the class," Dimitri answered, looking at me with so much sympathy it almost hurt. "But you love Nate."

"Which is why it can't ever happen again," I replied.

"But you need to tell him why," Alexander said, reaching for Dimitri. They clasped hands and turned back to me. "Trying to get Nate to hate you isn't the way to handle this. I almost destroyed Dimitri, and myself, by making that mistake. We were lucky I finally pulled my head out of my ass, mainly because of your help, Matteo. Don't make the same mistake I did."

"Thank you," I answered, nodding. "I'll think about what you said, I promise."

"Good, because I'm really concerned about Nate's

state of mind," Dimitri said as he pulled Alexander to his feet. "I can attest to the fact that the grief Nate is going through will swarm him like nothing else."

"I told him us being together was a mistake. I hurt him, just as Alexander said, thinking that if he hated me it would be easier for him," I stated, looking at my feet.

"God, Matteo," Dimitri sighed. "I know you're hurting, and that you thought what you were doing was the best thing for him. But I've been on the receiving end of that sort of thing and I can tell you, it made me feel as if life wasn't worth living."

"I'll fix this, I promise," I replied, remembering how badly Alexander pushing Dimitri away had hurt him. It was stupid of me to ever think it was the right way to handle Nate. Both men looked me over before nodding, and then they turned and left my office.

I sat down in the chair behind my desk, ready to do some serious thinking, but just then, my phone rang. I answered it. "Yeah?"

"Matteo, it's Rune," the man said into the other end of the line. "Lance just started his transition. Tonight's his birthday."

"Alright, I'm on my way," I replied, hanging up the phone. As much as I hated the little shit, the transition was

horrible and painful. I stood up, grabbing my bag before locking up my office and heading towards the infirmary.

The camp had housing for the warriors, which was like a mansion where we all lived in our own private suites. There were also the student dorms, which were like dorm rooms at a college. Then it had several gyms, the mess hall, infirmary, the arena, and quite a few obstacle courses for training.

The warrior camp isn't like ancient warrior camps were, though there are still some of the old traditions. It's more like a human military base, but it comes complete with battles for dominance as of old. A warrior can challenge another for several reasons. One being to show they are now stronger and willing to fight for a higher rank amongst us. Or it could just be an everyday argument that results in a challenge.

Whatever the reason is for one to occur, challenge fights are not like normal sparring, ever. It's all about dominance and who is stronger, better. You can either take the challenge, or yield. If someone yields they acknowledge their opponent as superior, and higher in ranking, than themselves. If a challenge is accepted the combatants fight until someone is defeated. The loser not only gives their rank to the winner, but their body as well.

To put it bluntly, the winner has the right to fuck the loser. It's a part of the older traditions, showing the winner is not only the strongest and best, but also demeaning the loser in public, stripping them of their rank and dignity. It's hard to hold onto any shred of pride when you lose a fight and immediately get fucked on your hands and knees in front of all the spectators.

Reaching the dorms, I snapped back into the present and jogged up to the infirmary. With the workouts the pre-trans, post-trans, and warriors went through daily a state-of-the-art medical facility was a must have. When I got to the main room of the infirmary, which was also used as a trauma room, I could see Lance strapped down to a bed. The poor guy was already screaming so loudly it hurt my ears.

If there was ever a student I wanted to take outside and hang from the nearest tree by his nuts, it was Lance. Born of a wealthy, older warrior family, he had a chip on his shoulder that he seemed to have had since birth. Unfortunately, his attitude made me want to take that chip and brain him with it. But, no matter my feelings towards Lance, going through your transition is one of the most horrible moments of a vampire's life.

On top of which, it was worse for vampires destined

to be warriors. It's not all that hard to determine at birth if a vampire will grow to be a warrior or not. First, we're born early; usually popping out of our mothers after seven months, not the normal nine. Also, warriors are unusually large babies when they're born.

Most vampires look like scrawny, underfed children until their transitions. Pre-trans warriors, however, look more like humans and post-transition vampires. When the transition hits, vampires and warriors alike grow at accelerated rates for eight or so hours, causing horrifying amounts of pain.

As Lance continued to scream in pain and the medical staff gave him a shot of painkillers and sedatives, I thought back to my own transition several centuries ago. It was before there was any medicine available to help alleviate the pain. The worst part was, some vampires didn't make it. I had been so close to becoming one of the few who didn't make it.

The middle of three children, I'd always been invisible to my family unless I was in trouble. My parents hadn't even explained to me what the transition was or what I would go through. Since I was already the same size as some of my family and friends, I had no idea what was going to happen to me the day before my twenty-fifth

birthday. When the cramps started all over my body I was scared I was dying.

I remember moving as fast I could, through the pain, to find my mother. When I told her what was happening she rolled her eyes and told me I was transitioning. She yelled at me for interrupting her day and said to go to my room, I would either live through it or not. That was the first time I realized how little my parents really cared about me.

"Matteo, he's calm for now," one of the doctors told me as he walked past me and out of the room. I nodded and headed over to Lance's bed. As much I as I hated the little shit, my heart went out to him knowing the hours of pain still before him.

"Am I going to die?" Lance asked before groaning in pain and curling into a ball.

"No, this is normal, Lance," I answered, reaching over to rub the boy's back. "It will pass, just breathe through the pain."

"Fuck," he gasped as another wave of pain shot through him. I watched in astonishment as his body grew at least an inch. No matter how many transitions I witness, it always amazes me how fast the process happens. "Please, just kill me, Matteo."

"Can't do it, Lance," I whispered thinking back to how many warriors over the years had asked me that same thing. "Just keep breathing."

"What comes next?" Lance asked with tears in his eyes.

"You've been taught what to expect."

"I can't think through the pain. Please, Matteo, I'm begging you, walk me through it," he sobbed. Again I took pity on the man, knowing most of the reason Lance was such an asshole was his upbringing. I'd met his parents briefly, once; they made Lance look like a saint.

"First, your bones will grow," I said, pulling up a chair to sit next to him. Once I was comfortable in the seat, I continued. "Then your muscles and skin will grow as well to accommodate your new, larger size. After which, every vessel and organ will do the same. The last stage doesn't hurt like the rest, but the fever that will take you will feel like you're sitting on the sun."

"Right, first the cramping, then the pain from the bones growing," he replied as everything he'd be taught resurfaced. "The muscles and skin are more a cramping and pulling dull pain. Then the fevers, after which is the skull-smashing pain of my fangs growing in."

"You'll make it through this, Lance," I cooed, trying

to keep him calm. "Just remember to keep breathing, slow, deep breaths. All you can do is breathe and remember not to panic. If things start going south, I promise you that I will tell you. Your parents have been called, though I'm sure they knew this was coming."

"They said they'll stop by tomorrow once they have word I made it," Lance said, tears running down his face.

"Is that how all parents react?"

"No, it's not," I answered honestly. "You have people here though, and that's more than I had for my transition."

"Will you tell me about it?"

I looked at Lance's face for a few moments. When I realized the pre-trans really was looking for a distraction, and not just being an ass, I told him about how my mother reacted when I told her what was happening. Then I told him how my family hadn't even warned me about the transition.

"God, and I thought my parents were assholes," he whispered. "But you made it, of course."

"I did," I answered nodding. "They didn't have painkillers or shots back then, but I made it. I went to my little corner of the room I shared with my siblings. The only time I remember seeing my family during it was when my

father came into the room and screamed at me for making so much noise. He said if the transition didn't kill me, he would if I didn't shut my trap."

"Do you still talk to your parents?"

"No, not since after my transition," I explained.

"When it was finally over, a warrior they had sent for came into the room. He freaked out when he saw that no one was attending to me and no one had given me any blood. His name was Renaldo. He picked me up in his arms and carried me outside to his carriage. Next thing I knew we were driving to somewhere, not that I knew or cared where. Along the way we stopped and picked up a human and he helped me drink from them."

"Wow, before they had blood banks," he said with his eyes wide. "I forgot you're that old."

"Yeah, no bags of blood back then," I chuckled.

"Back then you learned how to hunt and wipe human minds of the memories of you drinking from them, or you starved. Thankfully, Renaldo handled it that time and then worked with me, teaching me how to do it. He said I was lucky to have made it though my transition, given my parents hadn't even supplied me with blood after my fangs grew in."

"Guess I sound like a whiney baby to you for complaining," Lance whispered.

"No, not at all, Lance," I answered. "Every transition is rough; we all break and scream, cry, and yell. There's no shame in that given what your body is going through."

Another wave of pain hit him just then. He reached out and took my hand, squeezing it as hard as his he could. I wrapped both my hands around his one, talking gently to him until the pain passed. When it did, he simply smiled at me before slipping into sleep. I sighed, knowing he couldn't sleep through the whole thing, but grateful he was sleeping as long as he could.

While he was out for the moment I made sure the supplies we would need were all there. When I was satisfied they were I sat back down in the chair and got ready to be there for the long haul. Deciding there wasn't much I could do for him right then, I shut my eyes and took a nap until the next wave of pain hit him.

CHAPTER 3

It was well after two in the morning before I got to my room and crashed. Lance had survived his transition and was now sleeping in the infirmary. After the transition was complete, new vampires were fed as much blood as they could take and then put into a medically induced coma for a few days. While the worst was over, they would feel continual muscle cramps and spasms throughout their body. It was better for everyone if they got to sleep through that particular experience.

After catching about four hours of sleep I woke up knowing there was no way I was getting back to bed. The whole time I sat with Lance I'd thought about what Dimitri and Alexander said to me. As I sat there I'd made the decision to talk to Nate, and all I had wanted to do was find him. Instead, I waited until Lance was done and then went straight to sleep. It wouldn't make a lick of difference to the situation if I went to find Nate when I was too tired to think straight.

Now that I was somewhat rested I got up and headed towards his room. Nate and Lance shared a dorm room, so I knew Nate would be alone right now. What we needed to discuss was private, so I figured that right now

while Lance was in the infirmary was the best time.

When I got to his room, I didn't bother knocking. Instead I entered the room and closed the door behind me. Nate must have had a rough night; he was sprawled out in the middle of the bed, blankets and sheets twisted together and thrown on the floor. Even looking at him now, I was struck by how handsome he was.

Nate was several inches shorter than my six-four. His wavy, light blond hair reached his ears, and although his eyes were closed, I knew them to be a deep forest green. It had been his soulful eyes that originally drew me to him. Even at his pre-trans height of about five-nine he had nicely toned, lean muscles. Looking at him now, I would guess he was about one seventy-five or so.

"Nate, wake up, we need to talk," I said as I leaned over and shook his shoulder. When he swatted my hand away in his sleep and rolled over, I smiled and sat on the bed. This time I grabbed his shoulder a little firmer and tried again. "Wake up, sleepy head."

"Matteo," he whispered after he turned and looked up at me. "I always have this dream."

Before I could ask what he was talking about, he reached up, locked his hands behind my neck, and pulled me down. I was so shocked at what was happening I didn't

have time to react before his lips found mine. But when the sweet taste of Nate hit me, I fell into that kiss. Licking across his lips, Nate moaned and opened up his mouth for my searching tongue. It wasn't until he reached down and grabbed my now hard cock that I snapped out of my lust.

"Wait, this isn't why I came here," I said as I pushed away from him.

"Oh my god, I thought it was a dream," Nate whispered, turning several shades of red.

"It's okay, Nate."

"Why are you here, Matteo?" he asked, turning from embarrassed to pissed. "You made your feelings very clear last time we saw each other."

"No, I really didn't," I answered shaking my head, "I tried to push you away. And for that, and the hurt I caused you, I'm so sorry, Nate."

"What are you talking about?"

I took a deep breath and tried to collect myself before trying to explain. "It wasn't a mistake being with you, Nate. The only mistake was not waiting until after your transition."

"I'm so lost," he whispered as he ran his hands over his face. "What does my transition have to do with how we feel about each other?"

"Look, I'm telling you this as somebody who's been through their transition," I answered with a sigh. "I've also witnessed hundreds of transitions over the years, so I know what I'm talking about. I think we can both agree to that, right?"

Nate didn't say anything, but simply searched my face for a few moments. When he nodded, I continued my train of thought.

"People change after their transition, and I'm not just talking physically. It's more than a structural and bodily change, Nate. It can be emotional as well as mental."

"I guess I can see that," he replied. I could almost see the wheels spinning in his head as he thought about what I said. "So you're saying I might not feel the same about you, or us, after my transition."

"Yes," I whispered as he voiced my worst fear. I didn't know if my heart could take him not wanting me after his transition. "It wasn't just my feeling that it was wrong for me to touch a student keeping me away from you. I'm not saying you're too young to know what you want, Nate. It's more than that. You might be a totally different person after you transition."

"Why didn't you just say that?" he asked gently. I couldn't answer at first, and tried to turn away from his

knowing, gorgeous eyes. But when he reached out and touched my cheek, I sucked it up and looked at him.

"Because I'm an ass," I answered honestly. "I've never really had sex with anyone I cared about before. And the idea that you might turn away from me after your transition because you don't want me anymore... well, it was too painful to really even think about."

"So, in reality, it had nothing to do with me but it was all about you."

"No, that's not what I'm saying," I replied, shaking my head. "I'm not explaining this right. Your birthday is in a couple of weeks. Why start something if we don't know if you'll feel the same after it?"

"Okay, that I get," he said, taking my hand. "But it's more than that, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it is. And I didn't realize it until I sat up with Lance during his transition," I replied, taking a few moments to gather myself again. "He asked about my transition and it brought up so many painful memories. I was invisible growing up, unless there was something for someone to yell at me, or blame me for. I could have died during my transition because my family didn't even care enough to tend to me or make sure I had blood at the right time."

The whole time I was talking, Nate was holding my hand tightly while rubbing his other hand over it. "How did you survive?"

"A warrior named Renaldo came to the house as I finished my transition," I explained. "My parents sent for him when it started, knowing I was going to be a warrior. Hell, I didn't even know anything about the transition, much less that I was a warrior. He got me out of there fast and made sure I got the blood I needed. Then he explained everything to me as we rode to the warrior camp in Spain."

"I do love your accent," Nate said as he leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on my lips. "It gets me hard every time I hear it."

"Oh fuck, Nate," I groaned. "Please don't say things like that, you're going to kill me."

"I want you, Matteo."

"I can't," I whispered, blinking away the tears starting to burn my eyes. "I care too much about you already, if you change your mind about me after your transition it would be the death of me. I can't be tossed aside again, I wouldn't make it."

"I wouldn't do that—"

"You can't know that," I interrupted.

"What about after my transition? If I still feel the

same will you be with me then?"

I searched his eyes, looking for a way to explain it was more than the transition. "I have a feeling that if we started something, even after your change, it would be serious. Are you sure you could give up playing the field and sowing your wild oats?"

"I don't care about any of that," he replied, shaking his head. "If I do after my transition, I will tell you. But if I feel the same as I do now, all I want is you, Matteo."

"Alright, we can talk again after your transition," I answered before letting go of his hands and standing. "I'm sorry I handled all of this so badly, I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me."

"Now that I understand better, I do forgive you."

"Thanks, Nate," I said, opening the door. After a moment's hesitation, I turned back to look at him. "You really are a fine man."

I left then, closing the door behind me before he could say anything. As I headed back to my room I felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders. Granted it had been very hard for me to admit all that to Nate, but it seemed to have been the right thing to do. Not that I ever doubted Nate would understand; he was one of the best men I had met throughout my centuries of life.

When I reached my room I felt so tired that I was, once again, forever grateful I had the day off. Since I was in charge of overseeing every transition at the camp, Alexander and Dimitri always scheduled me to have a free day after each one. They said it was only fair after going through, and watching, something so emotional and trying. At first I had objected, not wanting to give up my duties training the newly post-transition warriors.

But after overseeing the first few transitions I realized it was a smart move on their part. Granted, I wasn't the one actually going through the transition, but it was still incredibly taxing on my nerves and emotionally exhausting. Crawling into bed, I felt better about life. As it was, I knew I would get hurt if Nate didn't want me after his transition. But the idea of me hurting him ate at my insides more.

As I started to drift off I wondered what Nate would look like after his transition. He would still have the same hair and eyes, of course. But would he be taller than me? How would it feel to have sex with him afterwards? Would he even let me top him after his transition? All these questions circled in my head as I fell asleep

* * * *

A few days later I was heading to Nate and Lance's room to check on how Lance was doing now that he was out of the infirmary. We didn't start his post-trans training program until tomorrow but I was praying for him to have changed into a better man with his new body.

"I said no!" I heard Nate yell from down the hall. Without even thinking, I took off as fast I could.

"I figure this is why everyone loves you, they've had a taste of this sweet ass," Lance said as I kicked down the door. What I saw in front of me is the only excuse I have for the way I reacted. Lance, with his new bigger build, had Nate pinned down over the desk while holding his hands behind his back. Nate's pants were ripped off of him and pooled around his ankles.

His attacker was trying to keep Nate still as he struggled, while lining up his cock with Nate's unprepared hole. I grabbed Lance around the throat and threw him across the room. Without even thinking of the new post-trans I knelt down next to Nate and pulled him into my arms.

"Nate, are you okay?" I asked in a whisper. The way his entire body shook, I knew he was far from okay. "Did I get here in time?"

"Yeah, you made it," he cried as he turned to hug

me. The force of his lunge was so strong that I landed on my ass. In an instant, Nate straddled my lap and wrapped his arms and legs around me.

"He wanted it," Lance spat out as he wiped the blood off his face. It seemed that when I threw him, he slammed into the mirror hanging over the dresser. That worked for me. I couldn't have planned it better if I'd tried.

"Yeah, I can tell exactly how much he wanted it," I snarled at Lance as I held Nate tighter. "You just made the biggest mistake of your life, Lance. I challenge you. Tomorrow before breakfast, meet me at the circle."

The circle was preserved from the days of old. It was more like a fighting pit where challenges and the subsequent aftermath were held. It was only about five feet deep, but it allowed spectators the opportunity to get a first-hand view of what was going on while keeping them at a safe distance and preventing them from possibly interfering.

"You can't do that," he replied, visibly paling.

"Oh yes I can," I sneered. I felt a smile start to come over my face, and it wasn't a nice one. "Welcome to your post-transition, Lance, where the consequences of your actions are more severe."

"Fuck you, Matteo," he said as he stood and tried to

gather himself.

"No, I'll be fucking you tomorrow, unless you're too chicken-shit to show," I replied. "Now get the fuck out of here before I snap and just kill you for touching him."

"What is it about this piece of shit that everyone adores?" Lance asked, shaking with rage. "Why the fuck is he so perfect to you all?"

"Get out, Lance. I won't warn you again," I growled, holding a still shaking Nate tightly in my arms. He must have realized how close I really was to snapping, because Lance turned without another word and stormed out of the room. "It's okay, Nate. I'm here, he can't hurt you anymore."

"Don't challenge him because of this," he whispered into my neck. "Then everyone will know what he tried to do to me."

"Yeah, but he didn't, baby," I soothed as I ran my hands up and down his back. "They need to know what kind of person he is. Plus letting this go unpunished is just a green light for him to try it again. Next time it might not be on you, and his victim will probably not have someone there to stop him."

"Okay," he said reluctantly, nodding. We didn't say anything for a while, simply sitting there in silence while I

comforted him. When he finally stopped shaking, I stood with him in my arms before tucking him into bed.

"Will you stay with me?" Nate asked as I turned to leave. "Please, Matteo, I don't want to be alone."

"Just let me make a quick call out in the hallway, and then I'm all yours."

He looked me over for a minute, then simply nodded and closed his eyes. I watched him for a bit before stepping into the hallway and calling Dimitri.

"What's up, Matteo?" He asked before I could even say hello.

"I was coming to check on Lance before his new training schedule starts tomorrow," I said, trying desperately to control my rage. I knew my words were coming out clipped and that Dimitri could tell I was seething. "I heard Nate scream from down the hall and busted down the door just in time to stop Lance from shoving his dick into an unwilling Nate."

"That little motherfucker," Dimitri snarled. "Is he even alive?"

"Yeah, he's fine," I replied, then started chuckling. "I grabbed him and threw him across the room. He'll be picking bits of mirror out of his skin. Hopefully it will heal before he gets them all, then he'll have to cut himself back

open and dig them out."

"That's it? You threw him off Nate? How did you control yourself like that?" Dimitri asked, amazement apparent in his voice.

"All that mattered was comforting Nate," I said quietly, hoping he couldn't hear me through the door. "I've never seen anyone shake like that, Dimitri. It broke my heart."

"Good point. I'm still not sure I wouldn't have killed him, but I feel you."

"I did challenge him tomorrow morning," I answered, starting to squirm. It wasn't unheard of for a warrior to challenge a post-trans vampire, but it was more common between warriors. Lance had months of training ahead of him before he could even start to be considered for that. I wasn't hopeful for a positive response about it from Dimitri.

"Kick the fucker's ass, dude," Dimitri said, almost causing me to drop the phone in surprise. "Maybe it will bring him down a few pegs."

"That so is not the response I was expecting," I replied as I burst out laughing. "I thought I'd get some kind of lecture."

"Nope, not from me. I'd have killed the little

bastard."

"Okay, good to know," I snickered. "Look, can you get someone to cover for me today? I want to be here for Nate."

"You got it, brother. Take care of your boy," Dimitri said, hanging up the phone before I could correct him. Shaking my head, I turned and went back into Nate's room. He was lying in the bed, just watching me, as tears streamed down his face.

"Oh, don't cry, baby," I said as I toed off my shoes before crawling into bed with him. "I talked to Dimitri; he's got my training covered. I'm here for you all day."

"Thanks, Matteo," he whispered as he pulled my arm tighter around him. We didn't say anything else for hours. I wasn't going to try and make him talk. What do you say to someone who went through what Nate just did? I didn't know, but risking saying the wrong thing wasn't something I was willing to do.

* * * *

The next morning I stood in the challenge circle, stretching out and waiting for my opponent to arrive. We had a bet going between most of the warriors who worked

in training; whether Lance would even show or not. Lance didn't have to accept my challenge. Normally honor drove a warrior to do it, but we all knew the little—or I guess not so little anymore—shit didn't have any of that.

Dimitri had already contacted the council and brought Lance up on attempted rape charges. While the council always took that kind of thing seriously, the fact Lance tried to rape a pre-trans was a huge deal. A warrior's main job was to protect those who couldn't protect themselves. Going against one of our main mottos, and trying to force himself on Nate, was right up there with slaughtering a council member.

If Lance weren't from such a well-connected family, he'd already be in our prison waiting for the council's decision. In my mind, this worked out better because I couldn't have challenged him from behind bars.

"This is going to be fun," Lance said loudly as he jumped down into the circle.

"I can't believe you had the balls to show," I replied, not reacting to his idea of a grand entrance. "You do realize what happens when I win, right?"

"You won't win, Matteo," he snickered. I didn't even have a chance to respond before the dozens of warriors gathered started to laugh.

"Oh yeah, Matteo is fourth in rank because he sucks," Yuri laughed. Yuri was actually third in rank behind Dimitri and Alexander. While I took my position — and being a warrior— seriously, I was cool with those who were ahead of me in rank. That's why I never even tried to challenge them. I liked leading, and being towards the top, I just never felt the drive to be number one; being the best also came with a slew of responsibilities I just didn't want.

"Is that an option for when he loses?" Lance asked as he turned towards Yuri. "I think I'd prefer him sucking my cock on his knees than being in his ass."

Lance's bravado faltered slightly when we all started laughing that time. It wasn't just some chuckles; everyone there was gripping their stomachs in full belly laughs. To have this brand new, post-trans vampire acting all badass when he was about to fight a centuries-old warrior was just too funny for words.

I knew Lance thought he had an ace up his sleeve. While pre-trans weren't trained on how to use swords, some older warrior families taught their children before they came to camp. Lance was one of those children; he'd been working with swords and various weapons since he was in his teens. And to a cocky shit like him, he thought the home training made him all that. Even though the idiot believed

it, the rest of us knew it didn't mean shit next to all the years under my belt.

"Do I get Nate, too, after I win?" Lance asked as we moved into position.

"The charges you're facing have nothing to do with this challenge," Alexander answered as he crossed his arms over his chest. "And the only one who can give Nate away is Nate."

"I just liked seeing Matteo's reaction," Lance snickered. I took a deep breath, knowing he was trying to get me to fight while enraged. That was the quickest way to make mistakes in any fight. I was smart enough, and experienced enough, to see that.

"You'll be seeing all kinds of reactions from me," I answered with a knowing smirk. Lance paled again before recovering his demeanor.

We moved into position, giving each other the normal salute. We faced each other, the normal ten feet apart, with our swords held at an angle so the top of the weapon hit our left shoulder. We both bowed ceremoniously, out of respect to each other and the fight to come. In a flash we were both in fighting stances, swords raised over head, elbows and knees slightly bent.

Normally I took a more defensive fight position

while I learned my opponent's tactics. But fighting someone like Lance, who I'd helped train over the past year, I already knew his weaknesses. I swung overhead lightning quick, making Lance raise his sword to block me. However, since I moved first and startled him, he couldn't stop the full force of my swing. His sword went back far enough to slice a small part of his cheek.

It was then I realized how scared Lance truly was. Not waiting for him to recover, I spun to my right while striking out to his side. Knowing he was right-handed and would lead his defense that way, attacking his left side kept him at a disadvantage. He swiped at my sword weakly as he turned and tried to get out of my way; instead I was able to nick his left shoulder.

When I moved towards him, he feebly tried to thrust his sword at my chest, which was exactly what I had hoped he would do. Striking hard at his sword from his right, he had to compensate with his left. He cried out in pain as his now injured left shoulder failed him and he dropped his sword.

"Kneel and admit defeat," I growled as I stepped closer with the blade of my sword now pointed at his throat. He swallowed loudly and tried to hide his glance at his sword on the ground. "You'll never make it, Lance.

Yield and I'll let you live."

His eyes bulged out of his head then, seemingly shocked at my words. I doubted anyone had ever not let Lance slide before, but after the shit he pulled he was lucky I didn't kill him. Part of it was the glimpse I got into the real Lance during his transition. I really hoped his defeat and humiliation would knock him down a few levels and maybe help make him into the man I knew he could be.

"I yield," he said quietly as he dropped to his knees with his head hanging down in shame.

"Maybe I should just fuck your face instead of your ass, like you wanted to do to me?" I whispered in his ear as I tossed my sword off to the side. Moving behind him, I pushed Lance down onto his hands and knees, knowing it would be painful with his injury. As our audience got quiet, I reached over and ripped Lance's shirt and shorts off him. I had to admit, he was stunning. But this wasn't about having sex for fun.

I pulled my own shirt off and knelt behind Lance. Looking up at Dimitri, I nodded. We'd decided beforehand that this was about Lance realizing he wasn't as powerful and untouchable as he thought he was. But at the same time, I didn't want to cause him unnecessary pain. Dimitri tossed me a bottle of lube which I caught with ease. While

Lance had to submit to me, I wasn't looking to tear his ass up.

Squirting some lube onto my fingers, I pushed two into Lance's tight hole. He cried out and his body started to shake under my touch. I didn't love the idea of doing this in front of people, I'd never been an exhibitionist, but it was part of Lance's humiliation. I knew starting with two fingers would give Lance a bit of pain; I said I wouldn't rip his ass up, not make sure it was purely pleasurable for him.

When I could move two fingers around inside Lance, I shoved in a third. He screamed, but didn't really sound like he was in pain. Looking under Lance, I could see his cock was rock hard. It hit me then that he seemed to be putting on a show that he didn't want this for the other warriors.

"Was this your plan all along, Lance?" I whispered as I shoved all three fingers into his ass hard.

"No, this isn't how I wanted it," he mumbled. Annoyed, I got even rougher with him before he continued. "When I heard Nate talking in his sleep about being with you in the showers, I knew it wasn't just a dream."

"So you decided to rape him?" I asked in astonishment, not seeing where this conversation was heading.

"I'm not sure I would even have done it," Lance answered as he looked over his shoulder at me. "I just got so pissed off. Why him and not me? What is it about Nate that everyone fawns all over him and loves him so?"

"For one, no matter how upset he was at anyone, he would never have even thought to rape them," I ground out to remind him, and myself, how we got there. "This isn't for your enjoyment, Lance. This is supposed to humiliate and humble you."

"Believe me, I'm humiliated," he said turning back away from me. "This isn't what I ever pictured when I dreamed of being with you."

That got me to freeze, completely shocked. After a few moments and a couple of deep breaths, I pulled my fingers out of his ass. A large part of me wanted to stop this right then, a small part of me was flattered that Lance wanted me. But it would have gone against the whole point of this to have stopped then, no matter if I'd lost part of my anger at him. He still needed to be taught a lesson for his actions.

I lined up my now lubed cock with Lance's tight hole. Not holding back, I slammed in all the way to the hilt in one shot. Lance's whole body shivered as he let out a loud groan.

"That's it, fuck that tight ass into submission," someone yelled out from the group.

If my head hadn't already been spinning out of control with the new development to this situation, I might have been able to better focus on my surroundings. As it was, I easily blocked out most of the cheering and catcalls. I heard all of them; they just didn't seem to register with my brain right then.

Lance's body was so tight around my hard cock it made me think back to being with Nate in the showers. I closed my eyes and dreamed I was back there instead of fucking the troublemaker under me with several dozen warriors watching. Pulling back out until just the head of my cock was still in him, I thrust back in as hard as I could. Reaching forward, I grabbed onto Lance's shoulders to get better leverage.

I pounded into his ass like I've never fucked anyone before. Still pretending it was the man I loved under me, I enjoyed it much more than I would have thought. It was easy to see Lance had very few, if anyone, ever fuck him. Pistoning my hips even faster, I felt my balls start to draw up. I cried out loudly as I came, opening my eyes when I heard someone else cry out.

Nate was standing in the front of the group, his eyes

glued on me. I was still thrusting in and out of Lance's ass when our eyes locked. Before I could even call out to him, he turned and pushed his way through the crowd. I was still shaking from my orgasm when I heard Lance grunt loudly before his ass clamped down on my softening cock.

Looking down I saw him shoot his load all over the ground. I leaned over and hissed in his ear, "You weren't supposed to have enjoyed this, Lance. If I ever see or hear of you touching someone who doesn't want it again, I will kill you."

"It won't ever happen again," he panted just before he collapsed on ground muddy with his seed. "I've learned my lesson; I just couldn't control my rage. I swear I'll figure out a way to handle my anger. Please just promise me that you'll fuck me again, without everyone watching this time?"

"Not going to happen," I answered in disgust as I pulled up my shorts. Lance had a content smile on his face and while I knew it embarrassed him to be taken this way, it was apparent how much he enjoyed it. I shook my head, not sure how I felt about all of this as I retrieved my shirt.

"What about him?" Dimitri asked me, gesturing over to Lance as I climbed up out of the circle.

"Take him to the holding cell, I guess," I answered

with a deep sigh. "We need to talk about this later, but for now, I need to go after Nate."

"He was here?" Alexander asked, shock written all over his face. I tried to ignore the way he was touching my best friend. Rolling my eyes at the fact my supposed punishment of Lance was going to help Dimitri's sex life, I simply nodded and broke through the crowd. I ran as fast as I could on shaky legs towards Nate's room. I just hoped that he would give me a chance to explain.

CHAPTER 4

"Nate, please open up," I called out as I pounded on his door.

"Go away," he sobbed. It broke my heart to know he'd been crying. And what was worse, I was the one to have made him cry. Again.

"Can't do it. Let me in or I'm going to break down the door."

Without a word, Nate opened the door and walked back to the bed. He threw himself face down on the mattress, still sobbing. I watched, feeling helpless as his entire body shook with the force of his cries. Closing the door behind me, I turned and went over the bed.

"Please, talk to me," I said as I sat on the bed. When he didn't say anything I leaned over and started rubbing his back.

"Don't touch me," he yelled as he pulled away from me. That really hurt. I watched in horror as he moved to the far corner of the bed, up against the wall. "I can't believe you would come to me still smelling like that asshole."

"I'm sorry, Nate," I replied, running my fingers through my hair in frustration. "I wasn't thinking about any of that. I saw your face and all I could think about was

getting to you."

"You enjoyed it," Nate spat out, not as a question, but an accusation.

"Only because I was picturing being with you, baby."

"*He* enjoyed it."

"I didn't realize that until after I saw you," I replied, nodding. "But I also talked to him, and he hadn't meant to do what he did to you. Lance swore he didn't think he was even going to rape you."

Nate just sat there, staring at me with his mouth wide open, "And you believe him?"

"I think so," I answered with a shrug. "Lance said he heard you talking in your sleep about us being together in the showers. It seems he's had a crush on me and got jealous and filled with rage. I'm not excusing what he did, Nate. I'm just saying, right after the transition it's really hard to control your emotions. So, while I'm not a hundred percent sure I believe him, his story does have merit."

"And I can't understand because I've not been through my transition, is that right?"

"I'm not saying that," I said, trying to choose my words carefully. "Maybe you've had a sudden onslaught of emotions at one time or another, where you can understand

losing it. That's what it feels like for weeks after your transition."

Nate sat back against the wall, seeming to ponder over what I just said. "That doesn't make it right."

"No, it doesn't. But I thought you would want to know that it wasn't something he planned, or maybe didn't even really realize he was doing it. Isn't that better for you to know, rather than think he set out to hurt you?"

"You're right," he said quietly as he nodded his head. "But I thought fucking him after he lost was supposed to be some humiliating experience? What I saw was two people having enjoyable sex while a bunch of voyeurs watched."

"It is supposed to demean him, it just didn't work out that way. Fuck," I grumbled, "I didn't know what to do when he told me he wanted me. I mean I was already stretching him out, everyone was watching. This was supposed to be a message to him and to others that this kind of shit can't be tolerated. If I had stopped there, it would have been like excusing his behavior."

"I get that you were in a tough spot, but that doesn't mean I have to like it."

"I wouldn't expect you to," I answered truthfully. "If the tables were turned, I'd be seething. But I'm telling you

the truth, Nate. I wouldn't lie to you."

"I believe that," he answered, still searching my face. "But it still hurts to look at you right now. Can you please just leave me alone for now while I think?"

"Okay, baby," I said as my head hung down in defeat. For some reason, knowing that looking at me hurt him, I couldn't seem to look at him either. Without another word I left the room. Instead of going back to my room I headed to Dimitri's office.

Even though I was pretty sure my friend was currently getting lucky, I didn't really have anywhere else to be. On the way, I glanced over to the now empty circle and shuddered. How could I have been so blind as to how Lance felt? I mean, there hadn't been any outward signs he liked me, but looking back I had to admit that I was the only instructor he didn't give a hard time to.

I was surprised when I got to Dimitri's office and he was there... making out with his mate like a teenager. Needing a good laugh, I entered the open door and plopped down in one of the chairs to watch. For several moments I just sat there, watching as Alexander and Dimitri continued on, completely oblivious.

"Can you turn a little so I can get a better view?" I asked, just to be a shit.

"Get out," Alexander growled, not even looking up from where he was kissing my best friend's neck.

"Hey, you watched me earlier, tit for tat, my friend," I chuckled.

"Never took you for a voyeur," Dimitri moaned. "Now get out."

"We really do need to talk about what I learned, Dimitri."

"Fine," he grumbled as he pulled away from Alexander. I laughed as I saw that they both had raging hard-ons. Dimitri sat in his chair and pulled Alexander down onto his lap. "Talk fast. I want to pound my cock into my mate's ass."

"I was thinking the same thing, except my cock in your ass," Alexander purred as he wiggled on Dimitri's lap. "You were in my ass last."

"Alright guys, I started the joke," I said, putting my hands over my eyes as if to block what I was seeing in my head. "But you're taking it too far. No mental images please."

"Fine, tell us about Lance," Dimitri replied, running his hands up and down Alexander's arms. "Did I see wrong, or was he enjoying himself?"

"He wasn't happy about the setting, but it seems he's

wanted to be with me for a while now," I said. Then I explained everything Lance told me about Nate, what had happened, and his rage. "I guess I'm just that irresistible."

"Yeah, yeah, you're a Spanish god," Dimitri chuckled. "Do you think he got the punishment?"

"To a point, but not like we thought he would," I answered as I leaned back over the chair to stretch out. All the stress had my muscles feeling tight. "So what do we do from here?"

"Well, he's in lock-up," Alexander replied. I wondered if I should tell them that, as subtle as they were trying to be, I still saw Dimitri's hand playing with Alexander's dick in his pants. "I can understand uncontrollable rage so shortly after someone's transition, but Lance has been a thorn in everyone's ass since he got here."

"Yeah, but have you ever met the kid's parents? It's a wonder he's not a mass murderer," I answered. "Look, I'm not trying to make excuses for Lance. What he did was wrong. But I also think he knows that, and the farther away we get him from his asshole parents, the larger a chance he has to grow into a fine warrior."

"You want that task?" Dimitri asked raising an eyebrow. "I'm not suggesting you exploit his feelings for

you, but you've gotten through to him. You cared enough to be there for him during his transition when his parents weren't."

"Fine, I'll try, but I'm not making any promises," I said reluctantly.

"Good, now get out of here so I can fuck my mate," Alexander said, then moaned.

I chuckled but looked away; I didn't need to see what Dimitri did to make him moan. "Glad I could help your sex life."

"Don't kid yourself, brother," Dimitri snickered as he took off his shirt. "Our sex life is off the charts awesome, we didn't need any help."

I didn't respond, simply walked out of the office and closed the door behind me. Walking back towards my rooms I realized I had a lot of thinking to do; not only about this whole Lance thing, but also Nate, and my feelings with everything that had happened.

* * * *

A week later, Nate was still avoiding me like the plague. He wouldn't talk to me, and wouldn't answer when I spoke to him unless it was in my role as an instructor. The

only good thing that happened during the week was that I seemed to be getting through to Lance. Once he saw that even though I didn't return his feelings, I did care for him, his old asshole ways seemed to disappear. It wasn't an overnight transformation, but it was progressive.

"Okay, I think that's enough for the day," I called out to Lance when I saw he was dragging through the drills I had him running.

"Matteo, you need to come with me, right now," Yuri yelled as he sprinted towards us.

"What's wrong?"

"It's Nate, he's gone into his transition almost a week early," he panted as he stopped and tried to catch his breath. At first I just stared at Yuri as if he'd told me I was royalty, frozen where I was standing. Then it was like something snapped inside me and without another thought I took off like a flash towards the infirmary. I heard Yuri and Lance running behind me but I put everything I had into my steps. Since I had always been pretty fast, even by vampire standards, neither of them could keep up with me.

I busted through the doors of the infirmary, then the trauma room, and skidded to a stop. Nate lay on one of the beds, writhing in pain. Just then he screamed so loudly that I was surprised the windows in the room hadn't broken.

"I'm here, Nate," I said as I ran to his bed. Reaching down I took his hands in mine and let him squeeze as hard as he could. "Just breathe, baby. Nice, deep breaths."

"Matteo," he hissed out, the pain written all over his face. "What's wrong? Why am I early?"

"I don't know, Nate," I answered before looking up at the doctors. "Has anyone contacted his parents?"

"No, he was just brought in a few minutes ago," one of them answered before walking away.

"Nate, I'm going to go call your parents, okay?"

"Just need you here," he whimpered. Then he screamed out in pain again.

"I know, baby, I'm here. But I have to call them," I replied, kissing his forehead. He let go of my hands and nodded. As much as it killed me to leave him just then, I knew it had to be done. Plus, maybe his parents could shed some light on why Nate was going through his transition early. I pulled Nate's file as I left the main room and dialed the number to reach his parents.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Hathus? This is Matteo Dominguez," I said evenly.

"Nate? Oh my god, is he okay?"

"He's going through his transition, sir."

"Already? How is that possible?" he asked me.

"I was hoping you could tell me that, Mr. Hathus. It's important that I know about you and your wife's transition," I explained to him. "A parent's transition can tell us a lot about what to expect."

"Well, umm, hold on, Matteo." I heard muffled talking in the background. My eyebrows drew together in confusion, why was that such a difficult question?

"Look, there's something I need to tell you, but Nate doesn't know," Mr. Hathus said when he got back on the phone. "Nate was adopted."

"We don't have that in our records," I said feeling the anger start to rise in me. "Don't you think the people looking after your son and his transition would need to know that?"

"We've never told anyone and we didn't see how you knowing he was adopted would matter."

"It does," I growled trying to stay calm. "Are you sure whomever you adopted him from told you his correct birthday?"

"Well, that's the thing," Mr. Hathus said, sighing into the phone. "My wife can't conceive children, so when Nate was left as an orphan a friend of ours brought him to us. We accepted him with open arms, grateful for the

chance to have a child. But he was already almost a year old at the time. They told us his birth date and whatnot, but as you know, there isn't a way to verify such information."

"So you were basically guessing and didn't bother to tell us this?" I snarled, fully pissed off at this time. "And he doesn't know this. Great! Just fucking great."

"We thought it was best he didn't know," Mr. Hathus started to explain, but I cut him off.

"Fine, at least we know why he's gone into his transition early. I need to go tend to him," I said not looking forward to the hours ahead. "I'm going to have to tell him, he's scared shitless something is wrong."

"You can't tell him, he'll never forgive us," he gasped.

"Letting him think he might be dying is better?"

"Well, no..."

"I'll figure something out, but I'm not going to hide it from him like you did," I grumbled into the phone, then hung up before he could respond. I knew it was childish, but really, I just didn't have the time or energy to fight with Nate's dad just then. Taking a few deep breaths and collecting myself before going back in the other room, I realized that when I saw Nate, I couldn't lie to him.

"Nate, I got the answer," I said gently as I reached

him. "It's okay that you're going into your transition now. I promise."

"Why is this happening to me?" he asked, panting. The pain had subsided for the moment, and he looked so wiped. "Am I going to make it?"

"You'll be fine, baby," I answered stroking his cheek. "I'll explain everything to you later, but it really is okay."

"Please, just tell me now."

"I can't do that, Nate. Right now you need to focus on what's happening."

"Please, Matteo?" he asked, tears forming in his eyes, "I'm scared and I need to know why this is happening early." Nate looked freaked out, and if he didn't calm down soon, his transition would be worse.

I leaned over and kissed his sweet, soft lips. "Your father just told me that you're adopted. Your birth parents died when you were about one year old, and while they thought they knew your real birthday, it's possible they were wrong. They didn't know your birth parents personally, and a friend of theirs brought you to them knowing they couldn't have children of their own."

"What?" he gasped as he tried to pull away from me, but I wouldn't let him.

I took his face firmly in my hands and gave him another quick kiss. "You can deal with all of this later, baby, okay? I'll explain it again after you transition and we can go beat up your parents for keeping secrets. But please, please, Nate, I need you to push it aside and focus on your transition," I pleaded with him. "Right now you need to stay calm and just focus on your breathing. I need you to stay with me right now."

"Matteo, I can't just," he started to say, but then another wave of pain hit and he screamed.

"Did you give him the drugs?" I yelled over to the doctors.

"No, we didn't know what to do with him entering his transition early," one of them answered me.

"I talked with his parents, it's fine," I replied. "Help him, give him the drugs."

The man searched my face for a few moments before nodding and turning towards the table and working on a syringe.

"How could they lie to me like that?" Nate asked, starting to sob. "All these years, never telling me I was adopted. Why? Why would they do that to me?"

"Probably so you never had to feel like you do right now," I answered as I moved him to a sitting up position. I

decided right then to do something I never did with vampires in their transition; I refused to stay detached. Crawling into bed behind him, I sat up, my back leaning against the wall. I moved Nate so that he was reclining up against my chest with his body in between my legs. I wrapped both arms around him, hugging him to me as gently as possible.

"Do you think they ever loved me?"

"I think they love you very much, Nate," I answered honestly. "I don't think there is ever a good time to have that kind of conversation with someone you love. And they see you as their son, so what did it ever matter that you weren't born from your mother?"

"I guess that makes sense," Nate replied, running his hands over my arms. "Does this change the way you feel about me?"

"Absolutely not," I said completely aghast. "I love you for the man you are, not your lineage or who your parents are."

"You love me?" he asked, turning to look in my eyes. Unable to answer at the moment, I simply nodded. "I love you too, Matteo."

"I hope you still do tomorrow," I whispered as I leaned down to give him another kiss. Nate broke the kiss

to gasp in pain again. Just then the doctor came over and gave Nate a shot in his arm. It seemed to help, smoothing away the lines of pain and stress on his gorgeous face. "Just rest, Nate. You'll need your strength to get through this."

"Will you stay with me?" he asked as he turned to the side to curl up. I moved my arms so that he could adjust his position; his head on my shoulder and his legs thrown over one of my thighs. He was still in between my legs, but more like if I was carrying him while I walked. Again, I gently wrapped my arms around him.

"I'm not going anywhere, Nate," I answered, laying my head on top of his. "Believe me, I'm feeling every painful twinge with you, baby. If I could bear this for you, I would."

"I know you would," Nate replied smiling up at me. "It's one of the reasons I fell in love with you. You have the biggest, softest heart. But don't worry, I won't tell anyone."

"Thanks, I have to keep up my street cred," I said chuckling. Nate giggled before gasping in pain again.

I sat there, helpless to help him, but trying to soothe him nonetheless. We didn't say anything as the minutes, and then hours, ticked by. While I watched Nate's suffering I felt my heart breaking as I desperately wanted to help him. I knew they were hopeless wishes, but they were ones

I couldn't stop myself from making.

CHAPTER 5

I woke up from my nap to Nate's screams. I held on to him as gently as I could, praying to the powers that be for this to end soon. Thankfully he was through most of his transition, but now he was experiencing skull-splitting pain as his fangs grew in. I felt hot tears streaming down my face as I tried to lend him every ounce of my strength.

"You're almost done, baby," I whispered in his ear as it seemed the pain started to subside. When I felt him finally go slack against me, I knew he was finally done. Looking down at the now large man in my arms, I started to wonder if the small hospital bed we were in would be able to hold us up.

I moved out from behind him and grabbed the bags of blood. Reaching out to help him sit up again, I lifted the first bag towards his face.

"No," he whispered, "I won't drink it."

"Baby, your fangs are in now," I replied completely confused. "It's time for you to drink. You made it."

"But look how big I am."

"What does that have to do with anything?" I asked, not following his train of thought.

"I'm not the little Nate you fell for anymore," he

whimpered as tears streamed down his face. "You're not going to want me anymore."

"Baby, that's not true," I answered sitting down on the bed in front of him. "You're still gorgeous, just in a different way. Inside, I know you'll still be the man I fell in love with."

"You don't know that," he sobbed, clutching onto my shirt.

"I don't know that, but I feel it in my heart," I answered, taking his hands into mine. "Your emotions are running all over the place, Nate. You've been through hell and back, just give yourself time to adjust to it."

"No... no... I know you won't want me," Nate replied, still crying loudly. "I won't survive your rejection of me. I won't drink the blood. Just please, let me die."

"Not a fucking chance," I growled, taking his head into my hands. "I didn't just suffer through this with you to let you die now. I want you, Nate. I just need to know that you want me once things settle down."

"You're just saying that so I'll drink." How could a vampire that big sound sulky?

"I've never once lied to you, baby, I'm not going to start now. Now drink the blood, Nate. It's important you do it now."

"No, I won't drink from the bag," he answered pulling away from me.

"From the bag? What will you drink from?"

"You," he replied, looking straight into my eyes. "If you love me, and you're so sure I won't change, then let me drink from you."

"Nate," I whispered, finally seeing what he was getting at. He wanted to mate with me to ensure I wouldn't ever leave him. "We need to wait, baby. You're too upset right now; we need to give it some time. Once we both calm down and adjust to the changes, we can talk about it."

"See, I knew you wouldn't want me when I'm huge like this," he said, pushing against my chest. Nate was right about one thing; he was huge. He had to have grown as big as Dimitri. I hadn't seen him stand up yet, but he was at least six-seven and three hundred pounds. I was large for a vampire and warrior, but even I felt a little scrawny sitting here with Nate.

"It's not that, Nate," I replied, shaking my head.

"You're still every bit as breath-taking to me, but your emotions aren't under control."

Before he could even answer me, he turned to the side and threw up. Fuck! That meant his body needed the blood now. It would start eating his internal organs soon,

then his muscles, until his body consumed itself if it didn't get the blood it craved.

"Baby, please, I don't want you to hate me later for giving in," I said, rubbing his back as he kept trying to push me away as he finished vomiting.

"If you loved me like you say you do, you wouldn't have to think twice about being mated to me," Nate cried. I knew he wasn't in his right mind; his body, hormones, and everything else were completely off-kilter. But seeing the pain in his eyes and after everything he went through, not just with the transition but learning of his adoption, I couldn't deny him.

I leaned in and kissed him gently on his lips before pulling back and tilting my head to the side. "I hope this is something you really want after you even out from your transition. Please, don't hate me for giving in, Nate."

"I won't, I love you," he answered as he leaned in to lick my neck. I felt my whole body shake at the sensation. Nate wrapped his arms around me and up my back, grabbing my hair in one hand and pulling me closer. Before I could even think about changing my mind he sank his fangs into my neck.

Instantly, my cock swelled, then erupted with the first suck he took of my blood. I moaned loudly reaching to

stroke my cock through my running pants as my orgasm went on, wave after wave. After a few minutes Nate lifted his head up and licked the bite closed.

"I want in your sweet ass, Matteo," he whispered as he sucked on my ear. "I'm not sure if this is normal, but I've never, ever wanted or needed to be with someone like I do at this moment."

"I think it's because of the mating, not your transition."

"Please, let me fuck you, my mate," he begged, moving my hand over his rock solid cock. "I need to feel you."

"I've never had someone inside me before," I replied, completely unprepared for the turn of events.

"Good, then I'll have been the only one," Nate growled as he moved off the bed. "Just as you are the only one who's been in my ass."

"That seems fair," I whispered, still feeling the aftershocks of our mating and my orgasm.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to," he said gently as he reached out and cupped my cheek.

I shook my head at first, trying to put my jumbled emotions into words. "It's not that I don't want to, I'm just on overload from the mating. And after centuries of sex I

feel like a virgin again, since I've never let anyone take my ass."

"Oh god, you're killing me," Nate groaned as he rubbed his erection against my leg as it hung over the side of the bed. "I don't want to pressure you, Matteo. But fuck, I want to be in you so badly."

"Take me, my mate," I answered, still scared, but also excited about the idea of my mate's cock in me. I'd never wanted anyone to fuck me before; it was a new experience. And the wide, feral smile he gave me was worth my fear.

"Roll over," he growled as he ripped off his clothes.

I did as he asked. Before I could even move to take off my clothes Nate's hands were there taking them off me. Bent over the bed as I was, I couldn't see what he was doing, but I heard some items moving on the table. "Nate, can we do this so I can see you?" I asked hesitantly.

"Of course we can. I actually prefer that idea," he answered as he rubbed my ass. "Turn back over."

I gladly did, smiling up at him as I moved my hands under my thighs and pulled them to my chest. Nate growled deep in his chest before leaning over and licking my puckered hole. Fuck! I'd never had anyone lick me there before. It felt amazing. I watched as his head moved, and

my cock started to harden again. When he pushed his tongue into my ass I let out a loud moan.

A few moments later, he removed his tongue and slipped in a lubed finger. Looking around I saw he hadn't used lube, but hand lotion. Hey, whatever worked. I let the sensation of Nate playing with my ass overtake me.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked as his eyes devoured my body.

"No, feels good," I panted. "More. I want more, Nate."

He smiled a sexy little smile at me that was all Nate; even with his new, larger body it was still the Nate I loved. Pushing another finger in gently, he started scissoring them around. I held on tighter to my legs as my body started to shake. When he pushed in a third finger I skated on the edge of control.

"Enough. Stick your cock in me already," I hissed, loving the feeling of being so full and the slight bite of pain. "Fuck me into the bed, baby."

"My pleasure," he answered, pulling his fingers out of me. Nate moved to line his cock up with my hole and started to push in. We both groaned loudly as he started to work about half of his cock in and out of me. Looking down, I saw that Nate's dick had grown to at least ten or

eleven inches. I was shocked my body could even take that much.

"God, this feels fucking amazing," I moaned as he started to push more of himself into me. With one hard thrust, he bottomed out in my ass. Nate leaned down and kissed me, tongue thrusting right into my mouth. I wrapped my arms around his neck as our tongues tangled. Loving the full feeling of my mate being in me, I noticed he didn't move while my body adjusted to his size. "And you thought I wouldn't like the new, huge Nate."

"Stupid me," he chuckled as he moved my legs over his shoulders and grabbed my hips. "I'm not sure of my new strength, Matteo. I don't want to hurt you."

"You could never hurt me, Nate," I said. "Now fuck like you've never fucked before."

Nate's eyes grew wide at my words as a look of pure lust and desire crossed his face. Taking me at my word he started a hard and fast rhythm. I reached over head and grabbed onto the side of the bed, almost afraid he was going to push me off with his forceful thrusts.

"Getting close, Matteo," he grunted in between thrusts. I'd never seen anything so beautiful as Nate was right at that moment. His face was a combination of pure bliss and sensuality. Nate's large, strong body showed the

exertion he was putting forth. Every muscle moved with him, showing off his new, sexy physique.

"Come for me, my mate," I panted as I reached down and took my cock in my hand. I started stroking along it to the pace Nate was fucking me.

"Shit, that's hot," he groaned, licking his lips as he looked between my leaking cock and my face. "I love you so much, Matteo."

"I love you too, Nate," I cried out as my dick started spurting cum. I felt my ass tighten around his cock, as he roared. Even though I was pretty sure I'd never come so hard in my life, I kept stroking myself, extending my orgasm. "Fuck, so good!"

"So beautiful," Nate gasped before yelling out my name loudly. I felt him stiffen and watched the tendons in his neck bulge out seconds before I felt his seed fill my ass. He thrust several more times before collapsing on top of me.

"That was..." I panted, not even able to coherently finish my thought as we lay there shaking. I ran my hands up and down his back as we both tried to get our breathing under control. Nate's cock finally softened enough to slip out of my ass. It was another new experience for me, feeling his seed start to run out of my ass. Without

thinking, I started laughing.

"What's so funny?" he asked lifting his head to look down at me.

"Your cum's running out my ass and it feels funny," I answered honestly. "That and I never thought I would ever have my ass fucked, and it was more amazing than I could ever have guessed."

"You don't regret it, do you?" The flicker of uncertainty on his face was apparent.

"Fuck no," I said taking his face in my hands. "I loved it, I love being with you. It was just as great as our time in the showers. With you I don't mind being the bottom as well as the top."

"Good, because I really liked it as well," he replied, smiling. Leaning over, he kissed my lips quickly before standing. "Now let's get you cleaned up."

"Nate, you need to lie down," I answered, shaking my head. "I can't believe you even were able to do that. Normally I'd be helping to put the post-transition into a coma, not allowing them any exertion like sex."

"I feel fine," he said, shrugging his shoulders as he reached for the box of tissues. Not my idea of how to clean up, but it would do given where we were. I wasn't able to move quickly enough as Nate dropped to his knees.

"Actually, I change my answer, Matteo."

"I think you had an adrenaline and endorphin rush from the mating," I said, lifting him in my arms and then laying him down on a different, clean bed. "Now you're starting to feel what most post-trans feel after they've had blood."

"It's not as bad as before," he answered as he curled into a ball. "But, fuck, it still hurts."

"I'm going to put you under, baby," I said, running my fingers through his soft hair. "We can't put someone under during the transition, but it won't affect you if we do for the few days afterwards. You don't have to suffer through this part."

"No, it's okay. I can handle this," Nate said shaking his head.

"Not your call, Nate. It's procedure, you know that," I chuckled. "You don't get special favors because you're my mate. I have to do this. It won't just be a few hours of waves of pain. It will be a constant, dull pain everywhere. Please, I can't watch you suffer any more when I can help you now."

"Okay, Matteo," he replied quietly. "But only because it hurts you to see me like this."

"Quite noble of you, baby," I whispered against his

lips before kissing him.

"I don't want to leave you, even for a few days," Nate said as I moved away to grab the necessary syringes. "We just mated, this should be our honeymoon period."

"It will be, sweetheart, just after you wake up," I assured him as I put the different meds into a bag of blood. Once that was done I turned to Nate and hooked him up to the IV. "Just go to sleep now, baby. You'll wake up and most of the pain will be past. Then we can see and explore all the new, fun things you can do with this hot body."

"Oh, fuck that sounds good," he moaned as his eyelids started to droop. Even though we combined the medicine with the blood, it was fast acting. "I love you, Matteo."

"I love you too," I whispered against his lips as I heard his breathing even out and he drifted off to sleep. I watched him for several more moments before turning and grabbing my clothes. Once I was clothed again I headed back to my suite and got in the shower.

As I lathered up my body I replayed the night's events in my mind. I seriously doubted mating with Nate like that was the right idea. There was no way to tell how the next few days would go as his body, mind, and emotions evened out after such a rapid growth. I just

prayed he wouldn't hate me for what we did.

CHAPTER 6

I was standing over Nate's bed at the infirmary when they brought him out of the medical coma a couple of days later. After several minutes, his gorgeous eyes fluttered open. He looked around, confused, then down his body. Nate's eyes just about popped out of his head.

"I made it," he said as he looked back up to me.
"I'm huge!"

I couldn't help but burst out laughing at his first reaction. Having seen hundreds of first reactions after someone's transition, Nate's was a new one. "It's all that milk you've been drinking over the years."

"Does a body good," he replied smiling at me, but then his face turned slowly into a frown. "You let me mate you."

"I did," I answered quietly, swallowing loudly.
"You wouldn't drink any blood if it wasn't mine."

"I remember, but I was out of my mind at the time," he growled. "How could you let this happen?"

"It's what you said you wanted," I whispered, my eyes filling with tears.

"You should have known I wasn't in a position to know what I wanted right then," Nate yelled at me. His

words echoed through the room, drawing all eyes on us.

"I didn't mate with you, you can still find your mate when you want to," I said, backing away from him.

He reached out and grabbed my arm before I could flee. "But I still have to bite you every few days," he replied. "I've been out for a few days, and that means you need my bite right now."

After a vampire mates they have to mate and be bitten by their mate on a regular basis. I don't know the science of it, something about our genetic makeup. Once you are bitten and mated you need your mate's fangs, the compound they give off, to stay alive. It's the same compound in our saliva that helps wounds heal, but when mated our bodies start craving it. Now that he'd mated me, Nate's bite was as important to my health as food and blood.

"Yes," I said, looking anywhere but in his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"Whatever," he grumbled as he pulled me down towards him. He grabbed my hair roughly and tilted my head to the side. When his fangs sank into the side of my neck, my cock responded as it did a few days ago; instantly swelling and then exploding in my shorts. While I knew I needed his bite and it gave me relief, I felt humiliated that

he did it here, like this. He drank deeply for a few moments before he released me and pushed me away.

"Did you have to do it like that?" I asked not even bothering to ask him to lick the bite closed. "In front of people like this? It's supposed to be something intimate between mates."

"You're lucky I care enough to bite you at all," he snapped, causing me to take a few steps back. I'd never seen this side of Nate before.

I closed my eyes, praying he was just upset and the transition hadn't turned him into a dickhead.

"I'm sorry, Matteo. I don't know what's going on with me, but it's like I can't hold onto one emotion. They're all swarming me."

"That's normal," I replied, falling back into instructor mode. It was easier for me to be his teacher and help him than deal with our personal crap. "You'll feel this on and off for the next month or so. Your body grew so quickly, and your hormones and organs are adjusting the new levels of chemicals your body needs to produce to keep up."

"One minute I'm so angry with you and the next I'm grateful that you willingly sacrificed yourself to mate with me so I got the blood I needed."

"We'll figure it out, Nate," I said as I took his hand. "Just don't think about it right now, okay? You're going to have enough issues, put this one on the back-burner."

"Okay, it's just..." he whispered, tears running down his cheeks.

I leaned over and gave him a chaste kiss on the lips, then let go of his hand. "What is it, Nate? You can tell me."

"You won't like it," Nate replied, trying to turn away from me.

"I don't like it now, so just tell me," I replied, raising an eyebrow as I searched his face for answers. "We can't have secrets between us. No matter what we decide or what happens, no secrets."

"Fine," he mumbled as he started playing with the infirmity blanket covering his lower body. "It's just that, if we're mated, it's for eternity. One man, the only man I've ever been with, for all the rest of my days."

"So this is about you being upset that someone better might come along?" I asked, more shocked than pissed right then.

"No!" He yelled, reaching for my hand, "it's not about finding someone better. It's just I've never played around with sex. What if it turns out I like something you don't? Hell, I don't even know what I like."

"Did you like what we did so far?" I replied, starting to get confused. "I mean we can try different things if you want."

"Even if we dabble in different stuff, there's only so much you can try with one person."

It hit me then like a ton of sharp, pointed bricks. "You want to play the field. This is about you wanting to fuck other people!"

"Well, no, maybe, yes?" He answered, looking lost and confused. "Fuck, I don't know! I'm just trying to deal with that door being closed to me for good."

"Don't worry, Nate," I said sarcastically, dropping his hand. "I'm not closing that particular door for you. Go ahead, sleep with whomever you want, just don't come knocking on my door."

"Matteo, wait!" Nate called out as I started to walk away.

I spun on my heel, completely pissed off, growling. "I knew something like this would happen. But you wouldn't listen to me, would you? Last night it was all, *'I love you'* and *'I choose you'*. Today it's you *'want to be with other people'*. That's not love Nate. And now I'm stuck being mated to a man who wants to play the field. Thanks a fucking lot!"

This time I did leave, ignoring his calling after me to stop. Fuck him! I felt the tears burning in my eyes as I left the infirmary. I was so lost in my own world that I barely heard the whizzing sound. But I felt the blinding pain on the right side of my forehead. I had only seconds to realize I was falling to the ground before my world went black.

* * * *

I woke up in a bed, surrounded by people. At first I couldn't make out anything any of them were saying to me. I stared at them, trying to figure out the words as my hearing started to come back to me.

"Matteo, are you okay?" one man asked me. He was leaning over me, touching the side of my face. And while he was gorgeous, I didn't like that the stranger was touching me, even if part of me felt it was right.

"Who are you?" I asked, brushing his hand away.

"What?" he asked, his eyes going wide.

"Who are you? For that matter, where am I?"

"Matteo, you're in the infirmary," another man said from the other side of me. He looked familiar, but I couldn't put my finger on it. "You were shot, brother."

"Dimitri?" I asked, his name suddenly coming to me. "You're my brother, Dimitri."

"Yeah, I'm Dimitri, but we're not really brothers," Dimitri explained gently. "We're best friends. We've been best friends for decades."

"You keep saying Matteo, is that my name?" I asked, still confused. It was then I realized the right side of my head felt like it was blown open. "My head, fuck it hurts. I was shot in the head?"

"Yeah, buddy. You were walking out of the infirmary when a sniper bullet clipped the right side of your forehead," he answered as he sat on my bed. "You're going to have some memory loss. We don't know how much yet, but it's good you remember me, at least. It means you don't have complete amnesia."

"Okay, but who's the guy that was touching me?" I asked Dimitri before turning back to look at the man on the other side of my bed.

"That's Nate, he's your mate," Dimitri told me. I reached out and grabbed my friend's hand as my thoughts seemed to spin out of control.

"I'm Matteo and I'm mated to Nate," I said, more for myself than anyone. It seemed I needed to say it all out loud to try and get a handle on it. "And I was shot. Why

was I shot?"

"That's my fault," a third man said, moving to the foot of my bed. "I'm Lance, one of your students. You challenged me and I lost. My father found out and was enraged; it seems he put a hit out on you. The sniper sat outside the camp walls and took a shot at you when you left the infirmary. People saw and rushed to you, blocking his shot I guess. That's why he only took one shot and didn't kill you."

"Okay, I'm on like info overload here," I said holding up my hand to stop him. "You're Lance. Why did I challenge you? What is a challenge?"

"All right everyone, I need you to leave," a fourth man said, stepping up to the bed. I guessed he had to be a doctor, with the white lab coat and stethoscope around his neck. "Give my patient some room, he just woke up. I need to examine him. You can all come back after the exam."

"Can Dimitri stay?" I asked the doctor. "I remember him."

"Fine," the doctor sighed, shooing away the others. When they left he started his barrage of tests and questions. It felt never-ending, and completely exhausting. The entire time, Dimitri held my hand when the doctor allowed him. It had to be at least a couple of hours before the doctor pulled

up a little stool on wheels and sat by my bed.

"Your brain looks to be fully functioning, Matteo," he said smiling. "It's a miracle, really, given how the bullet entered and exited your head. But your brain seems to have healed and regenerated. You're lucky you're a vampire, a human would have been killed instantly."

"Yeah, lucky," I snorted. "What about my memories?"

"Some may come back," he answered, tiredly rubbing his hands over his face. "Best case scenario is that they all do. We just don't know what memories were stored in that part of your brain. So far your language, motor, and finite skills don't seem to have been affected, just your memory. When dealing with the brain, nothing is exact. There's still too much about it we don't know."

"Thanks, doc," Dimitri said as he took my hand again. The doctor nodded and stood before patting my arm. I thought it was an odd thing to do, but understood it was his way of trying to comfort me. He turned and left us alone then.

"So, what now?" I asked, turning back to my friend. "I mean, I get that I'm a warrior and we're at a training facility. And I'm some type of instructor, but what do I do?"

"For now you need rest, my friend," Dimitri replied

with a gentle smile.

"Wait. Please tell me why I got shot?"

"The man you met, Lance," Dimitri started to say as he sat back down. He walked me through what happened with Lance's transition, his attempted rape of Nate, and my subsequent challenge. "Lance's father is a council member and saw his son's challenge and loss as something not deserving of his high and mighty family."

"Killing me won't erase what happened," I said, still confused.

"No, but it appears he thought it was a just punishment for you after humiliating Lance," Dimitri explained, shaking his head. "It seems he didn't know Lance actually enjoyed most of it and has feelings for you. Either way, he's sitting at council headquarters in LA awaiting trial. Lance told the council he would testify against his father."

"Wow," I whistled. "That's going to be awkward."

"Probably, but whatever you said to Lance seems to have helped, along with his transition," Dimitri said as he shrugged his shoulders. "He's not the same pain in the ass we all knew and hated. It really seems he might become a good, honorable warrior."

"Great," I replied nodding. "I just wish it didn't take

me getting shot and losing my memories for Lance to see the kind of monster his family is."

"True, that," Dimitri chuckled. We both turned when we heard someone clearing their throat to announce their arrival. I wasn't shocked to see it was Nate, more uncomfortable with the conversation to come. Dimitri turned back to me, "Don't stress yourself out, Matteo. You need to rest right now."

"I'll be okay," I assured my friend and patted his hand. "I got this."

He sat there a few moments longer, searching my face for something. I wasn't sure what he was looking for, but he seemed to find it. Dimitri stood, gave me a nod, then turned and walked to Nate. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but they whispered something to each other. Nate nodded a few times, then Dimitri patted him on the back and left.

I watched the six-seven, gorgeous man walk towards me. My mouth watered at the sight of him; his short, wavy blond hair and beautiful forest green eyes. I just about swallowed my tongue when he leaned over and kissed me. Melting into that kiss, I grabbed his shirt and pulled him down closer to me.

"Wow," I whispered as we broke the kiss. It seemed

like those eyes were burning into my soul as he stared down at me. "So you're my mate."

"In a way," he answered with a sigh, and then sat down where Dimitri had just left. The next ten minutes or so, Nate explained about our mating and how we got where we were currently. "So yeah, that was our last conversation before you got shot."

I watched the man in front of me, not having said a word the entire time he had been talking. "So, you do want to be mated to me?"

"Yes, very much so," he answered as he raised my hand to his lips and kissed it. "It's just been a lot, with my transition. I'm confused. Does that make any sense?"

"I guess," I replied before pulling him back down for a kiss. "Until I remember, if I ever remember, I'll be in the same boat. Only having ever made love to you."

"And you're okay with that?" Nate asked, searching my face.

"I'm not sure, I just woke up after being shot and the only thing I remember is that Dimitri and I are friends. I guess sex isn't at the front of my mind right now."

"Fair enough."

"I know I don't like the idea of us playing separately if we're mated..." An idea popped into my head. "But what

would you think if we maybe invited someone else to play with us?"

"You'd do that?"

"I'd try it," I answered, rubbing his hand in mine.

"I'm not sure what I was into before, and I might not ever know. But if this is something you want to do, I'm willing to try it."

"Oh fuck, I'm totally picturing fucking someone while watching them suck you off," he groaned as I saw his cock grow hard under his shorts.

"I take it you like that idea, Nate," I said, then decided to be bold. I reached out and rubbed his hard-on through his shorts. He spread his legs a bit to accommodate my wandering hand. "I don't remember you, Nate, and I only know what you've told me. But I feel as if this is right, that I do know you."

"We love each other," he replied as he leaned down and kissed me again. This time I slid my tongue into his open mouth. Groaning at the taste of my mate, I wrapped my free hand behind his head and pulled him closer. When he reached under the sheet and started stroking my naked cock I just about melted into the bed.

"Prove it," I hissed. "Suck my cock."

He looked at me with wide eyes for a moment

before smiling widely. Nate looked around to make sure we were alone before pulling the sheet down and lifting up my hospital gown. Without a word, he moved closer to my dick and licked off the drop of pre-cum that formed at the head of my cock. I groaned at the feeling of his tongue. Then he took the head of my dick into his mouth and started to suck on it.

"Fuck! That's it, baby," I said, wrapping my hand in his hair and guiding him down further onto my cock. He moaned around my dick and I felt the vibrations shoot through me. Without even meaning to, my hips started to pump up, gently fucking his mouth. "Take me all the way in your throat."

Nate smiled around my cock, looking straight into my eyes as he swallowed my entire length. What little control I had left snapped. I grabbed both sides of his head as I moved my hips in time with his mouth. He moved his other hand to cup and massage my balls.

"Squeeze them," I hissed out as I kept pumping my cock into his mouth. Nate did as I asked and I felt them start to draw up. "So fucking good."

He sucked harder, moving his tongue around my dick as I fucked his face. One last squeeze to my nuts and I cried out my release as Nate swallowed every drop of my

cum. My whole body shook and my vision started to swim. It hit me then that the doc probably wouldn't have wanted me to be doing any physical activity just then.

"I'm going to throw up," I said as the nausea hit me. Nate moved quickly and helped me lean over the side of the bed. We made it just as my stomach decided to empty itself. He kept rubbing my back and saying soothing words to me as I kept vomiting. When I was finally done, Nate helped me lie back down and found a cold washcloth to put on my forehead.

"Never thought anyone would have that reaction to my sucking them off," Nate mumbled.

"It wasn't that, baby. It was the getting shot earlier today," I chuckled. "I'm pretty sure you're not supposed to engage in physical activities this soon after a bullet to the head. The blow job was fantastic. I officially know what heaven is like."

"I aim to please," he replied, leaning over to kiss my lips.

"Nate," I said gently as I held onto his head, making sure he was looking right at me. "I don't have a problem with us playing with others, as long as it's together. And no one gets our asses but each other, okay?"

He seemed to think it over for a few moments, then

smiled widely, "I think that's fair. You're right, I don't like the idea of someone else being in your ass."

"I feel the same way," I said pulling him down for another kiss. "I'm getting sleepy, baby."

"Okay, you get some rest, my mate," he replied, running his fingers through my hair.

Someone behind Nate cleared his throat, and when Nate turned around I could see it was Lance. "Can I talk to Matteo for a minute before he goes to sleep?"

"I'll be fine, Nate," I told him when he looked back down at me. "You go ahead and rest up. I'll need someone to help me with my rehab."

Nate chuckled and waggled his eyebrows at me before giving me another quick kiss and leaving the room.

"I'm so sorry, Matteo," Lance said as he came towards my bed. "I never had any idea my father was serious."

"What are you talking about, Lance?"

"When my father called and asked me what happened with Nate and the challenge," Lance cried softly, hiccupping as he explained. "He said he would kill you, but I didn't think he was serious. He said he would kill you for doing that to me but I never dreamed in a million years he would really do it. I thought he was just angry and it was

his rage talking. I swear if I thought it was a real threat I would have told someone..."

"It's not your fault, Lance," I replied pulling my student down towards me for a hug. "I know you truly care for me and wouldn't let someone hurt me."

"I wouldn't," he sobbed, holding onto me tightly. "Even if I hated you, what you did was right and I learned a lot from it. You didn't deserve to be killed or shot for what you did. It was dishonorable of my father to have done this. If he wanted to save face or protect our family name, he should have challenged you."

"He knew he would lose, Lance," I said, rubbing his back. The irony wasn't lost on me, I was the one who got shot, but here I was comforting Lance. "I would never blame you for your father's actions. This is not your fault, and I'm going to be just fine."

"But your memories—" I put my hand over his mouth.

"Maybe they will come back, maybe they won't. But it's worth it if you see now who your father really is," I replied, still trying to soothe him. "I have faith in you, Lance. I think the farther you are away from your family the better chance you have at becoming a great warrior and a good man."

"My father said he's going to cut me off if I testify against him," he said sitting up to look at me. "I told him to go ahead, that what he did was wrong and he needs to be held accountable for it."

"I agree, but the choice is yours."

"Thank you, Matteo," he said as he cupped my cheek. "Nate is a very lucky guy."

"Yeah, hope he realizes that," I chuckled. "Now, forgive yourself, because there's really nothing for me to forgive, Lance. And let me get some rest, I'm wiped."

He surprised me by giving me a quick kiss on the lips, "I couldn't resist. You're in no condition to stop me and I've always wondered what that would feel like."

"Get out of here before Nate finds out," I answered, shoving him away playfully. I wasn't going to yell or bitch at him for stealing a kiss.

Lance touched his fingers to his lips and smiled before turning and leaving. He started laughing as he reached the doorway and it was the first time I had faith that Lance had a chance at a real life. All he needed was someone to see past the angry boy facade and have a little faith in him.

CHAPTER 7

The next day I felt as if I were losing my mind. I was going absolutely stir crazy. The doctor and I had talked more that morning and he told me that seeing, and being in, familiar places would help me with my memories. There was nothing he could really do to help me, or guarantee they would come back, but he said immersing myself in my old life was a good first step.

"Nate, thank god! Get me the fuck out of here," I begged when my mate came to see me the next afternoon.

He stopped walking, just stood there looking me over before bursting out laughing. "Well that's one hell of a hello."

"I'm sorry," I replied sheepishly. "Hello, my wonderful mate. Now please spring me from prison."

"It's not prison," my doctor grumbled, coming up to the other side of my bed. "And I can't release you into your own care."

"Can you release him into mine?" Nate asked as he walked the rest of the way to me and took my hand. "I promise to take good care of him."

"Fine, but no more sexual activity for at least a few more days," the doctor chuckled as he reached over and

grabbed a wheelchair. "He needs to lay down as much as possible or sit up only at a slight angle. Matteo's brain needs to be jarred as little as possible while he's healing."

"Done," Nate said as he helped me sit up and get into the chair. I didn't like being wheeled around, but what the doctor said made sense. So, as much as I wanted to complain right then, I wanted out of that hospital even more.

"I'll be good, I promise," I swore as Nate started to roll me out of the room.

"Yeah, and hell will freeze over," Nate hissed in my ear before sucking on my earlobe for a moment. I shivered all over, wanting to pout when he pulled away and started pushing the chair.

"I think you're going to be the problem. You can't seem to be able to keep your hands off of me," I chuckled, loving that he couldn't. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't upset, merely teasing my mate. Nate poked me in the shoulder, letting me know he took my comment in the manner it was meant.

Thankfully Nate was incredibly strong and adapted to his transition well, because the camp wasn't set up to accommodate wheelchairs. Once we were out of the infirmary he had trouble pushing me across the rocks

towards the warrior housing. When we got to the house there was an elevator we could use. Most warriors rarely used it; it was actually a service elevator for the household staff.

I sighed once we got to a room that I assumed was mine, and Nate opened the door. He wheeled me in and over to the bed. Looking around, nothing struck me as familiar.

"Matteo, don't cry," Nate whispered as he knelt down in front of me. I reached up and wiped away the tears I didn't even realize I was shedding. "We'll figure this out, okay? I know your memories will come back, and even if they don't we have an eternity to make new ones."

"I just feel so lost," I whispered closing my eyes. He leaned forward and put his head on my lap while wrapping his arms around my legs. I moved my arms around him and down his back. We stayed like that for several moments before the position started to give me a headache. "Can you help me into bed? I want to lie down."

"Of course, my mate, for all the rest of my days," Nate answered as he stood up. I froze; something about what he said haunted me. He helped me up and settled me into bed before sitting down next to me. Nate frowned at me, looking almost pissed off, and confused. The

combination of what he said, and his reaction to me, loosened something inside my head.

Suddenly I was flooded with images and memories. I remembered everything from the moment Nate was out of his medical coma until I got shot. Every word, emotion, and heartbreak over ran my senses like a crazy flashback. I turned and looked at him, his eyes wide with concern, "Get out."

"Matteo, what just happened?" he asked, ignoring what I said. "You were staring off into space and not responding to me."

"I remember what happened right before I got shot," I growled. "I want you gone!"

"Please don't do this," Nate begged, looking panicked. "I told you what happened and we worked it all out."

"You telling me, and me actually remembering it, feeling it, are two very different things."

"I'm sorry," he whispered as he leaned in to kiss me. I turned my head away and he straightened back up. "I never meant to hurt you, Matteo. Right now you might not remember what your transition was like, the hurricane of emotions it is. But when you do, I hope you can forgive me for not handling mine very well."

"Just go, I want to be alone," I answered, completely exhausted.

Nate got up from the bed and walked to the door. He turned as he grabbed the knob, "I meant what I said about wanting to be mated to you. I've wanted you from the moment I met you."

"But I'm just not enough," I said before turning on my side away from him. He left without another word and I just stared off into space. Several minutes had passed by when I heard someone at my door again. "I said I wanted to be alone."

"I don't give a fuck what you want, you stupid cocksucker," someone growled. I turned over as fast as my injured body could manage.

There stood Gabe Aretos, Lance's father, and boy did he look pissed. I knew he was a warrior before being a council member. But seeing him now, fangs and claws out, it was apparent.

The only reason I even recognized the man was that I remembered seeing him in the car when Lance was dropped off at the camp. The man hadn't even given his son's new instructors the respect of getting out of the damn car and meeting us.

"You here to finally challenge me? Or are you just

going to kill a wounded man when he can't fight back?" I asked, disdain dripping off my words.

"You're not worth challenging," Gabe snarled as he stepped towards me. "You look down your nose at me? Some foreigner who comes from a nothing family?"

"I'm a warrior for our race, one of the best," I replied, trying to sit up and failing miserably at it.

"And yet you challenge a council member's son, knowing he can't win," Gabe spat at me. "There's no honor in that!"

"I was teaching him a lesson," I yelled as loud as my pounding head would allow. "One he learned quite well. Did anyone tell you why I challenged Lance?"

"Because you mate was trying to fuck him."

"I walked in on Lance trying to rape a pre-trans," I answered finally managing to sit up. "Nate wasn't my mate then. Lance attacked him right after his transition out of jealousy for our relationship."

"Bullshit," Mr. Aretos roared before smacking me across the face with his claws. "My son's no fag!"

"Yes, he is," Lance snarled as he walked through the door and grabbed his father's hand. "Even if I wasn't, this is no way to handle this. How did you even get out?"

"Money greases a lot of hands," Gabe snorted,

yanking his arm away from Lance. "I'm here to finish the job and protect our family's honor."

"More like smear it," Lance yelled. "What I did was wrong. I was confused and overrun by emotions after my transition. I wanted Matteo for myself, but attacking Nate wasn't the answer. I took my punishment like a man, there's nothing dishonorable about that. But what you're doing, hiring an assassin and coming after Matteo when he's injured; there's no honor in that."

"He's warped your mind, you're not a fag," Gabe growled, turning on Lance. Seeing he was distracted, I grabbed my cell phone and called Dimitri. I left the phone on the night stand so he could hear what was going on.

Lance was still facing my direction and saw what I was doing. "Yes, I am, father. And coming here and killing Matteo won't change that."

"You're confused. You're still going through the effects of your transition," Gabe said, as if he was trying to convince himself.

"I've wanted Matteo since months before my transition," Lance replied, looking at me over his father's shoulder.

"You turned him into a fag!" Gabe turned back to me and screamed. His face was bright red with anger as he

launched himself at me. Lance was just as fast, tackling his father to the ground. I watched in horror as the two of them traded blows; Lance wasn't strong enough to take on a centuries-old vampire, and ex-warrior, even if his father was out of shape and hadn't been training.

Moments later, the cavalry came. Dimitri and Alexander raced through the door, looking at me before seeing the fight on the ground. They jumped right in, pulling Gabe off a losing Lance. Alexander was easily able to restrain Gabe by himself as Dimitri went to help Lance.

"You're dead to me," Gabe screamed as Alexander started to drag him out of the room. "You are no longer my son, Lance!" He turned to me then, just before Alexander pulled him into the hallway. "And you, fag, this isn't over. I have a very long reach. Your days are numbered!"

"Shut the fuck up," Alexander growled before punching Gabe in the face. The man slumped to the floor unconscious. "Good, I'd rather deal with him this way."

"Thanks guys," I said as I flopped back to bed. "Fuck, I hate claws to the face."

"I'm sorry, Matteo," Lance gasped as Dimitri lifted him up. "I saw my father enter the camp on my way back from the mess hall. I didn't know what to do, and no one was around, so I just ran after him."

"This isn't your fault," I said taking his hand as Dimitri started to carry him out of the room. Lance was a little smaller than Dimitri, luckily, so he could handle it.

"And you jumped in to save me. Thank you, Lance."

"Anytime," he mumbled as he passed out.

"He's beaten up pretty bad," Dimitri explained when I looked at him. "I'll get him to the infirmary."

"And I'll take father asshole here to our lock-up," Alexander said grabbing one of Gabe's feet and dragging him out of the room. Dimitri and I shared a smile at Alexander's antics.

"I love my mate," he chuckled as he walked towards the door. "I'll send someone over to help you with your face."

"I'm good," I answered as I touched my already healing gashes. "I moved away in time, so I didn't get it deep."

"Okay, my friend," Dimitri nodded as he left my room. I had been exhausted before, now there wasn't a word for how tired I felt. Closing my eyes, it was moments before I was out. And boy did I ever have some intense dreams.

Somewhere in the middle of my dream I realized it wasn't made up; it was my memories.

"You shouldn't play with fire, Nate."

"I want to be burned by you," he moaned as he started to kiss the side of my neck. "Please don't deny us this anymore, Matteo."

"Fuck," I groaned as he began biting on my earlobe. I shook as his hands roamed my back, loving the feel of the smaller man finally in my arms. "Be sure this is what you want, Nate. My control is not limitless."

"Fuck me, Matteo," Nate hissed in my ear, making my cock twitch against his. "I want you pounding my ass. I need to feel your cock inside me."

In the dream I also remembered and felt what I had been feeling at that moment. The months of built-up desire, and how hard I'd tried to deny my feelings for Nate. Just then, the images sped up as if someone hit fast-forward.

"Nate, don't push me," I growled, desperately wanting to do what he said. Instead I pulled my fingers out of him and let him slide down until his feet touched the floor. "This is wrong. We can't do this."

"It's not wrong," Nate yelled, shocking me down to my core. I'd never heard him raise his voice before, especially not to me. "Fine, I'm all stretched and ready to go. If you won't fuck me, I'm sure I can find someone else who will."

He didn't get more than two steps away from me before I was on him again. The idea of someone else touching him, especially after what we just shared, had me seeing red.

"You want me to fuck you, Nate?"

"Yes, I want you, Matteo," he panted, unable to move, seeing as I had his chest pinned against the wall. My body surrounded his smaller one completely as I held us both facing the tile. "And you want me."

"God help me, I do," I answered as I lined up my cock with his perfect little hole. Gently, I pushed in, stopping after passing the first ring. "You're so fucking tight, Nate."

"I said I wasn't a virgin," Nate seemed to have trouble talking, "I didn't say I'd had anyone in my ass before."

"I'm your first?" I asked, a thrill shooting through my entire body at the idea of being the only person in the man before me. "I should have prepared you more."

"It feels perfect, Matteo," he replied, turning to smile at me over his shoulder. "You're a perfect fit."

"Fuck," I groaned, loving that little smile of his and the fact that I was pleasing him. Not being able to hold still any longer I pushed more of my cock into him. I slowly

worked it in and out of his very tight ass, grabbing his hips once I had worked more than halfway into him. "So fucking tight. Your ass is like heaven."

It was like being there again, as if it was happening for the first time. All the sensations hitting me made my cock swell and explode. Shit! I hadn't had a wet dream in centuries, but this was so much more than simply a dream. I didn't even have time to enjoy my post-orgasmic glow before moving on to what happened next.

"I'm not a mistake," Nate whispered as he started to back away from me. "Don't do this, Matteo. Don't take this away from us."

"There is no us, Nate," I said firmly, knowing in my heart it was a lie. There was very much an 'us', and I wanted there to be. "This should never have happened."

"You don't mean that."

"I do mean that, Nate," I replied, squaring my shoulders to leave no room for argument. "This was a mistake, it will never happen again. I won't ever touch you again, Nate."

"No," Nate whispered. Tears started to fall down his cheeks. Seeing the pain I was causing him made me want to do nothing but pull him into my arms and comfort him. But I knew this was best for him. Nate had so much

promise, and was so young. He didn't need to be tied to a centuries-old warrior, he needed to explore life. I couldn't let him miss out on that, no matter how much I wanted him.

"I'm sorry I let this happen," I said as I got to my feet. I reached out a hand to help Nate up. He looked at it like it was a snake before his gaze went back to my eyes.

"It wasn't a mistake," he sniffled as he got to his feet without my help and backed away. "I'm not sorry it happened, so don't you dare apologize."

I woke up clutching my chest. My heart was breaking at the memory of Nate running away from me after all the shit that had come out of my mouth. And I hadn't been just out of my transition. Yeah, I had been trying to protect Nate; I remembered that part. But I still hurt him badly, no matter my reasoning. He had forgiven me, was I able to do the same?

Before I could even answer my own question, the door burst open. Nate rushed into the room and leaned over me. "My god, what did he do to you?"

"I'm fine, the scratches are healing," I replied, smiling up at him. Making the decision that I could forgive Nate, I reached out and pulled him down to me. *Fuck!* My mate knew how to kiss. Nate wasn't just some wet noodle having me do everything; he gave as well as he took. I

grabbed him by the neck and pulled him down to the bed.

Nate wrapped his hands around my neck, one hand tangling in my hair. I never wanted this kiss to end. I could spend the rest of my life kissing Nate. Oh, he could kiss like no one I'd ever been with before. Nate didn't just kiss, he devoured, stealing every last breath from my lungs. Needing more, I ripped off Nate's shirt, using one claw to shred it down the middle, and pulled it off him. I let my hands wander over Nate's smooth, soft, but firm skin.

"I take it you forgive me?" He gasped as we came up for air.

Nodding for the moment while I caught my breath, Nate's wide smile warmed my heart. "I dozed off for a while and relived our time in the shower. I was such an asshole. But you had to have forgiven me if we got together and mated. If you cared enough to forgive me when I messed up, then this can't be about you not wanting me."

"It's not," he whispered against my lips, choking up. "I love you, Matteo. I don't want another mate. Forget I ever brought up anyone else. Please? I swear I'll never bring it up again."

"Shhh, baby, calm down," I said when I realized he was about to hyperventilate. He wrapped his arms around me and for the moment we just held each other. When I felt

him calming down I decided to try again. "I'm still okay with us trying to bring someone else to our bed, Nate. It's just hard to relive these memories. It's not just like remembering something that happened to me, I'm living it for the first time."

"I'm not sure I understand," Nate replied. He moved up so he could look down at my face, confusion written all over his.

"I know I'm remembering things that have happened to me," I explained, trying to find the words. "But it's more like it's really happening to me then, for the first time, as I'm remembering it. And as if I'm getting hit upside the head with a baseball bat at the same time."

Nate searched my face for a minute, running his hand over the uninjured side of my face. Then he did one of the hottest things ever. He leaned down and licked my claw wounds, along with the blood on my face. I moaned and held onto his arms as I squirmed in ecstasy. Not only was his saliva healing me, it was amazingly erotic.

"I want you to claim me as I did you, Matteo," he whispered when he was done. Nate looked deep into my eyes when he said it, then tilted his head to expose his neck to me. My fangs were instantly out and my cock hard.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," I said

gently, taking his head in my hands. "I didn't want to bring someone else to our bed without completing our mating."

"Great minds think alike," Nate smiled, and gave me a peck on the lips. "I feel the same way. We might end up playing around with someone else, but you're my mate. You're the mate I want for all eternity and nothing will ever change that." He tilted his head again for me, but then looked back at me.

"What's wrong Nate?"

"When I heard you were hurt, that Mr. Aretos tried to kill you again and I wasn't here. I-I freaked, Matteo," he explained as a single tear escaped his eyes. "The thought of never holding you again, not being able to apologize, was too much for me. I can't lose you, Matteo. I won't risk this, not for anyone else or any threesome. I love you. You're never allowed to die and leave me."

I chuckled at what he said at the end there, and pulled him down to me. "I can't promise I'll never die, but I'm not going anywhere, Nate. And I'm fine with playing around, as long as it's always together, and not just an excuse to cheat."

"I don't want to cheat, or be with anyone else," Nate said adamantly. "I just want to try new things, but with you."

"Then let me claim you, my mate," I whispered before licking the side of his neck. Nate moved his head to give me better access and I sank my fangs into him. The blood that rushed into my mouth and over my tastebuds was heaven. It was incredibly sweet, like maraschino cherries. I almost laughed when I realized it gave a whole new meaning to having a sweet tooth.

A moment later Nate bit me as well, causing us to both moan loudly. My cock swelled as I felt his do the same. Several more pulls on his neck, and I climaxed. I lifted my head to roar out my release at the same time Nate did. We held onto each other tightly, riding out our orgasms and the pure bliss of completing the mating bond.

"*Wow, that was intense,*" Nate said in my head. I pushed him up a bit so I could look into his eyes.

"*It was fucking amazing,*" I replied, smiling when Nate's eyes went as wide as saucers.

"Holy shit," he whispered before leaning down and attacking my lips. We made out for several minutes before my head started to spin and I pulled away. "Dizzy?"

"Yeah, sorry," I said as I snuggled up to his side.

"Nothing to apologize for," he snickered and wrapped an arm around me. "I can't stop smiling. We're really mated."

"And I've never been happier," I replied, right before I yawned.

"Me, too," Nate said, then kissed my head. "Get some rest, my love. I don't like you being injured."

I felt a smile play across my lips as I drifted off to sleep. It was probably bad of me to hope I didn't have any more memories float to the surface, but I did anyways. Remembering was very traumatic and took a lot of my strength, even when it happened in sleep. And right now, I just needed some rest.

CHAPTER 8

The week after I was shot the doctors finally said I could get back into my routine, and since I hadn't yet remembered what that was, Dimitri agreed to help me out. Though I was on light duty only, at least I could get back to training the post-trans. After an hour in my office, which I had to be told how to find, I was ready to shoot myself in the head.

It's one thing when you have horrible handwriting you can read. But when you don't remember what your handwriting looks like, you can't make out your own chicken scratch. I guess I'd been set in my centuries-old ways, since I never seemed to put anything on the laptop I had.

"Son of a bitch," I yelled, and threw the schedules I couldn't figure out. Leaning back in my desk chair I started rubbing my temples.

"Come on, Matteo, let's go for a run," Dimitri said from the doorway. "It's your favorite way to clear your head."

"Good thing one of us knows that," I grumbled as I stood and walked around my desk. Still cussing under my breath, I bent over, picked up the schedules, and put them

back on my desk.

"It'll get better, man," Dimitri patted me on the back as we left my office. I followed him out to 'our favorite track'. And I knew the pressure in my head wasn't from my injury; it was pure stress.

When we got to the track and started jogging I felt the headache start to fade. The faster I picked up the pace, the better I felt. Dimitri grabbed my arm, slowing me down, "Light duty, Matteo. Let's not overdo it your first time out, okay?"

"Yeah, sorry," I replied, slowing down. He was right; I felt my muscles start to burn. It was just, for the first time in days, I wasn't pissed off that I couldn't remember. I didn't feel lost and confused. Realizing that made me stop in my tracks and turn to my best friend, "What if I never remember, Dimitri? What if I'm never again the man I was?"

"The man you are is ingrained in you, Matteo," he said after a moment. "What you've experienced in life made you the man you are. And while you might not ever remember the life that got you here, you're still here. Nothing can change that man."

"I hope you're right, brother," I answered as we started jogging again. "Thanks for all the help."

"You may not remember all the times you've been there for me, my brother, but I do."

We kept running for another mile before I decided to broach the other subject that was weighing on me. "Have you and Alexander ever thought of bringing another person to your bed?"

"Why? Are you offering?" he laughed. Dimitri stopped running and grabbed his side, he was laughing so hard. "You do have a nice ass."

"Oh fuck you, I was being serious, you dick," I chuckled as I pushed him. He fell on his ass, still laughing hysterically. "I've been the only man Nate's ever been with, and he wants to experience all the facets of sex. We agreed, now that we're completely mated, to bring a third into the mix."

"And you're cool with that?" he asked me as he stood, his eyes wide with shock.

"I'm willing to try it," I shrugged. We were quiet a few minutes as we started jogging again. "I told him I reserve the right to change my mind if I end up not liking it. But honestly, the idea of us playing together with a third gets me hot."

"Who's the third?"

"That's part of the problem," I sighed. "How exactly

do you approach someone about that? I mean, put up some flyers in the mess hall?"

"No, I wouldn't do that," he laughed and punched me in the arm. "I'd talk to Rune. But I've got to warn you, he's into some kinky ass sex."

"You hooked up with him, right?" I waited for Dimitri to nod before continuing. "What do you mean by kinky ass sex?"

"Spankings, very rough play, lots of pain," he answered as we started to slow for a cool down. "He doesn't like to be stretched out and prepared, he likes the feeling of almost being ripped apart."

"Yikes!" I gasped making a face to Dimitri. "I'm not sure Nate and I are up for that."

"Probably not," he chuckled as we stopped and started stretching. "But you said Nate wanted to experience the full array of sex."

"Good point, thanks, man," I said as we finished up. We bumped fists before it was time to take off. "Hey, keep this between us, okay?"

"You got it, brother from another," he smirked as he jogged back towards the main gym.

I headed back towards my room to find Nate. Since our mating we'd moved our stuff into one of the bigger

rooms. Even if we hadn't been able to play much since I'd been shot, I liked waking up with Nate. It felt right to start the day intertwined together.

"Hey, baby," I said to Nate as I opened the door to our room. I walked over and gave him a quick kiss on the lips.

"Mmm, you smell like sweat, and manly Matteo," he purred as he tried to pull me onto his lap.

"I'm glad you like," I chuckled. I dodged away from him and grabbed a towel as I walked into the bathroom. "I talked to Dimitri about us deciding to bring a third to our bed."

"What did he say?" Nate asked apprehensively.
"Does he hate me?"

"No, not at all," I answered as I turned on the water and started to shower. "He suggested Rune. I thought we might stop by his room after I shower and change."

"We don't have to do this," Nate said as he joined me in the shower. "I'm perfectly happy with just the two of us making love together."

"I know," I nodded as I turned and helped suds him up as he did the same to me. If we kept this up, we'd either be overly horny by the time we got to Rune's room or we'd never even make it there. "The more I've thought about it,

the more I like the idea too. So, let's try it. It might end up not being our thing, but I'm willing to try it."

"As long as no one gets in this sweet ass but me," Nate purred as he ran his hands over my butt. Then suddenly he pulled his hands away and started washing his hair. "We'd better hurry, otherwise I'm going to end up fucking you into the wall of the shower."

"Not that I'd object," I snickered as I finished rinsing. I hopped out of the shower and started to dry off. As I got dressed I knew that I should warn Nate about Rune's idea of sex. But at the same time, I didn't want to sound as if I was trying to talk him out of this.

"God you're hot," Nate said as he came into the room completely naked.

"I was thinking the same thing about you," I laughed as I threw him a shirt. "Now come on, let's go play."

"Fuck, I'm hard enough to pound nails," he grumbled as he quickly pulled on clothes and shoes. When we were both dressed we left the room and headed for Rune's. The entire walk there Nate was either groping or kissing some part of my body.

"You really are turned on by this, aren't you?" I asked, turning to face him a few feet from Rune's door.

"Maybe I'm fucked in the head," he answered holding my face in his hands. "But the idea of watching someone else suck that gorgeous cock of yours just flat does it for me. I'm not sure if it's a voyeur thing, or what, but it's like my ultimate fantasy."

"Okay, but if, at any time, either of us decides we don't want to do this, we say something. Deal?"

"Deal," Nate whispered before kissing me. "I love you, Matteo."

"I love you too, Nate," I said before turning and leading us the last few feet to Rune's door. I knocked quickly before my nerves gave out. Between being nervous as all hell, and Nate's large hands massaging my ass, my heart was racing so fast I thought it might jump out of my chest.

"Hang on," Rune called out, before something crashed onto the floor on the other side of the door. There was a few scrambling around sounds that had me raising an eyebrow. The door flew open and there stood a panting Rune trying to tie his robe around him. "Hi, what's up, guys?"

"You okay, Rune?" I asked glancing around him. It wasn't hard. Rune was a good looking guy, but he was pretty short for a warrior. I'd say he was under six feet and

not even two twenty. But he was solid, ripped muscle; his muscles had muscles that were ripped. He had longish jet black hair that he always tied at the nape of his neck, and violet eyes.

"Yeah, fine, Matteo," he replied not meeting my gaze. "What can I do for you guys?"

"Can we come in?" Nate asked as he looked down the hall. "This isn't a conversation for others to overhear."

"Yeah, sure," Rune answered stepping back from the door and letting us enter. He looked completely puzzled as he closed the door behind us. I went and sat at the desk chair as Nate leaned against the desk next to me. Rune walked over to the bed, sat down, and cried out. He jumped back up, still moaning, and turned bright red.

Nate and I shared a look before moving towards Rune and standing on either side of him. I leaned in and whispered in Rune's ear, "Did we interrupt you playing with some toys, Rune?"

"Umm, yeah, kind of," Rune mumbled. "I forgot it was in there when I sat down. You guys threw me for a loop showing up here."

"Sorry, we didn't mean to disturb you," Nate said as he reached for the tie of Rune's robe. "We just want to join you."

"Wait... what?" Rune asked looking at me then Nate. "I thought you guys were mated?"

"We are," I answered holding Nate's hand still. I didn't want him touching Rune to affect the man's decision. "We want to play with a third, we thought of you. Are you interested?"

"Both of you want to play with me?" he whispered as his eyes just about bugged out of his head. "Yeah, I'm in."

"Good," I hissed as I let go of Nate's hand and licked the side of Rune's neck. "We want to play and explore, but we're not sure if this is what we want all the time. Are you good with a one-time deal, Rune?"

"Yes, master," Rune moaned as Nate got his robe off. I took a step back and ripped off my clothes. "May I suck your cock, master?"

"Get on the bed first, Rune," Nate growled as he almost shredded his clothes trying to get them off. Rune did as he was told and I moved towards the foot of the bed to feed him my dick. Nate's gasp took my attention. "What is this in your ass, Rune?"

"A dildo," he mumbled, turning bright red again.

"I've never seen a toy like this," Nate replied, gesturing me to come look. Intrigued I moved around Rune

to see what Nate was talking about.

"Fuck, Rune," I whispered as I saw why Nate was freaked. It wasn't a normal dildo. It was small, but had plastic hook-like catches on it. Rune hadn't gotten very far pushing it into himself, which explained why he screamed when he sat on the bed. "Rune, this would tear you up inside."

"I like the pain," Rune answered, looking at us over his shoulder. "I was trying something new. I didn't know you'd be coming by. I get lonely."

My heart broke for Rune, seeing this side of him. I couldn't remember much of Rune, or anyone else, yet but I was pretty sure I'd never known this about him before.

"Can I take this out, Rune?" Nate asked as he looked at me. "I want to fuck you while you blow my mate."

"Yes, master, anything you want," Rune replied as he lowered his upper body down to the bed. Nate moved lightening quick and pulled Rune back towards the middle of the bed. He yelped in surprise and shivered. Nate gently started to remove the torturous toy as Rune cried out and shook harder. "Oh fuck, it's so much better when you do it to me than when I did it myself."

"I don't want to hurt you, Rune," Nate said gently,

sadness written all over his face as he tried to ease the dildo out of Rune's ass.

"I like the pain, master," Rune moaned as he tried to push back to get the dildo back in. Nate was quicker and yanked it the rest of the way out. Rune screamed loudly and I was about to ask if he was okay, but I saw the pure bliss written over the man's face. Nate threw the toy across the room like it was a snake.

"We need to stretch you out," I said as I reached for the lube.

"Please don't, master," Rune begged. "I'm lubed up. I want you both to hurt me. Please, be rough, hit me, spank me!"

"It's up to you, Nate," I said as I moved to the foot of the bed. I raised Rune up on his hands and knees. Nate eyed me before turning back to the ass in front of him. He swatted Rune's ass a few times, shock all over his face as Rune writhed in pleasure. But then his expression changed to lust. Nate massaged his hand print on Rune's butt.

"You like that, Rune?" he asked before smacking his ass a few more times.

"Yes, master. Harder please," Rune begged, then looked up at me. "May I suck your cock, master?"

"Open wide, Rune," I said, loving that Nate was

getting all hot. When he did, I guided my cock into Rune's mouth. He greedily started sucking on me like I was his last meal.

"Oh fuck that's hot," Nate groaned from the other end of Rune. "You're going to suck his cock while I pound into your ass, Rune."

Rune's only response was to moan loudly around my dick, sending wonderful vibrations through it. I grabbed his head and started fucking his face. The noises Rune made told me he loved the rough play.

"Nate, fuck him already," I said between my teeth. "I'm not going to last long; he's really good at this."

Nate nodded and grabbed the bottle of lube I'd dropped, then greased up his dick. I watched as he lined up his cock with Rune's hole and shoved it in. It was hot. Nate didn't start slow, instead fucking Rune with everything he had.

"He's so tight," Nate moaned as he slapped Rune's ass a few more times. "Yeah, Rune, suck my mate's cock."

I bit my lip, trying not to come. Between Nate's words and Rune's hot mouth, it was hard. We worked out a good rhythm, both of us pushing into Rune at the same time. His whole body was shaking like crazy as Nate and I fucked him. I pulled out of his mouth, afraid I would come

too soon.

"Harder, master," Rune hissed as he looked back at Nate. "Use your claws on me."

Nate didn't seem to hear. Instead he fucked Rune like a mad man while eyeing me over. "What do you want, Nate?"

"Blow your load in his mouth," he panted as he fucked Rune into the bed. "I want to fuck him onto your dick. It's like I'm pleasing you both."

"You are, baby," I smiled as I put my cock back into Rune's mouth. "Fuck him harder, Nate."

Nate smiled widely, fangs and all, as he leaned forward. I met him halfway and kissed him as he kept thrusting into Rune. Nate groaned when my tongue got nicked on one of his fangs. I grabbed the back of his head and held him to me while our tongues dueled in each other's mouths. When I let him go, we were both gasping for air.

"I'm coming, Rune," I cried out seconds before shooting my seed down his throat. The entire time I was climaxing, I watched Nate's face. The feral look on his face as he fucked and smacked Rune's ass was what kept my orgasm going. I swear I must have come more than once, it went on so long. As my spent cock slipped from Rune's

mouth, I had an idea.

Smiling at Nate, I crawled around them until I was at Nate's back. His eyes never left me until he had to turn his neck too far to see me. "What are you doing, my mate?"

"Claiming this sweet body," I purred as I licked the side of his neck while reaching around and pinching his nipples. "I want to sink my fangs into you while your monstrous cock his in his ass."

"Yes," Nate hissed as he thrust his hips forward even harder. I nibbled on his neck, teasing him. "Please, Matteo, I'm almost there. Claim me!"

Smiling as Nate begged, I pulled his head roughly to the side and sank my teeth into his soft flesh. He roared loudly as he went stiff in my arms. I drank down my mate's life essence and Nate's orgasm rocked throughout him. I was totally, completely, and forever addicted to the man in my arms.

Rune cried out under Nate just as I lifted my head and licked my bite marks. Before I could even move, Nate reached back and dragged me around the front of him. Rune had collapsed face down on the bed and Nate pulled me on top of Rune. He leaned down and licked my neck before biting me. I screamed, half in shock at his move, and half in pleasure as my cock filled and exploded again.

"Yes, fuck yes," I cried out as Nate grabbed my cock and stroked me as he drank deeply from my neck. When he was done, I felt bad we had done this on top of Rune. We started laughing as we rolled off of the poor man. I looked at Rune when I was next to him. "Are you okay?"

"Never better, master," he smiled as his eyes started to close. "Your mate is an animal. I'll play with you both anytime."

Nate turned bright red at the compliment and got off the bed. He quickly pulled on his clothes and tossed me mine. "I think this might have been a one-time deal, Rune. We wanted to try something new, but I'm not sure it's for us."

"Did I not please you, master?" Rune asked looking almost panicked as he moved to the edge of the bed. "Just order me as you wish and I will do it."

Seeing the look on Nate's face, I decided to step in. I knelt on the edge of the bed, so I was eye level with Rune and kissed him gently on the lips. "It's not you, Rune. You're hot. I think it's just that the type of sex you're into is a bit much for us. I'm not comfortable with being called master. And we pretty much ignored you, I'm sorry about that."

"Don't be sorry, I'm used to that," Rune said quietly before he jumped off the bed, grabbed his robe and raced out of the room.

"Wait, Rune," Nate said as he tried to stop the man. But Rune ducked him and kept going. "Well, shit, that didn't work out as I had wanted."

"What I said was how you felt, though, right?" I asked as I dressed. "I mean, that isn't what you're into?"

"No, it's not," Nate shook his head and ran his hand through his hair. "Rune's hot, and I loved fucking him while he sucked you off, but..."

"I'm not into the whole master thing either," I finished for him when he paused. I left my shirt off and held it in my hand as I moved towards Nate. I tilted my head up and kissed him deeply. "But it was hot watching you fuck someone while never taking your eyes off me."

"Maybe we'll try it again, just not with Rune," Nate said as he took my hand. We walked out of the room, closing the door behind us as we headed back to our room in silence. Once we were there, and the door closed behind us, Nate led me over to the bed. "Did you know Rune was into that? I mean the whole D/s thing, and that much pain?"

"Dimitri said he was into pain and rough stuff," I answered shaking my head. "But I didn't have a clue it went

that far."

"I thought subs, real submissives, don't do anything without commands?" Nate asked as he pulled me to lie down next to him. "I mean, he was really forward for a sub, or is that just me?"

"I don't think there are real rules for the lifestyle," I answered as I ran my fingers through his hair. "I think there's something else going on with Rune. That wasn't a dildo I've ever seen before. It looked more like a torture device."

"It scared the shit out of me," Nate said in between kissing my chest. "Rune's always struck me as such a take-charge, has all his shit together, kind of guy. It was shocking to see this other side of him. I mean, he looked so defeated and sad when he left the room. I didn't know what to do."

"I don't know either, but I might talk to Dimitri about it," I replied, having already thought of Nate's concerns myself. His hand rubbed my chest as I kept playing with his hair. In no time I heard Nate's breathing even out and that cute snore he had start. I felt myself begin to drift as a smile spread across my face; I realized I felt closer to Nate than ever before after we played with someone else in our bed. And I had been worried it might

be the end of us.

CHAPTER 9

A few days after our fun, but confusing, time with Rune I was working with Nate and Lance. They were the only new post-transitions we had training for their warrior test. While I might not remember my training, it remembered me. Either it was so ingrained in me it wasn't possible to forget, or I just didn't need the memories to keep the skills.

"Make him come to your right, Lance," I called out as they sparred with swords. "You're right handed and stronger there, if he comes to your right, it's his weaker side. Use that!"

"How do you *make* him do anything?" Lance growled as he kept countering Nate's blows. Lance was my height, so Nate had a few inches on him, and was using it to his advantage.

"Hold up guys," I said as I jogged over to them. When they moved apart I got into a fighting position with Nate. "Do the same moves you were with Lance, Nate."

He smiled widely at me, as if he really thought he had a chance in the world of beating me. Then he raised his sword up high and brought it down on top of my head, using his height advantage. Instead of just blocking the

blow as Lance had been doing, I pushed back up against Nate. Which caused him to lose the center of his balance and his sword to slide off mine and fall below our waists. In a flash I had my sword to his neck, winning the fight.

"The best defense is sometimes a good offense," I said to Lance, turning back towards him. "By allowing Nate to get a false sense of winning I was able to switch up the play and attack while defending his blow. He was biding his time, tiring you out by making you constantly exert more energy to block him. If he had kept his attacks lower they wouldn't have worn you out as quickly as it takes less energy to block them when you don't have to raise your arms overhead."

"I thought it was a good plan," Nate grumbled as I lowered my sword from his neck.

"It was, baby," I chuckled. "But you have to remember the old saying; the bigger they are, the harder they fall. If you rely only on your height advantage you'll lose against a skilled warrior. To win any fight you have to keep your opponent guessing. You weren't ready for my counter and I was able to trip you up, winning the match."

"Does that mean you're going to fuck me now?" Nate whispered in my ear, sending chills down my spine. "I'll gladly lose every time if it got your fine cock in my

ass."

"Behave, Nate," I growled back at him, letting him know his words affected me.

"Don't stop on my account," Lance chuckled drawing our attention. He gestured down to his hard-on in his shorts. "I'd love to watch, or join in."

"Join in?" Nate and I said at the same time. I wasn't sure about Nate, but I was completely shocked at what Lance said.

He smiled as he approached us, "I'd gladly join you guys anytime you'd let me. I told you I'd do anything to get your dick in my ass again, Matteo. Nate's hot. I'll suck him off while you fuck me."

Nate growled loudly, and I turned to calm him down. I was surprised to see lust, not anger, on his face. "I take it you like the idea, baby?"

"Yes," he hissed as he moved forward and claimed my mouth. The kiss was full of heat as he rubbed his hard cock against my stomach. "As long as I don't have to hurt him or anything like before."

"Before?" Lance asked, raising an eyebrow. "I didn't know you guys played?"

"We have once," I said, trying not to laugh as Nate kept humping me. He'd moved me in front of him, facing

Lance, as he kept pushing his cock against my ass. "The third was into things we weren't, like pain, and submission."

"I don't think I'm into that," Lance rubbed his chin, deep in thought. "I like a little bite of pain, and some burning, but nothing major."

"Matteo," Nate hissed in my ear as he nibbled on it, all the while holding onto my hips as he dry humped my ass. "Please say yes, my mate."

"We don't allow anyone to fuck us except each other, Lance," I said. I was desperately trying to focus on the conversation at hand, instead of Nate's attack on my senses. Looking around, I saw that no one was nearby to see us. We were in the back woods in one of the practice rings.

"I'm good with that," Lance hissed as he started rubbing himself through his shorts. "Anything you guys say, I'll do if I get to be with you both."

"Then suck my mate's cock," I said as Nate growled slightly against my neck.

Lance's eyes went wide before he smiled. He sauntered over as I moved out from in front of Nate. Lance got on his knees in front of my mate and pulled down his shorts. Nate's eleven inch, fully hard cock bounced out and

slapped against his stomach. Lance grabbed it and licked the head, moaning loudly as Nate looked at me with an almost feral gaze.

"Baby, get down on your knees. Lance, on all fours."

Both men quickly complied, losing the rest of their clothes in the process. I shed my shirt and shorts as well, chuckling when we were all naked except for our sneakers. Moving behind Lance I had a perfect view of my mate getting head. I pulled the cheeks of Lance's ass back to reveal his pink puckered hole. Leaning forward, I swiped my tongue over it. Lance shook and Nate groaned.

"I like watching that," Nate said as I did it again. "And I know how talented that tongue of yours is, my mate."

"Want to help me?" I smirked. Nate snarled as he pulled out of Lance's mouth and moved next to me.

"Was I doing something wrong?" Lance asked, looking over his shoulder at us.

"No, we just want to rim your hole together," Nate snickered before leaning over and licking Lance's ass. "He tastes different than you do, Matteo."

"Let me taste," I purred as I leaned forward and slid my tongue into Nate's mouth. When we moved apart, we

moved down to Lance's ass and both started to lick his hole.

"Oh fuck, you guys are going to kill me," Lance moaned as we continued to open up his ass with our tongues. "Please, fuck me already!"

"I think he's talking to you, my mate," Nate snickered as he sat back on his feet.

"Lube up my cock, baby," I hissed as I moved so Nate could get under me. He did so willingly, swallowing me all the way down his throat. I'd have to remember to not bring lube with us more often. I started to fuck Nate's mouth as I fucked Lance's hole with my tongue. All three of us moaned loudly and I couldn't take the foreplay anymore.

"I was just getting started," Nate whined as I pulled out of his mouth.

"Yeah, you're too good at it, baby," I chuckled as I moved my hips flush with Lance's. "Now, go get your dick sucked."

"If you insist," Nate sighed dramatically as he moved around in front of Lance. When he was ready, we nodded at each other and pushed into Lance at the same time. It seemed to drive him on overload, having both Nate and I inside of him. He went nuts, impaling himself on my

cock then moving forward to deep throat Nate. I looked at my mate, his expression mirroring my own shock.

"I think we unleashed a sex machine," I groaned as Lance thrust back onto my cock.

"Let's see how much he can take," Nate smirked and grabbed Lance's head. I mirrored my mate and grabbed Lance's hips, holding him still as Nate and I plunged into him together. He moaned loudly and started shivering all over. I made sure to hit Lance's sweet spot with every thrust into his tight ass.

"Oh fuck!" Lance screamed as he pulled his mouth off Nate's cock.

"Why did he stop sucking on you?" I grunted as I kept thrusting into the man under me.

"Fangs. Came. Out," Lance panted as I fucked him. "Didn't. Trust. My. Control."

I leaned over and wrapped my arms around Lance's chest and waist. Pulling him up against my chest so we were on our knees, I met Nate's heated gaze over Lance's shoulder. Lance screamed as the angle changed and I plunged deeper into him.

Nate moved forward and started stroking Lance's cock. "Matteo's dick feels good pounding into your ass, doesn't it, Lance?"

"Yes," he hissed, shaking all over again. "Please don't stop."

"We won't," I answered, winking at Nate. "We're going to give you so much pleasure you'll pass out, Lance."

"Oh fuck," Lance screamed as he stiffened up, and then started shooting his seed all over Nate's hand. After several shots of cum from his dick, Lance went limp.

"You really fucked him into passing out," Nate chuckled as he leaned forward and kissed me. "Now shove that cock into me."

"Gladly," I growled as I pulled out of Lance and gently laid him down on the ground. Without another word, I pounced on Nate. He laughed as we rolled each other over a few times. Finally, he conceded and stopped struggling under me, then pulled his knees up to his chest. "I have to stretch you out, baby."

"I already did when Lance was sucking on me," Nate winked up at me. My eyes just about rolled into the back of my head when I saw his hole was stretched and lubed up for me. "I knew my nympho mate would need more than one ass to fuck."

I quickly lined up my cock and pushed it into Nate's tight hole. We both groaned when I bottomed out. "All those lustful looks you were giving me turned me into an

animal," I said as I started to pull back out. Thrusting my hips forward, I slammed back in as hard as I could.

"Yeah, just like that, Matteo," Nate groaned as his fangs came out. "Fuck me and bite me, my mate."

"Anything to make my mate happy," I snickered as I started to fuck him like I never had anyone before.

Animal was a good way to describe my behavior, machine might have worked too. I'd settle for a man possessed.

Knowing I was the one giving Nate what he wanted drove me to new heights of fierce. "You're so tight, I love it."

"Fuck, you're a sex machine, Matteo," Nate grunted as I pounded into him. He tilted his head to the side as he moaned his pleasure. Not about to pass up the offering, I leaned down and sank my fangs into the soft flesh of his neck. Nate screamed louder than I had ever heard him before, "I'm coming!"

Seconds later the space between us filled with his cum as I drank down his sweet life essence. The muscles in Nate's ass clamped down on my cock, throwing me over the edge. I kept pushing my dick into the vise-tight grip of my mate's hole as I came. Lifting up my head, I roared out my orgasm. It seemed to go on for eternity as Nate's hands roamed by body.

As I came down from my climax I fell to his side,

not wanting to put my full weight on him. Both of us were panting, trying to control our heart rates as we held onto each other. We were laying there in after sex bliss when I heard laughter. I looked up to see several warriors surrounding us with shit eating grins on their faces.

"Do you give lessons?" Yuri asked trying to keep a straight face. "I've always wanted to learn from a *sex machine*."

"Nate, I didn't know you could scream that loud," Dimitri snorted. "I always thought you were so quiet."

"Did you really rim Lance?" Someone else from the group called out.

"That's one way to get a student to behave," Alexander chuckled as he pointed to a passed out Lance. "Fuck him into compliance."

"You guys are just jealous you don't have a mate that can pleasure you like Matteo can," Nate said with a smug grin on his face. "My mate takes me places you guys can only dream of."

"Good point, I am jealous," Alexander nodded. "My mate can't fuck two men into bliss like that in a row."

"Excuse me?" Dimitri yelled, his eyes going wide. He stormed the few steps to his mate and towered over Alexander.

Nate laughed when Alexander put a hand on his hip and smirked at Dimitri. "Did I stutter, my love?"

"No, but you'll be making all kinds of new noises when I'm done with you!" Dimitri snarled as he landed his shoulder in Alexander's stomach and threw the smaller man over his shoulder. It was lucky they were both extremely strong since Alexander was only a few inches shorter than Dimitri. Not exactly conducive for carrying one another. "I'll show you a sex machine, Alexander. You won't be able to sit the fuck down for weeks."

"Promises, promises," Alexander snorted from over Dimitri's shoulder. He looked at me and winked as Dimitri started jogging back to their room.

I rolled my eyes and pulled my mate closer, trying to move the larger man beneath me to hide his naked body from all the onlookers. I could feel Nate's slight laughter shaking the man's chest and glanced down at him. Joy filled me, overcoming my ability to be angry with my friends. I held my mate in my arms and that was all that mattered.

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Though she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. Her wide interest in reading is reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Anne Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, 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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