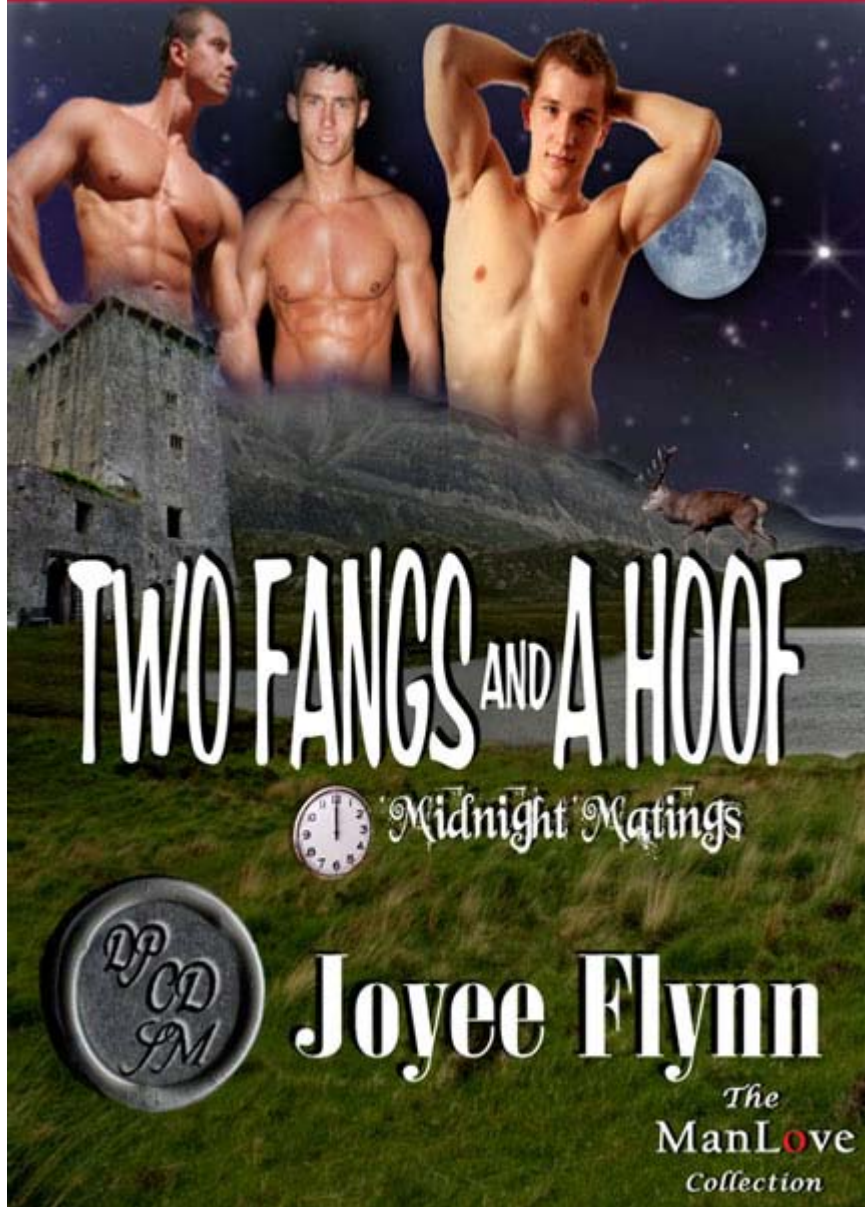


Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour



TWO FANGS AND A HOOF



Midnight Matings



Joyee Flynn

The
ManLove
Collection

Midnight Matings

Two Fangs and a Hoof

The Gathering is called. The spell is cast. There is no escaping the Midnight Matings.

Shea Mayer suddenly finds himself the prize in a game of tug-of-war. He doesn't want to be the chew toy of one vampire, much less two. Despite Shea's protests, they each stake their claim.

Calin and Dustin have been living on their own since their coven tried to kill them for being gay. Now they find themselves once again being rejected by someone who is supposed to love them.

Will Shea, Calin, and Dustin find a way to navigate the twisted path forced upon them by their leaders, or will they remain lost—and lose everything that could be?

Genre: Alternative (M/M or F/F), Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Paranormal

Length: 35,634 words

TWO FANGS AND A HOOF

Midnight Matings

Joyce Flynn

**MENAGE AMOUR
MANLOVE**



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DEDICATION

To everyone who agrees that one mate isn't always enough. I always get a lot of emails concerning my ménages and how it all works out in the end so that everyone is equally loved. I truly hope you enjoy, as I did, the fun in the beginning how they became a three-some!

TWO FANGS AND A HOOF

Midnight Matings

JOYEE FLYNN

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Chapter 1

“Welcome. I am Elder Burke,” the pertinacious man I'd learned to avoid at these damn thing announced. “I want to thank you all for being here tonight. This is a momentous occasion for us. It's been twenty-five years since the Great War ended, taking a large portion of our population from us.”

Seriously? I let Stacey talk me into coming, why?

“I would like you all to drink a toast with me in memory of those we lost.” The elder held up his champagne glass and waited until everyone in the crowd held their own glass. “May we never forget them.”

The elder swallowed everything in his glass then looked out over the crowd. I threw back my drink, thinking about the friends I'd lost over the many, many years. It wasn't just the war that had paranormals dying but all the years in hiding, too.

“As I have said, this is a momentous occasion for us all. In the twenty-five years since the Great War ended, the United Paranormal Alliance of Cooperation has watched and waited. We will wait no more.”

“The fighting between species must stop,” another elder in a long white robe said as he stepped forward. “We are known to the humans,

and they have learned to accept us in their midst. However, their tolerance will only last so long. The constant fighting among the paranormal communities has come under scrutiny. We no longer have the luxury of watching you solve your own disagreements.”

Wow. I agreed with them. That was a first! I raised an eyebrow, set down my glass, and pinched my arm. Nope, not sleeping.

“Elder Lucas is correct,” Elder Burke said as he gestured to the other elder. “We no longer have the indulgence of waiting for you to end your petty squabbles. As such, we have taken measures to insure that you take your place amongst our society.”

And there went my twenty seconds of agreeing with them. Still a record.

“You’ve all taken a toast with me. As such, you are now bound by the covenants we put before you.”

“Each of you has twenty-four hours to find and claim your mate,” Elder Lucas said. “If you fail to claim a mate in twenty-four hours, and bring him or her before this council to be recognized, you will not have a mate. You will go feral inside of a week.”

Idiots, I thought, rolling my eyes. Not all shifters could even go feral. What kinda pups did they have as Elders nowadays?

“Because of your continued squabbling between races, you may not claim a mate of the same race,” Elder Burke said. “You must claim a mate outside of your own species.”

“If you fail to bring a mate before this council by the stroke of midnight tomorrow night, you will be hunted down and executed as a rogue paranormal.”

“To insure that you will find a mate, something special has been added to the potion that each of you drank. It will insure that the need to mate outweighs your need to fight. It is a particular additive that induces the mating heat in each of you. You will not be able to deny the need to mate.”

“And just in case you think to try and break this spell,” Elder Burke said, “we have added a special clause. Anyone that attempts to

negate the covenants of this spell will instantly be cursed as befitting their race. Vampires will no longer be able to drink blood. Shifters will no longer be able to shift. Magic users will have no magic, and so on. I'm sure you get my point."

Well, that would affect all shifters. Fuck.

The two elders went to stand back with their fellow elders and turned back to face the crowd. "Now, children, good luck. We expect to see each of you in twenty-four hours. May your hunt be successful."

"Son of a—" I started to say, but a tug on my arm stopped me as the room broke into chaos.

"I call him," a blond blood sucker yelled as he grabbed me.

"No way, I saw him first," a blood sucker with black hair shouted back and tugged me towards him.

"I am *not* shotgun, you can't just *call* me," I growled and pulled back. They both froze and stared at me for a moment, and I sighed, thinking I'd gotten through to them.

"Let go, Calin! I'm going to claim him," the blond said and pulled on me harder. Then again, maybe not...

"Nu-uh, I'm claiming him," Calin yelled. Well, I guessed that was his name at least if what the blond said was true.

"Neither of you are claiming me," I hollered and yanked my arms away. Then I did the only thing a smart herbivore shifter does when facing two blood suckers...I ran. It was like a minefield of trouble in the ballroom. People were grabbing the person closest to them, while others fought and screamed. I had just made it out of there when I heard my potential suitors shouting behind me again.

"Son of a bitch," I grumbled and kept going. I needed more than twenty seconds to think about what the elders said. Then I knew I'd have to find a mate, but no way would I become the chew toy of some vamp. Much less *two* of them!

"Hey, he's getting away," one of them yelled.

Shit! I was kind of hoping they'd be so busy fighting that they'd miss the fact that I bolted. No such luck, which was just fucking typical, especially the way the elders tricked all of us. I'd just made it to the herbivore wing of the castle when I was tackled from behind and flipped to my back.

"Let me go!" I shouted, but still they didn't seem to notice.

"I got to him first. He's mine," the blond yelled and grabbed my wrist as he leaned over me.

"No way, I got to him first," the other replied just as loud. He pulled at my other wrist and mirrored his rival.

"Stop this!" Instead of listening, I felt two sets of fangs sink into my neck. "Son of a bitch!"

It hurt for a few seconds, really hurt since there was no lead up to it or foreplay. Then suddenly it was insta-hard-on as my hips thrust up in the air. Fuck! Now I got why people could become addicted to vampire bites. Before I could focus on another thought in my head, I blew my load in my cargo pants. It was the never-ending orgasm that kept going in waves with every drink they took from me.

Then they stopped, and I tried to see through my haze as I gasped for breath. I wanted to yell and scream, but that was the best fucking orgasm of my life, and my body was reeling from it. In a flash I saw them tear into their own wrists with their fangs as if racing each other. Then it hit me what they were going to do.

"No," I whimpered, not having enough air in my lungs. "Please don't do this."

"You're mine now," Calin growled as he rubbed his bloodied wrist against his bite on my neck. His pupils were dilated, with his fangs still out.

"Mine, too," the other one snarled, and I realized then that his wrist was on the other side of my neck. The instant their blood entered my system through their bites, I felt a surge of power that there just weren't words for. And then it was another round of insta-hard-on and my cock exploding without either of them even touching

it. I screamed the whole time, and not just from the pleasure but the pain in my heart that this was how I was being mated.

They removed their wrists as I panted and tried to get my breathing and brain back to normal. Then I felt dual tongues licking their bites closed. I couldn't help it. I started crying soundlessly. My entire body felt as if it had been struck by lightning as energy coursed through me. My brain was mush, and I'd just been claimed by two blood suckers who didn't even know my name.

"Why are you crying, my mate?" the blond asked quietly as he stroked away my tears. I snapped my eyes open and stared at him with such hate that if I'd had any magic I'd have incinerated him.

"Don't ever fucking call me that," I sneered and pushed them both away. I scampered to the wall away from them, stopping when my back hit it. They both stared at me with shock and curiosity. "I hate you both, and I will never, *ever* forgive you for doing this!"

"How can you hate us?" Calin gasped and glanced at his friend. "We're your mates."

"You don't even know my fucking *name*!" I shrieked, sounding a little hysterical even to my own ears. "You did this against my will, while I begged you not to. You're no better than rapists, and I should kill you both!"

"Well, then what's your name?" the other one asked, much calmer than Calin.

"Fuck and You," I answered as I got up on shaky legs. "I'm going to the elders. There's got to be a way out of this. This isn't right."

"But I called you," Calin said softly as they followed me. Were they slow in the head or just not listening to me? Fine, I was done talking to them. I raced back into the ballroom, pushing people out of my way as I saw red with rage at what they'd done with me. In one graceful leap, I jumped on the stage in front of the table where they were setting up the book of matings.

"Your name?" the elder asked without even looking up.

“Shea Mayer, elder,” I said, giving him the proper respect. “I need someone—”

“Your mate’s name?” he interrupted as he went to write it down. I slapped my hand over his to prevent it. “Get your hand off me, boy.”

“Listen to me,” I growled, ignoring the *boy* comment. I’d bet that I was easily older, but I needed their help. “I was claimed against my will.”

“So sad, herbivore,” he said mockingly and rolled his eyes.

“They bit me when I said no,” I replied, my eyes going wide at his reaction. “Undo it!”

“I couldn’t even if I wanted to. Now give me your mates’ names and step aside, or I’ll have you arrested for accosting an elder of UPAC.”

I took a step away from him, completely floored that he would threaten me with that. Talk about extreme! Everyone heard the rumors and whispers about paranormal prisons. I just slapped the man’s hand, for gods’ sakes!

“Calin Davidson,” Calin said and stepped forward then turned to me. “What’s an herbivore?” Oh, he couldn’t be serious? They mated me without knowing my name or what I was!

“Dustin Pearson,” the other one said.

“Here are your instructions,” the elder replied and handed him an envelope with the official UPAC seal on it. “Since you both mated him, you will be mated to each other as well even if you’re both vampires. It won’t work if you keep it separate. When you claim each other is up to you.”

“No, wait—” I yelled before white-hot pain exploded on my stomach. I screamed and sunk to my knees as both vamps did the same. It was over in seconds, and I pulled up my shirt. Sure enough there was the mating seal around my belly button, which was where it was magically placed on my kind.

“Okay, let’s take our mate home.” Dustin panted as he got to his feet.

“Sounds good,” Calin replied.

Without a thought in my head, I stood, pulled back my arm, and punched Dustin in the face. He stumbled back as Calin stood there with his mouth hanging open. That was fine with me because moments later I did the same to him.

I jumped off the stage and left them there, holding their jaws with dual looks of disbelief. Fuck this, I was out of here. They might have claimed me, but I’d be damned if they’d just take me home as some type of prize. I was mated, but if they thought I was going to act like a mate, they could just kiss my antlers.

Not even bothering with a backwards glance, I shoved my way back through the ballroom. Once I reached the herbivore wing, I pulled out my phone and barked at my pilot to get the plane ready. Then I headed to my room, packed, and went to find one of the guards to give me a ride to the airport.

“Wait, we need to talk,” Calin said as I walked back out of the wing of the castle I was staying in. The two of them stood there waiting for me.

“Too late, you little shit,” I sneered and brushed by them. “I wanted to talk before you sank your fangs into me. But you didn’t listen then, did you? Well, now I’m ignoring you idiots.”

“You can’t though! We read the rules,” he cried out as he ran next to me and waved a piece of paper towards me.

“Fine,” I snarled, snatched the paper away from him, and dropped my bag. I read it over and felt my heart sink into my stomach. “Son of a bitch. This can’t be right!”

“We asked. It is,” Dustin said softly. “Look, we’re sorry, okay? Can’t you just forgive us, and we can start over?”

“No, we can’t! I never wanted either of you.” I reread the letter again, hoping I’d misunderstood it. No such luck. It clearly stated that we had to consummate the mating every twenty-four hours or the same rules applied if we hadn’t mated at all. With a loud sigh, I glanced over the two vamps. “Well, at least you’re not ugly.”

“Yeah, thanks,” Calin whispered, looking as if he was about to cry. Too fucking bad! I didn’t get us in this mess, and I wasn’t going to feel guilty for not handling it well.

“Get your shit and meet me out front in ten minutes, or I’m leaving without you,” I ground out, the realization that they had to move in with me hitting me hard.

“But we live in New York,” Dustin said, his mouth hanging open.

“Yeah, well, you’re moving to Georgia unless you feel like going feral,” I replied with a smirk, waving the paper in his face. Okay, so I was being childish, but this wasn’t my fault, damnit!

“Does that mean you forgive us?” Calin asked, his eyes shining with hope.

“No, I wasn’t kidding when I said I’d never forgive you. It says we have to have sex, and that’s all you’re getting from me. You wanted a loving mate, kid? Try asking before you claim one.”

“We’ll go pack,” Dustin replied as he pulled his friend’s hand. They took off, Calin giving me a sad glance over his shoulder that I tried my hardest to ignore.

I made my way to the front door, making arrangements for our ride. The guards made me show my mating mark to them, and they radioed to bring up one of the cars.

As I leaned against the wall and waited, I thought about the new men in my life. I hadn’t been lying when I said they weren’t ugly, but that was an understatement. The truth was they were both gorgeous.

Dustin had blond hair with strawberry highlights and light green eyes that reminded me of the first signs of spring. He was about five-nine, lean, toned, and I’d guess one thirty-five or so. And those plump lips just made me think of lots of wicked ways he could use them. I groaned as I remembered I was still wearing cum-soaked pants. I’d not changed in my haste to get out of here. Gross.

Calin on the other hand was the total opposite of his friend. Black ear-length hair with deep blue eyes and long eyelashes that some women would kill for. He seemed so much more innocent than

Dustin, and smaller somehow. Maybe it was how he sounded genuinely sorry, but I wasn't sure. Calin was right around Dustin's height and build, maybe an inch shorter. Either way, I'd be towering over both of them with my six-six frame.

That was the only reason they got the drop on me. There were two of them who tackled me. Otherwise I'd have been able to fight them off easily. I think the other part was just shock. I mean, who went to a conference thinking they'd get jumped and mated against their will?

"We're ready," Dustin said as they walked up. I didn't even look at them, just picked up my bag and led the way to our ride.

As we sat in the SUV on the way to the airport I heard one of them sniffle a few times. I refused to comfort them, no matter if I was feeling the mating pull and wanted to. They'd made their bed, and now they had to lie in it.

"Why aren't we going to the main gate?" Calin asked, his eyes wide as he looked past me. We were driving right past the normal departures and heading to the charter plane entrance.

"I have one of my planes here waiting to go," I answered. It was a fair question, and while I didn't want to chit chat with them, I didn't want to scare them either. Or maybe I did, but I'd have to decide that later.

"*One* of your planes?" Dustin gasped as he glanced from me to Calin.

"Yes, one of them." I sighed as I ran my hand over my short light brown hair in annoyance. "Should have done some research before mating me, don't you think?"

"Our fangs popped out when we had that drink and—" Calin started to say, but I wasn't ready to hear their bullshit excuses.

"Save it for someone who cares, kid," I growled as the SUV came to a stop.

"I'm not a kid," he replied with a pout as we got out. "We're forty-two."

“Well, I’m over four *thousand*,” I drawled as I walked over the tarmac and to the plane.

“Holy shit, that’s old,” Dustin mumbled under his breath.

“Yeah, so you’re kids to me no matter your age. You showed that with the way you acted like toddlers with a new toy to fight over. Are you guys related or something? You know what, never mind. I don’t fucking care. Just get in the plane and shut up.”

“We said we were sorry,” Calin whispered as he climbed up the stairs behind me.

Right, whatever. I needed a bottle of scotch and a time machine to deal with all of this. We stowed our bags, and they quickly took their seats across from mine. The pilot came over the intercom, announced we were next in line, and how long the flight would take with the current wind shear.

Ten minutes later we were in the air, and it was okay to use electronics. The flight attendant I always had for longer flights came over and brought my drink while asking what my guests wanted. I saw the quick glances she gave me of confusion. I didn’t blame her since I’d not said anything earlier about bringing anyone back with me, but I wasn’t in the mood to talk.

My cell rang after I downed my scotch and asked for another one. I growled when I saw who it was and realized that they were who I wanted to yell at most.

“Save it,” I barked out after flipping the phone open.

“Look, I know you’re pissed, Shea.” Elder Rice sighed over the line.

“Go to the UPAC conference this year so you don’t have to do it in four years,” I mimicked rudely, replaying the conversation that had gotten me into this mess. “Relax for a while. Maybe you’ll meet someone nice.”

“We need to start repopulating the different species,” he said, his tone taking an edge to it.

“Yeah, well, I’m gay, so how did that work out for you? Fuck you very much, elder. I had two blood suckers claim me without my permission. And when I told one of the elders, he rolled his eyes at the silly little herbivore before threatening to throw me in jail for attacking him when all I did was stop him from writing my name in the mating book. So you know what? UPAC can kiss my ass next time they come to me for help!”

“Shit,” he hissed, and I could just about see him wiping his hands over his face in frustration. “You have two mates?”

“Yup,” I snorted and shook my head in disbelief. “They didn’t know my name or what I am, mostly because they were too busy fighting over me like a chew toy.”

“Hey, that’s not fair,” Dustin exclaimed, looking pissed off.

“Yeah, it really is, kid,” I replied, rolling my eyes before focusing back on my call. “You knew this was going to happen, didn’t you, Rice?”

“We planned it last year for this year’s conference. Do you know how hard it is to come up with magic strong enough to bespell half the paranormals in the world?”

“No, I don’t,” I said sarcastically. “You poor elders. Did you have to work too hard to trick all of us?”

“Fuck off, Shea,” he growled in the phone. “You might want to remember who you’re talking to.”

“I know exactly who I’m talking to, *fawn*,” I replied firmly, putting all of my power behind my voice. I specifically referred to him as fawn, which was what deer’s young were called, so he might remember how much younger he was than me. “You might be elder of the herbivores, but let’s remember who’s eldest here.”

“I didn’t know this would happen to you, you dickhead.”

“You’ve known I’m gay. Why make sure I was there?”

“It’s not like we could say that all the gay paranormals need not attend!” He exclaimed as if he thought *I* was the crazy one here when they tricked us. “And I didn’t care if you were gay. I wanted to see

you happy. You've been alone for millennia after millennia, Shea. You deserve to settle down and be happy."

"Do you hear yourself?" I growled, holding the phone so tightly I thought I might shatter it. "How does *forcing* me to mate give you hope of me ending up happy?"

"Stranger things have happened," he grumbled. "Call me when you calm down."

"Yeah, maybe next millennia." I ended the call and hung up on him. We weren't getting anywhere arguing, and while I was pissed at him, Rice had been a good friend to me in the past. And the way UPAC was with their secrets, it's not like he could have given me a heads-up. He just didn't have to push for me to have gone either.

"Seriously, who are you, dude?" Dustin asked as both of them stared at me agape. "You just chewed out an elder. Do you have a death wish?"

"Pleeese," I scoffed and then chuckled. These two had no clue who they really mated, idiots. "I'm four thousand three hundred and ninety-seven years old. I'm pretty much indestructible at this point, and I will live forever. The older any paranormal gets, the stronger they become. I could take a fire bomb from a phoenix and laugh that it tickled. I'm immune to most magic. You both are probably feeling the mating heat, but I can promise you I won't."

"Wow, we mated Superman," Calin said with awe in his voice. I would have laughed at the comment, except I realized he was serious. Greeeat. I wasn't a fan of cute and stupid. And so far I wasn't willing to bet their IQs were much over double digits.

"Whatever," I groaned and rolled my eyes. At the rate I was going, I'd end up with them staying up in my head. I tossed my phone to Dustin since he seemed to take the lead mostly with the two of them. "Call my assistant Drea and explain the situation. She can arrange for all your stuff to be packed in New York and shipped to my estate."

"We don't really have much, or um, a coven," Dustin said quietly.

“What did you do wrong?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at the pair. The only reason a vampire wouldn’t have a coven is because they got kicked out and no other coven would take them in. Who the fuck had I just been tied to for eternity?

“We didn’t do anything,” Calin answered as his bottom lip stuck out in a pout. He crossed his arms over his chest and drew his eyebrows together. It would actually have been adorable if I wasn’t so pissed at them. “Our birth coven tried to kill us for being gay. We ran away to New York and were feeling out the coven there if they were okay with it. We decided to go to the conference this year to see if we could find a coven that would take us.”

“What kinda fucked up coven were you born in?” I asked, my eyes going wide with shock. Most paranormal communities didn’t have a problem with being gay or much of anything else.

“Puritan ones,” Dustin said with a snort. “Not really, but it was a small, remote one in New England that made some Christian bible thumpers seem like the spawn of Satan.”

“Okaaaay then,” I drawled. What did you say to that? “Well, call her and set it up. I have some work to get done. She’ll let the house staff know you’re coming and get your rooms ready.”

“Won’t we sleep with you?” Calin asked, looking as if I’d smacked him across the face.

“No,” I replied without even looking up from my laptop that I’d pulled out. “And I won’t go out on dates with you or kiss you or cuddle. It says I have to fuck you once a day, and I will. And only that. You don’t like it? Too fucking bad. You should have thought about that before claiming me.”

“You don’t have to be so mean about it,” Dustin grumbled as he flipped through my phone. I wasn’t going to bicker with them either. I was too tired and had too much to do.

I ignored them as I worked, even when the flight attendant served us breakfast. It had been late when we left Scotland, and with the time difference, breakfast had been the best choice. Though I didn’t stop

drinking scotch. If there was ever a time that I figured I got a free pass, it was now.

After we ate, they both settled down for a nap. When their breath evened out, I finally let out a sigh of relief. I finally had some time to deal with all of this instead of just being pissed off.

As I stared at their peaceful sleeping forms my mind spun with pros and cons to all of this. I mean, they were hot and physically the type of men I would go for. And they weren't dominant enough to try and take charge or get in my way. I know I hadn't really cared to listen, but they did seem sorry for what they did, so that meant they at least had to have a heart, right?

And they hadn't balked or thrown a fit about having to move. But then again, they didn't even have a coven or seem to have anyone but each other. I guess if I *had* to be mated I could have done worse. The main question seemed to be if I could ever get past how they claimed me. Every way I looked at it, I just didn't think I could. And eternity would be a very long time to be pissed at my mates.

But I couldn't just change how I felt...could I?

Chapter 2

The first week I avoided them and basically ignored them, even at meals. They talked quietly together while I never said one word to them. When we'd first gotten home, I'd had sex with each of them in their new rooms. And yes, it had been the best sex of my life even if it felt cold. I hated feeling like the men who were supposed to be my mates were nothing more than one-night stands.

I'd instructed Dustin to be ready for me every morning for his daily sex and Calin at night. And they hadn't bitched or said anything about it. They were stretched, slicked up, on all fours, and waiting for me when I came to them. Calin had tried to get me to let him lie on his back while I took him, but I couldn't handle seeing their faces while we fucked. I just couldn't.

There was such a huge part of me that wanted to just forgive them and try to get to know my mates. But the other part of me kept saying I couldn't trust them as far as I could throw them, so why waste the time and effort. It just hurt my heart that the only contact I had with them was a quick fuck where we both got off, barely said two words, and went our separate ways.

It was wearing on me heavily, and I was barely sleeping. I could throw myself into work, and I did, but at some point in the day I ended up thinking about them. My thoughts kept drifting to what they were doing. Were they happy here? Did their stuff arrive and were they settled in okay? But I never asked. And I didn't know if that's because I was a stubborn ass or just hurt from the way they'd treated me.

I sighed as I reached Calin's room. We couldn't keep going like this, but I didn't know what to do or how to try to fix this. Could we really spend the next four years this way? And what after that? They'd go back to New York and act like this never happened? That idea had my heart hurting in my chest.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and entered, making sure to shut it behind me. The light on the nightstand wasn't on like normal, and my mate wasn't ready for me. Hell, he wasn't even on the bed.

"Calin?" I asked as I searched the room. I'd given them the biggest rooms next to mine so they'd be comfortable at least.

"Please leave me alone," he whispered, and I looked in the direction of his voice. He was sitting on the window seat, leaning his head against the glass, staring out into the night. His knees were drawn to his chest, arms wrapped around them, and he was crying. The moonlight was the only thing illuminating the room and made him look even more gorgeous as it spilled over him.

Calin wasn't wearing a shirt, only a pair of pajama pants, and my hands ached to touch his ivory skin the way a real mate should. The way any man with a pulse would want to.

"I can't do this anymore, Shea." Calin sniffled when I hadn't replied. "I can't say I'm sorry anymore when you won't listen. I can't change what we did or how we went about it."

"You have to, or you'll go crazy and lose your ability to drink blood," I said as I took a hesitant step towards him.

"And living like this isn't driving me insane?" he asked with a morbid laugh. "We're both so fucking thirsty it's been hurting for days, but we've been too scared to tell you."

"I-I didn't know you had to drink that often," I said as I felt like an ass. It had never crossed my mind that they would need blood.

"How would you? You've not said more than two sentences to me since we first got here," he managed to croak out before burying his face in his knees and breaking down.

“Don’t cry, Calin.” I raced over to him and lifted him onto my lap when I sat down. “Please don’t cry.”

“Forgive us,” he sobbed as he buried his face in my neck. “Please! We’re sorry, Shea. We’re so fucking sorry. Our fangs came out after the drink they gave us, and all we could think about was finding someone to drink from. I was so thirsty. I couldn’t even think straight. If I had been, I would have wanted to mate the same person as Dustin so we could stay together! I just couldn’t think past the need, and you were there and so gorgeous.”

It took every ounce of strength in me to forgive him, but after seeing the mess he was, I did. “Okay,” I whispered.

“Okay what?” he asked between hiccups.

“I forgive you,” I said as I moved him to straddle my lap. “But don’t you ever do something like that to me again. You have no idea how badly it hurt to know I was claimed that way. You think that’s how I wanted my mating?”

“No,” he wailed and lowered his eyes in shame. “I’ll do whatever you want to make it up to you. I didn’t want my mating like that either. I wanted to fall in love like I am with—”

And all the pieces fell into place. Calin loved Dustin.

“Does he know?” I asked after clearing my throat. The panic in Calin’s eyes told me no, but I needed to know for sure. He shook his head and glanced away from me. “Does he love you?”

“I don’t think so,” Calin whispered. “We were kissing for the first time, and someone found us. That’s how the coven knew we were gay. He never touched me again after that except when we had jobs together.”

“Jobs?” I gasped, my eyes going wide. Dear gods, what had they done to survive without a coven?

“We did modeling jobs but mostly Internet porn when we needed the money.” He still wouldn’t look at me, and my heart broke for them. I know in human years they were middle-aged, but for

paranormals, they were basically just out of diapers. Well, not really, but they were very young.

“You don’t ever need to worry about money ever again,” I said and kissed his hair.

“But I want more than a sugar daddy that comes to my room every night, Shea. I want a mate. I want to be happy. I want to be loved someday.”

“I’ll try, okay? You guys hurt me, but I’m starting to understand that you didn’t have control over your actions. Give me some time to process that and maybe we can just start over. That’s the best I can offer you right now. I am sorry that you’ve been hurting. I should have thought about that you guys would need blood.”

“You smell so good,” he hissed as his fangs elongated. “I’m asking this time. Please, Shea, can I drink from you?”

“Yes, you may, my mate,” I whispered as I bared my throat to him. He whimpered with delight as he leaned over and licked my neck. I cried out as he sunk his fangs into me. It felt fantastic, and not because of the insta-hard-on and orgasm. The animal in me loved that I was providing for my mate.

Calin moaned as he drank deeply, thrusting his hips against me. I reached down his bottoms and stroked him seconds before my own orgasm slammed into me. Lights flashed behind my eyes as I roared out my release. Damn I needed this connection to them. It was so much more intimate than sex.

“Thank you,” he whispered as he licked the bite closed. “We’ll make this right if you let us, Shea.”

I gazed up at him with confusion until I realized that sometime during the ride I’d fallen back on the window seat and he’d followed me down. As I ran my fingers through his hair, relishing the feeling of the silky strands, I searched his eyes.

“I believe you,” I replied and leaned up to brush my lips over his. Calin gasped and returned the kiss. His lips were even softer than they looked. I moaned, thrusting my tongue into his mouth as I rolled us

off the seat. He wrapped himself around me as I carried him over to the bed and laid him down. I didn't detach myself, loving the feeling of my body between his legs.

"I want more," he panted as we parted when air became necessary. "I don't want to break whatever spell you're under that has you touching me this way finally, but Dustin needs blood. I didn't take much, so we won't hurt you. You just might be a little tired tomorrow."

"We still have to have sex tonight," I said as I moved off of him slowly.

"I can always ride you if we wear you out." Calin giggled. Oh that sound! I'd never heard either of them laugh or giggle, and it made me feel years younger. I wanted to kick myself for letting my anger go on this long, but what's done was done.

"Then let's go get our mate," I replied with a smile and scooped him up in my arms. This was even better than the giggle. Calin fit so perfectly in my arms, and I liked it so much that I could see him being carried a lot in our future.

"You're not going to change your mind tomorrow and go back to being mad, are you?" he asked as I walked us out of his room and towards Dustin's.

"No, I was thinking of what to do so I could move past this all day before I even saw you crying. I couldn't keep going on this way either, Calin. I just couldn't seem to let it go. But knowing that the drink affected you guys that way helps. And now that I've tasted how sweet those lips of yours are, I don't think there's any going back."

"Thank you," he whispered and nuzzled my neck as we entered Dustin's room.

"What's wrong? Is Calin hurt?" Dustin asked in a panic as he leapt out of bed. He raced to us and ran his hands over our mate.

"Kiss him," I whispered in Calin's ear so only he could hear. His eyes went wide as a smile broke out over his face. In a flash he grabbed the back of Dustin's head and mashed their mouths together.

Fuck it was hot! They moaned and got more into it, using tongue and teeth.

“I love you. I always have,” Calin whispered as he leaned his forehead against Dustin’s. “I’m sorry we got caught and the coven tried to kill us, but I want you back in that way.”

“You do?” Dustin gasped, his eyebrows shooting up to his forehead. “Why didn’t you tell me that? I tried to kiss you when we, umm, you know.”

“Calin told me about the porn. It’s okay, Dustin,” I said gently, guessing that’s why he suddenly seemed embarrassed.

“It is?” they both asked together.

“Well, it’s not okay in that you can continue doing it while mated to me,” I answered, choosing my words wisely so that I didn’t offend them. “But I understand why you did it, and I don’t care about your past. I only care about our future.”

“So you forgive us?”

“Yeah, Calin explained what happened with the drink to me, and I told him I’d try.” We all moved over to the bed and sat down, Dustin and Calin moving so they were both half-straddling my lap. “I was really hurt by what you did and wasn’t willing to take a chance and trust you. So I need you to swear to me that you’ll never do something against my will again.”

“I won’t. We promise,” Dustin said quickly and kissed my cheek. “So why were you carrying Calin in here?”

“I can’t believe I told you I love you and you’ve not said anything,” Calin blurted out, looking at Dustin when I was about to answer.

“I love you, too,” Dustin replied gently as he reached out and cupped Calin’s cheek. “I’m sorry you didn’t know that. I tried to get you to sleep in the bed in that crap-tastic apartment we lived in, but you always went for the couch. I thought you were rejecting me.”

“No, I thought you were saying we could rotate who sleeps in the bed.”

“Well, aren’t we all just idiots.” I chuckled as I glanced back and forth, almost like a tennis match. “Before we go any further, you need blood, Dustin. Calin’s already had some from me. I’m sorry I’ve not thought about that. I didn’t know you guys were hurting.”

“We didn’t want to piss you off and be demanding,” he whispered and glanced down. I saw the gleam of his fangs popping out at the mention of blood.

“Well, that’s over now, and we’re going to start from scratch. It’s time to try this for real instead of the way we’ve been going. None of us were happy with that arrangement.”

“So can I drink from you?” Dustin asked as he raised his head enough to stare at my throat. I swallowed loudly at the hunger I saw in his eyes, especially when his tongue slid over the tips of his fangs.

“Yes, my mate,” I said, my voice sounding husky. “Take what you need from me.”

“Thank fuck,” he moaned and leaned forward. They pushed me back onto the bed as Dustin placed soft kisses on my throat. I was assuming that it was Calin pulling off my shorts as our mate bit me. He drank from me, and I reached down and fisted his cock, hissing in pleasure when Calin swallowed me down.

I cried out and came as my body was overwhelmed with sensations. Dustin stopped drinking and licked the bite closed while I was still coming. My mates took good care of me, Calin swallowing every drop of my cum while Dustin kissed my neck and played with my nipples.

“Sweet mercy,” I gasped as my orgasm ebbed, and I tried to get air back in my lungs. “The two of you are going to kill me.”

“And we’re not done with you yet,” Dustin purred. “Are you okay with me taking you while Calin rides you?”

“I could get behind that.” I moaned, mostly at my own pun. They both laughed after Calin pulled off my dick, the damn thing still hard as a rock. Dustin crawled over to the nightstand and retrieved the lube

while Calin pushed my knees to my chest. Then I got a front-row seat to both of them preparing me.

“Thank you for forgiving us, Shea,” Calin whispered as his eyes twinkled with happiness. A slick finger pushed inside my hole, and I forced myself to relax. “You won’t regret it. We’ll take such good care of you that you’ll be so glad we jumped you at the conference.”

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled as another finger slid in with the first one. I realized one was Calin’s and the other was Dustin’s. Fuck that was hot! I wriggled in pleasure as they quickly stretched me, both of them. When I was ready, Calin moved to my side and kissed me as Dustin pushed his impressive-sized cock in my ass. “I forgot how good this feels.”

“Like a hard cock in you, do you?” Dustin purred as he rubbed my stomach and thrust the rest of the way inside me. I threw back my head and cried out at the slight burn.

“My turn,” Calin said as Dustin wrapped my legs around his hips.

“Wait, we need to stretch you out,” I panted as I got used to being filled.

“We did while getting you ready.” He giggled and straddled my lap. Dustin braced his hips and helped lower our man onto my cock. I groaned loudly at the dual sensations of one in me and one surrounding me. “I love feeling this full.”

“You should feel his ass,” Dustin said tightly, showing how hard it was for him to keep still.

“This feels right,” I whispered to myself as I stared at my two mates loving on me.

“What?” Calin asked softly as he leaned forward and ran his hands over my chest.

“It feels so good,” I answered instead of the truth. Why? I have no fucking clue. It just came out before I could think with the lack of blood flowing to my brain. I mentally shrugged and guessed I just wasn’t ready for such an admission.

“This is so much better than having to do it on camera,” Dustin moaned and picked up the pace. *That* was a comment we needed to talk about later, but not just yet. I didn’t want to spoil the mood of our first real time together. He changed the angle and started nailing my sweet spot.

“Fuck, gonna come,” I shouted. Calin looked close as well, so I reached up and started stroking his cock in time with his hips. I was rewarded with a wide smile and then a kiss. My mate threw back his head, the tendons of his neck bulging as his eyes fluttered closed. He rode me with complete abandonment, and it was a thing of beauty.

I looked past Calin to see Dustin staring at me. His gaze was so intense, so focused I knew there wasn’t a thought in his head other than bringing me pleasure. It was that moment, with my two breathtaking mates focused on nothing but me, that I truly and completely forgave them. These weren’t selfish, lying men. They hadn’t meant to hurt me, and I finally got that.

“Shea!” Calin cried out as reams of his seed shot from his cock and all over my chest. I was distracted with the magnificent sight of his pleasure my orgasm slammed into me like a Mack Truck. I roared as pleasure swarmed over me and filled Calin’s sweet ass. Somewhere in the distance I heard Dustin yell my name as he came in my hole.

We rode out our bliss together for what felt like an hour instead of several minutes. When we were spent, Calin collapsed on me with Dustin on his back. I stared at the gorgeous picture my two sated, sweaty, hot mates made and swore I would do right by them from now on.

“I sooo needed that.” Calin panted as Dustin fell to one side of me while he did the other. I pulled both of them into my arms, and they snuggled against me. And for the first time in my life, I felt wanted, cared for. I liked it...a lot.

“I did, too,” I admitted and kissed both their heads.

“Is it bad form to ask for something else when you just gave us so much?” Calin asked, tilting his neck so he was looking into my eyes.

"I just came three times in the span of an hour." I chuckled and kissed his forehead. "I'm not sure I'm up for giving much else tonight."

"No, not that." He giggled and reached for Dustin's hand. They interlocked their fingers on my stomach, and I was filled with a sense of peace that the tension between all of us was gone. "We want meat."

"You just had my meat, sweetheart," I drawled. That sent them into peels of giggles, which I joined in.

"At dinner, you goof," Dustin said and licked my nipple. "I explained to Calin what an herbivore is, and we get it. But we're carnivores, and if I eat much more salad, I might go insane. I want a cheeseburger so bad you'd get me to promise whatever you wanted to get one."

"I'll talk to Stacey." I chuckled. "I'm sure she'll be thrilled to cook something other than my vegetarian meals."

"What kind of herbivore are you?" Calin asked softly as his cheeks heated up with embarrassment. "We've tried to figure it out, but none of the staff will speak to us. I think they're worried about pissing you off when you weren't talking to us."

"Shit," I hissed and closed my eyes. I hadn't even thought about the fact that my staff would shun them if I was keeping my distance. "I'll talk to the staff. I didn't know that was going on, and I won't let it continue."

"It's okay. We mostly veg in your library," Dustin said quickly as if worried I was upset. "And our stuff came the other day, so we spent an hour unpacking."

"An hour?" I asked with surprise. How few things did they have if it only took them an hour to unpack both of them?

"We ran from the coven with the torn clothes on our backs," Calin answered with a shrug. "If we wanted to buy more stuff, we had to work more for the money and—"

"I hate to interrupt, but I'm getting sticky," I said, cutting him off. "Let's go soak in a hot tub and we'll talk like we should have when you first got here."

"But we're not worrying about that anymore because we're starting over, right?" Dustin looked hesitant as we all sat up and got out of bed. "That is what we're doing, aren't we?"

"If it's cool with you guys, yes." I led the way into my attached bathroom and started the large garden tub. "The way I see it, we all screwed up in one way or another but not to intentionally be mean. I forgive you both, and I'd like to simply move forward."

I stood back up after plugging the tub and adding bubble bath, only to be tackled by two smaller bodies wrapping their arms around me. Glancing at them I saw such relief in their eyes that my heart melted.

"I take that as a yes?"

"Yes, gods yes," Calin practically screeched. I hugged them both back and then we got into the filling tub. My ass was loving the idea since it had been decades since it had been used in such a way.

"First, I'm a deer," I said when we all got settled and stretched out.

"Like Bambi?" Dustin asked, his eyes going wide with shock as he looked me over as if trying to find signs of fur.

"At the end of the movie." I chuckled. Life was never going to be boring with them around. "I'm a sixteen-point buck. It means I have huge antlers and am a fully-developed deer. So no little, stumbling-around Bambi."

"That's so cool," Calin said softly, his voice full of awe. "Can we, like, ride you?"

"I guess," I answered after a moment with a shrug. "I've never had anyone do it before, and it's not like you can saddle me. But we could try it if you want."

"Awesome!" Calin exclaimed as I reached over and turned off the water. When I moved back, I almost burst out laughing. Both my

mates were playing with bubbles as if they'd never seen them before. When I caught Calin's glance and raised an eyebrow, he blushed. "Our coven didn't allow luxuries like bubble bath."

"Or most things that were fun," Dustin said with a snort. "We didn't see our first movie until after we ran away."

"How long ago was that?" I asked gently.

"About two years ago," Calin answered softly and started fidgeting with some bubbles. "We had a little money in a bank account we hid from the coven from the jobs we had there."

"We made clothes for the coven," Dustin said when he saw the question in my eyes. "Of course it was boring, mundane clothes. Nothing like we wanted to make, but in our coven when you got old enough, you picked a job and trained for it to support them."

"Why not leave before you had to escape?"

"Vampires can't just up and move the way humans or most paranormals can." Calin's frown spoke volumes about how he felt about the practices of his people. "You have to have what they consider a legitimate reason for switching covens. And not fitting in with yours or wanting to see more of the world is not considered a good enough reason."

"That's horrible," I gasped, my eyes going wide with shock. "I could never have survived in such an atmosphere. That's not the way most herbivores work, especially because we're rarer than other groups. Most of us branch off from our families when we're of age and live alone. I don't have a pack or pride, just our elder really. Are you guys going to be in trouble for not being in a coven?"

"Rules are different when you're mated," Dustin said, shaking his head. "Lone vampires are the ones our kind worries about. Once you find your mate, you can go anywhere with them, but most vampires mate within their own coven, so there's still not much moving around."

"Does your coven even know you're alive or where you ended up?"

“Yeah, they found us once,” Calin answered as his face went pale. “Someone told them what we were doing to make money, and saying they were pissed is putting it mildly. They sent a group after us, but we saw them waiting when we were coming home from work one night. We ran and found another place in New York. We never went back to that apartment.”

“Jesus,” I hissed, my chest hurting from the amount of shit they’d had to endure. “Well, you’re safe here now. I can promise you that. No one, not even your entire coven, would think to fuck with me or my mates.”

“Why?” Dustin raised an eyebrow at me before glancing over at Calin.

“Because they need me,” I answered with an evil smile. I was about to drop a pretty big bomb on my mates, but at least they’d understand that they were safe. And that was the most important thing.

Chapter 3

“Okay, that’s not strangely cryptic or a little scary,” Calin said, his eyes going wide. “Care to elaborate on that point?”

I thought for a minute about what invention of mine they might have used ever if their coven basically lived in the last century. “You guys ever wear those caps for your fangs when you went out among humans before they found out about us?”

While a vamp’s fangs were retractable, they were still much sharper and deadly-looking than human eyeteeth. It was hard to hide them unless they walked around with their mouths closed.

“Of course, who hasn’t?” Dustin replied, looking adorably confused. Then it was like the lightbulb went off over his head. “You invented those?”

“Yup,” I answered as both their jaws dropped. “I’ve taken different names over the centuries and have even been put in human history books as that inventor. I work for both human and paranormals. Lots of paranormal communities have come to me over the years with a problem, and I figure out a solution. Actually, right now I’m working on a synthetic blood that your elder asked me to do to help vamps.”

“Our coven would be suicidal to mess with you if our elder was working with you on a project.” The relief on Calin’s face when he said that was so strong it was almost something I could reach out and touch. “So we haven’t screwed you by mating to you.”

“Nope.” I chuckled, glad at least I’d alleviated that fear for them. “And you never have to worry about them messing with you ever again.”

“Thank fuck.” Dustin sighed and slipped a little further into the water. “We chose wisely in our mating heat. And here we just wanted you because you were hot.”

“Glad I could pleasantly surprise you,” I drawled and then winked to let him know I wasn’t upset. “So tell me about you guys making clothes for the coven. You said it wasn’t the kind of clothes you’d want to have made. Are there some you’d like to?”

“Oh yeah.” Calin nodded, his eyes shining at the idea. “We were able to grab one of our design books with stuff we dreamed of making one day, but the others we had to leave behind. We used to sketch all kinds of clothes that we’d make if they’d have let us.”

“Not all the clothes were for, um, well, public viewing,” Dustin said, clearing his throat and looking away.

“Reeeally?” I asked, suddenly interested in my mates dirty imaginations. “And pray tell, what were these not-public-appropriate clothing items?”

“Panties and thongs,” Calin announced proudly, not having the same embarrassment as his friend. “Some were just pretty that could be worn under clothing, but others were the tear away, stringy kind for fun in bed.”

“So is that what you guys want to do with your lives? Make clothes?”

“We’ve not really thought about it.” Dustin shrugged and started playing with bubbles. “It’s been a couple of years since either of us has touched a sewing machine now since we were doing other things for money.”

“Can I ask how you guys got into that?” I asked, careful to leave any judgment out of my voice.

“When we left, we didn’t have any ID or anything besides our bank book,” Calin said quietly. “The coven had all that stuff to keep their members in line. Plus, we weren’t allowed to leave the coven for any reason without permission, so we didn’t really need them until we did and didn’t have them.”

“So you couldn’t get legit jobs.” I filled in so they didn’t have to.

“Calin saw an ad in a paper about models wanted, and it was quick money on the side. We went to check it out, and they were *thrilled* that we were vamps since not many paranormals will let pictures be taken in anything other than their human form. So we’re on a few romance novels as the models with our fangs bared. And at first it was really cool. No big deal, let the fangs pop out, take off our shirts, and pose the way they wanted us to.”

“But that’s not a job that’s in that much demand,” Calin said quietly and shivered. It wasn’t from the water, but I figured it was time to get out of the tub soon. I soaped up a washcloth for each of them before getting myself clean. They took the hint, and Calin especially looked grateful for the distraction as he spoke. “Then they offered for us to do some naked photo shoots.”

“And again, no big deal really,” Dustin whispered as his cheeks heated up. “We couldn’t just admit at our age that we were virgins since our coven was so proper and you didn’t have sex until you mated. I guess they liked what they saw because then we got a call about doing some porn. Nothing big, just standing in the background of scenes and whacking off. It was embarrassing, but the money was okay. I mean, a couple hundred for doing it once.”

“That still couldn’t have been enough for both of you to survive in New York,” I replied when they went quiet.

“No, no it wasn’t,” Calin said as we finished washing our hair. “Even to pay for that rat-infested studio we had. So then someone found out we were virgins, and they offered us five grand to have anal sex. We got more since it was our first time.”

“But we said no one else,” Dustin blurted out. “We’d do it if it was with each other. We never let anyone else touch us.”

“You lost your virginity on camera?” I asked, not to make them feel bad but to show I understood how hard that must have been.

“Yeah,” Calin admitted and then stepped out of the tub. “I let Dustin take me, and I guess we were a hit, but we were stupid.”

“How so?” I got out as well and handed them each a towel before drying myself off.

“We didn’t know other guys were getting royalties from their movies,” Dustin answered. “They just paid us each time we did it with no perks if we sold well. We didn’t even find out that there were other options until right before the conference. But by then we were already trying to get into the New York coven. And we took whatever money we had for the plane tickets to Scotland, thinking if that coven didn’t pan out, we could find another one there.”

“Can I ask something?” We threw our towels into the hamper and went back to the bedroom. They both nodded as they followed me. I turned when I got to the bed and held the covers open for them. My mates looked so lost and dejected that it was killing me. “If you got five thousand when you had sex for the camera, how come you were so broke still?”

“We only got that much the first time because we were virgins,” Calin whispered as he climbed into bed first. I got in next, with Dustin last. “After that, it was only three grand and they only wanted us once a month for a weekend. And even six grand a month between the two of us wasn’t much. It costs a lot to buy blood when you don’t live with a coven.”

“Plus, we lost our deposit and had to replace our stuff when we found those guys from our coven waiting for us that one time,” Dustin said sadly as they snuggled against me. I wrapped an arm around each of them, loving the feeling of both them laying their heads on my shoulders. “We did try to get real jobs, but we didn’t know how to go about getting legit IDs. We didn’t even have birth certificates, and humans get scared when you’re not affiliated with a certain coven or pack.”

“Well I think it’s impressive how strong you both are to have survived all of that,” I whispered and then kissed each one of them gently.

“You do? You’re not disgusted that we sold ourselves like that?” Calin asked, his eyes brimming with unshed tears, but there was still hope in them that I wouldn’t reject them.

“Not in the slightest, sweetheart,” I answered with a smile. “I’m way too old to judge or pretend like I can understand everything other people go through. I’ve lived way too long and seen too much to think something like doing some porn is horrible. Hell, that’s mild compared to what I’ve witnessed in the world.”

“I’m glad we picked you,” Dustin whispered. “I’m still sorry how it happened, but I’m just so fucking happy we landed with someone like you, Shea.”

“Me, too,” I replied honestly. “Now let’s get some sleep.”

“M’okay,” Calin said with a yawn.

It didn’t take long until they were both breathing evenly, soundly asleep. I couldn’t seem to join them, though. My mind was racing with everything that had happened and all I’d learned tonight about my sweet mates. And then a plan started to form in my head. It sounded like designing clothing was their real passion, and while I had enough money for all of us, it was important that they didn’t just feel like leeches or something.

Before I fell asleep I decided three things. One, they were going to be in my bed every night from now on. After spending this short time with them in my arms like this, I knew there was no going back for me.

Secondly, I was going to spoil them rotten with everything they’d never had growing up and when they were on their own. There was so much of the world my mates needed to experience, and they didn’t have to do it on their own anymore. And I had a feeling their reactions would be worth more than anything I could ever buy them.

Third, I was going to look into sewing machines and setting up a shop for them in the house. Maybe they could take over part of one of my workshops, or I had an empty room next to my lab in the lowest

level of the house. If this was what could make them happy, I wanted to give it to them.

Satisfied that I had a plan, I finally snuggled down to sleep with a smile on my face. Maybe getting jumped in Scotland was the best thing that ever happened to me. Damn! That meant I owed Elder Rice an apology. Bastard. Who knew he'd be right after all?

* * * *

I woke the next morning with a moan as dual lips and tongues licked and sucked along my collarbone. And then I felt two smaller hands trail down my stomach, stopping when they reached my cock.

"I could get used to waking up this way," I said with a happy sigh. My eyes popped open as they giggled.

"We promised to make you happy," Calin purred in my ear before nipping the lobe. "Do you like to watch, Shea? We were thinking maybe later you should just sit back and watch us fuck."

"Sweet mercy," I moaned and started thrusting my hips into his hand. Dustin was busy massaging my sac at the same time. "Yeah, I'm sure I'd like that, too. I wanted to ask you something, but I can't think right now."

"Do you want us to stop?" Dustin asked with a giggle.

"No, fuck no, go faster," I answered quickly.

"Yes, our mate," Calin said as he ran his fangs over my neck. That's all it took. The idea of one of them biting me was enough to set off my climax. I yelled out their names as my cock erupted so hard I was worried the head of it might blow off. They kept up what they were doing until I lay there gasping for air, spent like a wet noodle.

"Give me a second and I'll gladly reciprocate."

"Nope, that was just your wake-up call." Dustin chuckled, giving me a quick kiss before hopping out of bed.

"Well, good morning," I panted. Calin leaned over for a peck as well, but I wanted more. I reached up and held his head to mine,

devouring his lips. Then I gasped when a warm wash cloth started cleaning up the mess I'd made. I glanced down to see Dustin take care of me. "You guys are full service!"

"Yup, now we need to get you fed," Calin replied as he pulled out of my hold. He gave me a wink before crawling out of bed. I watched them get dressed before doing the same. "What did you want to ask us?"

"Oh, I wanted you both to move in with me," I answered as I pulled on a shirt once I had bottoms on.

"Um, we live with you, Shea," Dustin said quietly as he glanced at Calin with drawn brows in confusion.

"Yeah, I know that." I chuckled as I reached over and smacked his firm, pert ass. "I meant in my room. I want you both to be here with me, sleep in my bed every night."

"Really?" The smile on Calin's face was totally worth it. "One night of hot sex and morning hand job and you want us all the time?"

"Yes, but I actually realized it last night when you guys fell asleep in my arms," I said with a shrug as we headed to the kitchen. "It felt so right that I knew I wouldn't want to go back to sleeping alone every night."

"We could do that," Dustin replied as he took my hand. "We don't have much to move in, so we won't take up a lot of room."

"We're going to fix that, too," I said softly as I raised his hand to my lips and kissed it. "I've added a trip to the mall to today's agenda."

"Oh, I love the mall," Drea exclaimed as we entered the kitchen. It wasn't rare that my assistant was there before I'd even gotten up. She was one of those annoyingly perky morning people whose neck I'd want to wring if I didn't love her so.

"Shea, we didn't want to mate you to sponge off of you," Calin said quietly. In flash I dropped Dustin's hand, lifted Calin up, and plopped him on the kitchen counter with me between his legs.

“You didn’t even know I had money when you claimed me,” I replied firmly as I took his face in my hands. “I know that wasn’t your goal, and you’re not sponging off of me. I’m your mate, and I want to provide for you. Would you deny your mate such a simple request and hurt his feelings?”

“Nice guilt trip.” The housekeeper and cook, Stacey, chuckled under her breath.

“No, of course not, Shea,” Calin immediately answered as he melted into my touch. “Whatever you want, we’ll do. We belong to you.”

“As I do to you,” I said gently before kissing him passionately. I didn’t like how he phrased it as if they were possessions of mine instead of people for me to love, but instead of calling him out on it I decided to handle it this way. “Thank you for letting me have my way.”

“Yeah, because it’s *such* a hardship on us.” Calin giggled and rolled his eyes. “Can we go to a naughty store, too? I have some ideas for my big deer.”

“Anything you want, sweetheart,” I said as I wagged my eyebrows. “But I might have some ideas for you two, too, so be prepared.”

“Bring it on.” Dustin chuckled and smacked my ass. Then he turned to our audience. “Good morning, ladies.”

“So you finally worked out whatever was going on between the three of you?” Stacey asked as she shared a look with Drea. “About time. We’ve all been walking around on eggshells with y’all. It was getting to be very annoying.”

“I agree,” Drea said as she leaned against the other counter and sipped her coffee. “But more importantly, do I get to come on this trip to the mall? I’ll drive separately so you can have alone time at the *naughty* store.”

“How gracious of you,” I replied, rolling my eyes at her. “Yes, Stacey, we’ve worked past it and are now turning over a new leaf.

And on that note, we need to talk about menu changes for my carnivore mates.”

“Oh, an expanded menu,” she said excitedly and grabbed a notepad and pen. Just as I thought, she was bored with all my vegetarian meals. “Tell me I can finally start making sweets, too?”

“Yes please,” Calin replied, his eyes filling with excitement as he rubbed his hands together in glee. “We love cupcakes and frosted sugar cookies like you wouldn’t believe.”

“We’re women. We believe it.” Drea chuckled.

“Do you not drink milk or eat eggs?” Dustin asked as he poured some coffee for all of us. “Is that why she’s not been making sweets?”

“Nope, I’m not that kind of vegetarian,” I answered as I set Calin back on his feet. “I just don’t eat other animals. Most herbivore shifters are like that. But we’ll eat byproducts like milk and eggs. I don’t let the mean lady make sweets because I’ll eat them all and get fat.”

“You are quite *chunky* in certain places,” Calin said innocently, fluttering his eyelashes at me. The effect was ruined with the way he stared directly at my groin of course.

“I’ll show you chunky again,” I growled and went to grab him. He let out a yelp and raced to behind Stacey and Drea, who were laughing their asses off.

“I could get used to working for you like this,” Drea giggled as she gave me a peck on the cheek.

“Like what? Horny and dirty-minded?” I chuckled.

“Happy, Shea,” she whispered in my ear before moving away. She was right. This was the happiest I’d been in centuries. And it wasn’t that I was finally getting some action. It was the men I was getting it from.

We all sat down to eat, chatting about menus and the plans for today. Stacey swore she’d grill some burgers, veggie for me of course, for dinner tonight. I also talked with Drea about contacting the

head of the Atlanta coven to let him know that my mates were here and figure out how to get them additional blood besides just me.

Then we went to move Calin and Dustin into my room. It took maybe ten minutes. They had that few belongings. I also noted what clothes they had were way past their prime and made sure to check their sizes so I could replace them. They tried to hide some of their “porn clothes” as Calin called them, but I managed to see enough to get hard. But again, they needed more than just those if we were ever going to go out in public.

Thirty minutes later we were done, washed up, dressed, and heading out the door to the mall. Stacey passed on the trip, saying she had some grocery shopping to get done and meals to plan.

At first I was a little miffed that Drea invited herself on the field trip with my mates, but once we got there and I saw how much fun my men were having with her, I changed my mind. It was good for them to make friends with the people in my life. Plus, she was much better at the shopping thing than I was.

We were in the men’s section of Macy’s, where they started with jeans. After I’d added to their pile when they weren’t looking, I took it over to the register and asked the lady to please hold the items until we were done. She gave me a chuckle and nodded as she eyed over the amount of clothes we’d already selected.

“I saw it first,” Calin said as he tugged on a shirt that Dustin was also holding.

“But it will look better on me,” Dustin replied and smacked Calin’s hand away.

“Are they always like this?” Drea asked with a look of amazement on her face as she watched them like a tennis match.

“How do you think I ended up mated to both of them?” I replied with a laugh. “I know how the shirt feels.”

“We’ll just ask Shea who it looks better on.” Calin growled.

“Oh no we won’t,” I said, immediately holding up my hands in surrender as they both glanced at me. “I’m not walking into that trap. You guys can *share* the shirt after all.”

“Fine, but I get to wear it first because I saw it first,” Calin replied after a moment, staring at Dustin with narrowed eyes as if daring him to disagree.

“Fair enough,” Dustin said, giving Calin a quick kiss as he let go of the shirt.

“Crisis averted.” Drea snickered as she led them over to dress shirts after they picked out enough T-shirts. When they were browsing and holding items up to each other to see how things would look, I pulled her over from them. Not too far because I wanted to keep a discreet distance so I didn’t look as if I was plotting. Which I totally was, of course.

“I want you to look into sewing machines and order two top-of-the-line ones,” I said quietly in her ear. “They used to sew for their coven and mentioned they’d always wanted to design their own style of clothing. I guess their coven lived in the nineteenth century when it came to that kind of thing.”

“Where would we be putting these?” she asked as she pulled out her PDA and started typing away.

“I was thinking the room next to my lab in the basement that I use for storage.”

“Won’t work, no light,” she pointed out. Damn, she was right.

“You got a suggestion?”

“Yes, that room next to the library that’s empty and you never use. It’s got the gorgeous windows and doors to the terrace so they can escape if they want. It will be perfect.”

“You’re the best, you know that?”

“I do.” She giggled and kept typing. “I’ll look into finding a contractor that can convert the space—”

“Okay, we’re ready,” Calin said as they came towards us. I glanced up and realized that’s why Drea had stopped mid-thought. I shook my head when I saw the few shirts they’d picked out.

“Keep going.” I chuckled and took the items from him. “This isn’t nearly enough clothes. And you need more than jeans and shirts.”

“We can come back again.” Dustin snickered as they went to it.

“Smart ass,” I called after him. His reply was to wiggle said body part at me.

“I’ve not seen you smile this much since we met,” Drea said softly.

“You’re right,” I agreed and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. “And I like it. So back to what you were saying?”

“Right, I’ll also set up some sample fabrics and thread to be sent over so they can get a feel for what they like. That way you can just set up an account for them at whatever distributor they go with.”

“Remind me to give you a Christmas bonus.” I chuckled and kissed the top of her head.

“Christmas was months ago, you dork,” she replied and playfully elbowed me in the stomach.

“Fine, then what holiday’s in March?” We stared at each other for a moment and then burst out laughing. It was such a stupid question since what kind of an employer gave a holiday bonus in March anyways? Calin and Dustin simply glanced over and shook their heads as we laughed so hard we were clutching our stomachs. We were all having fun, and that was all that mattered.

Chapter 4

We spent four hours shopping, which was more time than I'd probably spent in a store in the past decade combined. After the mall, Drea left us and ended up taking most of the stuff back home for her and Stacey to get unpacked. I thought that was a great idea since I didn't want to do it. Then we went to the "naughty store" as Calin called it.

They thought they were being sneaky how they rotated distracting me while one of them would go to the register and hand over an item to be rung up and hidden before I saw it. I let them have their fun. It wasn't like I wasn't going to find out what they bought eventually.

We paid and left when it got to be past lunch time. It was a short trip home, and we stuffed food in our mouths before I left them and went down to my lab. I was more determined now than ever to get the synthetic blood done so my mates wouldn't have to worry about outside sources or that I didn't have enough blood for both of them.

I worked in silence for hours before an alarm sounded. Glancing over, I realized it was one of the alarm clocks Stacey had long since put in my lab. The woman knew me too well and my tendency to get distracted and completely forget about meals. I may have been the boss, but I'd learned early on when I hired her centuries ago that she was the one in charge. And that was fine with me. I just wanted to work and someone else tell me what had to be done or where to be.

As I shut off the alarm to tell me it was six and dinner time, I smiled. It was going to be our first dinner together as real mates. And for the first time in my life, I didn't have that annoying voice in the back of my mind telling me that my life was empty because I was

alone. I raced up the stairs and to the dining room. When I got there, I wondered why the door was closed, but shrugged and opened it, walking right in.

“Holy sweet mercy,” I gasped, just about swallowing my tongue at the sight before me. Both my mates were naked on the table and they were stretching each other out as lube and a double-sided dildo lay by them.

“We asked Stacey to hold dinner for an hour and not to disturb us,” Calin said with a moan as Dustin’s fingers fucked him. “Sit down.”

I nodded, unable to find words as my knees felt like jelly. While my hands, lips, and cock itched to join in on the buffet before me, if my mates wanted to run the show, I was willing to simply watch.

“Do you like your surprise, Shea?” Dustin purred as he pulled his fingers free from Calin and grabbed the dildo. It was about two feet long with ribbed bands all along it to enhance pleasure for the two people who’d use it.

“Very much so,” I answered, swallowing loudly.

“Good,” Calin replied and then cried out when Dustin pushed the toy into him none too gently. He planted his feet and lifted his hips while his head rolled from side to side.

Once it was in Calin a good six inches, Dustin held the other end to his hole and moved his hips forward. I watched with awe as it was sucked into his tight ass as well. They moved so they could take a little more in, Dustin throwing one leg over Calin’s and vice versa so that both their hips were angled while leaning back on their forearms.

“Aren’t you just my pretty little sluts.” I growled and scooted the chair forward. They both moaned at my dirty words. Oh, so my mates liked that, did they? “Do you want to be my little sluts forever?”

“Yes,” Calin whimpered beautifully as they both stared at me with lust in their eyes. They shared a look and stopped moving when they each had about eight inches in them. “What do you want us to do?”

“I get to control this?” I was ready to cream in my pants at the idea.

“Yes, but no touching.” Dustin panted as he started to shake with need. “We want you crazed with lust so you fuck us next.”

“Take more into those tight asses,” I ordered once I found my voice again. This was like walking into my personal wet dream. They did as I asked, making the sweetest sounds I’d ever heard. “Does that feel good?”

“Yesss,” Dustin hissed as they started to move together in a rhythm. Dustin would push forward as Calin did before both pulled back so the toy would fuck them. I was completely impressed with their flexibility and made a note for later to fully explore that.

“Move faster, I want to see how much you can take.”

“I need,” Calin groaned as they thrust their hips up harder and faster.

“What does my baby need?” I purred and scooted closer. They were within arm’s length then, so I had a prime view of the fun. “Can I touch the toy and help?”

“Okay,” Dustin answered as sweat poured off of him. I ached to lick every drop off both of them. In a flash I stood and grabbed the dildo where it was exposed. I pushed it hard into Calin before pulling it back out and more into Dustin.

“I like being your slut,” Calin gasped as he lowered himself onto his shoulders and raised his hips. Dustin saw what he did and mirrored the movement.

“Is that right?” I whispered and leaned over so our lips were a breath apart. I started to work the toy faster, much to their delight. “What does my pretty little slut want?”

“Kiss me, touch me, anything! I’m yours,” he cried out as I moved the dildo so it was hitting their sweet spots with each push inside.

“I thought no touching?” I chuckled and moved so my mouth was right by his bouncing cock. They both were hard and leaking as their

dicks slapped their stomachs. It was a glorious site. “But what about licking?”

“Licking is good.” Dustin moaned as he squirmed on the table. Good thing it was made of solid oak or I’d be worried this might have broken it. I licked Calin’s cock, causing him to screech in pleasure before turning to do the same to Dustin. The whole time I kept moving the toy harder and faster.

“Give me your cum,” I growled as I stared up into Dustin’s eyes. They went wide, and he nodded before throwing back his head and crying out with the next swipe of my tongue. I leaned back so I could witness such a thing of beauty. His cock exploded, shooting streams of seed all over his stomach and chest. As soon as he was spent, I gently moved his body so that the toy slipped free and he could rest while I finished Calin.

“Harder,” Calin gasped and lifted his hips higher as he moved his planted feet closer together.

“Next time I’m going to make my pretty sluts beg,” I said firmly as I did what he wanted. Calin nodded as his eyes fluttered closed. I wasn’t having any of that. “Look at me!”

His eyes popped open and went wide as a smile broke across his face. The little imp licked his lips and started thrusting his hips faster.

“Come now,” I growled and shoved the toy back into him harder and further than I’d been going. Calin screamed in pleasure as he did as ordered, his cum landing all over him and the table. Again, I just watched in awe. There was nothing more gorgeous than my hot little mates coming.

“Hope you liked your appetizer,” he whispered with a smile as he gasped for air, his chest heaving.

“It’s not over yet,” I purred and slowly pulled the toy from him. Calin’s legs flopped to the table as if they were now noodles. “I want to explore how flexible my mates are.”

“Oh gods,” Dustin moaned as he turned onto his side. He stared at me like dessert, and I saw he was already hard again.

“Are you volunteering to go first?” I teased as I pulled off my shirt. He nodded as his eyes glazed over with lust, watching me intently as I then shucked my jeans and shoes. When I was naked, I pulled him by the ankle to the edge of the table so his ass was hanging off of it. He spread his legs wide in the air so that, when I stepped up to him, his feet were by each of my shoulders.

“I’ll suffer through it.” He giggled and gave me a wink. I smacked him hard on the ass, growling when I saw it made his cock twitch. “I think I liked that.”

“Add it to the list of things to explore later,” I replied and pushed into him. They were both more than slicked up and stretched after using the toy, so I knew I’d not hurt them. Dustin cried out as I slammed home in one hard thrust. I gasped as his ass clamped down on me, his cock erupting. “So beautiful.”

He yelled and thrashed on the table, his hips moving of their own accord as he rode his orgasm. I stayed still and watched since I knew there was no way I was moving with the vise-like grip his hole had on my cock.

“Whoops,” Dustin gasped when he was done, his chest heaving. “Too soon?”

“It was fucking hot, my pretty slut,” I cooed and ran my fingers through the puddle of cum on his chest. I held it up to his mouth and his eyes went wide as he stuck out his little pink tongue and licked it.

“Mmm, protein.” He giggled and took another swipe. The sound of his sexy giggle broke my control and resolve to give him a few moments rest. I started a hard pace, slamming back into him with each snap of my hips. “Fuck yeah!”

“Like that, do you?” I grunted as I picked up the pace. He nodded and whimpered as his cock started to perk right back up. “Sweet hell, you are insatiable!”

“Pretty much,” Dustin moaned loudly. “Welcome to being mated to vampires.”

I did *not* have a problem being mated to two nymphos who could recover so quickly. Hell, it was every paranormal's and probably human's dream to be so lucky. I saw many, many hot bouts of sex in our future, and the idea got me so wound up it didn't take me long to blow. Plus, after the show I'd watched, I was on edge already.

"Dustin," I screamed as I shot my seed deep in my mate. I had just enough brain cells left to grab his cock and started stroking him fast as I came. Seconds later my pretty little mate followed me right over. I *loved* the feeling of my cum coating his inner walls. While I wasn't a predator or especially aggressive shifter, I was still dominant and liked marking my territory.

"My turn," Calin whimpered, fully recovered as he scooted over to us.

"Oh it is, huh?" I panted, my cock twitching inside of Dustin at the idea. He moaned as his hole shuddered around my dick. I had a kinky plan of my own then. Slowly pulling out of my mate, I leaned over and gave him a quick kiss as he lay there completely spent, ass hanging off the table.

"Yes please," Calin purred as I stepped back. I gave him a wink and move the chair I'd vacated over in between Dustin's legs. Then I lifted Calin off the table, sat down, and immediately lowered him onto my cock. He cried out at the sudden invasion and arched his back as his head fell to my shoulder. "Nice warning."

"You were begging for it, my pretty slut," I whispered in his ear before running my tongue around the shell of it. He moaned and plastered his back to my chest, but that wasn't what I wanted. "Lean forward and clean our mate up." I growled as I pushed him forward. "I want to fuck you while you lick my seed out of Dustin's ass."

"Oh fuck," they both groaned. Calin did as I asked as I moved my hands under his thighs for leverage. He turned his head to the side and gave Dustin's hole a long, leisurely lick so I could see without his hair in the way. Fuck, that was hotter than I thought it would be.

“Pretty, pretty little sluts.” I moaned as I lifted him up before letting him drop right back on my cock. Calin cried out and buried his face further into Dustin’s ass. I licked the nape of his neck as I moved his sweet body how I needed to. He enjoyed it as much as Dustin did, Calin cleaning him up that way.

As much as I wanted to draw this out, see more of their intense pleasure, the show itself was quickly throwing me back over the edge. Which was impressive since I’d never had much of a sex drive before. Now I couldn’t seem to get my cock to go down around my mates. I figured that was a good thing for all parties involved.

When I was moments away from blowing, I went to lean Calin back to my chest so I could take care of his cock. The movement changed the angle of my thrusts, and before I could even touch it, he cried out as his dick blew. He threw his head back onto my shoulder and wrapped one arm around my neck as he rode his climax. The sight of his being so open and expressive with the pleasure I gave him threw me into my own orgasm.

“Fuck,” I roared as it hit me harder than a freight train would have. The ride lasted for what felt like hours, though I knew it was only minutes. When it was over, Calin was slumped against me as I panted, trying to get my heart back under control. This was so much better than eating dinner, even if I knew that was still coming. I wouldn’t let my sweet mates miss getting nourishment after the fun they’d just given me.

“That was awesome,” Calin exclaimed as he moved off my lap. I groaned as my now-spent dick slipped from him. My mate was smiling so widely I wondered if it would split his face. He bounded over to one of the other chairs where I saw they’d stashed some clothes and wipes for clean up. They thought of everything, it would seem.

“It wasn’t good enough if you’ve still got this much energy.” I chuckled as he moved back by us and started to wipe Dustin off. “I’m ready for a nap and you’re bouncing around the room.”

“Sex makes us hyper.” He giggled as Dustin nodded in agreement.

“I’m so screwed,” I groaned as my cock twitched and thought about coming back to life. Instead of thinking about more fun, I quickly grabbed a wipe from Calin and cleaned up. Dustin leapt off the table, looking happier than I’d ever seen him as he grabbed a wipe and returned the favor to Calin.

“In every way possible.” Calin smirked as Dustin cleaned up my cum leaking back out his hole. It warmed my heart to see the tenderness and caring with each other. I wanted that, too. One day, I’d have those easy, instinctive reactions, giving them what they needed when they needed it. It wasn’t something I’d ever had with another person, but I had two perfect examples right in front of me.

“Thank you,” I whispered, suddenly emotional as I pulled both of them into my arms.

“Hey now, no being sad,” Dustin whispered as they both peppered my face with soft kisses.

“Not sad, just grateful we worked past our issues,” I replied and hugged them tighter. “I’ve had more fun and excitement in one day with you guys than the last decade combined.”

“Glad you liked it. We had fun, too.” Calin kissed me briefly before moving away and allowing Dustin to do the same. Then we all got dressed, and I opened the door as they put the chairs back.

“Everyone still alive?” Stacey snickered as she came into the room a minute later with a tray of burgers. “I swear I had to put my iPod on just to drown out the noise.”

“You just can’t be quiet when the pleasure is that intense,” Calin said smoothly as he stepped in front of Dustin, who was scrambling to hide the toy and bottle of lube from sight. “Thanks for holding back dinner so we could pounce on Shea.”

“Not a problem.” She chuckled, giving him a wink as she set the food down. “Besides, you said you’d do the dishes. That’s a fair trade in my book.”

I burst out laughing at their antics. It was shocking enough that they'd thought to do all this for me, but to know that it was planned in such a way and they negotiated terms with my housekeeper was a trip. "You guys are too much," I said when they all looked at me as if I'd lost it.

They smiled as we settled down to dinner, passing around plates and silverware while Stacey left to get drinks. Then she came back and joined us. While she was my employee, I wasn't *that guy* who would treat the people who worked for him as if they were beneath him. I liked the laid-back attitude of my home, and Calin and Dustin fit right in.

As I reached for my second veggie burger, I saw both my mates bite into their third meat ones. I couldn't help chuckling at their enthusiastic eating, trying to repress my lust at the noises they made.

"Where are you guys *putting* all that food?" I asked with a smirk.

"We're growing men," Calin replied with a mouthful of food. "And it's been so long since we've had meat." He gave me a wink when I opened my mouth as if knowing the inappropriate comment I was going to make. I snapped my lips shut and wiggled my eyebrows at him.

Stacey reached over and smacked me in the arm, letting me know she understood exactly what was going on. Which of course had us all bursting out laughing. And I couldn't think of a single meal when I'd had this much fun. I liked it.

* * * *

The next week was the best of my life. Not only were my mates sweet and kind, but they were animals in bed, never completely sated. We slept, ate, and played together, and I never tired of being around them. Most of the time I pouted when I had to get some work done away from them. A few times I even dragged them downstairs with me so they could check out my lab and workrooms.

They seemed honestly intrigued by everything, asking intelligent questions every time I showed them one of my projects. I also asked them to help at times when I knew Drea was up in the room next to the library with contractors or taking measurements so they wouldn't see something was going on. It made me so excited for their surprise I swore it was as if I was making it for myself instead of them.

It was weird, but as much as they wanted sex, I noticed they were sleeping a lot, too. There were several times they weren't in the dining room when I got there for a meal and I had to track them down. I kept finding them asleep in our bed or in the library with a book on them as if they'd dozed off reading.

I wanted to bring it up, but then I figured it was the excitement of being newly mated and starting a new life. While I was new to being mated, everything else was the same for me. They were in a new house, meeting new people, exploring my mansion, and learning so many new things about the world outside of their coven and the life they lived in New York. Plus, I was older, way older, and it took more to wear me out with how strong I was.

Calin and Dustin didn't seem to be bothered with their required extra sleep time, so I decided to leave it be. If something was wrong, they'd let me know. Or at least I hoped they would.

I'd called Elder Rice and let him know I didn't hate him anymore. And again I was reminded of how good of a friend he'd become over the years. He was thrilled that I was finding happiness with my mates and everything had worked out.

The head of the Atlanta coven was working with Drea to get extra blood shipped. A few times when I asked about why we didn't have it yet, she grumbled about the guy being a pompous ass and dragging his heels. I wondered if he wanted something more than money for the blood and asked my assistant to put in a call to the elder of the vamps to see what was what. Until that got resolved, my mates were simply taking smaller drinks of me every night.

Stacey was over-the-moon thrilled that they were eating everything she made, including treats. It struck me as odd that they were always so hungry. I mean, they were eating more in one day than I did in three. And while I understood they were younger, higher metabolisms and all that, it still didn't seem right. I was twice their size and eating so much less than them.

That night when we crawled into bed, I noticed they actually looked more tired and paler than normal. "Are you guys okay?"

"Yeah, just not feeling so hot and really thirsty," Calin answered.

"Then come take what you need from your mate," I said, opening my arms to both of them. They gave me weak smiles as they crawled over to me, Dustin on my right and Calin on my left. Leaning against me to lick the sides of my neck, I noticed their hearts were beating slower than normal. That scared the shit out of me. What was wrong with them? Tomorrow I'd be calling that ass who was head of the Atlanta coven and finding out what was wrong and getting them blood.

They sank their fangs into me as I moaned with delight. As they drank deeply from me, I started to feel better that everything was okay with them. I couldn't have been more wrong.

"Something's—" Dustin moaned as he pulled away. Before he could finish that thought, he leaned over the bed and threw up the blood he'd just drank. A second later Calin did the same on the other side.

"Fuck!" I gasped and leapt off the bed. "Hold on, guys, I'm calling for help." I grabbed my cell and called Elder Rice.

"Shea?" He answered, sounding as if I'd just woken him up.

"Something's wrong, Rice," I cried as my mates started convulsing on the bed. "My mates just threw up my blood everywhere, and now they're going into some type of shock. Call someone, anyone who can help. Please!"

"Jesus, fuck, okay, I'll call the vamp elder and you call the head of Atlanta. One of them has to know what's going on."

“Right,” I said quickly and hit end. Then I pulled up Drea’s email with the coven’s phone number and pressed send. “Hang on, guys. Please just hold on, I’m getting help.”

“Atlanta coven,” a chipper voice said.

“I need to speak to your coven leader immediately.”

“I’m sorry, Master Cortez is unavailable—”

“I don’t fucking care if he’s at his wedding, interrupt him,” I shouted into the phone. “This is Shea Mayer, and my vampire mates are fucking dying in my bed.”

“Yes, Mr. Mayer, I’ll inform him at once,” the guy said before I was put on hold with horrid music.

“Gods help me,” I gasped and went back to the bed where my mates were still thrashing about. I moved the phone against my shoulder and reached out to stroke both of their chests, trying anything to comfort them.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Mayer, but Master Cortez says he’s not able to help you—”

“You mean he won’t,” I snarled into the phone. “Fine. Tell him I won’t forget this and to expect a call from his elder. Elder Lewis and I know each other, but I went to your coven leader since we’re in Atlanta. Your master has fucked with the wrong person.”

The guy went to say something, but I hung up instead. Then I pulled up Elder Lewis’s number, forgetting completely that Rice said he’d be calling, and hit send.

“Shea, I just talked to Rice. What’s going on?” Elder Lewis asked when he picked up.

“They’ve been tired and eating a lot,” I said so fast I hoped he could keep up. “I thought it was because they’re in a new home, mated, and just excited about their new lives. But they said they weren’t feeling that hot tonight, and I told them to drink from me. They couldn’t have taken more than two sips before turning and throwing it up and more over the side of the bed.”

“They’ve been convulsing and nonresponsive to my touch. I called your fuckhead leader of the Atlanta coven, but he’s too busy to talk to me. His lackey said he couldn’t help me.”

“I will handle Cortez and get help to you. I’m not sure what’s going on, but I’ve never heard of vampires getting sick like this. Rice is on his way.”

“Thank you, elder,” I said, putting my true feelings of relief that help was coming into my voice.

“Of course, Shea,” he replied and hung up. Just then two things happened...my mates stop convulsing, and Stacey burst through the door.

“What’s going on?” she asked, her eyes wide with panic.

“I have no idea,” I cried as she ran over to us. We shared a look before snapping into action.

Chapter 5

Stacey ran to the bathroom for mop-up materials as I moved my mates to the side of the bed that didn't contain vomit and blood. Then I pulled off the bedding as she came back into the room and started cleaning up their faces.

"Shea, they're ice cold," she gasped as her gaze darted from them to me.

"I know," I whispered, tears blurring my vision. I ran to the closet in the hall with extra linens and tore through it. Finally I found two of the softest comforters we had and went back to my room, leaving the mess I'd made.

"Come on, cutie," Stacey said gently as she wiped sweat off Dustin as he sat in her lap. "Wake up for me and I'll make that chocolate cake recipe you found the other day. I'll make shit loads of cookies, too."

"Rice is on the way." I sniffled as I lifted Dustin away from her and wrapped him in one of the blankets before giving him back to her. Then I did the same with Calin but kept him in my arms. "And I talked to the vamp elder who's going to handle the Atlanta guy. Fucker wouldn't even take my call."

"You're shitting me," she replied with wide eyes. "Stupid move much?"

"Yeah, he's going to find out just how stupid it was as soon as we've figured out what's wrong and they've recovered. I will fuck him up for refusing to help my mates."

"You watch them. I'll let Elder Rice in," she said as she gently laid Dustin on the bed. I nodded and pulled him onto my lap as well.

They were wrapped up like mummies in the big comforters, so there wasn't much room for them, but I just needed to hold them. My mind raced with possibilities, though each idea sounded less feasible than the last.

"Holy shit," Rice gasped when he entered the room moments later. I met his gaze, and his eyes said it all. They looked like they were dying. "Cortez is on his way. Lewis called the ass and ordered he get here immediately."

"Did he come up with any theories?"

"He said it sounded like blood poisoning," Rice said as he moved to sit on the other side of the bed from us. "Have you been out anywhere that your food could have been tampered with?"

"No, I thought of that," I answered, shaking my head. "The vomiting and convulsing was sudden, of course, but they've been tired and eating a lot for at least a week. The week before that they didn't even have any blood from me because I didn't know they needed to drink that often and we were still dealing with how we mated."

"We'll figure something out, Shea," he said gently as he leaned over to pat my shoulder.

"I love them," I whispered as the tears started again. "I didn't even get a chance to tell them or claim them in our way."

"Hey, they're not going anywhere, okay?"

"You don't know that," I cried out. "They're so cold, and if I didn't hear their hearts beating so slowly, I'd think they were dead."

"I'm here," a voice growled from the door. My attention immediately snapped up to the man as I gently laid down my mates before moving in front of them protectively. I glanced past him to see Stacey waiting nervously in the hallway.

"Cortez?" I asked and gestured for Stacey to come forward, which she did and went to my mates.

"Master Cortez," he replied. Great, this was so not the time for some power-play bullshit.

“What’s wrong with them?” I asked firmly, ignoring his comment.

“How should I know? I’m not a doctor,” Cortez answered, looking bored.

“Answer him,” Rice barked out. “Tell us what you know before I call Elder Lewis again.”

“Elder Rice, I apologize. I didn’t see you there,” Cortez said, giving a slight bow of his head as he lost some of his bravado.

“Tell me what’s wrong with my mates,” I bit out impatiently.

“You’re an herbivore,” he said as a statement, as if putting it together as to why Elder Rice would be here. Before I could confirm it, he started laughing so hard he grabbed his side. I turned to glance at Rice, who had the same *what the fuck* look I had. Then what little patience I had snapped.

“You fucking think this is funny?” I shouted as I stepped closer to him. “They’re dying!”

“Yeah, you killed your own little porn whores,” he gasped between laughs. I froze for a moment and just blinked at him, completely shocked and taken aback at his words. Then I snapped out of it and grabbed him by the throat, slamming him into the wall so hard his head made a hole in the drywall.

“They are not whores,” I snarled in his face, so close our noses touched. “Tell me how to help them or I will snap you like a twig.”

“You can’t,” he croaked out as he tried to claw at my hands. “I’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Release him, Shea,” Rice yelled. But I didn’t. Cortez’s eyes went wide when I didn’t immediately release him.

“Perk of being over four thousand years old,” I said as an evil smile broke out over my face. “I can’t be swayed by orders from elders, especially since Rice is half my age. So you were saying about what I *can’t* do?”

He paused for a moment, seeming to realize how he’d walked into the lion’s den, even if I wasn’t really one. “You’re an herbivore.”

“We’ve established that,” Rice shouted, losing his patience as well.

“Your blood doesn’t have what a vampire needs.” Cortez gasped, and I loosened my hold on his neck. As much as I wanted to squeeze harder and kill him, he was needed for answers.

“What is our blood missing?” I asked as I racked my brain.

“Protein,” Cortez and Rice said together as the puzzle pieces fell into place for the elder. Cortez nodded and went on. “You’ve basically been slowly weakening and killing them before the blood poisoning came to a head tonight.”

“How do I fix it?” My heart was shattering as his words sunk in. It made sense. They’d been eating so much as if they were fighting a human cold and sleeping as well. And he was right, I was an herbivore. We didn’t eat meat or need protein. “Get us some blood for them.”

“Won’t help if they’re rejecting blood,” he replied and shook his head. “If you were a normal carnivore mate to them, then you’d be able to heal them with your blood, but you’re not.”

“I can get protein in my blood,” I said quickly, not anywhere near giving up like Cortez seemed.

“What about your blood, Cortez? Another, stronger vamp’s blood should help them,” Rice added, and I had to remember to thank him for that later.

“I’m not feeding two whores,” Cortez said indignantly. I squeezed harder and slammed him back into the wall.

“Just because you answered what’s wrong doesn’t mean I won’t still kill you.” I growled, saying each word slowly so it sunk in. “They would have been getting the proteined blood if you hadn’t been fucking around getting it to us when Drea asked for it! They die, you die. You feel me?”

“I—I can’t guarantee my blood will help them,” he stuttered, his eyes wide with fear.

“Then figure out a way to save them, or so help me gods, Cortez, there will be nowhere you can hide from me,” I shouted so loudly in his face that he cringed at the noise.

“I can try, but the best thing would be their mate’s blood with everything they need,” he said as I let him go.

“I’ll go make some eggs,” Stacey said quickly as she headed to the door. “And I’ve got some of that protein shake stuff I like when I don’t feel like a full meal.”

“Thank you,” I replied, glad one of us could think. She patted my arm in support as she moved past me.

Cortez stepped towards my mates, but I moved his way. “You want me to give them my blood, right?” he shouted as he threw his hands up in the air.

“Yes, but they’re passed out, so they can’t drink from you,” I said as I glanced to Rice. “I’ve got medical equipment in my lab since I’ve been working on the synthetic blood formula for Lewis.”

I saw something flash across Cortez’s face before he schooled his features. I’d have to figure out what was going on later, but right then all that mattered was my mates.

“Go,” Rice said calmly as he stared at Cortez. “I’ll stay with them and make sure they are safe.”

“Elder Rice, I mean no harm to Mr. Mayer’s mates,” Cortez replied with a look of hurt. Yeah right! The guy was faking it, and he wasn’t a good actor. “I have an entire coven to run and can’t fly to the rescue of every paranormal in the area every time someone has a boo-boo they need kissed better.” Boo-boo? How did he get that out with a straight face? “That is very different than thinking I would hurt these young men!”

“I thought you called them whores?” Rice asked calmly, raising an eyebrow. If it was a different situation, I would have laughed at Rice’s attitude. I was just glad he wasn’t buying Cortez’s bullshit either.

Without saying anything else, I raced from the room and downstairs to my lab. I trusted Rice to protect my mates. He might not have been as strong as I was, but he was incredibly strong and an elder after all. I grabbed what I needed and swung by the kitchen. Stacey had just finished mixing one of those shakes and handed it off to me before I ran back to our room.

On the way back, I had a thought. While I agreed with Rice's idea of a stronger vamp's blood helping my mates, we didn't know for sure. And I'd be damned stupid to just trust Cortez's word that his blood wouldn't make them worse.

"Call Lewis and tell him what we know and the plan," I said to Rice after I walked into the room. I gave him a knowing look, which he studied before his eyebrows shot up with understanding. He gave me a quick nod and got off the bed, pulling out his cell phone. As he stepped out into the hall to make the call, I led Cortez to take his place sitting between my mates.

"How did you know they were in porn?" I asked, curiosity itching even though I wasn't sure I wanted to know the answer.

"When I was informed they were in the area, it's our kind's protocol to talk with their old coven to make sure they aren't feral," he answered slowly, as if choosing his words carefully.

"Smart," I replied, trying to seem as if I didn't completely hate this man nor trust him. "There aren't as many of us herbivores for that. I know some that stay in tight communities, like rabbits, but most live on their own. Of course we're a lot less likely to go feral."

"Why is that?"

"Finish answering my question and I'll answer yours," I said smoothly as I found a vein in his right arm. He hissed as I stuck him with the needle.

"They were pissed your mates were still alive and threatened retribution on my coven if I didn't eliminate them or gave you aid," he replied. And I would have believed him if he wasn't avoiding eye contact with me and sweating. Maybe that part was true, but that

wasn't why he hadn't gotten us blood. "I informed them that I have gay members of my coven and the elders don't care about such things.

"So if they wanted to make it an issue, it was theirs and theirs alone. I also couldn't risk my people by starting shit with another coven. I had already put a call into Elder Lewis for his assistance on the matter, but he'd not gotten back to me until he called tonight."

"You could have helped us without them finding out," I said, not buying the explanation. Something wasn't right with his story. Plus, he was still dodging the porn part of the question or why he'd called my mates whores. I found a vein in his other arm and stuck him none too gently with the other needle.

Normally I'd just take bags of blood from him, but since my mates were already cold to the touch and I didn't have time to drag up the machines to warm bagged blood, I'd opted for a direct transfusion. Too bad the fucker didn't know I'd drain him dry in a heartbeat if it meant saving my mates. But it wasn't like I was going to tell him.

"Vampires' gossip is worse than little old ladies you see on TV." Cortez snickered. "And when I defended your mates being gay to their old coven, they told me they had also done vamp porn that belittled us as a people."

"That's *not* what happened." I growled as I uncovered an arm of each of my mates. "They did some modeling and romance book covers with their fangs extended. But a graphic artist could have done that as well. It was just easier because the fangs were real."

"So they didn't do porn?" Cortez asked, raising an eyebrow at me in disbelief.

"They did some with each other for money because they had to run from their own coven who tried to *kill* them," I answered, narrowing my eyes at him as if daring him to judge my mates. "But they didn't expose fang or anything like that. Anyone watching it would never have known they were vamps. They did what they had to do to survive."

“That’s a different story than I got,” he said quietly, sounding repentant. I might have believed him if his jaw wasn’t twitching with restraint. He was hiding something, and I didn’t fucking like it. Either he was lying about what their old covenant had told him or that he hadn’t known the truth. I wasn’t sure what it was, but after tonight I knew this man wouldn’t be allowed within fifty yards of my mates.

“Lewis confirms that this could help,” Rice said as he walked back into the room. The look in his eyes told me two things...that there was no guarantee this would work and we needed to talk in private. “He says he’s never known a vamp mated to an herbivore nor has ever come across this.” Then he turned to Cortez and narrowed his eyes. “And your elder orders that you have someone deliver blood immediately.”

“I will see it done as soon as this is over,” Cortez replied solemnly, nodding deeply.

“I’ll be giving my mates my blood, but that blood will help replenish me,” I said as I stuck my mates and then attached tubing to them and Cortez. “And we both know that I can’t be killed, and your elder will know exactly where I got the blood if something happens with it.”

“I’m not the enemy here.” He growled and gestured to the needles and blood flowing out of his arms into my mates.

“I’m not saying you are, but these are my mates. Would you be any less protective of yours?”

“No, no I wouldn’t,” Cortez replied with a nod.

We all sat there in silence for a while. Even when Stacey came into the room with the biggest omelet I’d ever seen, no one said anything. I shoveled it in my mouth and washed it down with the protein shake. The shake was a much better option. While I was okay with eggs from the standpoint of an herbivore shifter, I didn’t like them. Normally when I had them, they were hidden as ingredients in things such as cookies.

“Okay, starting to feel light-headed here.” Cortez groaned and grabbed his head. “You’ve got until I pass out. After that you’d do too much damage to me and the extra blood wouldn’t even help them.”

“How do we know it’s working?” I asked as I got ready to unhook him. I glanced at the clock and saw that twenty minutes had passed. It took ten minutes to get a pint of blood out of someone, and he had two needles in him. That was four pints of blood. That could have killed a human, but Cortez wasn’t human.

“They’re not convulsing,” he said as he started to sway. That was enough of an indicator to me. I pulled the needles out of him and applied gauze to the sites, which he held in place. Then I got the rest of the blood in the tubes into my mates before pulling it out of them and tending to them as well.

“So what now?” Rice asked as I finished cleaning up my mess.

“You wait,” Cortez answered softly as he moved away from them on the large king-sized bed and lay down. “They’ve not rejected it because they’re not throwing up or convulsing. So if it’s going to help, it will just take time. Elder Lewis was right. This isn’t something we normally come across. I only knew about the protein thing because one of my coven went all new age on us and tried to give up meat. He got sick like you were saying they did.”

“How long would it take for a vampire to recover from blood poisoning?” I asked, my heart sinking when he didn’t immediately respond.

“Depends on how bad it is,” Cortez finally said as he turned his head to me. “But they don’t always come back from it, Shea. You need to understand this is a Hail Mary play.”

“No, no that’s unacceptable,” I said firmly as I started to shake. I scrambled back onto the bed and pulled them to me so their heads lay in my lap. “They’ll wake back up.”

“Look, I’m not a doctor.” Cortez sighed as he pulled out his phone and started clicking buttons. “To me, this is closer to a vamp losing too much blood than drinking poisoned blood. They were lacking

protein as if they weren't getting enough of what they needed. If a vampire is drained too far or loses too much blood, their body just needs time to recover. It could take days or weeks. There's just no straight answer here."

"We appreciate your insight," Rice said, playing nice with him. "And I will make sure to mention to your elder how much you helped once you knew the gravity of the situation."

"I'd appreciate that," he replied as he sat up slowly. "I just sent a message to my second-in-command about the blood. He'll bring some in the morning and work with your assistant to get a regular supply for your mates."

He was saying all the right words, but there was still something off. I couldn't put my finger on it, and it wasn't something obvious. It was more that internal warning your mind got sometimes that just screamed danger. And I'd lived too long to ignore my gut feelings on people and situations.

"Thank you for your help," I said anyways so he didn't know what I was feeling. "Do you have a direct number where I can get you if we have more questions?"

"Of course."

"I'll take it down before I show Master Cortez out," Stacey said pleasantly. One of the many reasons I loved that woman like a sister was her ability to understand my moods. She knew I wanted him gone.

"Yes, I'd like to get home and rest," Cortez replied, smiling weakly, laying it on a little thick since he'd just donated some blood. But then again my mates were unconscious, so everyone else's shit didn't matter to me. "I'd suggest waiting about four hours before giving them a pint of your blood. Then I'd stick to four hours for the next day or two before pulling back to every eight hours."

"That much?" I asked as my eyes went wide.

"Humans can generate white blood cells to fight off infection," he answered as he rubbed his eyes. He did look really wiped, and he had

given four pints of blood. Maybe I was being too harsh of my opinion of the guy, but I just didn't trust him. "We can't, Shea. Think of blood for us like you'd drink fluids. You're not feeling well or run down, you require more. Their bodies are depleted, so err on the side of a little extra."

"Makes sense." I sighed and rubbed my hands over my face. "Thank you, I appreciate the advice and all of your help."

"My pleasure," he said, giving Rice a nod before leaving with Stacey. We waited to talk until after we knew he was gone. When Stacey came back to the room several minutes later with another protein shake for me, we knew the coast was clear.

"I don't like that guy," she blurted out as she walked towards me. "He did a complete one-eighty on his position to help, and not when most people would have."

"I agree." Rice sighed as he ran his fingers through his hair before turning towards me. "He was willing to help after you threatened him, but he only became polite after you mentioned the synthetic blood project. I told that to Elder Lewis. He wasn't thrilled that little tidbit got out. I guess most vampires would be pissed at the idea and Cortez especially since he's one of the main distributors of the bagged blood. He makes millions selling it to other covens."

"That would explain the weird reaction he had before he hid it," I said with a groan. My mind raced as I tried to logically think of his pros and cons to helping us. "So he'd love to see the project die, maybe even me if he thought that I was the only one who could do it. And since he can't kill me, going after my mates would be a likely scenario. *But* since his elder knows that he was here and ordered to help, he wouldn't risk making the situation worse, would he?"

"No, he'd fear Lewis," Rice replied with a shudder. "Hell, I fear Lewis, and I am an elder as well. Not that I'd ever admit that to anyone else. That is *not* a man you ever want to cross."

"Yeah, I got that impression of him." I nodded in agreement as Stacey stared at us and seemed to just take this all in.

“I’m glad I’m just a lowly bird off everyone’s radar.” She snickered and waved her arms between us. “I’d never survive all this Machiavelli bullshit. I just like cooking and feeding people. You guys can have all this other crap.”

“I just like to invent things and blow shit up when the need arises,” I replied, rolling my eyes. “I stay so far out of most paranormal politics that half the time people don’t even bother trying to drag me in because I’m out of the loop.”

“It’s true,” Rice said with a snort. “You’re one of the oldest known paranormals in our modern structure, and yet you have no rank, no following, no leadership goals. We both know you could bump me as elder any day you wanted to, Shea. The only reason you don’t is because you never wanted it.”

“No, no I don’t,” I whispered as I pushed the hair off of Calin’s face. “I just wanted to be left alone in my lab until then. Now I just want to protect them and make them deliriously happy. I did this to them.”

“You didn’t know, Shea,” Stacey said quietly and moved to hug me from behind.

“Doesn’t matter,” I replied as the tears started to fall. “I might have just killed the only men I’ve ever loved, and I can’t fucking fix it!”

“Hey, it’s a good sign they’re not rejecting Cortez’s blood,” Rice said gently as he reached over and patted my shoulder. “There’s still hope, Shea. One thing Cortez didn’t point out, either because he wasn’t thinking or to keep you off kilter. You’re fucking strong. They’ve mated an incredibly strong paranormal and tied their lifelines to you. If there’s anyone who was strong enough to pull them back from the brink, it’s you.”

“I hope so because if losing them doesn’t kill me instantly, it will just kill me slowly.”

Chapter 6

I'd like to say that first day was the worst and it got better from there, but that would be a lie. The truth was they were all hell and I was losing my ever-loving mind. Rice came back a few times to check on them, and Elder Lewis called as well.

The first day I did as Cortez suggested with giving them blood on the timetable. I kept ports in all of us to make it easier. And when his vampire came with blood, I started to pump it into myself while still filling up on more protein than I thought my body could handle. I didn't have a four-chamber stomach like deer in the wild, but I still wasn't used to it. And damn did my stomach get pissed.

I didn't sleep. After Cortez and Rice left, I gently bathed each of my mates in warm water, hoping that would bring back up their body temperatures some. Either that or the blood was working because they weren't ice cold to the touch anymore, though still not normal temp.

In between donating blood and taking care of them, I would lay down between them and talk to them. I told them all about the workroom I was having made for them even though it was supposed to be a secret. If it got them to wake up, fuck, screw the damn secrecy.

When I ran out of ideas and information about that, I started talking about my own work projects. But then I realized that might not be interesting enough for them to want to wake up. So I told them everything about me. And when I say everything, I mean *everything*. I told them about where I was born in Ireland, my parents, my siblings...all who were long gone. We might have been immortal, but we could still die, and unfortunately, they did.

I talked about everything I'd seen over the course of four thousand years. Sometimes Stacey would sit there and listen in between bringing me more food. Other times she would jump in and talk as well when it was a story she had heard or been there for. Drea came and updated everyone about the contractors coming tomorrow to start on their workshop. Then she told us about the distributors for supplies in the hopes they'd wake up.

The second day was much like the first except I was close to losing my voice. But still I rambled on about places I'd take them if they'd wake up. I figured if anyone deserved a trip around the world and to have some fun, it was my mates. I told them about all the different places I'd seen, and while I was sure most had changed drastically over the years, I asked them which interested them. But nothing. No response, not even a moan.

I might have dozed here and there in between the times of giving them blood, but nothing long enough to count as real sleep. And I was pretty sure I'd cried every ounce of water from my body several times over. I didn't even know it was *possible* to cry that much. But yet, the waterworks just kept coming every time the gravity of the situation sank in.

By the third day I was going through the motions like a zombie. Until I'd break down again and beg, plead, and promise them anything they wanted if they'd just wake up. At one point I'm pretty sure I promised I'd go out and hunt a wild deer and eat it if they'd wake up. I was *that* desperate.

"Shea, you need to get some rest," Stacey said to me on the fourth day. "They're warm again and still taking the blood just fine. It's progress, okay? Or even if you won't sleep, go for a walk and get some air. Go to your lab and distract yourself—something, anything. Please?"

"I can't," I croaked out, my throat so dry from overuse. It didn't matter how much I drank, it was still the desert in there. "I can't leave them."

“You’re not leaving them, sweetie,” Drea replied as she sat down next to me. It was then I noticed she and Rice were there as well. “They wouldn’t want you to do this to yourself. When they wake up, you’ll be no good to them if you keel over from exhaustion.”

“It doesn’t matter. Only they matter.” I sniffled as I pulled them closer. “They’ll hear my voice and wake up soon. I know they will. They have to love me a little if I love them this much. And if they wake up and I’m not here, it will hurt their feelings.”

“Just for a little while, Shea,” Rice said as he moved to one side of the bed as Stacey did the other. They each reached down to take one of my mates.

“Don’t touch them!” I snarled as Drea moved to hold me back. “No, don’t take them from me. They’re all I have.”

“We’re not taking them away from you, Shea,” Drea whispered into my hair as she pushed it back from my head. “They’re just going to change the sheets while you take a shower, okay? You stink, my friend. And we don’t want your mates waking up to icky smells.”

“They have to wake up,” I cried, breaking down in her arms. “I just found them—or they found me, whatever.”

“I know, sweetie.” She helped me off the bed, and I stood on weak legs. I’d been eating, but taking that much blood out of me, even when I was putting more in, was draining. Plus, I’d not been sleeping, though I was laying with them a lot, or walking around much. So in general my body wasn’t at its strongest.

She got out a clean towel for me and practically threw me in the shower after she turned it on. If things had been different, I might have laughed that she did it while I still had pajama bottoms on, but I couldn’t feel anything but overwhelming grief and sadness.

I washed up as fast as I could given my weakened state. It wasn’t easy since I was sore and my stomach still hurt. When I was done, I quickly rinsed and then dried off. Wrapping a towel around my waist I stepped back into the bedroom. Stacey tossed me a pair of lounge

pants that I put on under my towel. Then Drea held up some shoes to me.

“No.” I walked around her and back to the bed where my mates lay on clean bedding and covered up.

“You need to get some air, Shea,” Stacey said as she took my hand and tried to pull me to the door.

“No! Nothing else matters but them,” I cried out and knelt on the bed by their feet. “I can’t rest, I can’t go get air, and I can’t relax until I know they’re okay! They mean so much to me, don’t you understand that? I’d trade my life for theirs in a heartbeat. And I did this to them!”

“Be nice, she feeds us,” someone whispered. I glanced at Drea, who shook her head but was smiling. Then Stacey and Rice, who were staring past me to the bed. I spun around so fast I landed on my ass. Dustin was staring at me with a weak smile.

“You’re awake? You’re really looking at me? I’m not hallucinating?” I asked as I crawled towards him slowly.

“If you are,” he whispered and then swallowed loudly. His throat had to be as dry as mine from not being used though. “Then I am, too. What happened?”

“Thank the gods,” I cried and scooped him into my arms. I sobbed with relief as I held him tightly, but gently since I didn’t know if he was sore.

“Shh, it’s okay, Shea,” Calin whispered and rubbed my foot. My head snapped up as my eyes went wide.

“You’re awake, too?” I gasped.

“I heard you crying, and I didn’t want you to,” he answered with a nod. “So don’t cry, okay? I don’t know what happened, but we’ll figure it out. I do have a request though.”

“Anything! Anything you guys want, okay? I’ll do whatever—” I started rambling until Dustin covered my mouth with his hand.

“I’ve gotta piss like you wouldn’t believe,” Calin groaned as he tried to sit up.

“Me, too,” Dustin croaked out and licked his lips.

“Rice, can you help Calin while I take care of Dustin?” I asked as I leapt out of bed with the prize in my arms. “Drea, call Cortez and tell him that they’re up and see what would be best for them to eat. Stacey, let’s start with some tea for them.”

“On it,” they all called out and went to their tasks. Once my mates had relieved themselves and brushed their teeth because they said they had the worst morning breath ever, we tucked them back into bed.

“I’m so sorry,” I whispered as I sat between them, propped up on pillows, and held their hands. “I didn’t know. I swear I’d never knowingly hurt you.”

“We know that,” Dustin said and took the tea Stacey had come back with and drank. “What happened?”

“You got sick because you were drinking from me and my blood doesn’t have the protein you both needed.” I explained everything Cortez and Elder Lewis had told us, what they missed, and how we got them better.

“Whoopsies.” Calin giggled and set down his now finished tea.

“Whoopsies?” I asked, my eyes going wide. “I almost killed you and all you have to say is whoopsies?”

“Shea, we didn’t know that could be an issue, so how would you?” he replied softly. “It was an accident, and we’re fine. Now I think we should all take a nap because I’m tired and you look like you’ve not slept in days.”

“No!” I shouted, feeling panicked as they both jumped. When I saw their questioning looks, I elaborated. “How do we know you’ll wake up again?”

“So we’re going to stay awake the rest of our lives?” Dustin asked, biting his lower lip to keep in the laugh I’m sure he felt at my absurd idea.

“Yeah, good point.” I sighed in defeat. “But you both need to know something first. I love you. Both of you. I love you so fucking much, and the thought of losing you almost killed me.”

“We love you, too, our mate,” Calin said with a smile and held his arms open for me. I went to him, rolling us so I was on my back and he was plastered to my side. Then I brought Dustin to my other side and held them.

“We’ll leave you all to get some rest,” Rice whispered as he hurried Stacey and Drea out of the room.

“Thank you, Rice, for everything.” He gave me a quick nod as they left, closing the door behind him. “You guys can’t ever leave me or scare me like that again.”

“We’ll work on that.” Dustin snickered as he snuggled into me. “Now sleep. We’ve all been through an ordeal and need to rest.”

And thank the gods, I did. I slept better than I had in a long time, holding my mates in my arms...which was where they belonged.

* * * *

“Shea! Shea, wake up,” Calin shouted, pulling me out of my sleep sometime later. I sat up with a start, glancing around to see it was dark out and my mates were kneeling in front of me with dual looks of concern. “You’re okay, love.”

“What happened?” I asked as I rubbed my eyes.

“You were having a nightmare,” Dustin answered softly as he pushed my hair off my forehead. And then my dream slammed back to me.

“You guys died, and it was my fault,” I whispered as I tugged them into my arms. “I was standing over your graves with flowers. It had to be years later, and I was a shell of a man. I kept trying to kill myself to end the suffering, but nothing worked, and I was left all alone.”

“Shh, we’re fine, love,” Calin cooed and kissed my cheek. “We’re not going anywhere, big guy. You’re stuck with us.”

“I love you both,” I sniffled, pushing back the waterworks that wanted to start again. Then I remembered something. “You’ve not eaten. We need to feed you, and if you’re up for it, I have a surprise for you guys.”

“We love surprises.” Dustin giggled as he left my arms and moved to the edge of the bed. “I feel better than when we first woke up.”

“Me, too,” Calin said and stretched. “So you got us a present?”

“Well, one big one, I guess, or you could look at it as tons of small ones,” I answered as I scrambled out of bed and helped them. When Dustin’s legs started to give out, I was done letting them try and walk on their own. I picked him up and set him on one hip before doing the same to Calin. While it was awkward having two grown men sitting on my hips, I was tall and strong enough as a shifter to make it work.

“Our hero,” Dustin purred and held on tightly to my neck as he laid his head on my shoulder.

“We’re going to have to see what else you can do with all those muscles when we’re feeling better,” Calin said and then gasped. “How are we all not feral if we’ve not been consummating our mating?”

“Rice talked to the rest of the UPAC elders and got a witch to give us a reprieve from the magic.” And I was glad he’d thought of it because I’d been too distracted to think of anything other than the men in my arms. “We have two weeks from the time you passed out. If that’s not enough time for you to recover, then I’ll talk to them.”

“Right.” Dustin snickered as I carried them down the stairs and into the kitchen. “We’ll be jumping your bones tomorrow.”

“Good to know.” Stacey chuckled as she came over and kissed each of their cheeks. “No more scaring us like that, okay?” Her eyes

filled up with tears as she stroked where she'd just kissed. "This house isn't a home without you guys, so no dying."

"We promise," Calin said and kissed her hand. "I'm starving, and I want cookies, too."

"Anything you want, baby," I whispered and kissed his neck. Stacey went to work as I got them situated at the kitchen table before racing around to get them some sports drinks to rehydrate.

Stacey filled us in on the instructions that Cortez had given Drea, and Elder Lewis confirmed. They needed to have several, light-on-their-stomachs meals for the next couple of days. It had something to do with the amount of blood we'd given them and adjusting their bodies back to solid food slowly. But they'd both said it was important to still give them more blood than usual and hydrate as much as possible.

Stacey finished up and brought us food, including a protein shake for me. We had figured out that two of them a day would keep the amount of nutrients in my blood that my mates would need along with supplementing the bagged stuff. I was thrilled that I could stop eating the yucky eggs.

When we were all done eating, I picked my mates back up as Stacey and I exchanged knowing looks as we headed to their new workroom. It wasn't completely finished, of course. But it was as far along as I was willing to go without needing their input.

"Holy shit," Calin gasped after Stacey had opened the doors for us. The way the house was designed, the room had actually been meant as an overflow or reading room with someone's smaller personal collection. Since it was next to the library and had an adjoining door, it made sense.

It was a large room, at least thirty by forty feet. On one wall, the contractor had installed large hanging spindles for fabric to be held on. The other wall had built-in shelves and drawers of every size for storage. I'd also found a large worktable for the middle of the room, and their sewing machine desks were situated by the windows and

terrace doors. The space by the main doors was left for incoming and outgoing packages to be handled later.

“You did this for us while we were sick?” Dustin whispered as I set them on their feet.

“Actually I started the idea and project that day we went shopping with Drea,” I answered as my cheeks heated up with embarrassment. “The contractors were measuring the space and drawing up plans when I kept dragging you guys down to my lab. But the construction was already scheduled before you got sick. They completed it while you were out.”

“This is amazing!” Calin screeched and pulled me down for a kiss. The second his lips left mine, Dustin took his place.

“I know it still needs work, but I didn’t want to go any further without your specifications. I figured you’d have a certain way of doing things and would need the room altered that way.” I gestured over to the pile of large boxes by the shelves. “Those are samples of fabrics, thread, and a bunch of other things I have no idea about that Drea got different distributors to send so you can decide who you want to get your materials from.”

“This is the nicest thing anyone’s ever done for us.” Dustin sniffled and launched himself into my arms. He peppered my face and neck with kisses. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

“You’re so welcome, baby,” I replied as I buried my face in his neck and drank in his scent. “I’m so sorry I almost killed you both.”

“Oh, Shea,” Calin said as I sank to my knees with Dustin still wrapped around me. He covered me from behind so I was sandwiched between my mates as they comforted me. I know they were both safe, and I should have just been happy with that and let it go, but I’d almost lost them, and that wasn’t a switch I could just turn off. The days of worry and fear and sadness and everything else I’d felt didn’t just immediately dissipate when they woke up.

"It's okay. We're fine," Dustin said softly as they ran their hands over my body in a comforting gesture. "Don't be sad, Shea. It's happy time, and we're excited about the amazing gift you've given us."

"You're right. I'm sorry," I replied, clearing my throat and wiping my eyes. "I'm just so fucking relieved you guys are okay."

"We are, too." Calin giggled as they each kissed a cheek. I chuckled at their antics, loving that they knew exactly what I needed to snap out of it.

We went over to the boxes and plopped on the floor. Watching them get so excited over fabric samples was better than watching kids at Christmas. They talked a mile a minute and started writing on the office supplies Drea had also bought a box of as they took notes on what they wanted and how to set everything up.

I sat with my back against one of the rows of storage drawers with a goofy smile on my face. I wasn't sure how long I simply sat there, taking in their joy and how much they were full of life before Stacey sat down next to me and took my hand.

"It's okay, Shea. This is real, and they're fine now," she said gently and laid her head on my shoulder as we bumped shoulders.

"I know." I sighed and leaned my head on hers. "I've never been so scared in my entire life."

"Me, too, and they're not even my mates. But it's all good now. We helped them and now know what not to do and how to keep them healthy. So no more drama ever again."

"Riiiiiight." I snickered as I gestured over to my mates, who were both tugging on some fabric as they bickered.

"Okay, no more *serious* drama." She chuckled.

"I couldn't agree more." Then I raised the level of my voice so my mates could hear me. "What's the fight about?"

"He called this fabric and color for an idea he has, but I have one, too," Calin said as they both blushed. I couldn't help but laugh as they looked as if I'd caught them with their hands in the cookie jar.

“Can only one thing be made with one type of fabric?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“No,” they answered and went back to work. Life would never be boring with them, and I just wanted fun crazy, not almost dying craziness.

When they opened the boxes with the actual sewing machines, they shouted with glee and started to make their way to me. I quickly stood and went to them because I still didn’t feel comfortable with them walking around after what they’d been through. They might have been feeling better, but damn did their little bodies go through a trauma.

“We’re so going to make you something special,” Dustin said as he rubbed against my body suggestively.

“And we’re going to need to christen the room,” Calin added as he did the same to my other side.

“Fuck, guys,” I groaned and got hard. “Who knew presents would turn you on like this?”

“My cue to leave,” Stacey exclaimed and just about sprinted from the room, closing the doors behind her.

“Now we can get naked,” Calin growled as he reached for the strings of my pants.

“No, no, no,” I gasped as I caught his hands in time. “No sex until you guys are awake more than a friggin’ day and don’t need help to walk!”

They shared a look before turning back to me with smiles. “So tomorrow?” Dustin asked as he squeezed my ass.

“For fuck’s sake, guys,” I said, completely shocked before bursting out laughing.

Instead of playing with each other, I ended up talking them into playing with their new sewing machines. I lugged them to their sewing desks, Dustin helping me set them up while Calin read the instructions aloud. I made sure they were sitting the whole time, but after an hour I could see they were wiped.

Promising they could play with their gifts tomorrow, I scooped them back into my arms and headed for bed. My mates were safe and happy...and damn if that knowledge didn't lead me to the most restful sleep.

Chapter 7

The next few days I made my mates promise they'd take it easy. We all agreed they'd only work on setting up their sewing shop two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon once they had lunch and a nap. Then after dinner we'd watch movies they'd never seen and relax. It was awesome. I never had so much fun in my life just hanging out with anyone.

On the fourth day, I got dual whines while eating lunch that they weren't tired. So like adults, we talked and agreed not to nap, but keep the time working to five hours for a few days as long as they also took a walk around the grounds. They needed to increase their strength and stamina after being so damn sick.

I was working constantly on the synthetic blood formula while they were working, napping, and even sometimes during the night when I couldn't sleep. But it was coming along nicely, and in the next few days I was confident that I'd be sending test bags to Elder Lewis.

"Hey, guys," I said when they walked through the door. Even though I had my back to it, I could smell it was them.

"We need your opinion on something, Shea. If you have a moment?" Calin asked sweetly. What were my mates up to?

"Sure," I answered as I spun around on my stool. I lost my balance and started to fall when I saw the sight before me.

My mates were standing there in the tiniest excuses for underwear ever. The thongs or G-strings, whatever they were called, were basically little swatches of cloth. Calin's was bright red, held up by what looked like a string of fake pearls. Dustin's was deep purple with matching beads to hold it in place. I wasn't up to date on most

fashion, but I was pretty sure those weren't thongs you wore under real clothes. Which meant they were intended for play.

And they were both gloriously hard.

It took me three tries of clearing my throat before I could find my voice. I stood and walked closer to them. "What do you want to know?" I asked huskily, my voice so low I barely recognized it. I didn't miss the way their erections twitched at it and my lust-filled gaze.

"We like both colors—" Dustin started to say.

"Oh, yeah," I moaned and reached for them. But the little imps took a step back and held up hands to keep me in place. Okay, I could play whatever game they had in mind.

"But we're not sure which works better, the beads or pearls," Calin said as they turned around.

"Fuck me sideways," I groaned slowly. The beads and pearls ran around their waists and down between the cheeks of their firm asses. And they went through a loop that was connected to the end of a butt plug inside of each of them. Yeah, they were thongs for play all right.

I stepped closer and ran my fingers over the fake gems that were between their cheeks. Which got me a shiver from each mate that sent a thrill through my body.

"We need to know which works better with the plugs." Dustin whimpered and braced his hands on the counter in my lab. "Calin thinks the beads I'm wearing would tease it more because they're not all just round like the fake pearls. But I say their close enough where it would be the same and we can sell both options."

"Anyway I can help my mates' evolving business I will." I purred as I gave a gentle tug on the strings. "I can always take one for the team."

"Such a sacrifice." Calin giggled and then gasped when I pulled again. In a flash, I had them off their feet and lying face down on the counters. I quickly moved to stuff my lab coat and shirt under each of

their groins so that there was no risk of smashing my favorite bits and pieces.

The thing that made this extra thrilling in my dominant eyes was the counter was at my hip level, designed specifically for me so I wasn't always bent over awkwardly. But for them it meant that when they were laying there, their asses in the air as their legs hung down the side...they couldn't touch the floor with their feet. They were completely, totally, and utterly at my disposal.

"I take it you like?" Dustin purred as he wiggled his ass. I ran a finger under their beads, making sure to jiggle the toys.

"Best invention ever," I cooed. Then I leaned over to kiss each cheek of both their asses to show my thanks...to start with. "This is really ingenious, guys."

"You should try walking with them on," Calin moaned and squirmed on the counter. "I mean, putting the plugs in was fun, but as soon as Dustin hooked the pearls through it, my body went on overload. Can you see the latch? Do you think it's too small?"

I looked closely at what he was referring to. The left side of the sting of beads had a small metal circle while the right side and string through the plug had small latches on the end like on a necklace. So they both attached on the ring and connected it together. It made sense because otherwise these would have been a bitch to get in and out.

"My hands are pretty big, and I can do it fine," I answered after playing with the clasps. "How sturdy is the string? I don't want to break your demos."

"We used thick fishing wire, but that was something else we wanted you to test out," Dustin said nonchalantly with a wicked smile on his face. "Durability."

"Best mates ever," I exclaimed in glee and rolled them over onto their backs for a moment. "How would you like me to test that?"

"However you see fit." Calin gasped as I started to stroke both their hard cocks through the fabric. "Every time you do that you pull on the beads."

“Fantastic,” I growled and let go of Dustin for a moment while I moved between Calin’s spread thighs. I wrapped them over my hips and thrust my jean-covered hard-on against him. “What does that do?”

“More,” he whimpered instead of answering. His head thumped gently on the counter as if he couldn’t decide if he wanted to lift it to watch or just lie there and enjoy it. I gave him more and harder as his cock leaked copious amounts of pre-cum. “This was the best idea we’ve ever had, Dustin.”

“I’m enjoying it,” Dustin purred as I kept dry humping Calin. He reached over and tweaked our mate’s nipple hard. Calin arched his back, screaming as he came hard enough to shake his little body so I could see it.

“So pretty, my pretty little slut,” I whispered. While I didn’t think they were really sluts, we’d talked about the fact that they loved dirty talk sometimes. And I’d never been into it before, but I had to admit there was just something that thrilled me in the idea that my mates would show me this wanton side of them and come up with this type of fun.

“Yes, your slut always.” Calin gasped when he was done coming. “Love being your slut.”

“Good,” I growled and leaned over. I sucked his flagging cock hard through the fabric. Calin screamed in pleasure, raising his hips before flopping back down, completely spent when I pulled away. “You rest, baby. I’ll be back for more.”

He tried talking a few times, but ended up raising his hand in a thumbs-up sign when he couldn’t catch his breath.

“My turn?” Dustin asked as he started to roll over, but I stopped him by placing my hand on his ass. One of the things I adored about my mates was the fact that they never got jealous. No matter how often they bickered over things, like material, or originally, me. They never started shit about me giving attention to one first or thinking I

chose favorites. Because that just wasn't true. I loved them and wanted them equally.

"Yes, but I can't play the same way with you," I said fiercely as I palmed both cheeks of his ass. "We're supposed to be testing different ways to play with your wonderful, wonderful inventions. So it's time to try something new."

"Spanking?" Dustin whimpered, and I liked the way he thought. Without saying a word, I slapped his ass hard. He moaned and leaned his head back to the counter. "Yeah, that feels way better with the beads and plug."

"Are you sure?" I asked with a serious tone as I tried not to laugh. "Maybe we need to test that theory out some more."

"Yes, yes, you're right, of course," he started babbling as he lifted his ass a little higher. "One smack isn't enough to determine that for sure."

"How many would?"

"At least a couple dozen," Dustin answered in a breathy voice. Oh yeah, he wanted this as much as I did.

"I can do that for you, baby. For the sake of testing out the merchandise you've designed."

"Yeah right." Calin giggled. We both glanced at him to see he was lying on his side, one hand folded under his head as he watched the show. "We told you the first thing we made would be for you."

"Best mates ever," I groaned, harder than fucking rocks as I started to spank Dustin. If my cock didn't get some relief soon, I was going to cream in my pants.

I kept slapping that firm, pert ass, pulling on the beads as I did so he'd have so many sensations racing through his body. After a few smacks to each side, I'd lean over and lick the area slowly so the sting would turn into pleasure.

"Fuck, that's hot," Calin whimpered when I was done spanking and started to play with the plug.

“Please, Shea, I can’t take any more. I need to come,” Dustin begged.

“Anything my mates need,” I cooed and unclasped the G-string. Then I pulled out the plug slowly before slamming it back in.

“Yes, fuck yeah!” Dustin cried out and thrust his hips against my lab coat. It only took a few more times of that before he was shouting out my name to the heavens and spilling his seed. Right as he was done, I gently pulled the plug all the way out and gave him a chance to rest.

I stepped back and stripped slowly, shivering at the way Calin’s eyes drank my body in as I did.

“My turn,” he growled as I pulled off the last of it. “I want that cock.”

“This little thing?” I asked, batting my eyelashes as I gestured to it. I was totally teasing since I knew I was well-endowed. My mates had commented more than once that my ten inches of wide flesh filled them to the brink, and they loved it.

“Little my ass.” Calin giggled.

“If you insist,” I snarled playfully, lust in my voice as I took the three steps to him. Before he could even reply, I pulled him to the edge of the counter, got the thong off of him, and pulled out the plug. I lifted his legs in the air, lined up my cock, and slammed home, bottoming out in one thrust. “Is that what you wanted, baby?”

“Yes,” he hissed as I held both of his ankles on my right shoulder and started to fuck him hard and fast. Several minutes and lots of pretty noises from my mate later, we were both about to blow. I moved his legs down and around my hips as I leaned over him. It was time to claim my mates in the way of my people.

“I love you, Calin Davidson,” I whispered against his lips. I felt the ducts in my eyes that only deer shifters had form the teardrops I needed.

“Don’t cry, Shea,” Calin gasped and reached up to wipe the tears away.

“Let them fall,” I said quickly and grabbed his wrists, pinning them above his head. “It’s how deer claim their mates. They’re not tears in the way you mean. Vamps bite and exchange blood. We secrete tears of pheromones that mark you and scent you as taken.”

“That’s fucking cool,” Dustin replied as he lay next to us.

“Glad you think so.” I chuckled before thrusting into Calin again and focusing on him. “I love you, Calin Davidson, with my entire heart, body, mind, and soul. I claim you as mine from now until the end of time. There will be no other before you and Dustin for me, and I swear on my life that I will protect you, love you, and put your needs before mine always.”

“I love you, too,” he whispered, his eyes filled with that love and awe as the first tears landed on his cheeks. Calin cried out as the magic of them raced through our bodies, reclaiming each other in a way we had yet to do. His body shook before filling the space between us with his release. And when his muscles clamped down on me, I followed him right over. I thrust as far as I could into him, needing to coat every inch of his sweet hole in my seed.

I braced myself on my elbows as I collapsed against him, not wanting to squish him. Resting my forehead on his shoulder I was filled with the peace that comes from not just great sex, but making someone you love officially be yours forever. I sighed when I felt his smaller hands running over my back as we panted, our hearts beating together as one.

“I didn’t know you hadn’t claimed us yet,” he said hesitantly. Calin sounded almost worried, so I leaned back and stared down into his eyes.

“We can’t until we love our mates,” I replied with a smile and brushed my lips over his. “A deer can’t produce the pheromones until they understand and accept that love. And I didn’t know for sure that’s how I felt until the night you got sick.”

“And the first time we’re together since, you’re claiming us.” Calin’s smile was so bright that it filled my heart with warmth. I

nodded before giving him another soft kiss. “Awesome. Now that you’ve claimed us, we never have to doubt that you don’t want us and just kept us because you were stuck with us.”

“I’ve not felt that way or even been the least bit upset since the night we all made love together, baby. Never doubt that and know I’ve wanted you this whole time. I was just hurt in the beginning.”

“Good to know.” He giggled and squirmed before reaching up and stretching. “Dustin’s turn.”

“You guys are going to be the death of me.” I chuckled, kissing him again before pulling out of him.

“Hey, I came twice already. I’m sure you can get it back up.” Calin winked at me before lowering his glance to my dick. It amazed me how just him looking at me like that had me perking right back up. How did they do that? I wasn’t sure I really wanted to know and instead would just enjoy the fact that my mates could always get me hard.

“Maybe three times if you’re lucky.” I purred and wiggled my eyebrows at him as I sidestepped over to Dustin. “Are you ready to be claimed, baby?”

“Yes please,” he whispered and reached down to stroke my cock. The damn thing hardened right back up with three strokes. Amazing. “I take it you like the idea, too. And our surprise visit?”

“Best interruption I’ve ever had in my lab.” I chuckled. He lifted his legs and spread them wide in the air as a blatant invitation. Who was I to turn down such a generous offer?

I lined up my cock and pushed into his slicked-up hole. We both groaned as we came together until my hips touched his skin.

“Do you have to claim me this way?” he asked, his eyes darting around the room as if he was nervous.

“The tears have to land on your face, but no, I guess not.” I raised an eyebrow at him, not knowing what was going on in that pretty little head of his.

"I-I've always w-wanted to be taken a-against a wall," Dustin stuttered as he quickly glanced over at Calin. "I loved what we've done together, but we both know neither of us is big enough to hold the other up like that."

"You don't have to convince me. I've had the same fantasy about Shea." He giggled.

"Seriously going to be the death of me." I moaned and lifted my mate up. "You want some kinky, hard, and fast wall action, my pretty slut?"

"Yes, oh gods, yes," he whimpered as I moved to push him up against the wall. Then I pulled out and slammed right back in. Dustin quickly threw his arms around my neck as he stared into my eyes. "More, Shea. Fuck me so I can feel it into next week."

"Sweet mercy," I moaned and started a punishing pace to his perfect ass. I was glad at least we were in a room with painted drywall instead of some of the other basement rooms that had stone walls. With how hot my begging mate was for me, I wasn't sure I could control myself enough to have paid much attention if the stones were biting into his back.

"So much better than the fantasy," he whispered before kissing me again. I fucked his mouth with my tongue, taking complete control the way I did with his ass. When air became necessary, we broke apart as I took in his plump, thoroughly kissed lips. "Close, so close, Shea."

I nodded that I understood as my ducts went to work. "I love you, Dustin Pearson, with my entire heart, body, mind, and soul. I claim you as mine from now until the end of time. There will be no other before you and Calin for me and I swear on my life that I will protect you, love you, and put your needs before mine always."

"Thank the gods because I love you, too," he said as his own eyes filled with tears. I leaned my forehead against his as I thrust into him, letting my pheromone tears drip on his cheeks. Dustin cried out and came so hard he shook almost violently in my arms. I had a moment

to understand that I'd given him that bliss, watching him intently before following him right into orgasmic heaven.

"Dustin!" I screamed as I filled him with my seed, slamming one last time deep inside of him. I kept one hand under his ass as I moved the other one to wrap around his back against the wall, holding him to me so there wasn't an inch of space between our bodies. We both shook and gasped as we rode our climaxes before finally they started to ebb.

I sank to my knees slowly as I kept him against me. My entire body felt like jelly after doing this not only once, but twice. Damn I loved my men.

As we started to come back to Earth, I realized Calin had hopped down off the counter and was hugging us as well. I moved my arm so he could get inside the embrace, which he did with a smile, and that earned me a kiss. The three of us just stayed there for a little while, swept up in the spell of love, great sex, and mating bliss.

"I think both designs work," Dustin said after a few minutes. Calin and I leaned back so we could see his shining eyes before bursting out laughing. "Oh, oh, wait, don't laugh while you're still inside of me."

"Does it hurt?" I asked, immediately stopping and moving him off my lap so my cock slid free.

"No, I was getting hard again." He giggled and kissed the tip of my nose. "And I wasn't sure if I'd wear an old man like you out."

"I'll show you old man." I growled and tackled him to the floor. And I did. Twice. Once more for each of them. The *old man* wore out his younger mates with zeal. And then we snuggled in a big puppy pile before the hard floor ended up being too much to lie all over and we started to get sore. Then we cleaned up, went to our room to change before lunch.

I couldn't remember a time when I felt more loved, wanted, and had so much fun in my life. And damn, it wasn't just the sex. It was

the closeness with them that made me so deliriously happy. As we headed to the kitchen, I realized I'd do anything to keep it.

Chapter 8

A few days later I was heading home after sending out my test bags for the synthetic blood. It had come together nicely, and while I thought it would work, I had a few ideas for how to tweak the formula if it didn't.

I decided to swing by a local restaurant and pick up some pizzas. Stacey needed a break as much as the rest of us did after the ups and downs we'd been going through since Scotland. And I figured it wasn't much, but at least it was something different, and we could all enjoy it. I just made sure one was veggie while I got meat for my mates.

Once it was ready and paid for, I hopped back into my SUV, whistling a tune, and drove home. I pushed in the code of the gate, waiting until it opened before driving through and pulling up to the house. Glancing at my watch as I walked to the front door, I smiled when I saw I'd been gone about an hour. And I was already missing my mates smiling faces. I didn't care if it sounded sappy. I loved them.

"Honeys, I'm home!" I called out loudly as I kicked the door closed and headed for the kitchen. I froze by the doorway when the distinctive smell of blood hit my nose. Lots of blood.

I dropped the pizzas and raced to where it was coming from, crying out at what I found. Stacey was bleeding everywhere, mostly from the large wound in her stomach and shoulder close to her neck.

"Vampires," she croaked out. "Took them."

“Okay, sweetheart, I’ll get them back,” I whispered as I tugged off my shirt. Tearing it in two, I put one piece on the gash in her stomach. “Put pressure on this.”

She nodded and did as I asked as I did the same to the gaping wound on her shoulder. With the other hand, I fumbled and finally pulled my cell out of my pocket. I pulled up first Rice’s number, connected it, and then added Drea’s and Elder Lewis’s direct line.

“I need help,” I said to whoever answered first, my voice a lot calmer than I felt. “Stacey’s bleeding to death in my kitchen, and she said vampires took my mates.”

“I’m sending paranormal paramedics to you now,” Rice quickly replied. “I’ll be there as soon as I can, and we’ll go get your mates.”

“I’ll call Cortez,” Elder Lewis said.

“I’m on my way. I’m not far,” Drea cried out and hung up.

“You think he’ll take your call so you can order him around?” I asked with a bitter laugh. “They did this while I was gone, Lewis. Whether they know your samples are in the mail or not, I don’t know. But that’s where I was. I was gone less than an hour. They had to be watching us.”

“We’ll fix this, Shea,” Rice said gently.

“You better find a new head for your Atlanta coven, Lewis. Because this one’s a walking dead man, and if he doesn’t know that, he’d dumber than I thought.” I hung up after my threat, tossing my phone to the floor as I moved my now free hand to help Stacey keep pressure on her stomach. “Why didn’t you shift and fly away, sweetheart?”

“Couldn’t leave them alone,” she whispered as her eyes filled with tears. “When they came in, I tried to be loud enough so they’d know to run as I threw everything in the kitchen at them. But your stupid mates came racing to my rescue.” She pointed over to the stove, and I realized there was quite a mess there with more blood. “Calin killed one all by his little self.”

“They love you like a sister, just as I do, Stacey,” I said softly, blinking back tears. She smiled and started to close her eyes. “No, no, stay with me, sweetheart. Don’t you dare leave me.”

“Just save them, that’s all that matters,” Stacey mumbled and then her body went slack.

“No!” I roared, shaking her as best as I could while keeping pressure on her wounds. “Don’t you fucking leave me!”

“Shea,” Drea shouted from the front door. “The paramedics are pulling up.”

“Kitchen,” I screamed as my vision blurred. “I can’t hear her heart!”

“How long has she been out?” a strange man asked as he and another woman came running into the kitchen with Drea and medical supplies.

“Seconds before I heard Drea,” I answered as they took over, and I moved away. “My mates are vampires, I have blood on location.”

“Get it,” he said as he started to work on her with chest compressions. “We need to get more into her or restarting her heart won’t matter.”

Drea and I raced around getting what we needed. Just as we were finished, I heard a chopper landing in the backyard. Glancing through the kitchen windows, I saw it was Rice.

“Go,” Drea shouted over the noise as she pushed me towards the door. “There’s nothing else you can do here.”

“We got this,” the man said with a firm nod as they got her ready to shock. “Rice told us about your mates. Go get them.”

“But—it’s Stacey.” I whimpered, glancing from the woman I loved like a sister to Rice, who was running to the back door. It was like I couldn’t move. My feet were rooted to the floor as I stared in horror as they shocked my friend with medical paddles. Suddenly, there was a sharp pain across my cheek. My eyes widened at Drea when I realized she smacked me.

"I love her, too, Shea," she shouted and slapped me again just to make sure I snapped out of it. "We will do everything we can to save her. No one will give up, but her heart's already stopped. Your mates are alive and need you. She'd understand. I won't leave her."

"Thank you," I said, kissing her forehead and giving my long-time friend one last look before racing out the back door. My heart broke for Stacey as I climbed into the chopper. Rice barked out instructions into the headset, and we took off.

"I have orders from Lewis not to kill Cortez until he stands trial," Rice yelled into the headset. I had my own on, so I heard him loud and clear, but it was like the words weren't making sense to me.

"You can't be serious," I snarled as my shock turned into anger.

"I'm very serious," he said with a smirk. "But he can shove his orders. I'm an elder as well, and Cortez has taken and maybe killed my people. You do what you need to and I've got your back, Shea."

"Who knew you could be so bloodthirsty," I replied with a feral smile.

"We've been friends for over a thousand years, and I loved Stacey, too." He growled. Loved. He said loved, as in past tense. It felt like a smack to my face at the word, realizing it was the truth. Those wounds were pretty bad, and that had been a lot of fucking blood. And she wasn't very old, only a few centuries. I didn't know how long she laid there. Had it been right after I left they attacked? So it was close to an hour? Or had it only been a few minutes.

I didn't have much time to ponder it or estimate how low her odds were that they could bring her back. And it might have been one of the hardest things I've ever done in my life, but I buried it. All of it. We were walking into the lair of the beast and had no clue what we were going to find. I needed my complete focus on the task at hand.

We landed in front of a house just slightly larger than my own mansion. As I jumped out, my heart sunk...They weren't here. One gift that deer shifters had that most paranormals didn't have, we could find our mates like homing beacons. Unfortunately for me, the ability

grew stronger as time went on, and we'd not had much time to establish it. So I could tell they weren't here but not much else.

"They aren't here," I said to Rice as we ran to the door. I didn't wait for his reply as I barreled right through, shattering the thick wood. Several vamps immediately rushed towards us. "Cortez!" I roared. It was so loud the vamps grabbed their heads since they had sensitive hearing. I probably blew a few ear drums.

"Shea, Elder Rice, how wonderful to see you." He smirked as he appeared at the top of the stairs in the entranceway. "To what do I owe the honor?"

"Where are they?" I growled, pushing right past the other vampires, who went flying. They were about to find out how strong someone who lived four millennia was. Cortez's eyes went wide as I bounded up the stairs five at a time. Yeah, I was a deer. I had wicked leaping abilities.

"I don't know what you mean?" Cortez asked sweetly as he recovered from his shock.

"My mates," I snarled in his face as I wrapped my hand around his throat. I threw him into the wall so hard the entire drywall sheet crumbled.

"They aren't here," he gasped, his eyes going wide. "I've done nothing wrong to provoke this attack. You'll be hearing from UPAC. Search my house if you want. I don't have them."

"I know they're not here. *Where are they?*"

"And UPAC's here, fucker," Rice shouted as he threw another blood sucker over the railing. He was a little busy keeping Cortez's coven from reaching me. "Answer him and you will die quickly."

"You can't kill me without a trial." Cortez smirked.

"You think I give a fuck about that," I said slowly, letting the words sink in. I think he started to believe me, but I wasn't in a patient mood. Before he could say anything else, I grabbed his arm with my left hand and pulled it completely out of the socket and tore it from his body. "Where are they?"

He screamed in pain, looking as if he was going to pass out. I smacked him in the head with his own arm to get him back to reality.

"Holy fuck," someone gasped behind us.

"If anyone knows where he's taken my mates, I will promise them safety and a life like they could never imagine."

"Are you Shea Mayer?" a soft voice asked. I turned to the source of the voice to see a young girl who looked as if she couldn't be more than seventeen, but looks could be deceiving in the paranormal world.

"I am," I said as I dropped Cortez's arms. Not the time to scare the person who might have information. I also noticed the black eye she was sporting. Several snarling vampires advanced on her as Rice leapt over the banister to get to her first. "Touch her you die!" I shouted at the threatening vampires.

"I know where your mates are." She whimpered as Rice grabbed her and pushed her behind them.

"You whore!" Cortez roared out. "You know nothing."

"Just because you rape me and use my body doesn't mean I don't have ears," she spat. Fuck! I really didn't have a problem killing this asshole. "I will take you to them. Please just get me out of here and protect me."

"I'm Elder Rice of the herbivores," Rice said loudly as the vamps started to advance again. They all froze. They might have been willing to kill for their coven leader, but none were stupid enough to attack an elder of UPAC. "I grant you sanctuary with my people."

"Then you're no longer needed." I growled at Cortez, focusing back on him. He had a second to whimper before I pulled his head off of his neck. His lifeless body crumpled to the floor as I dropped his head and turned to join Rice and the girl down the stairs.

"Who are you?" one man asked, his eyes wide.

"Shea Mayer," I answered with an evil grin. "One of the oldest living paranormals. You fucked with the wrong shifter."

"But you're an herbivore. You guys don't kill," he said and slowly backed away.

“Not unless you fuck with our mates,” Rice replied as I reached them. We didn’t have time for a question and answer session. “Elder Lewis will be here soon to clean up this mess. I suggest those of you who don’t want his wrath round up the ones in league with Cortez quickly and hold them. Otherwise, we all know his idea of cleaning up would be to kill you all.”

We turned and left, flanking the girl so anyone would have to go through us to get to her. Then we ran back to the chopper and hopped in.

“We need to know where so I can have my team meet us,” Rice said loudly once we got the headsets on. She gave him directions to an older warehouse district where most of the buildings were abandoned. It seemed, amongst his crimes, Cortez was kidnapping runaway and homeless humans, taking them there and draining them.

Holy fuck, was that guy a monster! The chopper took off as Rice told the team where to go before putting a call into Elder Lewis on his satellite phone. I almost laughed when Rice rolled his eyes as Lewis shouted in the phone that we weren’t supposed to kill Cortez. He filled them in on what the girl, Margie, told us.

“I promise you that you’ll be safe now and come live in luxury with my mates and me,” I said to her gently when I realized she was shaking. “You’ll want for nothing, Margie.”

“I don’t want a handout,” she replied firmly, pulling strength from gods only knew where after what she’d been through. “I can earn my keep. I simply want to be safe and have control over what happens to my body.”

“I can guarantee you that.” I reached out, and after a moment she slid her hand into mine.

“The wolves are meeting us there,” Rice said after he hung up the phone. “Seems you are their newest hero for taking Cortez out. According to them, that asshole was crippling their businesses until they started giving him shifter blood.”

“Why were they putting up with that shit?” I couldn’t believe a pack of werewolves couldn’t take care of one coven leader.

“Not everyone’s as strong as you, Shea.” He chuckled. “Plus, they had no proof Cortez was behind it all, and their elder didn’t want to go up against Lewis. Cortez made the vampires a *lot* of money.”

“None of it legally,” Margie sneered. “He’d whore out his own coven to humans, kidnap, kill, and steal to get that blood he sold.”

“Really wish I’d had time to kill him slower.” I shook my head at the idea. I wasn’t this bloodthirsty bastard. Hell, I’d never even killed anyone before today. Most herbivores were passive, not into starting trouble ever. That changed for me the second the man fucked with my mates.

“That one,” Margie yelled when we got close to a bunch of buildings.

Rice talked with the pilot, and they set down in front of the doors. There wasn’t time for a surprise attack.

“Wait here,” I shouted to the girl when Rice and I went to get out.

“Fuck that, I’m useful,” she replied with a gleam in her eyes as her fangs extended. Who was I to disagree? After what she’d been through, she deserved a chance for vengeance just as much as I did. Plus, she’d told me how old she was. While she looked a teenager, she was over a century old. Old enough to make her own damn decisions. I gave her a quick nod.

“We go first,” I yelled over my shoulder as we rushed the doors.

“I’m useful, not stupid,” she shouted back. I had to give it to the chick, she was badass.

Again I barreled through the doors. They had been locked and probably made of steel, so I’d be feeling that one later. But I didn’t give a shit. I felt my mates close and headed in that direction.

“What the—” a bloodsucker shouted as several of them jumped up from where they were working. I saw several humans being drained. And while that was a horrid sight I wasn’t sure I’d ever be able to wipe from my mind, that wasn’t why I let out a pained roar.

Past all that were my naked mates, bound with chains, hanging from the ceiling as they bled out.

I reached out, grabbed the closest vamp, and pulled off his head like a bug. That was the first of at least two dozen that were there. It was a haze of rage, blood, and death as I moved forward. Some I tossed over my shoulder for Rice and Margie to handle.

A few I threw with one hand out some of the second-story windows. Others I killed instantly by either decapitating them or punching right through their ribs and grabbing their hearts. The scary part was I barely gave any of my prey notice. I never took my eyes off my mates as I maimed or destroyed everything in my path.

"You can be fucking scary, Shea," Dustin croaked out as I got to them. "Glad you love us."

"I do, baby, so much," I whispered against his cracked lips as I reached up and broke the chains. I gently lowered him to the floor before doing the same for Calin.

"We knew you'd come," he said softly as his eyes fluttered. "Cuts are on our inner thighs so they could drain us. They thought if we died, you'd die."

"Not going to happen, love," I replied as I applied pressure to the huge fucking gashes.

"Use your ducts," Rice ordered as he knelt by me and pulled Dustin into his lap. "Your pheromone tears can heal when it's your mates. You've claimed them, right?"

"Yes, I have," I answered, my eyes going wide in shock. "How did I not know about this?"

"Shea," he growled as he nodded towards my mates. Right. We could save explanations for later.

"I'm going to make it better, baby," I said gently as I concentrated on making myself cry with my extra ducts. It was normally an effect of tender moments, especially during sex. Almost an instinctive response to one's mates, like getting hard. But I needed them now and I did my damndest to focus.

It took longer than I would have liked given the shape my mates were in. Finally I figured out how to basically flip the switch in my body and get them going. I dripped them onto Calin's right leg first, gasping when I saw the wound start to slowly close. Ignoring my shock, I hurried to do the same to his left leg and then leaned over to do the same to Dustin.

"That's fucking cool," Margie whispered as she held out some clothes to me. Yeah, getting them covered was a good idea.

"Thank you for everything," I said as real tears filled my eyes. She nodded and handed a set to Rice, who dressed my other mate. We stood and lifted them into our arms just as Rice's team arrived.

"Get all the survivors out of here and help," Rice barked out as we walked past them.

"Dude, Elder Rice, you rock." One of the guys chuckled as he took in the carnage.

"Wasn't me," he said and nodded toward me. "They fucked with his mates."

"Sweet," the guy replied with a smile before turning back to the tasks at hand.

We went back to the chopper, got in, and Rice told them to take us to the Atlanta paranormal hospital. I figured after what they'd already been through since mating me, I could take care of them at home. I let Rice take charge since I wasn't thinking logically at the moment.

It took less than twenty minutes to get them there and examined by a doctor after they met us at the helipad. One other doctors led Margie to another curtained area to be examined as well.

"They're a little low on blood, some bruises, and Calin has a broken rib," the doctor said to me another ten minutes later as I paced nervously. "Nothing they won't recover completely from in a couple of days."

"Oh thank the gods," I gasped as I quickly reached out to grab the wall when I felt as if my legs might give out with relief. "Can I see them?"

“Of course,” he answered gently. Rice wrapped an arm around my waist and helped me stumble over to them. It seemed now that the adrenaline rush was over and my emotions weren't all over the place, I had some injuries myself.

“Stacey?” Calin asked as I approached their beds. They were hooked up to a few machines and IVs pumping the blood they lost into them.

“Her heart stopped right after I got home,” I replied as I sat down on the edge of his bed so I could see both of them. I reached out and took their hands. “Drea showed up and the paramedics, but I left while they were working on her so I could find you.”

“We tried to protect her, Shea.” Dustin whimpered as the tears fell from both of them. “We knew she was trying to warn us to hide or run, but we couldn't just leave her.”

“I know you couldn't, my loves,” I whispered and kissed each of their hands. “You wouldn't be the men I love so much if you'd left her.”

“We loved her, too.” Calin cried and I moved to wrap an arm around him. I reached over to pull Dustin's bed closer, careful of the machines, so I could hold them both.

“I know, baby,” I said, my own tears starting. “She was like a sister to all of us and—”

Before I could say anything else, my phone rang. Had I grabbed it before I left? I found it in the pocket of my cargo pants and knew Drea had made sure to slip it in the Velcro one. That woman thought of everything. When I saw it was the woman in question, I quickly answered it.

“She's alive,” Drea cried in my ear. “They got Stacey back.”

“Oh thank fuck,” I sobbed, as did my mates since they were close enough to hear. “Calin and Dustin are going to be fine. We're at the paranormal hospital, room 412.”

“We're right above you,” she replied, her voice thick with emotion. “I'll let the doctors know so we can get everyone together.”

She's still out, and they say she's still critical, but damn, at least we have hope now."

"Better than not," I croaked out. "See you soon."

"Give them my love," Drea said before hanging up.

"She's made it this far, she'll be okay," Calin said firmly as he wiped his eyes. "We'll spoil her rotten and take really good care of her. And we'll finish that dress she wanted us to design for her."

"I think that's a great idea," I replied, trying to calm my own waterworks. "And we're going to have a new addition to our household."

"The pretty gal with the black eye?" Dustin asked as he reached up and wiped away a tear I'd missed.

"Yes, her name is Margie," I answered.

"Tell us what happened?" Calin said as they snuggled into my embrace.

"Are you sure you want to hear all this?"

"You storming the evil lair to find the mates you love? Hell yeah." Dustin chuckled. "Tell us what you did to that bastard."

So I did. I waited for them to be horrified or disgusted with how brutal I'd been, but they never were. They smiled at me the whole time and, when I was done, told me they loved me. Go figure. But then again, it was the story of how they got saved, so I figured they were all for me inflicting some pain.

When I was just wrapping up, Drea came into the room with some nurses and Stacey on a gurney. The room was big enough to fit all three beds once Margie was done being examined. We sat there, dozing here and there, and waited, hoped for a miracle that would bring her back to us.

Chapter 9

Stacey ended up waking up two days later complaining that we'd been sitting around, keeping vigil, while we had more important things to do. I didn't know whether to hug her or smack her for giving herself such little value in our eyes. I went with the hug.

The day after that she was released, since shifters healed so quickly, and Drea helped me get everyone home. Calin and Dustin were fine by that time and helped me pretty much sit on Stacey to keep her from getting out of bed.

Margie was a huge surprise. Not only did she and Drea get along like two peas in a pod, but she was incredibly bright. With the amount of jobs I undertook, Drea rarely got to work in the lab or work room with me anymore because she was buried under paperwork and patents. We decided to give that job to Margie since she was good with numbers and almost scary organized.

She also helped around the house while Stacey was still recovering. And to be honest, she was a perfect fit in our home. I knew she had issues, especially after what she'd been through. But a few days after we all got home from the hospital she asked me if I knew a counselor that maybe she could talk with. Drea found her a great one, and she was going to start seeing him soon.

"I will beat you with my frying pan." Stacey growled at Calin and Dustin a week after her dance with death. "If you all don't stop hovering, I'm going to explode."

"Stacey, would you be any less protective of us if we almost died?" I asked as I quickly took the pan out of her hand. "We almost

lost you, sweetheart. And you're jumping right back into things very quickly."

"Fine, but stop the hovering." She sighed and sat on one of the kitchen stools. "I swear you guys wait outside the bathroom while I pee."

"Okay, we'll back off." I snickered. She was right...I'd caught both my mates doing just that. Not when she was using the bathroom, but when she went to shower. They were afraid she wasn't strong enough to stand that long and might fall. "They just want to make sure you don't fall in the shower."

"Fine, I'll take a bath and keep my cell by the tub," she replied between clenched teeth. "Deal?"

"Very fair," Calin answered immediately. "We can't help but worry, Stacey."

"I know, and I love you brats, too." Stacey giggled and fluffed his hair before doing the same to Dustin. "But if it's not you guys, then Drea and Margie are flanking me as if waiting for me to keel over and die. It gets on a gal's nerves. And I'm tired of feeling useless."

"You can start cooking one meal a day if you promise a nap afterwards." I raised an eyebrow when she opened her mouth to argue, but then quickly closed it and nodded. "And one of us always goes with you for your walks."

"Oh, that's fine. I have fun on those with you guys." She gave a wave to show it wasn't a big deal. The doctor had said she needed to start slowly with her walks and build up her strength. Shifters did heal very fast, but the woman *had* technically been dead for almost seven minutes. No one came back from that with a snap of their fingers. Hell, I was shocked she was already up and demanding to work.

"How's your stomach feeling?" Dustin asked. That had been the worst of her wounds, and the stitches had already come out, but it still gave her problems and was tender.

“It’s down to an ugly red line,” she answered with a shrug. “Haven’t even noticed it today. A little pain last night when I reached for the shampoo, but nothing more than that.”

Calin eyed her over for a moment as if looking for signs she was fibbing. When he was satisfied she was telling the truth, he turned to me. “So then tell us what Elder Lewis said.”

We’d all given statements to the elder about what had happened, and he’d been working closely with Margie and the werewolves to determine who in the coven knew what Cortez had been up to. So far the number of people who knew had been shocking.

“He called to say the ones who were even partially involved but didn’t participate in any of the capital offenses have been taken to prison. The ones that did are to be executed by the end of the week. I guess he’s already found someone to take over the coven with the handful of vamps left. They’re also paying reparations to the wolf pack from Cortez’s accounts for the damage he did to their businesses.”

“What about the humans?” Stacey asked as I grabbed some sweet tea from the fridge and started to pour us all a glass.

There had been over a dozen humans that had been found alive in that warehouse that were there involuntarily to give blood. Some were in pretty bad shape, while some had just been taken and the vampires in charge hadn’t gotten to them yet.

“The pack had a couple of empty houses that they’re using until they get back on their feet. Most of them were runaways or homeless, so it’s not like they had somewhere to go. But Lewis said they’re all doing pretty good and are going to recover. He’s working on setting them up with a permanent place to live. It seems the least they could do for them.”

“What are the covens who relied on them for blood going to do?” Calin asked after a few moments we were all lost in thought. “I mean, that’s a lot of vamps who are going to get really thirsty.”

"It seems your mate officially designed a synthetic blood formula that not only tastes as good as real blood, but also gives them everything they'd get from the real thing. Lewis said the sample bags I sent did perfect in testing. We're working on setting up a facility to manufacture it."

"Smart and sexy," Dustin purred as he reached across the counter and took my hand. "Congratulations, you should be very proud."

"Jesus, are you going to be rich." Calin giggled and bumped his shoulder against mine. "We landed us a whale."

"Baby, I was a whale before the synthetic blood." I snickered and gestured around the house. "It's not like we were clipping coupons."

"I just like teasing you." He gave me a wink before waggling his eyebrows at me. Little imp.

"Oh? And how are you teasing me today?" I growled playfully as I reached over and ran my hand over his ass. I groaned when I felt the plug under his jeans. Then I leaned in so only he could hear me. "We've not christened your guys' workroom yet."

"See you later, Stacey," he said, taking my hand and jumping down from the stool so fast it fell over. I chuckled as she rolled her eyes. Dustin got the idea and followed right behind us as Calin dragged me to their studio.

Once we were there and the doors were closed, it became a confusion of arms, hands, clothes flying, and lips. I was pretty sure none of the clothes would be useable ever again, but I had mates that could make more even if I did have the money to replace them.

"Whose turn is it to be in the middle?" Dustin asked as I dropped to my knees and swallowed his cock. He cried out and grabbed onto my shoulders as he thrust his hips.

"Yours," Calin purred as he moved behind our mate. "Want me to fuck you while Shea sucks you off?"

"Yes please," he whimpered. Then Dustin moaned loudly, and I guessed Calin had pulled out his plug. "Give it to me good, Calin."

“Gladly.” Dustin’s cock was pushed farther down my throat as Calin slammed into him. I was good with that. I’d figured out early that while I’d never been a big fan of giving head, I was with my mates. I don’t know if it was the taste of them that I’d become so addicted to or the fact that I just loved the pleasure it gave them. Either way, there was rarely a day that went by that I didn’t give both of them at least one blow job.

When they both moaned, I knew Calin had bottomed out, and since they were both standing, the angle had to make Dustin incredibly tight. As I laved my tongue around the swollen head of his cock, I reached back and fingered his hole. I felt Calin’s cock moving in and out of him and felt a thrill go through me when I had an idea.

“Do it,” Dustin whispered as he stared down into my eyes. I smiled around his dick, loving how in tune we all were with each other that he knew what I was thinking.

“Shit,” Calin grunted as I slid my finger into Dustin’s hole alongside his cock. “Oh, I’m going to blow.”

That got my attention. With my other hand, I gently tugged on Dustin’s sac as I deep-throated him. I knew he was getting close when he grabbed tightly on my shoulders and whimpered. That was always his sign he was about to come, that sexy little whimper.

“I love you guys,” he shouted as he came. His eye fluttered closed as his seed shot from his dick, and I swallowed it down. I moaned at the taste and the sight of my man as he climaxed. They were both so incredibly gorgeous when they came.

Calin cried out, and then Dustin let out another moan, and I knew my other mate had finished as well. A few moments later after I’d sucked Dustin dry, I caught them both before they collapsed onto the floor.

“Have fun?” I chuckled as they both gasped for breath, lying on either side of me with their heads in my lap.

“Yup, give us a second and we’ll take care of you.” Calin panted.

"I'm fine," I lied through my teeth. I was so fucking turned on and wound up I was ready to blow.

"Liar." Dustin snickered as he flicked my leaking erection with his finger. That got a moan out of me. My mates shared a wicked look before I felt two tongues licking me.

"If you insist," I gasped and spread my legs for them. They didn't waste any time. Calin got his fingers nice and wet before pushing two into my ass as they continued to lick me like an ice cream cone. Holy fuck did that feel good!

"You take such good care of us," Dustin cooed as Calin turned his wrist so he was rubbing my sweet spot. "What a loving mate to make sure we're spent and then not even demand your turn."

"You both always make sure I get mine anyways," I replied with a smile as I leaned back and braced myself up on my elbows so I didn't miss the show. As much as I loved fucking them and sucking them, sometimes there was nothing better than watching my mates pleasure me at the same time.

"Does that make you happy?" Calin asked as his eyes sparkled with mischief and pushed in a third finger.

"Uh-huh," I groaned as I felt my balls draw up close to my body.

"Then come for your mates," Dustin said forcefully.

And that was all it took. I cried out my release as Dustin held my cock up so that I'd paint their faces with my cum. It was a thing of beauty. Though it was an orgasm of monstrous proportions, I couldn't look away from the sight. Reams of seed shot from my body and marked their faces as they kept licking the head of my dick.

When I was spent, I collapsed to the ground like a wet noodle and tried to regain the use of my body, especially my eyes since everything was still a little blurry from the intensity of my climax. After a few minutes I leaned back up and groaned.

"That is so fucking hot," I whimpered as they were licking my seed off each other's faces. They'd waited until I was coherent again so I wouldn't miss it. "You guys are going to be the death of me."

“Naw, you’re too old to die.” Calin giggled before swiping a large drip off Dustin. Then he turned to me with it still on his tongue and kissed me. The mix of his flavor and my own in his mouth had my spent cock taking interest again. I had a moment to gasp for more air before Dustin did the same thing.

“We promised to make you happy and satisfied.” Dustin panted when we broke apart. They both eyed my cock as if it was their favorite treat. It twitched under their intense gazes. “Guess we should make do on that, shouldn’t we?”

“H–How do you plan o–on doing t–that?” I asked, swallowing loudly.

“It’s your turn to be in the middle,” Calin answered with a wink and moved to straddle my hips.

“I love you guys.” I groaned as he lowered himself onto me as Dustin moved between my legs. “Best mates ever.”

“Glad you think so,” Dustin purred. “We can’t let life get boring.”

“Never going to happen with you two,” I said gently as I reached up and cupped each of their cheeks. And it wouldn’t. I knew that without a doubt. They loved me, and I loved them. The sex was mind-blowing, but there was so much more to our mating than that, and I would never forget that. Ever.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she left for college. She loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living with 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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