



SPENCER'S

Secret

WOLF HAREM SERIES, BOOK 2

JOYEE FLYNN

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Dedication:

To my girl Ashley next door.

Thank you for always listening to me whine, bitch, and moan without ever complaining or telling me to shut my mouth. My favorite breaks are the ones I come over and hang out with you and the cutest baby ever!

I'm so grateful I moved in next door to you.

PROLOGUE

My story began as I was driving home from a job I hated to a boring, lonely life. As I came around the bend of the deserted two lane highway, something moved out onto the road. It was a werewolf, standing there, waiting for me. He purposely intercepted me, causing the car to crash. It moved so fast, one minute it wasn't there and the next it was. Pulling me against it's at least seven foot body, it bit me. The strangest part of it all was that I felt myself get hard.

"I'm going to make you one of us now," the thing growled when he lifted his head from my neck. It was then I saw that he had a muzzle, pointy ears, and a mouthful of razor sharp teeth. He proceeded to move us off the highway and fuck me like I'd never been fucked before, or since. I ended up passing out from all the sensations and pleasure.

I woke up a few hours later alone, bite mark healed, and no longer in any pain. I quickly got dressed and called for a tow. It was then I noticed something had been left on the passenger seat. Completely confused, I reached for the envelope and pulled out the paper inside. You could have knocked me over with a feather as I read what was on it.

My dearest Spencer,

You will never see me again, but know that I will be watching you for the next month in case you need my help. Yes, you really were just bitten and fucked by a werewolf. No, you aren't losing your mind, but you are one of us now. We heal incredibly quickly, hence the bite mark being almost gone or completely gone by the time you wake up.

What I have just given you can be looked at as a gift or a curse. I hope you look at it as a gift, because I meant it as one. You will now be faster, stronger, see better, smell more, to name a few things. I've watched you for weeks, going through the motions of life. A job you hate, a lonely, solitary existence, that's not life, that's a living hell. The gift I give you will now give you a life worth living. Not only are you a werewolf and shape shifter, but immortal. Short of decapitation or being engulfed by flames, you cannot die.

The first few months, you will change the days surround the full moon. After which time, you will be able to control it and be able to shift when you want. Yes, you will always have to shift on the night of the full moon, but at least with time you will be able to change when you want. Don't try and fight it until you have more strength and control over it, you will only hurt yourself. And you

won't become a killing monster like in the movies, you will be fully aware of who you are and what you do when in wolf form.

Live your life, embrace your new self, and most importantly, be happy Spencer. That is all I wanted for you when I bit you.

Forever Yours,

Diego

PS-If you ever decide to change someone as I did you, there are two things you need to know. One, you have to do it in werewolf form. Two, the bite is not enough, just biting someone can kill them. You have to fuck them and come inside them as I did you. Something about our semen kills the venom in a werewolves' bite and allows the person to adapt to becoming one of us.

* * * *

It was a few year before I had the inkling to turn someone into what I was. I was lonely. When I saw the gorgeous man who took my breath away, he was injured, and I pulled over to talk to him. His name was Ryder Jenkins, and again, my life was about to change forever.

This time I was sure it was for the better.

Ryder had longer, dark blond hair with natural high lights that just brushed his shoulders. His light green eyes stood out in contrast to his high cheek bones and Roman nose. He couldn't have been more than five eleven and despite being malnourished his body was still lean and fit, even if on the skinny side.

I ended up finding out that Ryder's parents threw him out when he was sixteen, after he came out to them. He caught a ride to New York with a friend, but had no money, no place to stay, or even an ID. Ryder met this guy Jeremy, who said Ryder could crash with him if Jeremy could pimp him out. He didn't really have many other options. But on top of that, Jeremy started giving Ryder meth, and Ryder didn't realize what was going on.

I got Ryder away from his abusive pimp and moved him into my house. After two days of grueling detox we got the drugs out of his system. Then I turned him into a werewolf. And it was one of the best decisions I'd ever made.

* * * *

A few months later, on an early fall, full moon

night, everything went down. Ryder and I were going for our run, on four legs like wolves do. Sure, we could do it on two legs, but it was more fun and faster on four. We weren't like the werewolves in some movies. Our bodies weren't like a man who was taller with claws and a wolf head. We had hind legs we could either stand on or move on all fours. It was an equal distribution of half man, half wolf.

As we were running several miles from home, in upstate New York forest, we heard some other people. Ryder got curious and went to go check it out, taking off before I could stop him. We ended up stumbling upon six men beating a naked man to death. After chasing the men away, I realized that the man was going to die.

With Ryder's help I was able to turn him and save his life. It had been pretty close, but we were able to load him into the SUV after biting and fucking him. He was quite handsome. About six two, and one eighty-five, he was nicely toned and lean with a quarterback's physique. I found out later he had green eyes, and his longer auburn hair had a slight curl to it. If you ignored the dried blood that covered most of him, he was breath-taking.

"Can we keep him?" Ryder giggled, and we ended up doing just that.

CHAPTER 1

It was a week after our local pack 'visitors' dropped by, and Max was coming by later tonight. But right now I was buried balls-deep in Lucas while Ryder bounced on his cock. Lucas' legs were up over my forearms and I had one hand wrapped around Ryder.

"Fuck, fuck, so fucking good," Ryder panted over and over again as he rode Lucas' cock with everything he had. Just then he stiffened up and leaned back against me. His cock exploded all over Lucas' abs and chest as I licked the side of his neck. "I love you Spencer!"

That was enough to push me over the edge as well. We'd said 'I love you' sparingly over the last month. Neither of us were really any good at relationships, for different reasons, but we were able to at least convey our feelings for each other. I pistoned my hips forward as my climax overtook me, unloading my seed into Lucas' tight hole.

"I love you too, Ryder," I whispered in his ear once I was able to catch my breath again. I looked down at Lucas, about to tell him how amazing he was, when I realized I hadn't felt the muscles in his ass work my cock. Had he not come?

"Ryder, you need to move," Lucas said, his head turned facing away from us. I pulled Ryder against my chest and moved us off and out of him.

"You okay, Luc?" I asked, placing Ryder on his feet and moving towards the other man.

"I'm fine." He waved me away as he got off the bed. "We need to get ready. Max will be here in a couple of hours."

I knew that wasn't the real reason Lucas was upset, but when I glanced at his groin his cock was flaccid. "Luc, talk to me."

"There's nothing to say. I'm taking a shower," he replied, and closed the bathroom door in my face.

"He didn't come, did he?" I asked Ryder as I sat down on the bed next to him.

"No, and I don't think that's the first time he's not finished when we have," Ryder answered as he wrapped his arms around my waist. "I think something's going on."

"I figured he was stressed about his first shift this weekend, or Max coming tonight," I stated as I stood up and pulled away from Ryder. I pointed towards the closed bathroom door, "but it's got to be more than just that. We all agreed Max wouldn't be coming here just to kill us."

"I know," Ryder replied quietly, shaking his head.

"I'm going to jump in the guest shower and get cleaned up. Try to talk to him again, alone. If I think of anything, I'll let you know."

"Okay, baby," I said as I gave him a gentle kiss on the head. As Ryder left, I walked over and tried to open the bathroom door. Locked. What the fuck? I knocked on the door, "Lucas, please let me in."

"You can have it, I'm done," he said a few moments later when he opened the door and walked out. Lucas had a towel wrapped around his waist and another one in his hand, drying his hair. It broke my heart that he wouldn't look at me as he brushed past.

"Lucas, what's going on?" I asked as I reached out and grabbed his arm. He shook me off and kept walking. I followed him over to the dresser and tried to wrap my arms around him, but again he pushed me away.

"Just give me some space, Spencer," he answered as he pulled open one of the drawers and grabbed a pair of jeans. "We can talk later. Right now we have to get ready."

"But we'll talk later, right?"

"Yeah, I can't keep this in much longer," Lucas said as he pulled his jeans on and walked out the room. I watched him with my jaw hanging open. What could possibly be bothering him this much, and it had been for a

while? How did I miss this?

Feeling like shit, I headed towards the bathroom. Once inside, I turned on the shower and washed up. The last thing I really wanted to do was play diplomat and deal with the local pack leader who would decide our future. Not with this thing with Lucas hanging over my head.

After I was clean I let the warm water wash over me, trying to brace myself for what was about to happen. I turned the knobs off and stepped out of the shower. Grabbing a couple of towels, I dried off. I walked into the bedroom, picked out some clothes, and got dressed, still worried about Lucas. Just then I heard a car pull into the driveway. Looking at the clock I saw Max was an hour early. I'm not sure if that was a good or a bad thing.

"We've got company," Lucas called up the stairs.

"I'm coming," I answered as I walked out of our room. Ryder stepped out of the guest room at the same time and we gave each other a nod before rushing down the stairs. When I got downstairs I went to give Lucas a hug but he stepped out of my reach. Ryder and I exchanged a look, letting him know I'd not resolved it. I merely shook my head as I opened the front door.

Max and Alex stepped out of a cherry-red Chevy-S10. Alex looked cautious, surveying the area as he closed

his door and walked around the front of the truck. Max, on the other hand, was focused on us. He smiled widely as he secured the passenger door and made his way towards us. Max was smaller than he'd seemed over the phone, coming in at about six foot one and around two hundred pounds. He had short salt and pepper hair and a goatee.

"Spencer, it's a pleasure to meet you," he said as he extended his hand. "I apologize for being early but I had another meeting cancel. I hope this is okay?"

"As long as there's a happy outcome here," I chuckled as I shook his hand. "Honestly, the foreplay of all of this was getting tedious."

"I agree," he replied and gave me a wink. "This must be Ryder and Lucas."

"I'm Ryder Jenkins, and that's Lucas Moore," Ryder said as he shook Max's, and then Alex's, hands. "Your guys never replaced the door they broke down."

"Ryder, drop it," I hissed at him, but I couldn't help smiling. We'd been hearing about that goddamn door constantly for the past week.

"Hey, you break it, you buy it," he replied, raising an eyebrow as if daring me to counter him. I merely kissed the top of his head as we all made our way into the house.

"I'll make sure to add that into my offer," Max

chuckled as I led everyone into the living room. "I agree with you, Ryder."

"See, Max agrees with me," Ryder said as he stuck his tongue out at me. Then he went stiff and turned back to Max. "Can we just call you Max? Or is there a proper title we should use to address you?"

"Pack Leader or Alpha Max is normal," he replied as we all sat down. Ryder and Lucas settled down on either side of me as Max and Alex sat next to each other on the loveseat. "I understand these are not terms you are used to, so I will not hold it against you."

"Cool, thanks, Alpha Max," Ryder answered, seeming relieved. He leaned back against the couch as I put my arm over his shoulders. I tried to do the same to Lucas but he shrugged me off.

"So, I'm assuming you're not here to kill all of us, given our exchange here and the fact Alex seems to have finally relaxed," I said, nodding towards Max's guard. "He's been on over-alert since he got here."

"It's his job to be that way," Max chuckled as he ruffled Alex's hair. "He's one of my enforcers, and my nephew."

"I don't ever want to have to explain to the pack, and especially my mother, if something happened to Alpha

Max," Alex snickered.

"And to answer your question, Spencer, no, we're not here to kill you," Max stated, turning serious as he leaned forward with his arms on his knees. "I talked it over with the council and we've come to outline a couple of options for you all. They agree with me that what happened was not your fault and you shouldn't be held accountable for something out of your control. What you do from here, after you understand our rules, is, though."

"We brought you this," Alex said as he pulled out a rather large book from the bag he had with him. "It's the council by-laws. We understand you weren't brought up with them, but you do need to learn them. The sooner the better."

"I understand." I nodded as I took the book from him. "We'll start into this after you guys leave. I am honestly thrilled to find out there are others like us and that there's some sort of structure."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Spencer," Max replied, glancing at Alex before turning back to me. "I also hope you understand I can't just have three rogue werewolves on my pack's turf." He held up a hand, cutting off any protests before he continued. "Rogue just means you aren't affiliated with any pack and we've come here to resolve that."

Unfortunately it leaves us with only two options, either you join our pack and abide by our ways or you move."

"Do we have to decide as a group?" Lucas asked, finally speaking up. "What if just one of us wants to join your pack?"

I felt Ryder tense up next to me as I stared at Lucas in shock. I was completely speechless.

"My understanding is that you are a group package," Max said, raising an eyebrow, "but you are all men of age. You are more than welcome to join our pack, even if Spencer decides not to."

"You want to leave us, Luc?" Ryder asked quietly, sounding completely heartbroken.

"I didn't say that," Luc replied, not looking at us. "I simply want to know my options. Would there be any problems for a gay man in your pack?"

"We have several homosexuals. If there was ever a problem I'd want to know about it immediately," Max answered, his jaw setting. "We're all weres, no matter who you want to be with. I don't put up with that shit in my pack."

"Good to know." Lucas looked satisfied with Max's answer.

"We'd need to discuss it as a family," I said, feeling

a pit in my stomach. Lucas' wording spoke volumes. He hadn't asked about gay *men*, just man, as in only one. "But we'd need to know what it means to be members of a pack first. Also, if we move, how do we avoid this same predicament?"

Max eyed me, then Lucas some more before answering. "Alex put together a list of areas that don't currently have a pack. If you choose to move you would be the pack in that area. Even with as small a group as you are, the council feels there needs to be some sort of order. They've agreed to make you Alpha, Spencer. You'd be in contact with the council, come to meetings when needed, and vote in certain issues."

"So we'd still live by a pack structure, just Spencer would be our boss instead of you?" Lucas asked, his voice showing he wasn't a fan of that idea.

"Exactly," Max answered as he leaned back against the sofa again. "The choice is yours. And again, I'm sorry I only have these two options for you. I hope you do understand why it has to be this way. While you weren't given instruction or our rules, we can't just have everyone do whatever they wish. It would be total anarchy."

"No, I understand," I said, never taking my eyes off Lucas. "Would you excuse us for a few moments while we

discuss this?"

"Of course."

I stood, walked out of the living room, and headed for the kitchen without a word. Opening the fridge, I pulled out a beer and popped the top. After taking a very long gulp I turned back to Ryder and Lucas, who had joined me.

"What's going on, Luc? Why are you asking about leaving us?" I asked, starting to shake with anger. "Are we so fucking horrible to be around that you want to bail the first chance you get?"

"I didn't say that," he answered quietly, still not looking at me. Ryder hopped up on the island counter and just watched us both. "I don't think right now is the time to discuss this, with company here."

"I don't give a fuck about them being here," I shouted as I threw the bottle across the room. Moving lightning quick, I pinned Luc against the counter and grabbed his face. "I care about you, about this. What have we done to make you not be able to talk with or touch us?"

"Fuck you, Spencer," he spat out at me as he pushed me off of him. "You saved my life and I will always be indebted to you for that, but you don't own me."

"Own you?" I flinched, feeling like I'd just been struck. That's when my hurt and confusion really turned

into anger. I started screaming. "What the fuck gave you the idea that I think I own you? Or that I even would *want* to own you? Are the doors locked? Are you in a cage? Is there a mother-fucking collar around your neck?"

"Fine, maybe *own* isn't the right word," Luc answered as he shook his head. "I wasn't ready to do this just yet. We need to talk about this later."

"Fuck that!" I growled and moved towards him but Ryder stopped me by holding up a hand.

"Luc, this can't wait." Ryder glanced towards the living room, and our guests. "We have some decisions to make. If Spencer's done something to upset you this much, that you're thinking of leaving us, we can't just table that."

"Yeah, like it's just Spencer," Luc snorted, squinting at Ryder. "Who said I was only upset with him?"

"What did I do?" Ryder asked, his eyes going wide. He hopped off the counter and walked right up to Lucas and touched his face. "How did I hurt you, Luc?"

"You were riding my goddamn cock, telling Spencer that you loved *him!*" Luc yelled, but then he started to get choked up. His eyes filled up with tears, and he pushed Ryder's arm away and spun to face the counter. Luc grabbed on to the counter, taking a few breaths before he continued. "Look, you guys love each other, I get that. I

knew it walking into this. But I didn't think that would leave me on the outsider forever, just a toy when you wanted a three-way."

I stared at the back of his head for several moments before I was able to find words again. My anger left in an instant, replaced by concern and confusion. "You're not an outsider, Luc. And you're certainly not our toy!"

"Bullshit!" Luc yelled spinning around to face me. Ryder took a couple of steps back from him, obviously as shocked as I was. "Neither of you touch me unless you both are. I see the way you are together, always kissing each other as you pass by. Or you grab Ryder's ass when he's close. Ryder sits in your lap half the fucking time. And I'm always alone, left alone, unless it's all three of us fucking each other. Even then I'm like the toy you bring in for kicks. You're not having sex with Lucas Moore, just with a third body."

"Luc, that's not true," Ryder whispered as his eyes filled up with sorrow. He looked back at me for a few moments, before turning back to Lucas. And that look said it all... Luc was right on some things. "Yes, I admit, I've not touched you like I do Spencer. But I didn't realize that until you said it just then. It's not that I've not wanted to, I guess I'm just afraid of Spencer thinking I love you more

than him."

"So instead you just ignore me..." Luc froze, his eyes going wide. "Did you just say you love me?"

"I do love you," Ryder answered as he approached Luc cautiously. He wrapped his arms around Luc's neck and pulled him down for a kiss. "I love you both. And I guess I've fucked up showing that's how I feel, but it *is* how I feel. Spencer's my first relationship, ever, and I'm not very good at it. I was scared that if I showed you too much attention it might hurt him. I swear I never meant to ignore you or make you feel like this."

I just stared at both of them as I realized I'd done the exact same thing as Ryder. "Me too, Luc," I said gently as I moved forward and wrapped my arms around both of them. "I didn't realize I was doing it, but Ryder's right. I guess I didn't know how to bring a third into our partnership and not hurt Ryder. I never meant to hurt you or make you feel like this."

"I didn't know how to tell you or make it stop," Luc whispered as he looked up and met my eyes. "Today in bed was the last straw for me, I couldn't just pretend everything was okay anymore. Neither of you seemed to even notice I was even there."

"I'm so sorry, Luc," I answered before kissing his

lips. "I wish I had known this sooner. The last thing I ever want to do is hurt you or Ryder. I love you both so much."

"I love you guys, too," Luc replied as a few tears escaped his eyes. "It hurt knowing that I loved you and neither of you seemed to love me."

"We do," Ryder said from the middle of our sandwich. "Spencer and I just need to work on showing you. I guess we need to understand that loving you is nothing for the other to be jealous about."

"I agree," I replied, kissing the top of Ryder's head. Then I looked up and met Luc's eyes. "Will you give us another chance, Luc?"

"Of course I will," he chuckled and kissed my lips. "You guys love me, and that's all I really want. Well, that and to feel like you love me."

"I think that will change now we've got this all out in the open," I said as I released them both. "I think Ryder and I both know now that the other isn't going to get jealous when we show you affection at times outside of when the three of us are in bed."

"Right." Ryder nodded, still not releasing his tight grip on Luc. "Come with us, Luc."

"Is that what we want to do?" I asked. "Do we want to move?"

"I do." Ryder gave us another kiss, moved away from Luc, and hopped back up on the counter. "I'm sure the pack is great and all, but I love our life together. So there will be some rules we have to start following, I'm good with that. But do you guys really want to jump into an already formed pack and be the new guys? I don't. I will if it keeps us together, but my gut is saying we should move,"

"Luc? What do you think?" I asked, turning to him.

"Now that I know you guys want me here, I'm with Ryder on this," he answered shrugging his shoulders. "But, really, this is your home, Spencer. Moving is not as big of a deal to me and Ryder. How do you feel about it?"

"It's just a house," I replied, moving towards him and taking him into my arms. "You and Ryder are my home, my family. I don't care where we live as long as we're all there, and we're all happy."

"That's not really an answer to the big question, Spence," Ryder chuckled, causing Luc and I to turn towards him. "Do you want to join the pack?"

"Not particularly," I answered after a moment, scrunching my nose up. "We can learn the rules, and be a part of the werewolf community. But, really, I just want to be left alone with the two of you."

"So we all agree," Ryder said, smiling widely.

"Okay, let's go back to our guests and tell them our answer."

"We heard you," Max called out from the other room. "Your senses grow stronger with age and I'm much older than all of you."

"Good to know," Luc chuckled as we made our way back to the living room. Luc led the way, but Ryder pulled on my arm and nodded towards Luc. I understood what he meant right away, we needed to give Luc some extra attention.

"I hope you were entertained, at least." I smirked as we all sat back down on the couch. Luc was on my right and I reach over and pulled him over to sit between my legs. He gave a cute little yelp of surprise but then smiled up at me. It was then that I felt my nerves calm down; we were going to be just fine.

"Well, we weren't really sure what to do," Max chuckled as Alex turned bright red. "We thought it might be ruder to tell you in the middle of what was going on that we could hear you. Normally other weres leave the house when they don't want to be overheard. Takes some getting used to, that you don't know our ways."

"Make sense." Ryder nodded and then shrugged. "Good thing we like you and didn't say anything bad."

Max and Alex looked at each other before bursting out laughing. Finally Max got his composure back, "There is that. I'm glad you like us. Part of me understands why you don't want to join the pack, the other part of me is sad that you don't. I think you would all be a wonderful addition to our extended family."

"I appreciate that," I replied smiling at both of the men. "How much time do we have to move?"

"Well, that's something else we need to talk about," Max stated getting serious. "I talked it over with the council and we decided that if you elected not to join the pack, we want to buy your house. The council asked me to give sanctuary to a family who's being persecuted by their current pack. I agreed to give them a place to live, and protection, but I until I know how big a threat they have against them I'm not comfortable with them being on pack lands. If they're being pursued, and someone is tracking their scent, I don't want it to lead back to us."

"It's not that we won't help them," Alex added, looking nervous. "It's just, we have children and families on pack lands. We agreed to help this family, but we won't put other families in jeopardy."

"What are you offering?" I asked Max, settling into my comfortable business persona. I was so used to it from

the years spent in corporate America it was like putting on an old sweater. Max named a figure that shocked me so much I let out a whistle. "That's a lot over the market value."

"Think of it as paying for your relocation expenses as well," Max smiled.

"We accept," I chuckled. "Can we have a week or so to decide where we want to go and get packed up?"

"I was planning on giving you a month." Max snickered, then looked thoughtful. "Let's say two weeks just to be on the safe side."

"Fair enough," I answered as I moved Lucas off my lap and put him on his feet. I stood, as did Ryder, and led them towards the front door. "I'm glad we came to a resolution."

"I agree," Max replied as everyone shook hands. "Alex, give them the list."

"Oh, right," Alex turned back towards us and reached into his pocket. He handed me a typed-out list and nodded at me before heading to the truck.

"This might be fun," Lucas said after we closed the door and headed towards the kitchen. "I mean, we can just pick a place and go anywhere!"

"We need to do something else first," Ryder replied

as he started taking off his shirt.

"What's that, baby?" I had a sneaking suspicion I already knew.

"Make up sex. It's the only good part of fighting," he called out as he raced up the stairs.

Lucas and I shared a look before chasing after the little minx. Even though we'd thought we weren't in any serious trouble with the local pack, until Max came over we weren't really sure. As I raced up the stairs after my men, I was pretty confident that Ryder and Lucas felt like a huge weight had been lifted off of their shoulders, just as I did.

CHAPTER 2

We were upstairs, naked, and in bed a few minutes later. I wracked my brain for a way to make this special for Luc; he needed some extra loving after the idiots we had been. After several minutes of making out, it hit me.

"Luc, I want you inside me," I whispered in his ear. Ryder was giving him attention from the front as I sandwiched his back. I loved the way he shivered when I licked along his neck. But when I spoke, he went stiff.

"We've never done that before," he said, looking over his shoulder at me with wide, uncertain eyes.

"I know," I answered, wagging my eyebrows at him. "And I think we should change that."

"Then I get to top you both!" Ryder called out excitedly as he crawled over the bed and grabbed the lube. "I've never done that either."

"Are you sure, Spence?" Luc asked as he turned to face me. Instead of answering him, I lay on my back and pulled my knees up to my chest. He gave me a feral smile as he reached his hand out to Ryder for the lube. "I've wanted this for so long."

"Why didn't you tell me, Luc?" I replied, shocked to hear he'd been thinking about topping me. "I would have

loved to have you inside me before now."

"You just always take charge." Luc shrugged. "I just figured you liked to top both of us."

"Sometimes," I answered honestly as I watched him squirt lube on his fingers. "Sometimes I want to be taken care of and not have to make the decisions."

"And we all need to talk more, it seems," Ryder grumbled as he took the bottle from Luc. "I'm going to spank both your asses!"

I groaned at the idea, and then wondered what the hell? Both of my men froze and just stared at me. I felt my cheeks heat up, "I think I like that idea."

"I think you *love* that idea," Luc answered, pointing to my leaking cock. He turned and looked at Ryder over his shoulder, "Can you top us both another time? I think we need to punish Spencer."

"Oh yeah," Ryder giggled as he moved back a bit. "On your hands and knees, Spence."

"We don't have to do it right now," I replied, nervous as to what can of worms I'd just opened.

"Move it, Spencer," Luc growled, his eyes filling with lust. It seemed one of my men was a closet dom. I stuck out my tongue at him and flipped over. Feeling feisty, I put my shoulders and head down on the bed and wiggled

my ass at them. When a hand landed on one of my cheeks, I gasped. "That's for sticking your tongue out at me."

"And this is for not telling us you wanted us to take care of you," Ryder purred before smacking my cheeks a few times each. When I felt four hands rubbing the marks in I moaned and felt pre-cum start to leak from my cock. Someone's hand spanked me again, causing me to groan and grab the covers. I'm not sure why, but I felt like I needed something to hold onto.

"I like that our big guy likes this, Ryder." Luc chuckled, then leaned over and licked the right side of my ass.

"I guess I do," I mumbled into the blankets.

That seemed to give them the green light and I felt two sets of hands land on either cheek of my ass. After several smacks, Ryder spoke again. "We're kind of out of reasons to discipline you, but you seem to like it anyways. So, it's not really punishment anyways."

"I like how my handprint looks on his firm ass," Luc said. I felt him lick my hole this time, and I shivered. "Oh, he really likes that."

"More. Please, more," I begged. "Please, I'll do anything you want."

"Anything?" Ryder giggled. "That sounds

promising. What do we want, Luc?"

I knew I'd opened Pandora's Box, but I didn't care. Having both the men I love give me all their attention was driving me insane. I would have given them everything I was or had anyways. "Yes, anything. I love you both."

"We love you too, Spence," Luc said in between placing kisses all along my back. "You've given us so much, let us give you a little back."

"We're going to take turns with your sweet ass," Ryder purred. "Right now, it's all about you."

"Oh god," I moaned, partially at Ryder's words, but mostly at the feel of Luc's tongue in my ass again. "Yes, fuck me. I want you both inside me."

I yelped when I felt two tongues licking my hole. Knowing I would be tight, I tried to relax. Ryder had never been inside my ass either. He always seemed happy to ride me or to have me fuck him. How was I supposed to know he'd like to top now and again?

"Just start easy," I mumbled into the comforter, embarrassed.

"What was that, Spence?" Ryder asked as he pulled away from my hole. I groaned, hating that he stopped.

"It's been over five years since anyone's been in my ass," I answered, looking over my shoulder at him. "Not

since Diego turned me."

"Oh, fuck," Luc moaned, licking me faster. "This is going to be fun."

"We'll take good care of you, Spence," Ryder said before pushing in a lubed finger. I groaned loudly as he started to move it inside me. After a few moments, I felt a second finger enter me. "You like that both of us are going to fuck you, Spence?"

"Yesss. God, please, don't stop," I hissed, loving the slight burn of having someone finally play with my hole.

"More, I want more."

"You want to go first, Luc?" Ryder asked as a third finger pushed into my ass. "I think I'm going to entertain our big guy another way."

"Sounds like a plan," Luc answered as Ryder pulled his fingers out. Luc took over and shoved three of his fingers into me, stretching me out even more. My cock had gotten so hard I could have pounded steel into weapons. At the same time, Ryder lifted me up onto all fours and wiggled his way under me.

"Hi, baby," I groaned as his face appeared in front of mine. "Come here often?"

"All the time, but we're going to make you come a lot," he giggled as he started to lick my neck.

"Oh fuck, that's good," I answered, pushing my ass harder onto Luc's fingers. "Luc, I'm ready, please, *please*, I need you inside me."

As quick as a flash Luc pulled his fingers out of my ass and started pushing his cock into me. I yelled out, loving the pleasure and pain, as Ryder started nibbling my neck. Ryder moved to wrap his legs over both of us, groaning as his cock started rubbing against mine. I mashed my lips down on his, thrusting my tongue into his hot mouth.

"You're so fucking tight," Luc moaned as he started to pull out of me before slamming right back in. "This is like heaven."

"Harder, Luc, fuck him harder," Ryder moaned as I licked along his collarbone. "Pound his ass until he's screaming."

"You are a dirty little man," I gasped as Luc started picking up the pace. "Luc, feels too good!"

"We've got you, Spence," Luc grunted out in between thrusts. "Just let go. We're going to take care of you, make you feel good."

Between Luc's cock in my ass and Ryder's rubbing against mine, my senses were in overload. Ryder was biting on my neck, so every hot spot on my body was being

fucked, rubbed, or nibbled on. All I could do was make appreciative noises and hold on for the ride.

"That's it, Luc, come in his tight ass," Ryder purred when Luc started losing his rhythm. He licked my ear as he hissed, "and then I'm going to fuck you with Luc's seed still in you."

"Oh fuck!" Luc and I cried out as we both climaxed. Ryder started to squirm under me as I covered his body with my seed and Luc's cock exploded in my ass as he kept thrusting into me. After a few more moments he collapsed against my back and we both tried to catch our breath.

"My turn," Ryder said, before giving my shoulder one last bite. He crawled out from under me as Luc pulled out of my ass and fell to the side. Seconds later I felt Ryder's cock enter me, just as I was coming down from my orgasm.

"Oh shit," I screamed, loving the feeling of being so full again, even as my senses were still reeling.

Luc moved his face under mine and gave me a long, deep kiss that I melted into. "I love you, Spencer."

"I love you too," I whispered against his lips as Ryder pounded into my ass. I gasped as Luc wrapped his hand around my refilling cock. Being a werewolf gave me so many extra abilities, and I was only early thirties, but I

had never recovered so quickly before.

"Spank him while you fuck him, Ryder," Luc growled as he increased the pressure on my cock. Ryder's hand landed on my ass hard as he kept fucking me. I hissed at the pain, but then the pleasure radiated out from where he smacked me. That, along with the pleasure of Ryder's dick pegging my sweet spot, and I was moaning like some wanton.

"Harder, Ryder, I need more," I begged as my men took care of me. Luc was stroking me so fast, at a different pace than Ryder fucked me. I felt like I was going crazy at all the sensations and my body was going to overload.

"Oh yeah, that's how you like it," Ryder howled. He kept slapping my ass as he shoved his cock deep into me. "Then you're going to love this."

I screamed as he changed the angle of his thrusts, not just hitting my prostate as he fucked me, but slamming his cock right into it. Luc reached his other hand down and squeezed my balls. That was all my body could handle. I roared out my release, coming all over Luc. White lights exploded behind my eyes as I tried to catch my breath. I kept coming over and over again, as Ryder kept pounding into me.

"His ass is like a vice," Ryder cried out. It was the

last thing I heard, as all of a sudden darkness swam over me. I couldn't feel my body anymore as everything went numb and I passed out.

* * * *

"I mean, you can get your GED, anywhere, right?" I heard Lucas ask as I came back around. I also heard something that sounded like tape being pulled off a roll.

"Yeah, I guess," Ryder replied slowly. I hopped out of bed and threw on some shorts. As I headed downstairs, they continued their conversation.

"You and Spencer can do what you guys do anywhere," Lucas said as I walked into the kitchen. "One of the best large animal vet schools is in South Dakota. Maybe we could afford some land, get some animals, and I could teach you both how to ride."

"Sounds like fun," I answered from where I leaned against the doorway. They'd been putting packing boxes together. That explains why I heard the tape. "When did you guys go get boxes?"

"When someone was passed out," Ryder giggled and came towards me. "You went down before I even finished. I didn't even realize you blacked out and kept

fucking you."

"Did you finish?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," Ryder purred as he stood up on his tip-toes and gave me a gentle kiss. "You were fantastic."

"I was going to say the same to you guys," I said as I wrapped my arms around him. I picked him up and he wrapped his legs around me. Walking over towards Lucas, I gave him a kiss as well. "You two took me places I've never been before."

"That was the idea," Luc answered as he rubbed his groin against my leg and Ryder.

"You're insatiable," I chuckled as I lowered Ryder down off of me. "So what's this about South Dakota?"

"We looked at the list Max and Alex gave us," Ryder started to explain. "One of the places is South Dakota, where I guess some vet school is."

"It's one of the best in country," Lucas continued. "I got in, but I needed a school that gave scholarships. They were all out for the year already. Ryder can work on his GED from anywhere, it's online. You're technically retired, and though you do trading and what-not still, you don't have an office and do everything from here."

"Is this what you really want?" I asked Luc, but looked over at Ryder. "Were there any other places that

could work?"

"Yeah, but not with a large animal veterinary school close," Luc answered looking at his feet. "And if I can do this, I need to be somewhere with large animals that need a doctor."

"Ryder, what are your concerns?" I asked, looking between them.

"I've never been to South Dakota before," he replied quietly. "I mean, what's even there?"

"It's not Siberia, Ryder," Luc snickered, rolling his eyes. "I'm sure it's all the same stores and what-not we have around here."

"What if I don't like it there?" Ryder asked, moving away from us.

"Baby, is that what you're really worried about?" I asked, waiting until he nodded to continue. "Ryder, we might run into that no matter where we go."

"I know, but what if you guys are happy there and I hate it?"

"Ryder, the same could be true for any of us," Luc replied, changing his tone now that he understood Ryder was just scared. "Anywhere we move, one of us might hate it."

"But we'll make a deal," I said, kneeling down in

front of Ryder. I was shocked by how he was acting. This wasn't the fun, adventurous Ryder I knew so well. He looked so lost, almost like a child who couldn't find his parents. "If any of us are unhappy, we'll talk about it, okay? And if we can't fix it, there are other places on that list. We have to pick somewhere, Ryder. If this place has what Luc needs to finish his degree, isn't that what we want for him?"

"Yeah, as long as he won't leave us once he's a doctor," Ryder answered, fidgeting with his hands.

"Is that what this is about?" Luc asked, sitting down on the kitchen table and pulling Ryder towards him. "I'm not leaving you guys, even after I finish school."

"You wanted to join the pack here. I mean, what reason do you have to stay with us?"

"I love you guys," Luc said, hugging Ryder and looking at me. "I can't guarantee the future, but you could fall out of love with me one day. I'm just focused on the now."

"Okay," Ryder nodded as Luc let him go. "Then let's move to South Dakota. As long as we're all together, I don't care where we go."

"I agree," I said, pulling both of them to me. "If South Dakota will help Luc do what he wants, then that's where will go."

"Thank you," Luc choked out, tears welling up in his eyes. "I can't believe I thought you guys didn't care about me."

"So, we all feel good about our decision?" I asked as we all separated. When I got nods from both my men, I picked up the tape gun and we started to put boxes together.

"We could actually bring this to bed," Lucas said after we'd been packing a while, holding up the tape gun.

"Who needs handcuffs?"

"You really are just the horniest man I've ever met," I chuckled as I pulled him into a kiss.

"I wasn't before you turned me," he snickered as he started to hump my leg. "Or maybe it's the two hot men I have who love me and I can touch anytime I want."

"I think we should pack naked," Ryder laughed as he moved to my other side and started doing the same. "So, about Luc's idea to buy some land, can I have a garden?"

"How much land would we need to have some horses?" I asked moving away from my two horndogs.

"A couple dozen acres would be best," he answered with a shrug. "More than enough room for Ryder to have a garden. We can grow hay for the horse stalls, if we wanted. I know how to do all of that."

"What do you want, Spencer?" Ryder asked as we

got back to work. "Luc's going to be able to go to the school he wants and get some horses. I get my garden. What do you want?"

"Nothing," I answered quickly, not wanting to tell them and risk their laughter. "Just for us to be together."

"Don't do that," Luc growled as he grabbed my arm. "You're lying. If you don't want to tell us, fine, but don't you dare ever lie to us like that again."

"You're right, I'm sorry," I whispered as I looked into his eyes. "There is something, but it's silly and you guys will laugh."

"We won't laugh," Ryder answered, looking very offended. "Spencer, we're able to do this because of you. If anyone should get something they want from all of this, it's you."

"I want a piglet," I mumbled, completely embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, did you just say a pig?" Luc asked with a large smile on his face. They both stared at me as they stopped packing and sat on the kitchen table in front of me. Playing with one of the tape guns, I nodded and stared at my feet.

"Why a pig, Spence?" Ryder inquired, his voice gentle enough that I looked up to meet his gaze.

"I always wanted one, ever since I was a kid and read *Charlotte's Web*. I thought it would be cool to have my own Wilbur," I explained eyeing both of them. They surprised me by smiling, but not laughing at me.

Ryder jumped off the table and I barely got my arms open in time to catch him. "I think a piglet would be great. As long as we don't use him for bacon, it could be fun. I've never had a pet."

"Me either," I answered, hugging him close to me. "Thank you for not laughing."

"It's a funny answer," Luc said carefully. "But not like laugh at you silly. It's just not an answer I think we were expecting."

"So we can get one?" I raised an eyebrow at him. "Would you know how to take care of a pig?"

"Yes, and yes," Luc chuckled, joining the group hug. "I've never had one, but I've learned enough from school that I feel confident we could give some poor pig a happy home."

"Are we going to name him Wilbur?" Ryder asked as we all parted. "I'm not sure I'm feeling the name."

"No, I think we need to wait and see what he or she looks like before naming our pig," I replied as I built another box. I noticed Lucas sway on his feet out of the

corner of my eye. "Luc?"

"I don't feel so well," he mumbled as he started to scratch his arms. "My body feel like it's on fire all of a sudden."

Ryder and I glanced at each other, knowing full well what Luc was going through. "Baby, it's the first night of the lunar cycle." I explained as I knelt in front of him. "Your body is telling you it wants to shift soon."

"Is it always like this?" Luc looked up at me, his eyes wide with fear. "You guys don't look sick when you go to shift."

"The first few times suck," Ryder answered, looking completely empathic. "My second lunar cycle was way better, and my third it didn't even hurt to change."

Then Luc started to shake uncontrollably and I knew it was time to get us all to the woods. I picked him up in my arms and turned to Ryder, "Grab the keys to the SUV, we've got to go now."

"I'm on it," Ryder said darting off towards the front hall as I hurried towards the garage.

"How did you go through this all alone?" Luc asked me as I got him into the back seat. "I can't even imagine being able to do this without you guys."

"We're here, sweetheart. You won't have to go

through this alone," I answered as I closed the door. Turning towards Ryder when I heard him enter the garage, I caught the keys he threw at me. "Let's roll before he changes in the back seat."

"Why are his signs coming on faster than mine did?" Ryder asked. We climbed in the SUV and I hit the garage door opener. Seconds later, I was backing out the car, trying to think of an answer to Ryder's question.

"I don't know," I answered finally, not liking my answer either. "The only thing I can think of is that we were dealing with other things today. I mean, everything with Max, and our fight had to be stressful on his body."

"My skull feels like it's going to split open," Luc moaned. I glanced at him in the review mirror as his body started to prepare for the change. Glancing out the window, I cursed myself for not paying better attention to the time. When I woke up and went to find them earlier, the sun had been setting. I had just been so distracted with the move and their conversation that I had forgotten what was coming tonight.

"Hang on, Luc, we're almost there," I said, hoping like hell we made it. We were only a few miles from the forest preserves we used during our time of the month. "On the bright side, if we buy a place with thirty acres or so, we

won't have to drive anywhere during the full moon. We won't have neighbors or anyone who can see when we change. That might be nice."

"Good point," Ryder nodded. He crawled into the back seat and pulled Luc to him. "Spence, hurry, he's really fucking hot."

"Okay, we're here," I said as we pulled into the forest preserve drive. "Let me just get off the path and hide the SUV."

"Why didn't you guys have a car that night you found me?" Luc asked as I pulled off the road.

"We normally run here, ditch our clothes, and shift," Ryder answered.

"I wasn't paying attention. We should have left the house over an hour ago," I said as I put the car in park. I hopped out of the SUV as fast as I could, stripped my clothes, and went for Luc. Opening the door, I helped Ryder undress him. Then I lifted him in my arms and carried him about ten yards away. "This first time will be the worst ever, I promise you, Luc."

"I trust you," he panted as I lowered him to his feet but still held onto him tightly. "How much longer?"

"Not long, sweetheart," I answered as I peppered his face with kisses. "Just remember to breathe and don't fight

it."

"I don't know what I'm even fighting," Luc gasped as his shoulder popped out of its socket. "Fuck, this is going to hurt, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's going to hurt like a bitch," Ryder said, coming up behind Luc and wrapping his arms around him. "We're here, Luc. Try to relax as much as possible."

We held onto Luc, but loosened our hold when his body started convulsing. He threw back his head and screamed as his skin and bones started stretching for the change. I glanced over at Ryder, who had tears in his eyes. It is hard to watch someone you love go through pain, even if you know it's for the best. I felt guilty that Luc was hurting because I turned him, but I did it to save his life.

"Fuck that hurt," Luc growled as he slumped against me after his shift was over.

"It gets better, sweetheart," I cooed, rubbing his back gently. I looked over his shoulder in time to see Ryder shift easily. Once Luc was able to stand on his own I let my own change overtake me.

"This is so flipping cool," Luc said as he looked himself over. "I mean, I knew it would happen, but I feel like I should be taking a trip on 'shrooms or something."

Ryder and I looked at each other before we burst

out laughing. He smiled at me and then sprinted away, and after a moment Luc and I joined him. If there was ever something Ryder liked, it was to be chased.

CHAPTER 3

We packed up the house up during the next week. Alex came over to see us off, and get the keys and the instructions for the movers. I signed all the necessary paperwork for the sale of the house and most of the furniture. The majority of the furniture was custom ordered to fit the house, and since the family moving into the house didn't have any we worked it into the deal.

The plan we'd thought up was to head out a week before the movers were due to load everything up. That way it would give us time to scout the area and find a place to live. Maybe we'd even get the paperwork and escrow handled to buy a place before the movers caught up to us. So we loaded up the SUV with bags and suitcases filled with what we would need for the week, our laptops, and basically everything we wouldn't want to trust the movers to handle.

We headed out early Tuesday morning, knowing we would stop that night in Chicago. It was about a fourteen hour drive, with a few stops along the way. Luc and I traded off driving, and while Ryder had been working on learning to drive, a long highway drive wasn't the time to practice. Instead he was working as our navigator.

That night we picked up every *Chicago Style* food we could find. Ryder was almost bouncing up and down in excitement. He was adamant that we stop along the way and make sure to see the difference between the pizza, hot dogs, and Italian beef in New York and Chicago.

"I know it's just deep dish pizza, but I like it better in Chicago," Ryder stated with a cute little pout. Even his bottom lip protruded out a bit. I chuckled at his antics while we were heading back to the expressway.

"I'm simply saying, deep dish is deep dish, no matter what city you get it from." Luc answered as he made a face at Ryder in the review mirror. In turn, Ryder stuck out his tongue, then tried hiding his smile. It was endearing when my men bickered like that.

"Hey, look at the guy across the street," Ryder said, leaning forward and pointing out the windshield. Luc and I followed his gaze to see a guy thumbing it by the on-ramp to the highway. "Can we give him a lift?"

"You want to pick up a hitch-hiker?" Luc gasped, turning in around in the driver's seat while we were at the stoplight. Thankfully it was red at the moment, or that wouldn't have been a good move on Luc's part.

"It's not like he can hurt us," Ryder snickered.
"Besides, he looks to sad and desperate. Even if we weren't

werewolves, they poor guy's missing a leg, I mean, he couldn't take us in a fight if we were blindfolded."

"Spence, it's your call," Luc said turning to me.

"But hurry, the light's going to change."

"Please, Spence," Ryder begged moving to wrap his arms from behind me. "You picked me up on the side of the road and look how wonderfully that turned out for you."

I turned to meet Ryder's puppy dog look, the one he knew I couldn't turn down. "Alright, pull over and see where he's heading," I sighed. "If he's going our way we can give him a ride. But that doesn't mean we're keeping him like I did you, baby." I snuck a quick kiss on Ryder's lips before he could open them to speak. He chuckled and sat back in his seat as the light turned green, and we drove forward.

When we got across the intersection, Luc signaled and pulled over by the guy. I rolled down my window.

"Where are you heading?"

"Anywhere," he answered with a shrug. I caught a whiff of the guy and realized it had been a while since the poor man had even showered. "Nothing here for me, just trying to catch a ride somewhere new."

"We're heading to South Dakota for the same reason," Ryder called out from the back before hissing in

my ear, "Please, Spencer, I want to help him."

I glanced at Luc who simply shrugged before I nodded and unlocked the doors. Ryder scooted over, opened the door, and helped the guy get in. My heart wrenched as I watched the poor man get his crutches and bag in. It was one of those horribly awkward moments; did I help him and risk pissing him off when he didn't need my help, or did I pretend he wasn't handicapped? I didn't know, so I froze.

"Thanks, I appreciate the ride," he said as he pulled the door closed.

"No problem," Ryder replied as he put the guy's bag on the floor. "Don't forget your seatbelt."

"I'm Dean Hyker," Dean introduced himself as he buckled up. "And yeah, I get the joke, Hyker the hitch-hiker."

"That's okay, I'm Ryder, and I like to ride cock," Ryder started to say but then busted out laughing. Luc and I exchanged a look and laughed as well. Then Luc threw the car in gear and headed towards the on-ramp for 90-North.

"So wait, you guys are gay?" Dean asked glancing between the three of us.

"Is that a problem?" Luc answered, turning partially and raising an eyebrow at the guy.

"No, I am too," Dean stated, looking down at his lap.

"I'm Spencer Fallon, driving is Lucas Moore, and you're sitting next to Ryder Jenkins," I informed him. "The three of us are partners."

"Cool, well, thanks again for the ride," Dean said looking out the window. "So are you guys taking a road trip to South Dakota?"

"No, we're moving there," Ryder answered before changing the tone of his voice to something softer. "How come you wanted to get out of Chicago?"

"Nothing there for me anymore," Dean mumbled. "You guys don't want to listen to my problems."

"If you want to tell us, we'll listen," Ryder said gently. "We want to help if we can, Dean. That's why we stopped."

"A ride is more than enough help," Dean replied after eying Ryder suspiciously for a minute.

"Ryder's right, Dean," Luc said. "We've all had some rough patches in life, sometimes it helps to talk about it."

"Right, rough patches," Dean laughed turning towards Lucas. "You ever lost a limb?"

"No, but I was kicked out of my parents' house at

sixteen for being gay," Ryder answered firmly. "Spencer met me when I tried to pick him up. I was a hooker and a meth addict."

"Ryder and Spencer found me beaten and left for dead for being gay," Luc threw in. "I think we understand personal tragedy."

I turned enough in my seat to see Dean look from Ryder to Lucas, shock written all over his face. It was then that I really got a chance to see the man under the dirt and grime. He was very handsome. Dean had to be taller than me, maybe six-eight. While he wore loose fitting clothes, I could tell he had quite the physique. He had to be at least three twenty-five in solid muscle. Maybe he'd been a linebacker in another life?

A flash of this big hunk dominating my body, touching me everywhere, hit me before I was able to shake it away. It was hard to tell what color his hair was since it was so dirty, but it was some form of blond. And Dean had the lightest blue eyes I'd ever seen.

"Yeah, I'd say you guys do. Sorry," Dean mumbled and rubbed his thigh. It was his left leg that was missing, just above the knee. He kept his pants the normal length as if he wasn't handicapped, so you couldn't tell unless he was close or you were looking right at it.

"Hey, there's nothing to be sorry for," Ryder said, taking Dean's hand. I watched their interaction, completely speechless. I knew Ryder was used to getting friendly with people given his last profession, but I wasn't sure I liked seeing it first-hand. "How did you lose your leg, Dean?"

"Almost two years ago, a semi clipped me on the way to work," Dean explained quietly. "They ran a red light, I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. The metal of the car smashed my leg in with the dashboard, they had to use the jaws of life to get me out. And the doctors didn't seem to care if I kept my leg or not."

"What makes you say that?" I asked confused as to the way Dean had said his last statement.

"I heard one of the docs say '*why give the construction fag millions in reconstruction surgery*'," Dean sighed. "No one even asked me what I wanted. All I know I went into surgery with some internal bleeding, I came out minus a leg. I tried to sue, but they said I was too out of it to be a credible witness."

"Well that fucking blows," Luc growled gripping the steering wheel so tightly I heard it creaking. I leaned over and put my hand on his thigh. He took a few deep breathes, calming back down. While he was a new werewolf and only changing with the full moon, strong

emotions can bring about the shift. "I'm sorry, it's just, who cares if he's gay and works construction? That's why you get insurance, so we can all be treated equally."

"You would think," Dean snorted as he turned back towards the window. "But I appreciate you getting pissed about it."

"How did you get from there to hitch-hiking on the side of the road?" Ryder asked, taking Dean's hand in both of his. He shot me a look, his eyes pleading with me. I just wasn't sure what he thought I could do.

"Can't work construction with one leg," Dean answered. "Hell, I couldn't even get handyman jobs with my handicap. Who wants a gimp to fix things for them?"

"Why not get a prosthetic?" I asked, curious about Dean.

"Insurance informed me they paid their max with the surgery and most of the hospital stay," Dean grumbled. "Everyone seemed to forget that the accident wasn't *my* fault. My insurance shouldn't have been involved at all. And no one would help me, not even an attorney for damages from the accident. Since I'm only thirty and the loss of my leg ended my livelihood, the settlement should have been in the millions."

"Let me guess, the company filed for bankruptcy," I

groaned, knowing the scam too well. Trading and investment workers saw that kind of shit all the time.

"Yeah, how did you know?" Dean asked, looking me over suspiciously.

"I used to work on Wall Street, trading, investments, mutual funds, the whole thing," I answered him. Now I turned around almost completely so I could look the man in the eyes. "I've seen it before, companies abusing laws to help them stay in business and screwing others to keep their bottom line."

"Well, I didn't want to screw anyone, I just wanted the truth about my leg," Dean replied, blinking rapidly. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't be blabbing on about all of this. But Ryder was right, no one's listened to me about what's happened. And for once it's like I have a few supportive ears to vent to."

"We won't judge you, Dean," Luc said, reaching back to pat Dean's bum thigh. "And it's not rambling, you obviously needed to get it out."

"Can I ask something without sounding rude? I mean, I don't want to be an ass," Dean stated looking at me. I nodded, having a feeling I knew what was coming and not wanting to deal with it. "What about you, Spencer? I mean Luc and Ryder gave me the highlights."

Yep! That would be it.

"Actually, I've been with you for over four months, Spence," Ryder said slowly. "And I've never heard about your past. Only you saying something about the poor rich kid."

"My past has never really come up," I shrugged hoping they would let it go.

"Do you not want to talk about it?" Luc asked, glancing at me quickly.

"It's just not really a big deal," I mumbled, knowing it was a lame thing to say.

"Look, I didn't mean to start something," Dean said quickly, looking uncomfortable.

"No, it's cool, Dean," I sighed, realizing it was time to tell Ryder and Luc. "My parents were very high society, New York elite if you will. They were murdered in front of me when I was six years old."

"Fuck," Luc whispered as I also heard a seat belt unbuckle. The next second, Ryder crawled into my lap in the passenger seat. He wrapped his arms around me and gave me his special bear hug, straddling my lap and everything.

"Why didn't you ever tell us this?" He asked gently. "You've dealt with so much of Luc's and my baggage, we

never talked about you."

"Your stuff was more recent, mine happened a long time ago," I answered turning away from his knowing eyes. He grabbed my face with his hands and turned me back to him.

"That's not something that ever goes away, no matter how long ago it happened," Ryder whispered against my lips. He gave me the softest, most loving kiss we might ever have had. I wrapped my arms around him. "What happened, Spence?"

"They had come home from some event," I answered, closing my eyes and willing the memories not to surface. But of course they did, along with every image of that night. Even at six, some things just get burned in your memory forever. "They were paying the baby-sitter when someone busted in the door behind them. I heard the noise and ran towards the stairs. There were two guys, they shot everyone and robbed my parent's safe. They never knew I was even there."

Ryder placed kisses over my eyes, causing me to open them and look at him. He nodded at me and I took a deep breath before continuing. "The neighbors heard the shots and called the police. They found me hiding behind the banister at the top of the stairs. A few days later they

caught the guys trying to pawn off some of my parent's jewelry. I had to point them out in court, but the evidence against them was overwhelming. They never even got rid of the gun or anything.

"My parents were well-off and had set up a trust for me in case anything ever happened to them. I didn't have any relatives to take me in, so I went to boarding school. Then a different boarding school for high school, then I went to college for my BA and masters," I finished sighing. I turned my face in Ryder's neck giving him another squeeze.

"That's horrible," Luc said, and I looked over at him. He had this look of distress on his face that wrenched my heart. "So no family Christmas', or holidays? Wow, that's a really cold way to grow up."

"We'll have a really big Christmas this year," Ryder told me as he leaned back to look into my eyes. "Luc and I will show you what it's like to have a family holiday. We can get a tree, and decorations. We can do all the cheesy holiday stuff."

"Ryder, I'm okay, baby," I replied, not liking being in the spotlight.

"Then do it for me," Ryder answered, smiling at me. "I've not had a family Christmas since before I was kicked

out of my parents' house. That's over six years. And this is our own family now, so we'll celebrate together."

"Anything you want, Ryder," I chuckled, knowing full well his real intentions.

"You guys are really lucky to have found each other," Dean said. Ryder slid off my lap then and returned to his seat. "Gives me hope that maybe love is real."

"What do you mean?" Ryder asked as he buckled himself into his seat again.

"When I lost my leg, my partner left me," Dean answered. Wow, my heart really went out to this guy. He seemed to get the wrong end of the stick on everything. "He said he didn't want half a man, that he deserved better."

"Wow, sweet guy," Luc sneered. "I know it must have hurt, but you're better off without that asshole."

"Yeah, but I'd moved in with him," Dean explained, and I saw Ryder take his hand again. "So when I got home from the hospital, I found all my stuff boxed up and in the hallway of our apartment. He changed the locks and everything. I'd lost my job, and finding an apartment with no job is next to impossible."

"Well you can stay with us until you get back on your feet," I said. Then it hit me what I had just stated to the man who lost his leg. "Shit, Dean. I'm sorry, I didn't

mean to sound like an ass."

"Don't even worry about it, Spencer," Dean chuckled. "I know what you meant. And I appreciate the offer, but I won't be a charity case. Catching a ride with you is one thing..."

I interrupted him right there. "It's not about charity, Dean. We're going to be buying a new house, and to be honest I don't know shit about that. I had to hire someone when I got my last house to inspect it for me. We aren't sure what we're walking into, and someone with a construction background would be a big help. For all we know, the town inspector could be best friends with the realtor."

"Fair enough," Dean answered after a few moments. "Thank you."

"We need to get gas, where do you guys want to eat?" Luc asked as he pointed to some highway signs saying what options we had at the next exit.

"How far did we get?" Ryder replied.

"We're about fifty miles from the Wisconsin border," Luc answered as he threw on the signal light and changed lanes.

We ended up deciding on some burger chain and chose the drive thru over going inside. But first we pulled

into the next gas station off the expressway. We all got out of the SUV to stretch out and use the washroom. I headed inside the service station and took care of business. After I walked back outside, Ryder grabbed my arm and pulled me off to the side.

"Spencer, I think we should make Dean like us," Ryder said quietly. "I read in that book Alex gave us that shifting can regenerate limbs."

"Wait, what?" I asked staring at him like he'd grown a second head. "That was in the book?"

"Yeah, there's history of a werewolf losing a limb and it growing back when they shifted," Ryder nodded. "Think about what we could do for Dean if we changed him. We could give him his leg back!"

"Okay, if I understand you, the people were already werewolves when an appendage was cut off somehow?"

"Well yeah, but if we turned him, it should still work the same," Ryder said quietly, glancing around.

"And then what? He becomes part of our threesome? Or foursome, then?" I asked, eyeing him over, wanting to see if this was more than just helping Dean.

"I don't know, I didn't really think about it that far," Ryder mumbled staring at his feet. Then he looked up at me, "I'm not saying that I'm not attracted to him, I am. But

it's not about wanting another person in our bed, we can give him a life. He didn't deserve the hand he got dealt, isn't that why you saved me?"

"Yes," I whispered as I closed my eyes. It wasn't that I wanted to leave Dean to suffer when I could help, but there were no guarantees it would work. "I'll talk to Luc, no promises though."

"Thank you," Ryder said as he raced into my arms. I hugged him back, relishing the feel of him in my arms. "I just want to help him."

"Promise me this isn't because he's hot and you want someone else in your bed," I replied in his ear. He leaned back in my arms, gazing up at me with a strange expression that I couldn't read.

"Did you change me because you thought I was good-looking and you wanted me in the sack?"

"No, that wasn't why," I gasped, completely shocked until I realized what he was getting at. "So, don't assume that's why you're doing it, for that reason, I got it."

"See, you're so smart," Ryder giggled before giving me a loud kiss on the lips. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt what we have, Spencer."

"I believe you, baby," I whispered against his lips before letting him shimmy down my body. We both

groaned as our hard-ons pressed against each other. "You little tease."

"Who says I'm teasing, big guy?" he laughed as he walked back towards the SUV. Ryder put a little extra sway in his hips that I couldn't help staring at. Chuckling, I headed after him and winked at Luc when he raised an eyebrow at me.

"We're all filled up and ready to go," he said shaking his head as I grabbed the keys from him. "And I want to know what that was all about later."

"You got it, Luc," I answered as I hopped into the drivers' seat. Luc had driven most of the morning, I was fine with it being my turn.

The rest of the drive when on without a hitch, and we all chatted as if old friends. Luc and Ryder told Dean about their sordid histories, trying to make him relax about everything he'd told us. I sat in silence most of the time, lost in my own thoughts. Listening to my men talk with Dean, I knew he would make a good addition to the family we'd created. But at what cost?

The dynamic between Lucas, Ryder, and I was still so incredibly new. If we added someone else, even if Dean didn't come to our bed, would we ruin what we had? And would helping Dean be worth the risks when we weren't

sure if it would work?

But as I sat there, listening to them talking, I got a glimpse inside the real Dean. The Dean before the accident took his leg and his life. It was then I realized we'd have to figure out a way to make it through, because I couldn't sit back and not help Dean when I knew we could.

We stopped for the night in Minnesota, close to the South Dakota border. Ryder had decided it was the best place, that way we wouldn't have to tire ourselves driving, and if we started in the morning we could get to our new town around early afternoon.

The place we stopped at had a room with two king-size beds, that way Dean could have one all to himself.

CHAPTER 4

Luc and I left to get some take out while Ryder stayed with Dean in the room, in case he ended up needing help. But we thought it best to give Dean some space while he took the chance to get cleaned up for the first time in a month. And Ryder was the least threatening of all of us and wouldn't make Dean feel self-conscious.

I'd also taken the opportunity to talk to Lucas about turning Dean. He had the same concerns I did, but agreed that if we could help Dean, we should try. Luc said we shouldn't tell Dean what we were right away, let him get comfortable with us before dropping the news of what we were.

"I got the door," Luc said as he handed me one of the bags of Chinese food before reaching into his pocket for the key.

"What is that noise?" I asked, hearing some type of squeaking from inside the room. Luc looked at me for a moment before hurrying and opening the door.

"Fuck yeah, take my big cock into your tight little ass," Dean groaned as Ryder bounced around on his dick. Ryder's head was thrown back in pleasure as he braced himself on Dean's chest. He moved his hips so fast that I

knew they were both close to their orgasms. They were so into fucking each other neither seemed to notice we had even entered the room.

"I'm going to take a shower," I mumbled to Luc as I threw the bags of food onto the table. Then I stormed over to the bathroom and slammed the door behind me.

"Dean, I'm coming, I'm coming," Ryder screamed from the other room. I reached over to turn on the shower, hoping the noise would help drown out the sounds of Ryder having sex with someone else. Quickly, I undressed and got under the spray. The water was much hotter than I normally liked it, but I wanted to almost burn out the images of Ryder fucking Dean. I never, ever thought Ryder would cheat on me, much less that I would have to *witness* it!

I started scrubbing my body furiously as I felt tears burning in my eyes. When I heard both Ryder and Dean scream out as they reached their climaxes, the tears started flowing freely from my eyes. I wasn't sure how, but I ended up sitting in the tub. Pulling my knees to my chest, I wrapped my arms around my legs as silent sobs started wracking my body. I hadn't felt this much pain, this sense of loss, since my parents had died.

A while had passed, I wasn't sure how long, before I heard a knock on the bathroom door. "Spencer?" Ryder

called out as he started to open the door.

"Go away!" I screamed at him.

"I can't do that, Spence," he answered quietly as he came into the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

"We need to talk."

"I don't want to talk to you, you fucking cheater," I cried out, my anger started to over-rule my sorrow.

"I didn't see it as cheating, Spencer," Ryder answered quietly as he kneeled next to the tub and pulled back the shower curtain. "I thought I would start before you guys got back, trying to get Dean into the idea of sharing our bed. Then when you guys came back to the room, you would join in."

"What? Have you lost your mind?" I asked incredulously. "I thought this wasn't about you wanting to fuck him?"

"It wasn't. It isn't," he whispered. "He was just so sad and turned off emotionally after I had to help him clean up. I wanted to reach him, and sex is really the only way I could think of. Besides you said he was staying with us, I thought you meant *with* us."

"I said, not to our bed," I growled, turning to knock his arm away when I felt his hand on my shoulder. Instead, somehow I ended up elbowing him right in the face and

Ryder yelped in pain. I hopped out of the tub in a hurry.
"Shit, Ryder, baby, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I'm fine," he mumbled from flat on his back. I really hadn't meant to hit him, but the force of it knocked him over onto the bathroom rug. Ryder was lying there spread-eagle, and I moved in between his legs and leaned over him.

"Baby, I swear I didn't mean to hit you," I gasped as I pulled his hand away. Since we healed so fast, we also bruised just as quickly because it was part of the process of getting better. Already his eye was swelling up and looking painful. "I would never, ever hurt you Ryder. I just meant to smack your hand away."

"I know," Ryder answered softly as his eyes filled up with tears. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Spencer."

"You can't ever leave me, Ryder, I wouldn't survive it." I lowered my forehead down so it was touching his. In my dash to get to him, I hadn't been paying attention to where I was kneeling. I was right between his legs, and Ryder was naked, so our groins were pressing against each other now that I leaned over. He hissed, but not in pain, and wrapped his legs around me.

"I'm not leaving you, Spencer," he whispered. "I love you so much. I'm sorry. I wanted to help Dean and I

thought you maybe wanted all of us to be together, but I jumped the gun."

Without even really realizing I was doing it, I lined up my cock and pushed into Ryder's already stretched hole. We both groaned as I bottomed out, and all I knew was that I needed him right now. I started out a gentle and slow pace as I kept rambling. "Never again, Ryder. You can't ever do that to me again, no one else unless we are all there and decide to. I can't take that kind of pain, you can't fucking leave me. I would die if you left me."

"I promise, Spencer," Ryder panted as I started moving faster inside of him. I wasn't really sure what was going on in my head, but I was like a man possessed.

"You can't ever leave me," I grunted as I started to really fuck him. Tears were streaming down my face as I stared straight into his eyes. "You're mine, Ryder. Mine and Luc's, no one else can have you."

"I'll always be yours," Ryder hissed. Just hearing him reaffirm my words drove what little sanity I had left from me. I picked up the pace, trying to fuck him into the floor, ignoring the uncomfortable surface he was on and the rug burn I was giving him. It was almost like I was trying to brand him from the inside out as mine.

"I haven't loved anyone since my parents, not until

you, Ryder," I admitted as I pounded into his as hard as I could. "You can't leave me like they did."

"Oh, Spencer," Ryder cried, partially from the pleasure I was giving him and partially because I think he finally realized why I was freaking out. He pulled my head down and mashed my lips down on his. I thrust my tongue into his mouth, demanding he submit to me. Right then, I needed everything he could give me, all that he was. When we parted, Ryder gasped. I knew it was because my eyes had changed to wolf yellow.

Strong emotions always brought out my wolf, even if I wasn't going to shift. It was also part animal instinct. Ryder was mine and Dean had touched him, I swear part of me wanted to mark Ryder. I'm not saying I was going to pee on the man, just reaffirm my claim on him.

"This is my ass," I growled, sounding more wolf than human. "Luc's and mine only. My Ryder. My ass. My baby. My partner. My love."

Ryder simply nodded that time, looking unsure of what to do. I kept fucking him like a madman, relishing the feeling of him wrapped around my cock. Though I didn't shift, the urge to bite him overwhelmed me. I gave in, leaning down and sinking my teeth into his neck. Ryder screamed out his release under me. The muscles in his ass

clamped down on my cock, pushing me over the edge into orgasmic bliss.

Even as my cock was exploding in his tight ass, I knew I wasn't done yet. I released his neck and licked his lips a few times, acting more animal than man. As soon as we both started to come back down from our climaxes, I pulled out of Ryder and picked him up. In the blink of an eye, I had his shoulders braced on the lip of the tub. I moved in behind him and thrust hard back into him.

I hadn't heard the bathroom door open, but I smelled Luc behind me. Quickly pulling out of Ryder, I stood us both up. Ryder looked a little dazed and confused. But right then, it wasn't so much about pleasing our little man as it was what Luc and I needed. And we needed him.

"He's stretched out enough to take both of us," I said to Luc, who only nodded. He picked Ryder up into his arms and lowered him onto his cock. Ryder groaned loudly, and it hit me that he was going to be feeling this for days.

"Both of you?" Ryder squeaked as my words finally got through his sex haze. "You'll tear me in half."

"It's no more than when Spencer fucks you in wolf form," Luc said as he pulled the cheeks of Ryder's ass apart for me. Then, as if hearing my thoughts, Luc echoed me out loud. "Besides, this way you'll feel us for a while and

remember who this ass belongs to."

"Exactly," I hissed as I pushed my way into Ryder along with Luc. At least I had enough of my mind left to go slowly so I didn't hurt our little man. Ryder screamed, part from the pain of having two hard, large dicks inside of him, and part pleasure. We both knew he liked some burning and rough sex, we had just never taken it to this level.

"Never been this full," Ryder gasped as he wrapped one arm around Luc's neck and the other back around mine. "Holy shit! Too many sensations."

Luc took that as the sign to pull out until just the head of his dick was in Ryder. As he started to push back in, I withdrew my cock. We set up a rotating rhythm without even having to discuss it. I knew Luc felt like I did, if we both thrust into Ryder at the same time we could have hurt him. The pace we set was still incredibly fast and furious.

"Oh fuck, this is like heaven," I groaned. It wasn't just being in Ryder, but feeling Luc's cock rubbing against mine each time we moved. But Luc was right, the two of us together weren't any larger than my dick was when I was in wolf form, or that dildo the two of them like to fuck themselves on.

"You are ours, Ryder," Luc hissed, and I knew he

was getting close. Even after the first round I'd already had with Ryder, I knew I wouldn't last long either. "Don't ever let someone else in this ass without us again." I glanced at Luc's face then, seeing exactly the same emotions on his that I knew had been on mine. It was a mixture of grief, fear, anger, and possession.

"We want to hear you say it," I growled when Ryder only nodded.

"I'm yours, both of yours only," Ryder cried out as I felt his ass clamp down on us. His orgasm was so fierce I saw Ryder's cum hit Luc in the chin from over Ryder's shoulder. "My ass belongs to you!"

"Don't forget it," Luc snarled before biting Ryder's neck. It seemed his inner wolf was just as possessive as mine. I tilted my head to mark Ryder too, as I shot my load inside of his ass. Grunting out my release, I heard and felt Luc do the same. When I started to come back down from my climax, I released Ryder's neck and realized he had blacked out.

"I don't think he'll ever forget this one," I panted as I pulled out of my little man.

"We fucked him into passing out," Luc chuckled as his softened cock slipped from Ryder's ass. He hefted Ryder up into both of his arms. "Can you clean him up

while I hold him?"

"I can do that," I snickered as I wet a few washcloths. I thought back to what I had said to Ryder earlier, knowing Luc and I had to discuss it. "Luc, I love you. I know you heard what I said to Ryder, and I don't love you any less than I do him."

"Spence, I understood what you were saying," Luc answered staring at me intently. "Ryder can get past anyone's walls, it's just who he is. He helped me with mine, and my trust issues. I don't love you any less than I do him, just for different reasons."

"Thank you for understanding," I said before I leaned in and gave Luc a quick peck. Moving back to the front of him, I cleaned up Ryder, and then Luc. "I never even knew part of me was missing until Ryder opened me up to his love."

"Yeah, he's good like that," Luc chuckled as I cleaned myself up last. We smiled at each other as I opened the bathroom door. Luc walked out with Ryder first and I followed them. As we went back into the room, I saw Dean was sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, staring at his hands.

"Do you want me to leave?" He asked quietly, looking up at us with despair in his eyes. "I'm sorry, I

assumed when Ryder started touching me that you guys had an open partnership. I really didn't mean to start trouble."

"Ryder misunderstood something I said," I answered as I ran my fingers through my hair. "When I said you should stay with us, he thought I meant in our bed. It was a miscommunication on our part, not your fault, Dean."

"We don't want you to go," Luc added as he put Ryder into bed. Dean glanced at Luc, but turned bright red and looked away when he saw Luc was naked. "We've not really had anyone else around where we needed to discuss the terms of our partnership. So, for now, just know that we don't share, and other than that, we'll see where we go."

"I think the relationship is still new and we're just all insecure in it," I said, reaching into one of the bags and grabbing some shorts. I tossed Luc a pair as well, and we pulled them on. Sitting down at the little table with all the now cold food, I realized Dean was still by himself on the bed and gestured him over to join us. He smiled widely and grabbed his crutches.

"You guys are the only friends I've made that don't look at me like I'm a freak," Dean stated as he joined us. "I really don't want to risk losing that."

"You won't," Luc replied, patting Dean on the back as he sat down. "You see how amazing Ryder is, we're just possessive of him. I mean, would you want to lose someone like that?"

"I'm not going anywhere, Luc," Ryder said from the bed, drawing our attention. "Especially after the fucking the two of you just gave me."

"So that's why you keep us?" I asked with a raised eyebrow as he rolled off the bed and walked towards us.

"It's not just the sex, you feed me too," he giggled as he plopped down on my lap. I kissed his forehead as he ate the food on my fork. "I'm very hungry after the workout you guys all gave me."

"I think three rounds of hot sex would wear anyone out," Luc snickered, but then frowned when he realized what he said. "I didn't mean it like..."

"What's done is done," I interrupted not wanting to talk about it again. "Everyone knows the boundaries now, so there won't be any more issues."

Everyone nodded, but seemed to stuff their mouths so they didn't have to talk. Honestly, that was fine with me. I was exhausted from the drive and the emotional stress of the day. We ate silently and quickly. It seemed I wasn't the only tired one.

After dinner, we all helped clean up and said our good nights. Dean went to one bed while the three of us crawled into the other. It was weird sleeping in shorts, considering we normally all slept naked. But we had company, and it was a small price to pay, knowing we were giving Dean a place to sleep. I'm way too spoiled to even be able to imagine what it would be like without a soft bed to crash in every night.

* * * *

I awoke sometime later to Luc screaming. Scrambling up in the bed, I saw Luc fully shifted standing across the room.

"What's happening to me?" He yelled, though it sounded more like a snarl.

"Holy fuck, you're a fucking werewolf," Dean screamed sitting up against the head board as if trying to get as far away as he could. "You're a goddamn freak!"

Before I could even respond, Ryder shot out of our bed and was next to Dean. He slapped him hard across the face, stunning all of us to silence. "No name calling! Don't you dare judge us, Dean. We've been nice to you, gave you a ride, and let you stay here with us," he growled, getting

right in Dean's face. "I slept with you. I will not have you call the man I love names. We're all werewolves, Dean."

Dean nodded slowly, and swallowed so loudly I heard it from where I sat. Ryder turned away from him and went over to Luc. I got out of the bed and did the same.

"What happened, Luc?"

"I don't know, I woke up and realized I had turned," Luc said shaking all over. "You guys have never done this! Why did I change, Spencer?"

"Sweetheart, just calm down, we'll figure this out," I cooed as I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him against me. I felt Ryder surround Luc from behind. "I don't know why, we can figure that out later. Right now, you need to just breathe so you can shift back."

"It's going to be okay, Luc. Everything's going to be alright," Ryder soothed. He couldn't see me over Luc's taller wolfman form. Shit, I couldn't even see him. Luc was bigger than I was. "Could it have been Dean being here? Maybe Luc was dreaming of something and smelled someone he wasn't familiar with?"

"That's actually a really good theory," I answered taking Luc's face in my hands. "The shift comes with strong emotions, sweetheart. You have to calm down and relax so I can help you change back. Nothing's wrong with you, I've

shifted a bunch of times on accident when I was new. Not in my sleep, but it's really alright, Luc."

"You promise me?" he whispered as his eyes darted wildly around the room. "I'm not going to die, or stay like this?"

"No, Luc," Ryder replied, stroking the sides of Luc's body, brushing against mine in the process. "It's not like a switch you can flip on and off, big guy. I'm still not used to being able to do it without the moon either."

"That's just it!" Luc yelled and pulled away from us, "there's no moon. How am I shifting already without the lunar cycle? I didn't see anything in the book about this either!"

"Luc!" I shouted to get his attention. He froze at the harshness of my voice. Now that I had gotten him to focus on me, I changed it to something gentler. "We will figure this out. I'll call Max in the morning if you want, okay? But right now, you have to calm down. Please, Luc."

"I can't, my heart is racing and you're all staring at me like I grew a second head," he replied backing away from me. Realizing what I needed to do, I quickly let the change overtake me.

"Shit!" Dean gasped, causing him to get a death glare from Ryder. I turned to look at him as well. He took

several deep breathes before he opened his mouth again. "I'm sorry, I don't think you guys are freaks. I shouldn't have said that. Just cut me some slack here, I'm in a room with three friggin' werewolves!"

"We understand, Dean," I answered, trying not to sound like I was growling. "Ryder fainted the first time I shifted in front of him."

"You did?" Luc asked his eyes going wide. "How come I didn't know that?"

"Hey, the only reason you were so cool when we showed up like this is because we were saving your life," Ryder pouted. We both laughed when he crossed his arms over his chest and stuck out his lower lip. "I'm not saying fainting was the manliest thing for me to do, but we'd just gotten done having sex. And he stands up and goes all wolfy on me!"

"Can I touch you?" Dean asked quietly, drawing our attention back to him. "I mean, is it cool to ask that? It's not like you need fresh blood after you shift, right?"

"I could go for a cheeseburger," I shrugged, trying to smile at him. "No, we're not like in the movies, Dean."

"I know I'm not handling it the best, but I wasn't ever afraid of you guys," he replied looking at each of us in turn. "I just thought maybe I'd cracked mentally and was

hallucinating."

"Nope, we're really werewolves," Luc said walking slowly to Dean. When he didn't flinch away, Luc sat down on the bed next to him. Dean hesitantly reached out his hand and touched Luc's arm.

"Your fur is so soft," Dean stated looking up at Luc. "It's really not that big of a deal until you get to the teeth... those are scary."

"We can explain everything to you and answer any questions, Dean," I said moving to sit next to Luc. "Right now, I need to help Luc. This isn't how it normally goes."

"I can wait," Dean replied, looking back and forth between us.

"Luc, wrap your arms around me," I said gently. I'd done the same thing the first time I had to teach Ryder how to shift back. Ryder and I did this with Luc when he changed for the first time last week. After he put his arms around my neck, I continued. "Just feel my heart, and how I'm breathing. Do exactly like we did last week. Match my breathing and slow down your heart."

It took several minutes until I felt Luc's heart fall into the same rhythm as mine. I stroked his back the entire time, reminding him I was right there with him.

"Now picture yourself in human form, down to

every detail," I coached. "Remember how we did it last time. See your fingers, then your hand, up your arm, until your whole body is back to normal."

I felt a shimmer against my body and his fur receding. Pulling away from him enough to make sure he shifted all the way back. When he was done, I changed back as well.

"I'm so sorry," Luc whispered as he stared into my eyes. "I don't know what happened."

"Luc, there's nothing to be sorry for," Ryder said moving towards us. "And you have to stay calm. This close to a shift, if you freak out again you'll change right back."

Luc took several deep breaths and nodded. "I'm okay now, I promise."

"I'll call Max tomorrow, I promise," I said before kissing Luc gently. "He'll know what happened and I can talk to him about Dean."

"Me?" Dean asked, his voice going up an octave. "I didn't do anything."

"No, but we were going to ask about you already," Ryder answered before glancing at me. I gave him a slight nod as I pulled Luc against me. He sat between my legs as we turned to face Dean and Ryder. "We read in the rule book about werewolves being able to regenerate limbs

when they shift."

"Wait, you mean grow back my leg?" He replied, his eyes bugging out of his head. "Is that possible?"

"We don't know," I answered, feeling my body tense up. I really hadn't planned on having this conversation with Dean before we called Max and got answers. Hell, I wasn't even sure about changing him. I liked the guy, but liking someone and wanting them around for eternity were two very different things.

"Let's start at the beginning," Luc suggested as he rubbed his hands over my arms.

And that's what we did. We added in all the parts about us being werewolves that we had left out in our original explanations. Dean just sat there quietly as the three of us took turns retelling our stories. When we were all done, he just stared at us for a while.

"You're fucking shitting me, right?" He finally asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Nope," I chuckled as I hugged Luc and Ryder to me. Sometime during our tales, Ryder had moved to sit next to us. "You saw us change, Dean. Why would we lie to you about this?"

"I know, I just had to ask," he sighed, rubbing his hands over his face. "I kept waiting for one of you to yell

'just kidding' the whole time."

"I've been a werewolf for a little over a month, and sometimes I still think I'm going to wake up and it's all a dream," Luc said gently. Ryder leaned over and kissed his cheek. Luc turned, looking confused. "What was that for?"

"For saying you wonder if it's all a dream, not a nightmare," Ryder answered smiling.

"Finding you and Spencer is a dream," Luc stated. He leaned in and gave Ryder a quick kiss. "The wolf thing you did to save my life, and I'm grateful. But I couldn't have dreamed up two better men to love if I tried."

"We love you too, Luc," I said rubbing his arms. "You were worth getting shot in the ear for."

"Oh, high praise," he laughed, elbowing me playfully.

"See, you guys all have each other," Dean said quietly glancing down at his hands. "So I get to be your friend? Where does that leave me if I say yes? And what if it doesn't work? I'm a one-legged werewolf?"

"I don't have the answers for you, Dean," I answered, reaching out and taking his hand. "We're just coming clean to you, it seemed only fair after what you saw. That way, even if you don't stay with us, you understand how important it is to keep our secret."

"I wouldn't ever tell," he stated adamantly. "You guys have been nothing but nice to me, I won't betray you like that."

"We know," Ryder replied before leaning in and kissing Dean on the lips. "I think we all need to get some sleep. It's been a long day, and a longer night with everything that's happened. And you need to think about what we said."

"I will, I promise," Dean answered, giving us all a smile. We got off his bed and made our way back to our own. Again we all said our good nights and turned out the lights. I really did hope that Dean wouldn't ever betray us. All we wanted was to live our lives and be happy. It shouldn't matter what we were for us to have that.

CHAPTER 5

The next morning everyone was very quiet, seemingly lost in their own thoughts. I know I was. We packed and got on the road, picking up breakfast at some drive thru before we got back on the expressway. Luc offered to take the rest of the drive while I rode shotgun and navigated. Ryder had his head buried in the book Alex gave us, and Dean just stared off into space most of the drive.

When we finally pulled into Brookings, South Dakota, we were all glad to be out of the SUV. I called the realtor that I had spoken with before we made the trip, and she agreed to meet us at her office. It took us a while, but we finally found where she worked after only having to ask directions twice.

Nancy, as she introduced herself, was incredibly sweet. If I had been into women, I could totally see me having asked her out. Her only main flaw was that she seemed to be a tad homophobic. We weren't about to hide our relationship, not that we flaunted it. But at the first house, Ryder was so excited to see that it had stables he leapt into my arms, giving me a kiss. We both turned when we heard her gasp and she smiled, trying to cover it up like

she stumbled. Glancing over at Luc, his face clearly said it wasn't the case.

At first I had been concerned about Dean coming with us. I mean, house hunting sucks enough when you're looking for your own house. But looking for someone else's place? Dean was surprising though, getting right into it and helping us inspect every property. A few times I saw Nancy give him a dirty look as if he'd unveiled something she hadn't wanted us to see. In the end, I was eternally grateful for Dean's help.

Several hours later, we were finally done. We put a bid in on one of the properties possessing more than enough room for all of us. It was a fixer-upper, but Dean had some fantastic ideas of how to go about it. The property ended up being abandoned when someone who'd inherited it couldn't pay the taxes. While it was sad, someone else's misfortune ended up giving us a good deal.

The place was awesome, everything we could have wanted. A two story, six bedroom, three bath, with fireplaces in the living room and the master bedroom. The kitchen was huge, which Ryder liked since he had really taken to cooking. It was set on thirty acres and accompanied by a barn that included stables.

Nancy assured us we would hear from her first

thing in the morning, after she talked with the bank about our offer. She'd been all smiles when she asked about financing and I informed her I would be wiring the bank the full amount. We parted ways after asking her about where to get some food locally. She recommended the local watering hole that supposedly had the best burgers. We even got a drawn map from her.

"It's only twenty miles away from the college," Luc said as we walked up to the bar. "I knew I would have to drive to campus anyways."

"Well if you don't mind having to commute, I think it's perfect," I replied as I held the door open. Everyone made their way in, even Dean on his crutches. After only a day with him, I hardly noticed them or his handicap anymore. There was just something about him that seemed to take point over everything else. And I'm not even talking about how hot he was. Now that the scruffy, over-grown facial hair was gone, it revealed his model-worthy good looks.

"I like the fireplaces and the kitchen," Ryder snickered as he winked at us over his shoulder. "We have to make a pact now, no furniture that we don't all agree on."

"Deal." I chuckled as we found an empty high-top table and sat down. "Keep in mind nothing's final yet, but if

you guys really want it, I'll do everything I can to get it."

"What about you, Spence?" Luc asked staring at me intently. "You're putting up all the money for the house, you should be the one happy. I mean, Ryder and I are just grateful."

"Don't even go there again," I scowled. I hated it every time the topic of money came up. "We're partners, it's as if we were married. What's mine is yours and vice versa."

"I still say we get the better end of that deal," Luc mumbled as the waitress came over.

We ordered drinks and perused the menus. When she came back we told her our orders and started talking about what we would do to the house again.

"Look at this, three queers and a gimp," a very large, burly man said loudly as he got near us. "You all can just use the door over there and leave. We don't want your kind around here."

Before I could even say something sarcastic, Dean reached over and grabbed the guy by the neck and slammed his face into our table. "I think you've had a few too many and don't realize what you're saying," Dean growled in the guy's ear. "You're going to apologize and be on your way, are we fucking clear?"

"Kiss my ass, you one-legged freak," the guy gasped out as Dean put more pressure on the guy's windpipe.

"Wrong answer," Dean answered before lifting the guy's head up and pounding it back down again. The guy was big, but it looked like struggling against an oak. Dean held the guy with one arm, not seeming to exert any effort at all. He turned towards our waitress who stood frozen in shock about ten feet away. "Does this douche bag own the place?"

"No, sir," she stammered out, eyes wide.

"Is the owner here, honey?" Dean asked gently, still holding the asshole down like it was no effort at all.

"She's in the back, I'll get her," she answered, and then dashed away.

"I don't think the owner would like you speaking on her behalf, dick," he said firmly. When the guy looked as if he was almost going to get loose, Dean smacked his head back down again. It had to hurt, but maybe it would knock some sense into his thick skull. Then again, maybe not.

"Now hold still while we straighten this all out."

Right before the waitress came back with another woman, Luc leaned over and whispered in my ear. "Is it bad that he's totally turning me on right now?"

I smiled widely and shook my head, completely agreeing with Luc. Most people with a handicap wouldn't be the first to jump into a fight. Fuck, any human wouldn't be the first with three werewolves around. But not Dean, he was all over it before we could blink. It made me wonder what kind of life had he lived to be almost used to this type of treatment.

"Alright boys, what seems to be the problem here?" The owner asked with a raised brow as she gestured to the man Dean was holding down.

"We were informed by this man here that three queers and a gimp weren't welcome in your establishment," Dean answered calmly. "I thought it was only fair to check with the owner and see if that was true before we took our business elsewhere."

"He told you that?" She asked in shock, pointing to the rude asshole.

"He did, ma'am," Ryder answered nodding. "He told us to leave, that our money wasn't wanted here."

"Frank, I ought to kick your ass and cut you off for good," she yelled as she cracked the guy on the back of the head. "I bet these are the boys Nancy was saying she had an appointment with today. You want to kick them out and cost her business because of what they do in their own

goddamn bedroom?"

"No, Molly, it ain't like that," Frank started to say, but Molly cut him off again.

"You're damn right it's not, this is my place and I say who's welcome here, not you," Molly snorted. She gestured for Dean to let Frank up. After he did she stuck her finger in his face. "You apologize to these men or you're gonna be cut off here and I'm gonna tell your momma that you're judging people you don't know. She'd be ashamed at the way you acted and you know it."

"I'm sorry," Frank grumbled, obviously not meaning it in the slightest.

"Get your sorry ass out of here before I change my mind and tell your momma anyways," Molly yelled.

"You wouldn't do that to me, Molly," Frank whined, turning to her. "You've seen her temper."

"Damn straight I have, and I will if I hear of you giving these boys any more problems, we clear?"

"Yes, Molly," Frank mumbled before turning and heading out the door. When he was gone she turned back to us.

"I'm sorry about that. Don't let one jerk make you think that's how the whole town is," she said running her fingers through her hair. "This is a good place to live, just

some people think they know what's best for everyone. And you're always welcome here. Lunch is on me."

"That's not necessary," I said, smiling at the red-haired spit-fire in front of us. "As long as we're welcome here, you don't have to make up for one rude patron."

"I appreciate that," she replied holding out her hand. "I'm Molly Hambry, and that ass is Nancy's older brother."

"Well, we won't hold that against her either," I chuckled, shaking her hand. "I'm Spencer Fallon, this is Ryder Jenkins, Lucas Moore, and Dean Hyker."

"Nice to meet you all," she said warmly, nodding to everyone else as I introduced them. "Welcome to Brookings. How come you boys are moving here?"

"My partner, Lucas is attending your veterinary school," I answered, liking this woman down to my very soul. "I work from home and Ryder's a student, so we decided to move where Luc could finish his education."

"We could use another vet around here, the doc we have is getting up there in years," she replied. Molly pulled a pen out of her hair, grabbed a napkin, and wrote something down. She handed it to me and I saw it was her number. "If you have any problems or questions, you give me a call and I'll get you straightened out."

"That's really nice of you," Ryder said, leaning over

and kissing her cheek. "If the burgers are as good as we hear, I think you just got four customers for life."

"You are just too cute," she chuckled, eyeing Ryder over. "I have a son about your age, and I hope to god he behaves as well as you do when I'm not around."

"I think I'd be too afraid of you to misbehave if you were my mom," Luc laughed and we all joined in.

"I'm not blaming you with the way Frank acted," Molly started to say, turning towards Dean. "But I don't like violence in my place, we clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered firmly. "He hit me in two sore spots, being a gimp and a fag. I could have handled it better."

She gave him the once-over before replying, "Honey, I think you showed pretty good restraint. I would have kicked his ass all the way to Sunday. But you ain't no gimp. You got a disability, nothing that's your fault. And if I wasn't married and you were straight, I wouldn't kick you out of my bed, one leg or no."

"Thank you, I think," Dean answered, turning about ten shades of red. "And no, wasn't my fault. Truck driver ran a red light and I lost my leg in the accident."

"We've found a great doctor that can fit him for a prosthetic," I said quickly. It hit me, if we ended up

changing Dean and his leg grew back, he was drawing a lot of attention right now. Later, it would be very hard to explain what happened.

Dean gave me a quick look before the light bulb went on over his head. "I might be a candidate for a transplant as well, we're just not sure yet. It's all still too new."

"Well, the best of luck to you," Molly said, smiling, as someone else called out her name. "Enjoy your lunch and I'll see you boys around."

"Yes you will, we're here to stay," Ryder replied. We watched her walk away, completely spellbound by Molly. "I wish I had a mom like her, she would have killed my dad for wanting to kick me out."

"She looks young to have a son your age," Luc commented. Before we could say anything else, our waitress came over with our food and gave us our plates.

"By the way, we all thought what you did was extremely hot," I whispered to Dean, knowing full well my men could hear. He blushed again, looking down as if his burger was suddenly very interesting.

"Oh yeah it was," Ryder chuckled as he popped a fry in his mouth. "It got me hard to see you being all rough and badass like that."

"He just pissed me off," Dean mumbled before biting into his burger. We dropped it then, having made the point and not wanting to embarrass him further.

"Can we stay at the cheesy motel down the road?"
Ryder asked as we all dug into our food.

"Which place was that?" Luc answered with a mouthful of food. I rolled my eyes at my man's lack of table manners. "You don't mean the *Sugar Shack*?"

"Totally," Ryder giggled. "Come on, how often do you get a chance to stay at a place with a name like that?"

"That place looked pretty run down. I bet it has roaches," Dean answered, shrugging a big shoulder. "You don't strike me as the type to deal with bugs, Ryder."

"You'd be surprised what I've dealt with," Ryder replied solemnly, dropping his burger onto his plate.

"I didn't mean it like that," Dean said gently, taking Ryder's hand. "I'm sorry, I know you've been to hell and back. It was an insensitive joke."

"No, it wasn't," Ryder whispered, shaking his head. "I'm over sensitive when it comes to my past. I feel like I walk around with *whore* tattooed on my forehead."

"Hey, don't ever think that," I said, completely shocked at what he just admitted. I never saw him like that, and I knew Luc didn't either. "None of us feel that way

about you."

"Why not? I hopped right into bed with Dean,"
Ryder mumbled as he dropped Dean's hand.

"Look at me, Ryder," Luc said firmly, and even I complied. "It wasn't about that. We weren't upset because we felt you were being a slut. Dean's hot and anyone would want to jump him. Spencer and I were scared we were going to lose you. We wouldn't be worried about that if we thought you were a whore, you got that?"

"Yeah," Ryder answered, giving us a weak smile. "I am sorry."

"We know that, it was a miscommunication," I stated, needing to wipe that sad look off his face. "It's okay, we talked about it and straightened it all out. I'm not upset anymore, maybe just a bit jealous that I didn't get to be with Dean as well."

Dean choked on his drink and spit it out all over the table, breaking the sad mood. The three of us laughed widely as Dean just stared at me as if I grew another head. "You're kidding me, right?"

"That I'm attracted to you?" I asked raising an eyebrow. "Fuck no, I'm not kidding, you're one hot motherfucker."

"And then some," Luc threw in, winking at Dean.

He just looked at Luc and then back at me in shock as we laughed, and then continued to eat. After a bit, he went back to his food as well, not saying a word. But the lust in Dean's eyes said it all.

Once the bill was settled, and I tipped the waitress handsomely for the disturbance, we headed out. Right before I hopped into the car, my phone rang. I answered when I saw it was Max, surprised I had service in a smaller town.

"Hey, Max, thanks for calling me back," I said as I waved the others to go ahead.

"Spencer, it sounded important."

"It is, we have a couple of issues," I replied, rubbing my eyes. Then I filled Max in on everything, last night with Luc, and what we read in the book. And then, of course, meeting Dean and wondering if we could help him.

"Do you know the meaning of relaxing?" Max chuckled when I was done. "First off, Luc is fine. Random shifts happen on occasion when someone is newly turned. He could have been dreaming of something emotional which caused him to change or even of shifting itself. I really wouldn't worry. Just work with him on how to control his turning. Some people can shift on their own right away, some it takes a few months, others it can take

up to a year."

"Well that's good to hear," I sighed. "I wasn't really worried, but hearing you confirm it makes me feel better."

"Good," Max replied before changing his tone to stern. "Now, this Dean character, have you turned him yet?"

"No, we had to tell him what we were, but he's not sure what he wants yet. I think a lot of it depends on if he can get his leg back and how we all get along."

"You told him!" Max growled loudly. "Spencer, you never tell humans about us. If there's someone you want to turn, you bring it to the council. If they approve it, you change them."

"Without asking them?"

"Yes! What if he says no? Then we have a random human out there that knows about us. Do you have any idea how dangerous that can be for us?"

"Yeah, but no one should be made one of us without consenting to it," I grumbled, keeping what I was saying vague since we were on the phone. "Look at what happened with me!"

"You were a special case where a rogue was concerned, it doesn't normally happen like that," Max stated sounding pissed off. "These are the rules, Spencer."

They are there for a reason, it keeps us safe. I'll bring the proposal of changing Dean to the council, you talk him into it. Or we're going to have a serious situation on our hands."

"What happens if he says no?"

"You won't like my answer and I think you know what I'll say."

"Shit, Max," I gasped. This was so not how I thought this conversation would go. "What about his leg."

"He'll get it back. When we get this all settled and he's about to go through his first change, I'll send our doctor out your way. He'll help Dean through it. But you have to know, it's painful. I'm not talking about pain like you're first shift pain. This is more pain than anything you can imagine. And he'll have to be kept in a medical coma for weeks afterwards, because it will be painful after it happens. We're talking about regrowing a limb, not a simple boo-boo," Max said more gently, but just as firmly.

"I understand," I sighed, glancing over my shoulder at everyone. I knew Ryder and Luc were probably catching pieces of my conversation, but Dean was clueless.

"I'll be in touch after the council's ruling," Max said, then hung up without another word.

Well, I guess I pissed him off majorly. I wasn't exactly happy with everything myself. Turning someone

without asking them just wasn't how I wanted to do things. But then again, I never planned on changing anyone anyways.

"Let's get a room and I'll fill you in," I said to everyone as I walked back to the car. Suddenly I felt much older than my thirty-something years. Everyone nodded and got into the SUV, understanding that right now wasn't the time to talk about it.

CHAPTER 6

The next week and a half flew by. I filled everyone in on my conversation with Max. Nancy called the next morning as promised, telling us the bank had accepted our offer. We ended up buying the place and moving right in. A week later, the movers came with all our stuff. During our wait for the movers, Dean did a great job of helping and teaching us how to work on the house. We all agreed there wasn't any point in buying furniture until after the repairs we wanted were done.

So we began a room at a time, starting with the master bedroom. We refinished the floors, sanded and painted the walls, and Dean updated the plumbing. He also put in a new, larger tub and shower with our help. It was great to work with him so closely and see how well he was fitting into our family. When he couldn't do something because of his handicap he very patiently explained the job and worked with us on it.

By the time the movers brought everything in we were done with the master bedroom, kitchen, downstairs office, and living room. All the areas we thought most important. Luc had registered at the college, having a few problems with some of his credits transferring over. But the

majority of them the college took with Luc needing to repeat only a few. All in all, everything was going just as we had hoped.

Dean was getting close to making a decision, talking in private with me about it often. The council had approved his being turned, and Max left out the detail that Dean knew what we were; he had said we'd deal with that issue if Dean decided against it.

Luc, Dean, and I were working in the dining room while Ryder was unpacking the office. We'd found a couple of great desks and set up the computers in there. Everyone agreed that it would be all of our office and that we could share for whatever our needs.

"There you are, baby," I said as I glanced up and saw Ryder standing in the doorway.

"Don't *baby* me, you son-of-a-bitch," Ryder slurred. I stared at him, thinking he'd lost his mind, then noticed the bottle of booze in his hand.

"Ryder, are you drunk?" Dean asked as we all turned to face him.

"Well there wasn't any meth in the house," Ryder snickered as he took a couple of steps into the room. "It was the first time I wanted any since Spencer turned me. I didn't want to feel the pain of what I found." He waved a

piece of paper in the air and I caught a glimpse of the letterhead. "Oh, shit," I whispered, knowing I was in deep shit.

"Yeah, oh shit sums it up you fucking asshole," Ryder said, gesturing at me with the bottle. Then he turned towards Luc and almost landed on his ass. "You're going to need this Luc. I saved half the bottle for you."

"Why would I need to get drunk?" Luc asked, staring at Ryder before looking at me. "What the fuck is going on?"

"Ask the lying asshole who supposedly loves us," Ryder spat out. "Dean, you need to leave. I need to talk with my *partners*." The amount of sarcasm he put on that last word told me just how pissed off he was.

"No, Dean can stay and hear this," I replied. "Might as well get it out in one shot."

"So Dean gets to hear it the same time Luc does?" Ryder asked as he leaned against the wall before he fell over. "I'm not sure that's fair, but then again, what do you know about fair? You keep secrets and fucking lie when it suits you."

"It's not like that, Ryder," I said quietly, hoping like hell I wouldn't lose them over this.

"Then what is it like?" He roared, pushing back off

the wall and handing Luc the bottle and paper. Ryder stormed over to me, and before I could answer he clocked me in the face. "You're a fucking liar and I fell for your shit."

"Ryder!" Dean and Luc exclaimed together, but then Luc continued. "What is this all about?"

"Look at the fucking paper," Ryder seethed. I stood there like a moron, holding my face where he hit me. Ryder might be the smallest of all of us, but shit, he sure packed a punch. I was stunned to silence by the fact he even hit me.

"Fuck," Luc gasped as he read the paper. He moved to find a chair to sit in before he fell down. I could see his legs shaking, along with the rest of his body. Once he found it, he stared at the paper, taking several deep breaths. Reaching for the bottle of booze he had put on the floor, he took a very, very long drink before looking at me.

"Spencer, why do you have a quarterly dividends statement from Fallon Industries?"

"Because I'm the majority shareholder," I sighed, knowing it was too late to put the lid back on this can of worms. "I own the company and all its subsidiaries."

"Holy shit," Dean whispered and reached out for the bottle. After Luc handed it to him and he took a big swig, he continued. "You're *that* Fallon? You're like a

gazillionaire!"

"So what? Yeah, I've got money, you guys knew that," I growled, not liking where this conversation was heading. It was going where it always went when people found out who I was. "It doesn't change a goddamn thing."

"It changes *everything*," Ryder screamed. "You've been keeping it from us, lying to us about who you are!"

"That's not true," I turned, defending myself. "I'm still the same guy. I never lied to you."

"Is he serious?" Ryder asked, looking at Luc and Dean. "Does he really not get it?"

"Spencer, you know everything there is to know about us," Luc explained. "How could you keep this kind of secret from us? How can we trust you when you've been hiding this from the people you are supposed to love?"

"It's just money!" I screamed, throwing my hands up in frustration. "You want it? Take it, take all of it!"

"It's not about the fucking money," Ryder growled and got in my face. "It's that you *kept it* from us. You knowingly hid this from us! If I hadn't found this unpacking the office, would you ever have told us?"

"I don't know, maybe," I answered, shrugging. I couldn't see the problem, it was only money. "It doesn't change anything."

"Who gets the company and your fortune if you die?" Dean asked.

"Why, you want it?" I snarled, feeling cornered and betrayed.

"No, I'm making a point. Who gets it?"

"The trustee I set up to make decisions in my place," I answered, eyeing him warily.

"So there's some guy out there that has millions of billions of reasons to want you out of the picture," Dean stated. "You don't think Ryder and Luc might need to know that."

"I didn't think of it like that," I replied, understanding what he was saying. "I'm immortal, and so are they."

"And if you were supposedly killed, how would you explain your recovery?" Luc asked shaking his head. "What if they decapitated you, or one of us? Then we really would be dead."

"Greg's a good guy, he wouldn't do that," I said weakly, the argument sounding lame to even me.

"Yeah, I'm sure he's great," Ryder spat out. "Until, one day, he doesn't like working for you and wants it all for himself. Then you're expendable and so are all of us."

"But we can't die," I argued, finally seeing how

badly I'd fucked up.

"I still can. I'm not a werewolf, yet," Dean ground out, obviously as angry as the other two.

"We've told you everything, Spencer. And you didn't trust us with this. Well fuck you!" Ryder yelled as he swayed on his feet. Luc was there in an instant to grab him. He swung Ryder up into his arms and left the room.

"Are you lying to me too, Luc?" I heard Ryder ask as they headed towards our room.

"No, baby, I don't have any secrets," Luc answered.

"How can he say he loves us, and not trust us?"

"Maybe he doesn't know how to do either," Luc sighed. "I think Spencer does as much as he can."

"What do we do now?" Ryder choked out, and I felt his pain like a knife in my heart.

"We get you to bed and sober you up," Luc said before closing the upstairs bedroom door. After that I couldn't hear anything else they said.

"I didn't realize they would get so upset," I said, turning to Dean. "It's just money."

"It's not about the money, Spence," Dean answered gently. He made his way over to me. "And the sooner you realize that, the quicker you can fix this. The men you love are hurt. You don't keep secrets like this from the people

you love."

"People always change how they act towards me when they find out about it," I replied, staring into his eyes as he put his hands on my shoulders. I don't have any defense for what I did next, only that I wasn't thinking. Leaning in, I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him. Dean gasped in surprise then melted into the kiss. Almost as suddenly, he pushed me away.

"I can't do this, not like this," he said, holding me away from him. "You're upset and want comfort. You're looking for a distraction from the pain and I won't be that distraction. Because you'll regret it later, and I can't be something you regret, Spencer. I can't, and I won't. It would kill me."

"You're right," I whispered. Then I admitted something I'd been keeping to myself. "But that's not why I want you, Dean. I wouldn't regret loving you, only that our first time together would be like this."

"That's enough of a reason to stop," he replied, stepping away from me. Then I watched as he, too, walked out of the room and left me there. And for a while that's all I did, just stared at the door they'd all walked out of, leaving me. What had I done?

Deciding to follow Ryder's lead, I went into the

office and grabbed a bottle of scotch. Ryder had been drinking gin, this would definitely taste better. I sat there, drinking glass after glass and thinking about what happened. I mean, it had to be pretty bad for Ryder to get drunk like that. And Luc had stared at me as if I was a complete stranger!

Suddenly, I felt trapped in the house and needed to get out. I grabbed my wallet and keys and headed out the door. Yeah, I'd drunk five glasses of scotch, but that was like one beer to a human. Werewolves had such a high metabolism that we digested most everything right after consuming it. I drove towards Molly's bar, wondering if everyone would leave me alone if I just sat in the corner.

When I got there, I parked and went inside. It was too late in the day for lunch, and still early enough for most people to be at work. I sat down on a stool at the end of the bar and ordered three fingers of scotch. Drinking it right down, I motioned for the bartender to keep it coming. He raised an eyebrow, but said nothing as he poured. I took out my wallet and threw several twenties down. Then I silently took the bottle from him and set it down next to my glass.

Taking the twenties, he looked me over then walked away. I sat there in silence, drinking my sorrows away. It wasn't really helping, but at least I was out of the house and

alone to think things over.

"Want to tell me what's going on?" Molly asked as she pulled up a seat next to me.

"I fucked up," I answered, draining the contents of my glass again. "I kept something from them and they found out. Now they'll never trust me."

"Why did you keep it from them?"

"I didn't want them to know that side of me. When people find out, it changes everything," I mumbled. Her eyes went wide, and I realized how bad that sounded. "I'm not a criminal or anything. Does owning a bar mean you have to keep everything I tell you confidential?"

"Aw, sugar, I'm not a doc," Molly chuckled as she refilled my glass and poured one of her own. "But I know most everyone's secrets in town. You can't own a bar for very long if you run your mouth. Anything you tell me won't go any further than us."

"I own Fallon Industries," I blurted out. I hadn't told anyone in years, but it seemed like everyone was finding out today.

"I know," she answered, raising an eyebrow. I turned and looked at her like she grew another head. Molly laughed. "Honey, there aren't too many Spencer Fallons in the world. Ya can tell you come from money, and when

Ryder told me you all were from the East Coast, I put it together. So, what, your men didn't know you were filthy rich?"

"They knew I had money, but not like that," I nodded chugging another glass. "You don't care at all that I'm one of those Fallon's, do you?" How strange.

"Not a lick," she snickered. "You're a nice man, respectful, well mannered, and you care about your men. That's all that matters to me."

"You really are rare, Molly," I said after a moment of looking her over. "People change when they find out I'm worth more money than god."

She cracked me upside the head then and I stared at her in shock. "No blasphemy, I don't care how upset you are. I won't allow that in my bar."

"Sorry, I didn't mean it as a rip on god," I answered quickly, feeling like I was just grounded to my room.

"Alright then, just watch your mouth," she smiled.

"Yes, ma'am."

"So you didn't tell your men and they found out," Molly said gesturing for me to continue the story. Then she downed her glass and poured us another round.

"Ryder got piss-ass drunk and confronted me," I answered. "He actually slugged me. I've never seen him so

upset. And then Luc got into the mix. Dean pointed out that someone could want me dead for my company, that I put them all in potential danger and never told them."

"Sounds like they have valid reasons to be pissed at you, Spencer," she stated. "So why keep it from them?"

"I didn't want them to change the way they acted towards me," I grumbled as I drank some more.

"So you didn't trust them enough to assume that the money wouldn't change the way they felt about you."

"No, it's not that I didn't trust them," I immediately said, but then stopped. "I couldn't risk it. Do you have any idea what it was like growing up as the last Fallon of an empire?" She shook her head and I continued. "It's always either the pitied looks and *'oh that poor Fallon boy'* because of how my parents died, or people wanting things from me and using our relationship to get it."

"And you didn't want Luc, Ryder, or Dean to turn out to be one of them," she stated, nodding. "Seems like you didn't trust them enough for it not to affect the way they love you."

"They feel bad enough spending my money, and that's just the stuff I made on my own," I replied, trying desperately to explain it to her. "I've never even touched any of the trust fund or company money since I graduated

college. I didn't want any part of it, or the shit I had to deal with from having that money. I don't want to be that person anymore, and with them, I'm not."

"Did you tell them that?" She asked, then we both pounded back another drink. By this time I really was drunk, and it was affecting my speech.

"No, I didn't get the chance to," I said miserably. "I just didn't ever want to open that can of worms. I wanted to leave it in the past."

"Don't you think they have a right to know that?"

"I do now," I sighed, refilling our glasses. "No one I've ever had in my life didn't act differently or wasn't driven by that fucking money or what my last name is. I'd give it all away..."

"If you could have your parents back?" Molly finished for me when I stopped. And once again, she hit it right on the nail. I looked at her then and nodded, seeing the understanding in her eyes.

"All my life I've been pitied, used, had people want what I had, but I've never just been loved. Not until Ryder and Luc, they just loved Spencer Fallon. Not the name or the prestige, only the man," I answered as I took another drink. "I couldn't risk that going away because they found out, not when I finally found it."

"Give me your keys," Molly said holding out her hand. I gave them over and had another drink. "I'm gonna call your men and have them come get you."

"They don't want me anymore," I whispered as it sunk in. "They walked away from me."

"I doubt that," she snickered. "If you weren't so tanked you'd realize your phone has been vibrating the whole time we've been talking. I bet they're scared out of their mind, wondering where you are."

I pulled my phone out of my pocket, but I couldn't focus enough to see the screen and dropped it on the bar. Molly laughed as she took the phone and used it to call home. I heard her talking softly as she walked away, I was too drunk and depressed to really care all that much. After a few moments she came back and put my cell in my hand.

"Ever think maybe it wasn't about you doubting them and how they would react?" She whispered in my ear. "I think it's about you doubting there's more to you than just your money and your last name. The men I just talked to were worried about that man, not his name."

"Thanks Molly," I said, closing my eyes against the tears starting to form. "Your husband had better be good to you, or I'll rip his head off and steal you myself."

"Dude, you're gay, and I love my wife," the

bartender said. I looked up to see him smile widely at Molly and give her a wink before walking away.

"He's hot," I laughed before giving Molly a kiss on the cheek.

"Yeah, my Mike is a good man," she said as she threw her arm over my shoulder. "And he's a tiger in the sack."

"I heard that," Mike yelled from down the bar.

"Don't be telling people our secrets, woman!"

Molly laughed as she gave me a kiss on the head. I wasn't so drunk that I didn't see her reach over and take the rest of the scotch bottle off the bar. She smoothly put it behind her back before walking away and joining her husband. I finished my drink and threw some more money on the bar. Standing up, I knew my guys would be here soon and it was time to lay all my cards on the table.

I gave the couple a wave and headed out the door. Cold, fall air hit me in the face as I walked towards my car. I knew Molly had the keys but I figured I could sit on it and wait for the cavalry. It didn't take long.

Less than five minutes later, our SUV whipped into the parking lot and squealed on the brakes. Ryder and Luc jumped out and raced to me, Dean took a little longer to get out.

"If you ever scare me like that again, Spencer Fallon, I will tie you down and spank you for weeks," Ryder yelled in my face.

"Promise?" I asked smiling at the idea of some kinky sex play. "I think I like that idea, baby."

"Don't get cute with me, drunk boy," Ryder said as he darted out of the way when I tried to grab him. "You're still in a shitload of trouble."

"Molly set me straight," I replied as my merriment left me. I scrubbed my hands over my face before I explained. "She said it wasn't that I didn't trust you to love me the same knowing who I was really was. That it was me not believing I was worth loving without the money and the name."

"Run that by me again?" Luc asked raising an eyebrow and crossing his arms over his chest. "You told Molly?"

"She knew," I nodded. "She's a little older and my parents' murder was nationwide news. She said Spencer Fallon wasn't a common name, and when Ryder said we were from the East Coast, she figured it out."

"Smart lady," Dean snickered. "Now let's hear this advice she gave you."

"All my life, it's either been about my parent's

death, my last name, or the company," I explained, staring at them, silently pleading for them to understand. "I know, poor little rich kid saw his parents murdered."

"We've never said that," Ryder huffed. "We don't even feel that way. You went through something horrible at a very young age, Spence. And then you had no one, it's not a joke."

"No, but people picked on me for it," I said, feeling the tears start to gather again. "Everyone's parents pitied me on holidays, so sometimes I would spend them with the friends of my parents. And the whole time they just looked at me like I was a monkey at the zoo. Almost as if they were waiting for me to crack up because of what I saw. Then the kids would call me names because I didn't do anything to stop what happened."

"Spencer, you were just a child," Dean said gently. "There wasn't anything you could have done."

"I know," I nodded as he rubbed my back. "But then I got older, and it was always about the fucking money. I was *that* Fallon, the one who inherited an empire. And I didn't even want it. What fucking good did money do my parents? It got them killed and it couldn't give them back to me. I would give it all away if I could just see them again, just once. All I ever wanted was to tell them I loved them

and that I didn't want them to leave me all alone."

Just as the first tears fell, I felt three pairs of arms circle me. It was the first time I didn't cry as the little boy who'd lost his parents, but for the little boy I'd been. That child who grew up alone and miserable. I stopped myself and pulled back, knowing I really needed to get through the rest of this.

"When I was fifteen I knew I was gay," I explained as Ryder wiped away the tears that were still falling. "I dated a guy at boarding school, we kept it a secret. He turned out to not even be gay. Some newspaper paid him to get an exclusive on how the Fallon boy was a queer."

"Fuck," Luc whispered, and Ryder took my hand.

"In college I had girls from all the right families tell me they wanted to marry me. That they knew I was gay and would be okay with me having men on the side, as long as I kept up the appearance of being straight and gave them the life they wanted. And sophomore year I found out all my *friends* were just nice to me because they thought they could land great jobs in my company after school.

"But when the board came to me when I turned twenty-one and told me the company wouldn't survive having a gay CEO, that was the final straw. My trust was set up so everything came to me one my twenty-first

birthday. And that's how I spent it, in a conference room with a bunch of old guys looking down their noses at me for being a fag. I signed the paperwork for the company to go public, kept the majority shares, and appointed someone to make the decisions for me. And I left that life behind.

"Sure, I took enough money from the trust fund to finish school," I sighed as Luc leaned over and laid his head down on mine. "But since then, everything I've made is my own. I took a job at a company where no one knew I was really *that Fallon*. And I built a new life. And you know the story from there."

"And what about the company?" Ryder asked as he kissed my hands.

"I technically own it, but I don't run it. I donate enough to charities from the money so I'm not overwhelmed with taxes. But other than that, I've never touched the money or used it."

"So why keep it from us?" Luc asked. I stared at him, Ryder, and then Dean for a few moments before answering.

"I didn't want to go back to being *that Fallon* ever again," I answered honestly. "You guys are the first people to care about me as a man and I didn't want to risk that. I couldn't risk it."

"Don't you know we love you, not your money?"
Ryder asked quietly. "I would work sixty hours a week picking up dog shit for the rest of my life if that's what it took to keep us together."

"You provide this great life for us and don't ask for a damn thing in return," Luc added. "Why do you think we wouldn't do the same for you?"

"So, it doesn't change how you feel about me?" I asked quietly, scared to hear their answer.

"Not one bit," Ryder answered as the other two nodded. "What hurt was you keeping secrets from us. That part of your life is in your past, but it made you into the man we love. You can't hide something that big from us."

"I'm so sorry, please don't leave me," I whispered as more tears fell down my cheeks.

"Oh, Spencer, we're not leaving you," Luc answered as he hugged me. "No more secrets though, this is the time to tell us everything."

"Like if you have another family in London or something," Ryder grumbled. "It's hard to trust you if you keep things from us."

"No, I don't have another family anywhere." I snickered, loving Ryder's pouty face. "You know everything now."

"Can I ask the question we all want to know?" Dean asked carefully. I nodded, knowing what was coming.

"How much are you really worth, Spencer?"

Yep, that was it.

"Several hundred billion dollars," I answered, not looking at any of them.

"And I've been clipping fucking coupons!" Ryder yelled. I looked at him in shock and then burst out laughing.

"I thought you liked doing that," I chuckled.

"Hell no! It sucks," Ryder sneered. "I did it because I felt bad that you pick up the tab for everything and I wanted to contribute, even if it was small. I mean I knew you had money, but I figured every little bit helped."

"I love you both so much," I said, but then looked at Dean. He looked away and started back towards the SUV. I had also realized I needed to deal with that situation as well, no more of this bullshit. We'd all kept our feelings to ourselves about Dean and we couldn't keep on like that. "Let's go home."

"We forgive you," Luc answered as we walked over to the car. "But you've got some making up to do."

"I want mine in trade," Ryder giggled as he got in the passengers' seat. Luc drove and I hopped in back with

Dean. When Luc started the car and headed home, I reached over and took Dean's hand. "Dean was the one who figured out it wasn't about you not trusting us, that it was other issues from the past."

"Hot and smart," I said, staring right at him. Even in the dark I could see his face flush. After that, we were all quiet the ride home. We all got out when Luc pulled in the driveway and turned off the SUV. Still silent, we went into the house and up the stairs to our room.

"If you're good, we have a surprise for you tomorrow when we go back and pick up your car," Luc informed me as we all got ready for bed.

"I'll be good, I promise," I purred as I pulled back the covers. Ryder immediately flopped down on the bed, and Luc joined him.

"Okay, good night you guys," Dean said from the door, turning to go.

"Stay with us," I asked as I sat on the bed with my men.

"What?" all three of them exclaimed.

"I realized something else tonight," I answered, getting into bed. Patting the place next to me, I looked at Dean. Without a word, and eyeing me cautiously, he walked over and laid his crutches down next to the bed

before sitting there. "We need to stop dancing around you, Dean."

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking from me to the others and then back to me.

"I've not said anything because I didn't want to influence your decision to become like us," I said. "But Ryder's in love with you, I think he has been since that night you guys were together."

"Spencer," Ryder whispered. He wouldn't look at me.

"Baby, it's okay," I replied, taking his hand. "No more secrets, right?"

"Right," Luc nodded and put his head on my shoulder.

"And Luc adores you, if he isn't already on his way to loving you," I continued. "I know I'm falling for you. While I love crawling into bed with my guys every night, my heart hurt every night the past week when I watched you go to the other room alone. Your place is here with us. Shit, every time any of us are around you the sparks flying are so big I'm waiting for the house to catch fire."

Dean was quiet for several minutes. I wanted to scream for him to respond to what I'd just said. Finally he answered. "I want you to change me."

It was my turn to exclaim, "What?"

"I didn't want to answer you about changing me until I knew how you guys felt about me. I needed to know you could love me without my leg before letting you turn me," he admitted, reaching out to touch my face. "I'm half in love with you guys already and I couldn't think about tying myself to you for eternity if I would just be on the outside. Yeah, the idea of having my leg back is great, but not if I had to watch you all love each other and not me."

"We really are all just idiots," I said, turning my face into his hand and kissing it.

"I thought gay men weren't supposed to be stupid when it came to relationships?" Ryder snickered.

"I don't think being gay has anything to do with it," Luc answered as he threw an arm over mine and Dean's shoulders. "I think it's just being male."

"Can I ask for one thing?" Dean asked as we all started to get settled into bed except him. "Not tonight, but I want us all to be intimate before you turn me. I don't want that to be our first time together."

"I agree," I nodded. Then I leaned forward and helped him off with his shirt. He took the hint and undid his jeans and pulled them off. I laid back in bed, Ryder on my left and Luc on my right. Dean fit in just fine spooning

Ryder's back and resting his head on my arm as well. "This feels right."

"It's more than I could have ever wished for," I heard Dean answer quietly. I felt a smile on my face as I fell asleep with my men, all of them, in my arms.

CHAPTER 7

The next morning I awoke to three sets of lips on my body. I moaned loudly as I opened my eyes. Ryder had my cock in his mouth, while Luc was biting my left nipple, and Dean was licking the side of my neck. "Shit, I've died and gone to heaven."

"No, but we all woke up and realized you were just too hot to not touch," Luc said, smiling widely. "And you know how much Ryder loves to give morning head."

"It's one of the many, *many*, reasons I love him," I groaned as Ryder squeeze my balls. I winked down at him and he smiled around my dick.

"I have something to admit to you," Dean hissed in my ear while sucking on it. "I'm a bottom. I like the feeling of someone surrounding me and taking care of me. I know it's weird for a guy as big as I am to bottom, but it's the only time I don't feel like I have to protect everyone else."

"I don't see a damn thing wrong with someone six-eight wanting to bottom," I answered before pulling him into a kiss. It wasn't like the one last night, this kiss was hot and passionate. I thrust my tongue into his welcoming mouth as he pushed his body against mine. Feeling his very hard cock against my hip, I knew one day I would want it

in my ass, even though he preferred to catch. "Baby, bring that perfect ass up here so I can eat it."

"You're so impatient," Ryder giggled after releasing my dick from his mouth. He shimmied up my body, going slowly so I felt every move and sensation. When he'd worked his way up like a little siren, he straddled my face.

"Grab the headboard," I growled as I pulled the cheeks of his ass apart and saw his pink puckered hole. Not wasting any time, I licked over it, feeling Ryder's body tremble.

"Wait, I want to turn around and watch the show," Ryder gasped. I released him and let him move, glancing over to see what he was talking about. Luc and Dean were kissing hot and heavy as Dean fingered Luc's ass. I saw the bottle of lube on the bed and knew they were already getting prepared.

"Fuck, that's hot," I hissed as Ryder lowered himself back down. I grabbed him roughly then and thrust my tongue right in his ass. He groaned loudly and pinched my nipples while I ate at him. I worked quickly, opening him up for us as I felt my cock start leaking pre-cum. When Ryder was ready I slipped in two fingers along with my tongue. He screamed wildly and started to move his hips. After a few more moments, he was well and ready to be

fucked.

I slapped his ass and pulled out my fingers, giving him the signal to get off of me. He did so quickly, and I looked up to see Luc and Dean in the sixty-nine position, stretching each other out. Dean was on the bottom and I moved around them to slip a finger into Luc's ass, adding to the two Dean already had in there.

"Oh god, please fuck me," Luc cried out as he pushed back against my hand. He climbed off Dean and I moved Ryder so he could straddle Dean.

"Is this okay, Dean?" I asked, looking down at him. "I figured Ryder could ride you while Luc fucks you and I fuck him."

"Sounds perfect," Dean purred. "I know how Ryder likes to ride cock, he told me the first day we met."

"I like cock anyway I can get it," Ryder giggled as he lubed up Dean's cock. "As long it's my men's dicks I'm taking."

"Less talking, more fucking," Luc growled, obviously getting impatient. He quickly moved Dean towards the edge of the bed, taking Ryder with him. Then he grabbed Dean's ass, pulling his cheeks apart as he pushed his way in. Ryder lowered himself on Dean's dick and moved sinuously to work it into his tight little ass.

Getting off the bed, I stood behind Luc who leaned forward so I could have better access to his ass.

"I've never had someone on my cock and a dick in my ass," Dean moaned. "It's more intense than I could have ever imagined."

"Just wait until we start moving," I snickered as I pushed my cock into Luc. I'd made sure to lube it up good before I moved behind him. He hissed as I worked about half my dick into him.

"Shove it in my ass. I can't wait any longer, Spence," he gasped as he reached back and grabbed my hip. Taking him at his word, I thrust forward and caused a chain reaction of moans. Ryder leaned forward and braced himself on Dean's chest as Luc grabbed Ryder's hips. So, as I started to fuck Luc, he pushed into Dean and moved Ryder off Dean's cock. And when we pulled back, Ryder sank down on it.

"I'm not going to last long," Dean cried out as I pounded into Luc's ass. Seeing Dean and Ryder squirming in pleasure snapped my control. I used every ounce of my strength as I thrust into my man. The harder I moved, the deeper he went into Dean.

"Oh fuck," Ryder cried out as Dean roared his release. Seconds later, I saw Ryder's cock shoot his seed all

over Dean's chest. Luc must have seen the same, because he grunted then moaned as his ass clamped down on my cock. I kept thrusting in and out of him as my balls drew up tight against my body.

I yelled out my own climax as my dick exploded in Luc's ass. Thrusting forward as each jet of cum left my cock, I prolonged my orgasm as long as I could. I collapsed onto Luc as my legs gave out. We all were panting, trying to catch our breath as we rubbed and soothed each other.

"Everyone out of the water," Dean groaned, and I looked over at his face. "I have the three of you on me and I'm not as strong as you guys. My leg is starting to hurt."

"Shit, sorry," I said as I quickly lifted Luc and I off of him and Ryder. I pulled out of Luc's ass as he did the same to Dean. We flopped onto the bed on either side of Dean as Ryder still stayed where he was. "Do you need me to mover Ryder?"

"No, he weighs, like, two pounds," Dean snickered and wrapped his arms around Ryder when he went to move."

"Hey, I'm up to one-sixty," Ryder huffed. "Besides, these workouts burn more calories than I can eat."

"We could stop having sex," Luc offered.

"Bite your tongue," Ryder giggled as he playfully

whacked Luc on the chest. "We have to get cleaned up, we have an appointment."

"We do?" I asked as I sat up.

"Yep, it's your surprise," he moaned as he got off of Dean's dick. Before I could ask him what it was, he hobbled bow-legged to the shower.

"No, we won't tell you," Luc said before I could ask as he helped Dean up.

"I wasn't going to ask," I replied, sticking out my tongue at them.

"Yes you were." Dean snickered as they walked towards the bathroom. I shrugged and joined my men in our extra large shower.

We quickly got cleaned and dressed, and were out the door without breakfast fifteen minutes later. They rushed me the whole time, just about throwing me into the SUV.

"The bar won't be open yet," I said as Luc started up the car. "I can't get my keys from Molly."

"I grabbed the extra set," Ryder answered. "We can get the keys back from her another time. Now be quiet and cover your eyes."

"Fine," I grumbled as I put my hand over my face. I felt Ryder move next to me and guessed he was checking

that I couldn't see. About five minutes later I felt the SUV stop. I heard my door open, and Ryder took off my seatbelt and helped me out.

"No peeking," he stated firmly as he led me along. I merely nodded as we walked over gravel, and then grass. Hearing cows off in the distance threw me for a loop and I was so curious as to what was going on. Ryder halted us and then pulled my arm down.

I gasped when I saw where we were, a farm. More importantly, we were standing outside a pig pen with dozens of piglets all around. I turned to look at them as they all stood there smiling with shit-eating grins on their faces.

"We found someone who would let us buy a piglet," Luc said proudly. "We bought you one the other day, we just needed you to come out and pick which one."

"You're fucking kidding me," I whispered as I turned back to look at the pigs. "This is the best present ever!"

"You must be Spencer," an older woman said as she approached us. "Your men here told me you always wanted to have a piglet of your own."

"Yes, ma'am," I said as I shook her hand. "Ever since I read *Charlotte's Web* as a kid."

"Pick any one you want, it's already paid for." She chuckled and went to open the gate.

Needing reassurance, I looked at my guys, who nodded for me to go ahead. Turning back towards the gate I walked inside. I wandered around, taking it all in. Then one little guy squeaked loudly and I squatted down by him. He made his way to me and sniffed my hand. I tentatively reached out and petted him. He squealed in delight and I instantly knew which one I would be choosing.

Picking him up, I smiled widely as I glanced back at my guys. The little piglet snuggled in my arms, ruining my shirt, but I didn't care. I walked back out of the gate and brought my new friend over to meet our family. "You guys are really cool with me having a pig?"

"As long as he doesn't sleep in the bed," Ryder giggled as he reached up and petted out new addition.

"What do we feed him?" I asked watching as the little guy turned his head into Ryder's hand. Oh yeah, he would fit into our household.

"Already handled," Luc smiled. "It was hard getting the supplies without you noticing."

"You did this when the three of you went to get supplies a few days ago," I said when it hit me. "I thought you were acting weird saying someone should stay home in

case the other supplies were dropped off early."

"It worked," Dean snickered. "What are you going to name him?"

"Gilbert," I answered after I looked him over. "He looks like a Gilbert."

"I like it," Ryder stated as we waved good bye to the lady and headed back to the SUV. Once there, Ryder opened the door for me and I got in, still holding a now-sleeping Gilbert in my arms. He was so freaking cute!

"Do you like your surprise?" Dean asked as he climbed in the back seat with me.

"I love it. You guys are the best," I answered. "Where are we going to keep him? I mean do we get a dog bed for him?"

"Pigs are smart, they can be house-broken," Luc said as he pulled the SUV onto the road. "We need to train him like a puppy, but he's even smarter. I have a list we need to get for our new boy."

"Okay, so we go to the pet store?" I asked quietly, not wanting to wake Gilbert.

"Nope, baby store," Luc chuckled as we pulled into the parking lot of a smaller chain store. "We got his food, vitamins, and whatnot, but we need the rest."

"Now I'm curious," Dean snickered as we parked

and headed into the store. Ryder and Luc walked up ahead, whispering and laughing as Luc showed him a piece of paper. "They are so up to something."

"They normally are," I chuckled as we followed them. Once in the store, they got a cart and headed over to toys. They were like kids in a candy store as they picked out a few stuff animals and squeaky toys. Then we made our way to childproof gates and they picked out a playpen.

After they picked out a few electric blankets, specially made for a baby's sensitive skin, we made our way to the register. The two checkout girls there fawned over Gilbert and rang us up. One of them seemed more interested in Dean than the piglet. Ryder noticed it too, and sauntered over.

"Take me home big boy, I'm feeling frisky," Ryder purred as he stuck his hand in the back pocket of Dean's jeans.

"Anything my baby wants," Dean chuckled as he leaned over and kissed Ryder quickly. The girl got the point, smiled, and went back to her register. Luc paid, and I helped grab the bags as we headed to the SUV. Dean leaned over and whispered to Ryder, "Thanks for the save, I'm not that good around people anymore."

"I was saving her actually," Ryder snickered. "I

don't share, and if she pawed at one of my men I'd pull her pretty hair out."

The both laughed as I got an email to my phone. Checking it, I saw my surprise for Ryder had been delivered to the house. We drove home, laughing and planning on how to set Gilbert up in his new home.

"Take Gilbert and distract Ryder," I hissed to Luc, who stared at me strangely. I smiled at him and winked then he took the hint. Handing over Gilbert, I rushed to the front door and grabbed the cooler. I got the door open and the present quickly hidden in the kitchen before they even walked inside.

"He's going to be scared, so we have to confine him to a smaller space until he gets used to the house," Luc explained as I joined them in the living room. "They also get cold easily, so we keep the heating blankets plugged in and on low so he can nestle into them whenever he needs."

"Smart guys are so sexy," I said as I kneeled down next to Luc and helped him set up the gate. Ryder was talking baby talk to Gilbert as Dean sat on the couch and watched the whole scene play out.

"If we're leaving him alone, Gilbert needs to stay in the play pen for now," Luc said after it was set up inside the gates. Ryder gently put a sleeping Gilbert into it and

covered him up with one of the blankets. "For at least a week if we take him out, we only play with him in the gate, unless we're taking him out to potty."

"How do we handle that?" I asked, but then chuckled when Luc held up a collar and leash. "It really is like having a puppy."

"Pretty much," Luc answered. "He's just over two months old, when he hits four months he'll start causing some trouble. That's why we had to pick a spot with hardwood floors. Pigs are really smart and can figure out how to pull up carpeting and escape. Right now he needs to sleep, he's had a lot of excitement."

"Sleep tight, Gilbert," I whispered as I leaned over the play pen and gave him a kiss. We all walked into the kitchen and I pounced on Ryder. I gave him a passionate kiss that he melted into.

"What was that for?" he asked breathlessly as we broke apart.

"I have a present for you too," I answered as I lifted him up and set him on the kitchen table. "Stay right there and close your eyes."

"Okay," he giggled as he put his hands over his eyes. I went to retrieve the cooler and gestured for Luc and Dean to sit at the table. Opening it up so they could see,

Luc had to bite his lip to keep from laughing. Dean looked at us like we were nuts, but played along.

"You can open them now, baby," I hissed in Ryder's ear and then licked it. His whole body shivered and then he squealed loudly.

"Seriously? You got a bunch of chocolate cakes," he exclaimed he glanced up at me. "These are the ones from Chicago?"

"Yep," I answered, but smacked his hand away when he reached for one. "It's a present for everyone though."

"What do you mean?" Ryder asked looking confused.

"When we were in Chicago, we went to Portillo's," I started to explain to Dean as I pulled off Ryder's shirt. He still looked confused, but didn't protest.

"And they have the world's best chocolate cake," Dean chuckled. "I get it now."

"Yeah, but after we left, Ryder said he would do anything to get more of that cake," Luc purred as he started to get undressed.

"Ex-act-ly," I said, drawing out the word. "And I said he could have more, after I got to eat it off of him."

"I did," Ryder gasped, his eyes going wide as he

quickly went to undo his pants. He giggled as he hurried up to strip, then hopped back up on the table and spread himself out. "I'm the plate."

"Yes you are, baby," I chuckled as I brought one of the cakes out of the cooler and re-covered the others inside. A naked Luc moved next to me with a knife and a few spoons. "I don't think we need the spoons, do you, Luc?"

"Nope," he snickered as he cut a few pieces of the cake while I stripped. I saw Dean doing the same out of the corner of my eye. When we were all naked, we each took a piece and moved towards Ryder.

"This is going to get sticky," Ryder giggled as he watched us intently. I moved in between his legs and rubbed my piece all over his groin. "I've never had a frosting covered hard-on before."

"I think you're going to have a cake covered body, baby," Dean said as he placed his piece on Ryder's neck. Luc put his on Ryder's stomach, causing Ryder to gasp and squirm. "Anyone have a camera?"

"Oh, that's a good idea! Don't start yet," Luc exclaimed and ran off. Dean and I weren't the best at listening as we rubbed more cake all over Ryder. He came back a few moments later with our digital camera and started snapping shots. "Edible, kinky body art rocks."

"I think it's time to eat," I groaned as I leaned over and licked some frosting off Ryder's abs. Some of it transferred to me, and I gasped at how cold it was.

"Let me help you with that," Luc said as he put down the camera and started eating cake off Ryder's neck.

"Oh shit, you guys are going to kill me," Ryder moaned as Dean started licking it off Ryder's nipples. I sat in one of the chairs and stared at my prize of cake covered cock. When Ryder's dick twitched a few times, I couldn't hold back anymore. I leaned in and started sucking the cake and frosting off his big mushroom head. Without any warning, Ryder stiffened up and cried out as he came in my mouth.

"Gives me an idea for cum filled cake," I snickered after I was done swallowing all his seed. I sat up and glanced up at Ryder who was bright red.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to go so quickly," he mumbled embarrassed. "It just felt too good and it's kind of overwhelming."

"Lucky you recover so quickly," Luc purred as he grabbed some of the cake in his lips and went up to kiss Ryder. I watched as my men played tonsil hockey with it.

"Come here, Spence," Dean hissed, getting my attention. I saw he'd turned towards me and was eyeing the

cake I'd dropped on my hips and dick. Willing to oblige, I stood up and went to him. He looked up at me with those gorgeous blue eyes and slowly licked cake off my right hip. I moaned and grabbed the edge of the table for support. My cock liked it too, twitching and hitting Dean in the face.

"Seems someone else wants attention too."

Before I could even reply, Dean swallowed my entire dick down. I gasped in shock and my knees almost gave out from the feeling of his hot mouth. Dean grabbed my hips and helped hold me up as he went to town on my dick.

"Ryder!" Luc yelled and I turned just in time to see Ryder yank Luc up on him. Luc slipped, given Ryder was still partially covered in cake, but they managed to stay on the table. They were cake wrestling for who was going to be on the bottom and I worried the table would break under them. Dean got my attention again by squeezing my balls as he released my dick.

"Bite me, Spencer," he said as he looked up at me. He was still massaging my nuts, but stared at me earnestly. "I'm ready now, make me one of you."

"Are you sure?" I asked as I cupped the side of his face. Dean nodded in my hand and smiled up at me. I glanced over my shoulder at the cake wrestling to see

they'd frozen in place, staring at us. "Are you guys okay with us changing the plan?"

"Do we have more cake for later?" Ryder asked.

"Can we be in private for this?" Dean asked, swallowing loudly. "I know you guys got a chance to just be with Spencer when it happened."

"We understand," Luc smiled widely. "I'm going back to dessert then."

I laughed when he went back to eating cake off Ryder's neck. Watching them touch each other and moan in bliss was so hot. Turning back to Dean, I knelt down in front of him and kissed him. I felt his arms wrap around me as we melted into each other.

"I'm scared," he whispered against my lips when we parted.

"Don't be," I answered, and moved away. Letting the change flow over me, I shifted and stood. I didn't even ask before lifting Dean into my arms. He was a big guy, but in wolf form I was a few inches taller and much, much stronger. Raising an eyebrow, Dean threw his arms around my neck as I walked to the bedroom. Once we were there I gently laid him on the bed and went for the lube.

"You're going to tear me in half with that third leg," Dean stated as I joined him on the bed.

"I'll be as gentle as I can, I promise," I answered, moving between his legs. "Are you sure you're ready for this."

"Yeah, I don't need to wait anymore," he nodded, eyeing me over. "And the next full moon is a little over a week away. That gives us enough time to prepare for my leg to regenerate."

"I'm so glad we pulled over that day and gave you a ride," I said, looking into his eyes as I poured lube on my fingers. "I never really thought I could love a man, and now I have three."

"I love you too," he whispered, turning bright red. "I want to be with you guys always."

"You remember everything I told you about what happens, right?"

"I'm ready, Spence, you've prepared me for this," Dean replied as he spread his legs as wide for me as he could. "After you bite me, I'll flip over, we put some pillows under my hips so I can stay up with you, and you'll fuck me until I pass out. I'm ready."

"You just want my huge cock in your ass." I snickered as I pressed against his tight hole with my finger. I was overwhelmed amazed by the look of pure bliss on Dean's face. It was breathtaking.

"That's a definite perk," he panted. I moved it around slowly, taking my time. Rubbing my fingers around in a circle, I rimmed the edges of Dean's hole, pushing in little by little until Dean was almost thrashing about. I watched it all, fascinated by Dean's open response. I'd never seen anyone so responsive to just a touch. And for someone as large as Dean to be so open and expressive made my cock hard enough to pound nails.

Without warning I pushed two fingers into Dean, immediately feeling the muscles around them clench in protest. When Dean cried out, I froze, thinking I had hurt him. But I stared at Dean's face, his mouth open and panting, and I knew it was a cry of pleasure. I watched Dean's face as I moved my fingers in and out of him, moving slowly at first. But as Dean's cries turned to whimpers, I started going faster and pushed in a third finger.

A few moments later, Dean was ready and I was going out of my mind with desire. I pulled my fingers out of his ass and moved up his body. He stared up at me, then tilted his head to the side. I growled fiercely, my wolf loving the submissive gesture. Leaning over, I licked his skin before sinking my teeth deep into his neck. Dean screamed out and grabbed onto my arms as I drank his

blood. He tasted sweet but with a hint of something else, almost like hot apple cider.

"I need inside you now," I snarled as I pulled back and moved off of him. Dean grabbed the side of his neck, and from the pain on his face I knew he hurt. I rolled him over and moved a few pillows under his hips. He wasn't in any condition to try and hold himself up, especially with part of his leg gone.

Grabbing the side of his ass, I pulled his cheeks apart as I lined up my cock. Dean screamed as I started to work my dick into his ass. I wanted to take all the time in the world and really enjoy this, but I knew my semen would help his bite and the need to ease his pain was too strong in me. Once I bottomed out inside of him, I gave myself a second to enjoy the feeling of his ass wrapped around my dick.

"I'm going to make the pain go away, Dean," I said as I grabbed on to his hips. Pulling back out slowly, I thrust forward hard. Now that his tight hole was accepting my cock, my wolf took over. I started fucking him with everything I had, loving the sight of my dick sliding in and out of Dean. It was different than when I turned Ryder and Luc. Maybe it was something about Dean being so big and submissive, I wasn't really sure.

I felt my wolf more now than I ever remembered. Not being able to hold it in any longer, I howled loudly as I pounded into Dean's sweet ass. Seconds later, I felt my balls draw up before my dick exploded in his ass. Dean cried out as he grabbed onto the comforter as if trying to hold himself in place. "Fuck, it's like a fire hydrant going off in my ass!"

"It's about to get better," I growled, continuing to thrust into him. Just as I finished, the knot extended from my dick and latched onto his prostate. Dean gasped, then moaned as he wriggled in pleasure. "That's it, Dean, just go with the sensations. I'm here, sweetheart, I'll catch you."

"Holy shit!" Dean screamed as his ass clamped down on my dick. His body shook with the force of his orgasm. I watched as he turned his face to the side as wave after wave of pleasure rode over him. Just before I knew the knot would recede, Dean's body went limp and he passed out. When we were both done I slipped my spent dick from his ass. Moving quickly, I reached over to the nightstand and pulled out a butt plug.

I pushed it gently into Dean's ass, wanting to keep as much of my seed in him as I could. The more that stayed in, the more anti-venom he would have in his body, and the higher his chance of surviving would be. I rolled Dean over

and got him into a comfortable position before shifting back. It was then I realized I was exhausted. I collapsed on the bed next to him and snuggled close, pulling the blankets up over us. Then that was it, and I was out like a light.

CHAPTER 8

The next full moon, everyone was on edge. Max sent his pack's doctor, who tried to tell us his name really was Doc when he arrived. I was underwhelmed with the amount of trust the guy seemed to have in us at keeping his identity a secret. He didn't seem to be very happy at his assignment, which just made him a joy to be around.

"So you understand the game plan, Dean?" Doc asked for the millionth time.

"Yeah, I got it," Dean replied rolling his eyes. "It's pretty straight forward. I shift, the leg regrows, and it's incredibly painful. As soon as it's all the way done you shoot me with a bunch of tranqs while I'm still in werewolf form."

"Good. Then it's time," he said as he grabbed his bag off the table and headed out the back door. We had decided we were far enough away from any neighbors that we could just do this in the backyard. Dean grabbed his crutches for the last time as we followed the doctor, and Ryder held the door.

"We'll be with you at all times, Dean," Luc assured him, looking just as nervous as I felt.

"I know," Dean answered as he leaned over and

kissed Luc. Next, Ryder went over to him and did the same. When he turned to me, he had tears in his eyes. I went to him and wrapped him in a bear hug.

"I'm sorry," I whispered in his ear. "I would give anything for you not to have to go through this."

"I know, but I'll have my leg again in the end," he smiled at me. I tilted my head up for a kiss. He started out slow, but then I slid my tongue into his mouth and the passion exploded. I felt his body heat up under my hands and knew it was only moments before it was time for him to shift. Dean hadn't complained about any of the symptoms, which gave me hope he was strong enough to do this.

"We love you, and we'll see you in a couple of weeks," I said as I pulled away. Ryder was helping Dean take off his clothes as we all did the same. I wished to whatever powers that be we were getting naked for sex instead of this. When I was naked I let the change take over and moved around behind Dean. Ryder shifted as well and moved in front of Dean.

Luc was still newer and had to wait a few more minutes until the moon was all the way up and full. Dean's body started to shake then, and I wrapped my arms around him as the crutches fell away.

"Just breathe, Dean, nice and slow," Ryder said as he took Dean's face in his hands. "Focus on me and breathing, that's all you need to think about."

"Fuck, my head hurts," Dean gasped just before I heard a few bones pop out of his sockets. He didn't complain or even moan. The only thing he did was hiss a few times as some major change started. I held his weight up easily, almost grateful I couldn't see the pain on his face. A few more moments and his fur started to grow out; I knew it was almost over.

"Shit, you made that look easy," Luc snickered as he walked towards us, having shifted already. "I wasn't as good a trooper as you are, Dean. I was whining and moaning for a while before it even happened."

"You did not," I laughed as Luc took part of Dean's weight so I could move around him. Damn! Dean was hot even as a wolf. "You look good, Dean."

"I feel weird," he chuckled. "I know I've never been this hairy."

"We could wax you when you're a wolf like this?" Ryder said as he rubbed Dean's stomach.

"You really are a mean little imp," Dean started to say but it turned into a scream. Looking down I saw the end of his bad leg changing and I grabbed Dean under one arm.

Luc had Dean by his other arm as his whole body started to convulse.

"Do something," Ryder shouted to the doctor when Dean started to make sounds I'd never heard another man make. Calling it screaming just didn't cover it.

"I'm so sorry, Dean," I whispered, completely distraught at the pain he was enduring.

"He can sit down during this," Doc yelled over Dean's screams. "Just keep him conscious, otherwise it will stop and he'll have to do this all over again next time he shifts."

"You left out that fucking detail," Ryder growled as he shoved the doctor. The man simply shrugged his shoulder as Luc and I lowered Dean down to the ground. Ryder knelt next to me as the wave of pain seemed to subside. "Dean, stay with us, big guy."

"You have to stay awake, or do it over again next time you shift," I said loudly as I turned his face towards me.

"No one told me that part," he yelled as his eyes got wide. "I thought I could just pass out when the pain got too bad."

"No! You have to stay conscious," the doctor exclaimed. "If you pass out, your body will automatically

shift back to human. Then the limb won't regenerate and your body will try again the next time you change."

"That's a big fucking detail to have left out," Dean snarled up at the man.

"I told you that you had to stay in werewolf form the whole time," Doc yelled back, trying to defend himself. "It's not my fault if no one mentioned you'd shift back if you passed out."

"I didn't know that!" I growled at the doc. "I've never passed out while in werewolf form."

Dean started screaming again, and we had to hold his arms down when he tried to claw at his leg. "It hurts, fuck, it hurts so bad."

"I know, Dean. I'm so sorry," I said.

"Stop fucking apologizing and help me," he screamed. "Make it stop, I can't do this."

"Yes you can. Don't you dare give up on us," Ryder replied, pointing down at his leg. "You've already regrown past your knee. You will kick yourself if you have to do this again. Fight, Dean!"

"We're here, honey," Luc soothed as he ran his fingers through the fur on Dean's head. "You're already halfway, just hang on."

I glanced up at Luc, who caught my eye, and I

realized he was lying through his teeth. We didn't have a clue how much longer this would take. But it seemed to comfort Dean who nodded as that wave of pain passed. It was only seconds until the next wave.

"Motherfucker," Dean screamed as he clawed at the ground. Luc and I were just about sitting on his arms to keep him from doing damage to his growing leg. Part of me wanted to just watch the miracle that was happening before our very eyes. The part of me that won out couldn't look away from the pained face of the man I loved.

"Deep breaths, Dean, remember to breathe," Doc said, trying to get through to him.

"You fucking breathe," he snarled up at the doctor. "It feels like my leg is being chewed up by a combine!"

The guilt started to overwhelm me then. I didn't know it possible in wolf form, but tears were rolling down my cheeks as I watched the man I loved in excruciating pain, knowing I caused it.

"Dean, your ankle just regrew," Luc said turning Dean's head to focus on him. "It won't be much longer, just a little more."

Wanting confirmation I looked over at Doc who nodded in agreement. Watching Dean scream in agony felt like hours of torture, rather than the minutes it was. I'd

never been so relieved in my life as when the doctor signaled Dean's regeneration was done and shot him up with tranqs.

"Fuck y..." Dean hissed as he passed out. He had been looking right at me. I knew he would end up hating me after all the pain he'd endured. Everyone was staring at me, but I ignored them as I lifted Dean into my arms.

Tears were flowing freely now as I brought him inside the house and into the spare bedroom. *Fuck you*, that's what he was trying to say to me, I thought over and over again as I put him into bed. Collapsing in a nearby chair facing the bed, I simply stared at Dean and shifted back. I barely paid any attention to the doctor working on him. We had gone over the setup before all this went down.

Dean would be kept in a medical coma for two weeks, the drugs being pumped into him through an IV. There was an extra syringe in case they weren't enough and he started to wake up. He'd have a catheter in and that needed to be changed as well. Other than that, we just waited.

On the fifteenth day, we'd give him a special IV with half the drugs. It would keep him sleepy, but if he was in pain, we'd know it. By day sixteen he'd be up and his leg fully healed... if everything went as planned. Right now the

leg had grown back but was mostly skin and bone. The muscles, cartilage, veins, etc had to start filling in and healing. After that was all done, he'd walk with a cane for a few months as the muscle grew stronger, but he'd have his leg.

"Spencer, Spencer, hello? Anyone in there?" The doctor was calling out to me. I snapped out of it then and looked up at him.

"I didn't hear you, sorry," I answered quietly.

"Yeah, I got that," he snorted. "Everything is set up like we discussed, you need me for anything else?"

"Can you stay the night, just to make sure that if the amount of drugs isn't enough we have help on standby?" I asked, staring at my hands.

"That's fine, but I'm heading to bed. I have a long drive home," Doc replied. He walked past me and paused for a moment before patting me on the shoulder. "Wake me if you need me."

"Thanks, Doc," I said, nodding. Glancing up, I saw Dean looked comfortable, with the IV already in and on its stand. Ryder and Luc were sitting on the bed next to him. Each one leaned down and gave him a kiss before standing and coming to stand by me.

"Let's go to bed, Spence," Ryder whispered as he

held out his hand to me.

"I'm going to stay in here tonight, you guys go ahead."

"You sure?" Luc asked, giving me the once-over and looking concerned.

"Yeah. I can't leave him alone," I nodded and turned back to look at Dean. The guilt and stress were just eating at me. I had to be there in case he woke up.

"Okay, we love you, get some rest," Ryder said as he kissed my head. Luc did the same before they left the room.

I didn't sleep a wink that night, nor the night after, or the night after that.

* * * *

During the first week, I barely slept at all. Ryder and Luc tried just about everything to get me out of the guest room and away from Dean. I changed his IV and catheter bag exactly on schedule, scared to mess up anything. After the first day, they started bringing in Gilbert for a while here and there. I'd hold my little piglet, sometimes crying as I petted him, hearing Dean's voice telling me to *fuck off* over and over again.

On the third day, I called Luc in to sit with Dean when I had to use the bathroom. When I was done, they tried to block me from going back. It didn't work and I got pretty snippy with them. By the fifth day, Ryder proclaimed if I didn't eat something they'd stop bringing Gilbert in to visit. I rolled my eyes at him and choked down half a sandwich.

After a week and a half, Ryder sauntered into the room completely naked. He stopped in front of me, turned around, bent over, and pulled the cheeks of his ass apart. "What's wrong with this picture, Spencer?"

"I don't know, Ryder, what?" I answered sighing, not in the mood for his antics.

"Your cock's not in my ass," he said over his shoulder. "It's hasn't been in almost two weeks. Look at my poor hole, it's so tight and unused."

"Ryder, please," I grumbled, not aroused in the slightest by the sight of him naked and begging me to fuck him. "Can you just fucking stop this shit already? You've made your point, now leave me alone!"

He jumped at the tone of my voice and spun around. I saw the hurt on his face as his eyes started to fill up with tears. When he turned to flee, I grabbed him just in time and pulled him down onto my lap.

"Baby, I'm sorry," I whispered as I buried my face in his neck. "I'm sorry I'm being an asshole and not handling this better. I put Dean in that bed, I caused him all that pain, can't you understand what knowing that does to me?"

"You didn't do it, Spencer," Ryder said as he rubbed my back and shoulders. "It was Dean's choice, he knew what he was doing. You need get out of this room and get some sleep, you're going to go nuts if you stay awake much longer."

"I can't," I replied as I let Ryder go and moved him off my lap. "I just can't."

"You can't keep doing this to yourself, Spence. There's nothing you should feel guilty for, and Dean will be pissed when he finds out you've done this to yourself."

"Yeah, well, I'm not so sure about that," I snorted. "He's going to hate me when he wakes up."

"Is that what you think?" Ryder asked, a completely shocked expression on his face. "You gave him back his leg!"

"He was telling me to fuck off when he passed out, Ryder." I shook my head. "What am I supposed to think?"

"That he was drugged. We don't know what he was going to say. Now get your ass into bed and sleep."

"No!" I screamed as I shot out of my seat, grabbed the fully loaded TV tray and threw it across the room. Falling to my knees, I started crying, I mean really bawling, not just tears rolling down my cheeks. "Not until I know he's okay. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't anything until he's awake and I know I didn't kill him. I need to know he forgives me!"

"Fine," Ryder yelled back, throwing up his hands. "But at least take a shower. You stink."

I laughed as he stormed out of the room. Leave it to Ryder to point out that I smelled from not showering for almost two weeks. I rubbed my hands over my face and when I glanced up, Luc still stood there.

"Take a shower and change clothes. I won't leave him," Luc said gently as he reached out a hand to help me up. "I will get you if he even twitches funny, okay?"

"Alright. I do really smell," I conceded, realizing a hot shower sounded like heaven. After my shower, I went back to my seat by Dean's bed. The days continued on, just blending together in one long, continuous guilt ride.

Finally, the fifteenth day came and I switched him onto the less medicated IV. Dean slept peacefully, never making a single pained expression. The morning of the sixteenth day I was a complete wreck. I was hanging onto

my sanity by barely a thread. The doctor had told me it would only take about an hour for him to wake up after I took out the IV.

Ryder and Luc came into the room then and sat on the bed with Dean. We waited in silence for what seemed like eternity before he began to stir.

"Hey," Dean said hoarsely, since his throat hadn't been used in two weeks. Ryder quickly gave him a glass of water and allowed him a few sips.

"How do you feel?" Luc asked as Dean gave back the drink.

"Fantastic actually," Dean snickered. "It's like I had the best sleep of my life."

"So you didn't feel any pain after the doc knocked you out?" Ryder asked. Dean sat up in the bed and leaned against the headboard. I was frozen in my seat, completely afraid he would cry out in pain again.

"Nope, not a thing," Dean answered, then looked around, obviously confused. He stopped when he saw me sitting in the chair. "Why are you over there?"

"He thinks you hate him," Luc said for me. "You started to say *fuck something* as you passed out and Spencer things you were telling him to fuck off."

Dean scrunched his eyebrows for a moment, before

his face lit up. "I was saying *fuck yeah* right as I blacked out. I wasn't cursing you, Spencer. I was excited that the pain was going away."

"You aren't mad at me?" I asked, still scared he didn't love me anymore.

"Are you kidding me?" He gasped as he threw the covers off. "I have my leg back because of you. I love you, Spence. I knew what I was getting into, it was just more painful than I could ever have imagined."

I got out of the chair then and hesitantly took a few steps towards the bed. Dean held his arms out to me and I went to him. Sighing as I wrapped my arms around him, he started to rub my back. "I'm so glad you're okay. I was scared I killed you and I thought you'd hate me if you made it."

"I'm a big boy, Spence," Dean chuckled as he kissed my forehead. "I knew what I signed up for. It's over now, I'm okay."

"Now maybe he'll finally sleep, or eat something," Ryder said as I yawned.

"What are you talking about?" Dean asked as I felt my eyes starting to droop.

"He's spent the entire time in the chair watching over you," Luc answered. "Even Ryder naked and begging

for sex couldn't get him out of here."

"Just about killed my ego," Ryder giggled, and it was the last thing I heard before I finally fell asleep.

* * * *

A week later, Dean was up and about, working on his leg. He was all smiles as he made his way around on the cane we'd ordered for him. Finding a cane for a man of six-eight wasn't an easy task. I think he was also excited to see how Gilbert had grown, not that he'd ever admit to it.

"Someone's pulling in the driveway," Ryder called out, his sense of hearing far better than the rest of ours. I walked out of the office and saw my men playing with Gilbert in the living room. Looking out the window, I saw it was just a delivery service. Nothing to get excited about.

"Did you guys order anything?" I asked as the doorbell rang. They all shook their heads, frowning I went to answered the door. "Yes?"

"I have a package for a Spencer Fallon?" The guy asked holding a medium-size box.

"I'm him," I replied, still confused as he had me sign the electronic board. He gave me the box and thanked me before walking away. Kneeling down to open the box, I

glanced across the living room to see all eyes were on me.

"This is weird."

"It smells familiar," Dean said standing up as I started to pull the tape off. He started walking towards me as he continued. "Like when I used to work demolitions... Spencer, NO!"

His change in voice caused me to look up as I pulled the lip of the box open. I saw him running at me, eyes wild. Dean dove at me and at the last second I got the point and shoved the box out the door. Tackling me into the hallway, Dean landed on top of me as the explosion went off. It was so strong we were lifted off the floor and thrown into the wall. My head hit the corner hard and I smelled blood as my world went black.

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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