

D.J. HEART



ALPHA
BAIT

THREE WEREWOLVES FOR DYLAN

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Epilogue

Also by D.J. Heart:

DYLAN

Dylan made his way up the subway station stairs toward the sidewalk, following along with the rush-hour crowd, willing the people around him to move faster. When he reached the top, he zipped up his coat to ward off the chilly wind and looked around to orient himself.

He'd taken the subway from campus to save money, figuring it would only take him ten minutes longer than an Uber, but there had been a problem on the tracks and his train had been stuck in a tunnel for close to thirty-five minutes.

It was just his luck.

The university clinic administrator had been crystal clear. If he failed to show up for his doctor's appointment – part of the university's arrangement with various private clinics around the city to provide free care to low-income students – then he'd have to pay out of pocket to get a new one.

Dylan could not afford to pay out of pocket.

“One-two-four,” he muttered under his breath, repeating the clinic's address out loud as he turned right and started jogging down the sidewalk.

He was running against the wind, and his jacket was doing little to protect him from the blistering cold. The weather had been fine that morning – sunny and looking like the temperature would stay in the high fifties – but somewhere around noon the clouds had rolled in and the temperature had dropped to the low forties.

Dylan kept his head tilted toward the right, both so that he could pay attention to the numbered plaques marking each wall, but also so that he wouldn't get the wind smacking directly into his face.

Checking his watch, Dylan's anxiety ratcheted up a notch when he saw that he was now officially half an hour late to his appointment. He sped up, cursing the subway and the never-ending delays that plagued it, when all of a sudden he crashed into something that felt like a brick wall.

Dylan bounced back with a winded *oomph*, disoriented and flailing, and if it hadn't been for two massive hands grabbing him by the collar of his jacket and holding him steady, he would have fallen on his ass.

"Whoa, what's the rush?" a pleasantly deep voice asked. It sounded amused. "Are you okay?"

Dylan looked up, only to find himself staring up at the dimpled chin of a demigod.

The man he'd crashed into was *enormous*.

Dressed in a leather bomber jacket, tight jeans, and well-worn cowboy boots, the man looked like he'd stepped right out of a GQ magazine. The hunky cowboy issue, to be precise.

"I'm sorry," Dylan said, the sensation of the man's hands holding the front of his jacket making his chest feel all fluttery. "I'm late for my doctor's appointment. I should have looked where I was going."

The man's lips curved into a grin, showing off charming dimples and perfect white teeth. Dylan couldn't get over how tall the man was. He could have passed as a werewolf, he was so big.

"I don't mind," the man said. He let go of Dylan's collar and took a step back, reaching out a gloved hand and brushing a speck of imaginary dust off Dylan's shoulder. "Are you sure you're okay?"

His hand lingered on Dylan's upper arm, his thumb brushing back and forth over Dylan's bicep.

“I am,” Dylan said. He stared up at the man’s dimpled chin, wondering what it would be like to go through life looking that good.

“Maybe-”

“I really should get going,” Dylan blurted out, cutting the man off and twisting away from his hand. “I’m super late.”

Attractive men always flustered him, and this man was the most attractive man he’d ever seen. Dylan knew if he stayed for even one more second he’d make an absolute fool of himself.

The man nodded, and Dylan wondered if he was just imagining it or if his wide shoulders slumped.

“Of course.” He stepped aside, gesturing for Dylan to proceed down the sidewalk. The skin at the corners of his eyes crinkled. “Maybe I’ll see you around?”

“Maybe,” Dylan hedged, moving past him in a rush and wondering if the man had been flirting with him.

He couldn’t be. Guys who looked like werewolf movie stars didn’t flirt with skinny nerds like him.

Dylan glanced back, but the man had turned around and was walking down the sidewalk away from him. Dylan shook off his disappointment and kept walking, though he couldn’t resist taking one more look.

The man’s bomber jacket was cinched tight at his waist, showing off a truly glorious bubble butt encased in sinfully tight wrangler jeans.

Dylan moved his gaze forward, mouth watering, and resumed his jog. He kept running for another few minutes, hoping that the additional delay hadn’t caused him to lose his appointment.

By the time he reached building one-two-four, he was panting. He stopped, catching his breath, and looked up at the building looming over him.

It was a lot fancier than he’d expected. He double-checked the number on the side of the wall, confirming that he was at

the right place, and walked over to the glass doors where he scanned the directory on the large copper plaque.

Halfway down the list, sandwiched between the names of a law-firm and the office of a private equity company, was the name of a doctor's office.

Schaffer and Walker Private Medical Services

Dylan hadn't been given the name of the clinic he was visiting – just an address – but that had to be it.

He walked through the doors and into the lobby, looking around and taking in the polished floors, copper paneled walls, and the glass sculpture hanging from the towering ceiling. The fancy décor made him feel wildly out of place, making him wish he'd worn something other than his patched puffer coat, ratty sneakers and worn-out backpack, but there was nothing he could do about that now.

He just hoped they'd let him in.

“Good evening, how can I help you?” a smartly dressed woman behind the reception desk asked, looking up from her computer and shooting Dylan a pleasant smile. If she found Dylan's attire wanting, there was no trace of it in her voice or expression.

“Hi, I have an appointment at the medical clinic at five,” Dylan said, walking up to her. He swallowed, still breathing hard from his mad dash, and tried to smile. “I know I'm late, but I was hoping I could still make it?”

He surreptitiously wiped the sweat from his brow, moving his hair out of his eyes right after to disguise what he'd really been doing.

“Of course,” the receptionist said, reaching for the phone. “If I could have your name, I'll call up and let them know you've arrived.”

“It's Dylan. Dylan Landry.”

“Just give me one moment.”

Dylan chewed on his lip as he waited for the receptionist to make the call. It wouldn't be the end of the world if he didn't

get in, but he'd already waited a month for a doctor to check out the mole on his back and he really didn't want to wait any longer, or have to pay when he had access to free care.

“Yes, hello, Cynthia. I have a Dylan Landry in the lobby, he's running a bit behind on his five o'clock appointment. May I send him up?” The receptionist looked at him and smiled. “Yes? Very good, I'll have him up shortly.”

Dylan let out a relieved breath.

“You can go up. Elevator number five will take you to the correct floor.”

“Thank you so much!” Dylan said, buoyantly happy.

He walked through the gate and made his way to the elevator, the doors closing and a voice announcing that he was heading to the fourteenth floor without him having to do a thing.

Looking at himself in the mirrored doors, Dylan winced at his disheveled state. His hair was a mess, windswept and untidy, and his skin glistened with a fine sheen of sweat that was anything but attractive.

It was fine. Who cared if he didn't look his best? It was just a doctor's appointment.

Still, he should try to fix what he could. Combing his fingers through his chestnut locks until they lay somewhat right, Dylan fixed his hair and then used the sleeve of his shirt to wipe the sweat from his face and the back of his neck.

Before he could do anything else, the elevator stopped, the doors opening up to a reception area that looked more like a high-end spa than a medical clinic.

A woman in a set of black scrubs stood behind the desk on the left side of the room, and at Dylan's appearance she looked up from her computer and smiled.

It was a customer service smile, plastered on and completely fake, and Dylan could feel the annoyance behind it. He walked up to the desk with his most contrite expression fixed firmly on his face.

“Hi, I’m so sorry I’m late. There was a problem with the subway tracks, and I-”

“It’s not a problem,” the woman cut him off, somehow managing to make the interruption sound friendly. “Dylan Lander?”

Dylan hesitated. “Dylan Landry,” he corrected, suddenly unsure.

“Landry?” The woman frowned down at her computer. “Could you confirm the reason for your appointment?”

Dylan licked his lips. “I have a mole I wanted to have looked at?”

He didn’t mean for the statement to turn into a question, but he was flustered.

The woman nodded and smiled. “Yes, that’s what I have in my system. I’m so sorry about that. I must have copied it down incorrectly when I entered you into the system. Let me just fix that real quick.” She started clicking and typing away, a look of concentration on her face. “There. All taken care of. Now, if I could just make a copy of your ID and have you fill out this form?”

She reached for an iPad under her desk, sliding it over to him with just a little too much speed to be friendly.

Dylan really hoped she wasn’t having to stay late because of him.

“Of course,” Dylan said, reaching into his pocket for his license and handing it to her before picking up the iPad.

“You can take a seat and then Dr. Schaeffer will be with you in just a moment.”

Dylan mumbled his thanks and took the iPad over to a plush waiting area, where he filled out the form. It was all basic stuff, and Dylan was soon finished. The secretary came back with his ID and Dylan handed her the iPad.

“Thank you.” She glanced at the iPad, scrolling down. “Your bill has already been settled, so that’s all I need from you. If you stay put, Dr. Schaffer will be with you very soon.”

“Great.” Dylan cleared his throat, feeling awkward.
“Thank you so much.”

He settled in to wait, perfectly happy to wait a bit before seeing the doctor. That way maybe his damp shirt would dry and he wouldn't look like he'd jogged to his appointment. He reached for his phone, only remembering that it was out of battery when he pushed the button to turn it on and nothing happened.

“Mr. Lander?”

Dylan froze, the gruff baritone sending chills down his spine. For a second he thought it was the man he'd bumped into on the street, their voices similarly deep and rumbling, but then he realized how silly that was.

“That's me,” he said, turning around and pushing out of the chair. At the sight of the doctor, his knees nearly buckled.

Doctors were not supposed to look like *that*.

Standing at least six-foot-six, the doctor looked more like a werewolf fitness model than a medical professional. He had a square jaw that was covered in neatly trimmed black stubble, high cheekbones, and full, sensual lips that made Dylan want to reach up and touch.

The dimple in his chin completed the movie-star handsome package.

“I'm ready for you now.” Dr. Schaffer looked up from his clipboard, his green eyes making Dylan gasp.

He wore a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up, the tailored fit of the shirt showing off his wide shoulders and trim waist. He'd tucked the shirt into a pair of navy suit pants that were just fitted enough to show off the thick muscles in his thighs.

He was wearing a tie. Somehow, the combination of rolled up sleeves and a fully buttoned up collar made for the most appealing contrast.

Dylan stared at the doctor's toned forearms and big hands, his stomach doing a flip when he noticed how small the

normal-sized clipboard looked in the doctor's fingers.

"Mr. Lander?"

Dylan jerked his gaze away from the doctor's big hands, mortified to have been caught ogling the doctor's arms. He felt like he was back in high school, awkward and virginal, getting tongue tied when one of the nice jocks from the lacrosse team talked to him in the hall.

"Yes, of course," Dylan said, wincing at how high his voice sounded. He cleared his throat and forced himself to move forward. "And it's Landry."

Dr. Schaffer grinned, white teeth gleaming like he was in a toothpaste commercial. He looked down at his chart and chuckled.

"Landry, huh? Well, it's nice to officially meet you. I'm Dr. Schaffer."

He held out his hand, easily twice the size of Dylan's own, and Dylan automatically reached out to shake it.

Dylan was going to have to take his shirt off in front of this man, he realized with dawning horror.

"I corrected his name in the computer and he's all ready to go on the forms."

Dylan jumped at the sound of the secretary's voice coming from right behind him. He pulled his hand out of Dr. Schaffer's grip, his palm tingling, and took a quick step back.

"Thank you, Cynthia," Dr. Schaffer said, his voice warm. "I think I can manage Mr. Landry on my own. Why don't you call it a day and head on home?"

Cynthia's face lit up, her expression going from polite to genuinely happy.

"Are you sure?"

Dr. Schaffer nodded, tucking the chart under his arm and stepping closer to Dylan. He put his hand on Dylan's upper back, and Dylan nearly fell to his knees at the sensation of the

doctor's massive hand spanning the width of his shoulder blades.

"I've got this. You go on home and have a nice weekend."

Dylan stood frozen, Dr. Schaffer towering over his meager five feet and eight inches and making him feel absolutely tiny.

"Thank you, Dr. Schaffer. I'll see you on Monday."

Cynthia walked back to the reception desk and started packing up her things, while Dr. Schaffer looked down at Dylan with a disconcertingly enthusiastic grin.

"Are you ready for your appointment?"

Something about Dr. Schaffer's expression reminded Dylan of a cartoon wolf. It was all teeth, and there was a gleam in his eyes that left Dylan feeling like prey.

He trembled and then spent the next few seconds wondering if he was imagining the slight sharpening of Dr. Schaffer's canines.

"Yes?" Dylan cleared his throat. "I'm ready, Dr. Schaffer."

The doctor looked at him, his expression searching, and then nodded.

"Good. Come with me."

The words were a command, accompanied by a firm pressure on Dylan's upper back as he was led out of the waiting area and into the clinic.

Breathing through his nose, Dylan caught the scent of something that smelled absolutely wonderful. He inhaled again, trying to figure out what it was, and realized with a start that what he was smelling was Dr. Schaffer. Notes of cedar wood and leather mingled with a clean, masculine musk, the scent making Dylan want to push his nose into the doctor's side and *inhale*.

The intensity of the impulse caught Dylan off guard.

"Here we are," Dr. Schaffer said, ignorant of Dylan's internal panic as he led him into an examination room. He

lifted his hand off his back and turned to the sink next to the door, putting down his clipboard and washing his hands.

Dylan looked around.

The office looked like any other doctor's office he'd been to, with a big desk by the window and an examination table next to the wall.

"Take a seat on the bench," Dr. Schaffer instructed, glancing over his shoulder as he finished washing his hands. He grinned, looking wolfish as he ripped a piece of paper towel out of the dispenser and aggressively dried his hands. "We want you to be nice and *comfortable*."

Dylan hesitated, something about the doctor's tone and expression not quite right, but then he decided that he must be imagining things and made his way over to the bench and sat down. Dr. Schaffer followed, grabbing his office chair from behind his desk and pulling it over so that he could sit down across from him.

The bench was positioned lower than the chair, and with their existing height difference already quite considerable, Dylan was left having to crane his neck to look up at Dr. Schaffer's face.

"So, Dylan. You're here for a mole you wanted me to look at. Is that right?"

Dr. Schaffer sat with his legs spread, feet planted firmly on the floor. He leaned forward, resting his hand on his knee.

Dylan looked down, flustered, and stared at the tips of the doctor's big dress shoes. The oversized loafers looked huge next to Dylan's ratty sneakers, and Dylan blushed as his mind made a mental leap and started wondering which other parts of the doctor were big.

His groin tingled, and it was an effort not to look between the doctor's legs to check out his bulge.

Wrenching his mind out of the gutter, Dylan looked up. "That's right. I noticed it about two months ago and figured I should get it checked out."

Dr. Schaffer nodded, his face serious. “I can definitely take a look at that for you.” He scooted his chair forward. “Now, since you’re a new patient, I think it would be best if we did a full physical. Then, after we have that out of the way, I can have a look at your mole and see if it needs to be removed. Does that sound okay?”

Dylan swallowed. He had expected the doctor to have a quick look at his back and then be done with it. A full physical seemed excessive. He leaned back, feeling overwhelmed at having Dr. Schaffer so close to him.

“That won’t cost extra?” he asked, just to make sure that the doctor hadn’t forgotten that he was a charity case.

Dr. Schaffer laughed. “No, of course not.” He rose up and pushed his chair back, grabbing a stethoscope from his desk and putting it around his neck. “Are you ready to get started?”

Dylan nodded.

“Great. Please strip down to your underwear and I’ll be right with you.”

Dylan’s breath caught in his throat. His *underwear*? The idea of being nearly naked in the presence of a man like Dr. Schaffer made his pulse spike and his stomach clench with nerves.

“Is there a problem?” Dr. Schaffer asked, his voice suddenly stern.

“No problem,” Dylan stuttered, standing up and taking off his coat. He kicked off his shoes and unbuttoned his shirt, then pushed down his pants while telling himself that there was nothing weird about a doctor seeing him nearly naked.

That was his job. He probably saw dozens of people nearly naked every day, and he most likely didn’t even notice.

Dr. Schaffer stepped on a lever under the examination bench, lifting the bench up until it was at a more appropriate height.

“Nice. Do you work out?”

Dylan choked on his own spit, shocked to see Dr. Schaffer's gaze moving up and down his body with an approving nod.

"I run a little," Dylan mumbled, sitting back down on the bench and putting his hands over his lap.

It was a complete lie. He'd run maybe twice in the past year, and that was with a generous definition of running.

He did walk a lot, though.

"Well, keep it up," Dr. Schaffer said, grabbing his office chair and rolling it back to the bench. He took a seat and scooted close, moving so that his legs bracketed Dylan's. "Cardio is *very* important."

Before Dylan could get too flustered by the fact that he was sitting between Dr. Schaffer's legs, the doctor grabbed his wrist to feel his pulse. Focused on counting Dylan's heartbeat and checking his watch, he didn't see the way Dylan's face burned at the sudden contact.

Dylan held his breath, the sensation of Dr. Schaffer's large hand wrapping around his wrist like a manacle making his heart race.

"Your pulse is a little fast," Dr. Schaffer said, frowning. He looked up. "Are you feeling stressed?"

Dylan swallowed, feeling like it was the loudest swallow in history. "Not really."

Dr. Schaffer took a short breath, his nostril flaring. "Let's see what your blood pressure is like."

Dylan sat still as Dr. Schaffer moved a wide cuff up over his arm, tensing slightly as the cuff inflated around his bicep and squeezed.

"You can take it," Dr. Schaffer said, noticing Dylan's small grimace.

"I know," Dylan mumbled, thinking that that was a really weird way to phrase it.

Dr. Schaffer took his blood pressure twice, after which he removed the cuff and grinned. “Blood pressure is good.”

“Not too high?”

“No, you’re exactly where you should be. One-nineteen over seventy-nine.”

The numbers didn’t mean anything to Dylan, but he trusted the doctor that they were okay.

With Dylan’s pulse and blood pressure measurements out of the way, Dr. Schaffer rose up from his chair to continue the examination. He looked at Dylan’s ears, the inside his mouth, and tested his eyes with a tiny flashlight that he pulled out of his pocket.

It all felt very medical and professional, and Dylan was lulled into a sense of relaxation – though he did feel a stirring in his pants when the doctor grabbed his jaw and moved his head back and forth as he looked into his mouth.

It was fine. As long as he didn’t get hard, that was all that mattered.

“Everything is looking normal. I’m going to palpate your lymph nodes now. Let me know if you experience any tenderness.”

Dylan nodded. “I will.”

Dr. Schaffer squeezed his shoulder. “Good.”

To Dylan’s surprise, the doctor walked around the bench and came to a stop behind him. He turned his face to see what he was doing, but Dr. Schaffer grabbed his head and turned him back around.

“Keep your face forward, please.”

“All right,” Dylan said, forcing himself to breathe normally.

He kept his head still, skin prickling as he felt Dr. Schaffer’s huge form looming behind him. Dr. Schaffer put his hands on his shoulders, making him jump, the movement making the doctor chuckle.

“Relax.” Dr. Schaffer curved his fingers around the side of Dylan’s neck, his other hand sliding down to feel along the upper edge of his collar bone.

Dylan trembled as Dr. Schaffer’s large fingers moved across his skin, and when the doctor moved from his collarbone and up the side of his throat, he shuddered. Dr. Schaffer rubbed small circles with the tips of his fingers, moving up under Dylan’s jaw and following his jawline.

It felt far too intimate.

“Are you okay?” Dr. Schaffer asked, his voice coming from suspiciously close to Dylan’s ear. He’d finished feeling up the left side of Dylan’s lymph nodes and had started repeating the process on his other side.

“I’m fine,” Dylan croaked, his voice weak. He coughed. “You have warm hands.”

Dylan regretted the words the second they were out of his mouth.

“Thank you.”

Dr. Schaffer didn’t say anything else, the compliment lingering in the air between them.

“Lift your arms.”

Dylan could feel Dr. Schaffer stepping away from his back, the movement prompting him to look back.

His mouth dried at the sight of Dr. Schaffer pulling on a pair of black gloves. The way the latex clung to the doctor’s hands – pulled tight and showing off every vein on top of his hand – was startlingly erotic.

“I’m going to check under your arms.”

The words were an explanation and a warning. Dr. Schaffer moved back to his front and stood between his legs, reaching out and moving both hands under Dylan’s arms.

Dylan had to close his eyes, overwhelmed by Dr. Schaffer’s closeness. The way he loomed over him, touching

him and standing close enough that his scent filled Dylan's nose, was all too much for Dylan's poor little gay heart.

"Still no tenderness?" Dr. Schaffer asked, his tone professional.

Dylan shook his head.

Dr. Schaffer moved his hand down, touching Dylan's sensitive flank and making him jerk away at the tickling sensation.

Dr. Schaffer smirked. "Ticklish?"

Dylan's first instinct was to lie, but then he realized how ridiculous that would be. Dr. Schaffer wasn't going to start tickling him.

"A little," he admitted.

There was a pause, and then Dr. Schaffer chuckled. "Good to know."

He removed his hands from under Dylan's arms and stripped off his gloves, throwing them in the trash.

"I need you to breathe normally."

Dr. Schaffer took the stethoscope from around his neck and put it in his ears. He picked up the bell and held it against Dylan's chest, one hand coming down to rest on Dylan's shoulder and keeping it there.

The twin sensation of the cold metal against his chest and the warm hand on his shoulder made Dylan twitch.

"I'm sorr-"

"No talking."

The interruption was stern, Dr. Schaffer briefly lifting the bell of the stethoscope off his chest. When Dylan looked up, there was a furrow in the doctor's brow.

He blushed and nodded.

Dr. Schaffer put the bell back on Dylan's chest and listened to his heart for a while, moving it around at steady intervals, using his hand on Dylan's shoulder to keep him from moving.

He shifted the bell to the other side of Dylan's chest.

"Take a deep breath and hold it."

Dylan obeyed, watching Dr. Schaffer's face as the man listened to his lungs.

He'd never had a medical checkup that was this thorough before, but it didn't seem like Dr. Schaffer had found anything he was worried about.

"And breathe out."

Dylan released his breath, his cock twitching in his underwear when he caught Dr. Schaffer's tongue wetting his lips.

Dr. Schaffer repeated his request to breathe in and hold it several more times, and something about the controlled breathing left Dylan feeling something close to hypnotized. He was warm all over, and as he sat there it felt like his only contact with reality was the bell on his chest and the heavy hand on his shoulder.

"I'm going to listen on your back now."

Dylan didn't understand the significance of those words until Dr. Schaffer stepped forward, close enough that Dylan's face was pressed into the front of his white dress shirt and his nose was brushing the edge of the doctor's tie.

Dr. Schaffer reached around Dylan's torso, placing the bell of the stethoscope on his back, cupping the back of his neck to hold him still against his chest.

Dylan thought he was going to die, he was so turned on. Dr. Schaffer's body enveloped him, the doctor pushing him into his meaty pecs, and the hand on the back of his neck felt hotter than a brand.

"Breathe normally," Dr. Schaffer admonished, and Dylan realized he'd been holding his breath. He opened his mouth to apologize before he remembered that he wasn't allowed to talk.

He felt dizzy at the sensation of the doctor's masculine scent filling his nose.

Focusing on breathing, Dylan did his best to ignore the way Dr. Schaffer's muscular chest was pushing against his face. He looked down, staring down the line of Dr. Schaffer's body, and froze at the sight of a pronounced bulge against the doctor's thigh.

He could see the head of his cock through Dr. Schaffer's suit, the line of his glans cutting a prominent crease in the fabric of his trousers.

At first Dylan thought that Dr. Schaffer was hard, but after looking at the bulge for a second, he realized that he was just big.

Dylan's cock swelled.

"Breathe in and hold it," Dr. Schaffer said, oblivious to the fact that he was exposing himself and that Dylan now had an erection.

Taking a gulping breath and holding it, Dylan closed his eyes and pushed his palms down on his crotch, praying that his hard-on would go away before Dr. Schaffer stepped back and he was exposed as a pervert.

In Dylan's experience, straight guys who looked like Dr. Schaffer usually didn't take well to horny little twinks getting hard because of them.

"And breathe out."

Dylan tried to focus on following Dr. Schaffer's orders, but the memory of the doctor's massive cock was burned into the back of his eyelids.

"That all sounds like it's in order," Dr. Schaffer said, taking off his stethoscope and hooking it around his neck. "If you would just stay like that, I'm going to examine your spine, and then I'm going to have you lie down on your back so that I can examine your stomach."

At the idea of having to lie down on his back, Dylan panicked. Sitting with his hands in his lap he could do a reasonable job of hiding the fact that he was hard as a rock, but if he had to lie down it would be instantly obvious.

“I don’t think that’s necessary. I don’t want to waste your time. You should just look at my mole and then I can leave.”

Dr. Schaffer frowned at him. “Am I making you uncomfortable?”

“No!” Dylan looked anywhere but at Dr. Schaffer’s face. “I just don’t want you to waste your time.”

Dr. Schaffer crossed his arms, and Dylan wished he didn’t notice the way the move showed off the doctor’s big biceps. It really didn’t help his underwear situation.

“I’m not wasting my time. Now is this about the erection you’re trying to hide?”

Dylan’s eyes went huge and Dr. Schaffer smirked.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed. I know that being touched can sometimes trigger non-sexual erections. It doesn’t have to mean anything.”

“I’m so sorry,” Dylan said, mortified.

“It’s fine. We’ll both pretend it’s not there and get on with things, okay?” Dr. Schaffer uncrossed his arms and stepped around the bench, moving back behind Dylan. “I’m going to continue the examination now.”

There was no room for argument in his voice, and Dylan was too embarrassed to say anything.

“Keep your head forward.”

Dylan tried to regulate his breathing to something normal, but when Dr. Schaffer started feeling his way down the length of his spine, it was anything but easy. The doctor massaged his way down the length of Dylan’s back, rubbing over each knob of his spine, his other hand warm where it rested against the side of his flank.

Dylan’s cock throbbed at the attention, pre-come leaking from the tip of his cock and making the inside of his underwear feel slick.

“Perfect,” Dr. Schaffer rumbled, removing his hands and stepping back to the other side of the bench. He licked his lips

and gave Dylan a stern glance. “Now lie down on your back.”

Dylan *really* didn't want to. The minute he lay down, both his hard-on and the fact that he was leaking like a faucet would be blindingly obvious.

Dr. Schaffer would know immediately that Dylan was having more than a slight reaction to being touched.

Before he could object, Dr. Schaffer put his hand on Dylan's chest and shoved him back. His other hand grabbed his shoulder to control his descent, forcing him to lie back on the bench.

Dylan lifted his legs up on the bench, keeping his hands over his crotch and desperately pushing down on his erection.

“Hands by your side.”

Dr. Schaffer sounded like he expected to be obeyed, and feeling like he was digging his own grave, Dylan let his hands sink down to the bench.

For a second Dr. Schaffer didn't say anything, but then he snorted and put his stethoscope back into his ears.

“No talking,” he reminded Dylan, placing the bell-end of the stethoscope down on his stomach. He held it there, listening, before lifting it up and taking off the stethoscope altogether. “All good so far. I'm going to examine your stomach now.”

Dylan braced himself, but nothing could have prepared him for the sensation of Dr. Schaffer's big hand placed flat on his stomach, gently pushing down and moving around with clinical efficiency.

He moaned and then cut himself off by clenching his jaw.

Dr. Schaffer froze, his hand not moving.

“Any tenderness?”

Dylan stopped gritting his teeth and shook his head. He'd never been so humiliated in his life.

“Good. I'm going to push down a little harder.”

Dylan was caught off guard by the pressure that followed, but it wasn't painful. When Dr. Schaffer pushed down on his bladder however, he grunted in discomfort.

"Full," Dr. Schaffer commented, like it was funny.

"I... yeah," Dylan agreed, not sure what else to say. He hadn't had time to pee since lunch.

"Are you sexually active?"

The question came out of left field, Dr. Schaffer still pushing down on his stomach, and for a minute Dylan was too shocked to answer.

"Not in a while," he mumbled.

"How long has it been since you had sex?"

Dylan swallowed and fought the urge to put his hands back over his crotch.

"A little more than a year."

That got a raised eyebrow, and Dylan could feel his blush reaching all the way down to his chest. It wasn't his fault. He hadn't met anyone he wanted to have sex with who'd also wanted to have sex with him in a while, and he didn't like anonymous hookups.

He always got way too attached and then ended up getting his heart broken.

"I won't test for any sexually transmitted diseases, then," Dr. Schaffer said.

Of course that was why he'd asked.

"No, I don't think that's necessary."

"But when you do have sex, you're a bottom, right?"

Dr. Schaffer lifted his hand away from Dylan's stomach and stepped back, leaving Dylan spluttering.

He hadn't even told the doctor he was gay. Where was he getting bottom?

Dylan was, but that wasn't the point.

“Well?”

Dr. Schaffer’s voice was expectant, and Dylan didn’t know what to make of it. He sat up and looked at the floor.

“I guess?” he mumbled. He bit his lip, the sight of Dr. Schaffer’s big feet making him feel all funny.

“Good. I’m going to test your strength and reflexes, and then I’ll have a look at that mole of yours.”

Dylan sat in a daze as Dr. Schaffer continued his examination, and by the time he’d finished up testing his reflexes, he wondered if he’d imagined the whole bottoming question.

“And that’s your physical,” Dr. Schaffer said, putting his little reflex hammer away. “You’re in excellent health. Now let’s have a look at that mole.”

Dylan lay down on his stomach, relieved to finally have his traitorous hard-on hidden away again.

“This the one?” Dr. Schaffer asked, tracing his finger over Dylan’s back where the mole was. It wasn’t large, but it had gone from being a light brown to something a little darker sometime over the summer, and Dylan didn’t want it to go unchecked.

“Yes. It’s darker than it used to be.”

Dr. Schaffer looked at it, stroking over it with his finger. “For real?”

Dylan didn’t understand the question.

“What do you mean?”

“Has it actually changed? That’s not just part of... you know?”

Dylan did *not* know. “It changed color. It used to be light brown, but now it has that dark edge.” He looked up at Dr. Schaffer, surprised to see that the amused cockiness from earlier was all but gone.

“Is it bad?”

He must have sounded worried, because Dr. Schaffer laughed. “No, it looks fine, but I don’t like that it changed color. I’ll remove it for you when we’re done here.”

Dylan was relieved. That was exactly what he’d hoped would happen.

“And that won’t cost extra?”

Dr. Schaffer tilted his head, giving him a long look. Slowly, the cocky aura he’d had earlier returned. The crinkle at the corner of his eyes and the curve of his lip turned playful, and his eyes sparkled.

The difference from just a second ago was dramatic.

“How about we work something out?” Dr. Schaffer stroked the tip of his fingers over the dip in Dylan’s back, brushing over the ridge of his spine in a way that felt anything but clinical.

“Work something out how?” Dylan asked, shivering at the gentle touch. His neck ached from looking up over his shoulder and he turned his face back to the bench.

The smooth leather was clammy against his cheek.

Dr. Schaffer’s fingers circled the line of Dylan’s spine, moving lower and caressing the top curve of his butt. Dylan’s breath hitched, and he wondered if Dr. Schaffer was actually suggesting what he thought he was suggesting.

“I’ve had a long day, and it would be good for me to release a little stress. Do you think you could help me with that in exchange for a tiny little mole removal?” Dr. Schaffer groped Dylan’s ass, squeezing his cheek in a firm grip and giving it a little shake. “I mean, you’re obviously attracted to me. Right?”

Dylan’s first reaction was to feel mortified. Dr. Schaffer was a doctor. He shouldn’t be propositioning patients. It was wrong.

Dr. Schaffer moved his finger down and brushed over Dylan’s hole, and all at once Dylan didn’t care if this was immoral or not.

“Right,” Dylan confirmed, feeling like he was in a dream.

“So do we have a deal?”

Dylan hesitated, glancing up over his shoulder to see the handsome giant smirking down at him.

Future him would never forgive him if he passed up an opportunity like this.

“I... yes. I’d like to... If you’d like to...”

Dr. Schaffer laughed, releasing his grip on Dylan’s ass and giving it a light smack.

“So polite. I like that.” He walked over to the cabinet and retrieved a bottle of lube, giving it a shake and setting it down on his desk. Then, with a cocky grin and maintaining eye-contact, he pulled off his tie and started unbuttoning his shirt.

Dylan had been able to tell that Dr. Schaffer had a nice body, but he was still stunned seeing it laid bare. His shoulders were wide, his arms beefy, and his pecs looked like two solid slabs of meat.

He was *built*.

“Look at you, you’re practically drooling,” Dr. Schaffer teased, walking back to the bench. He grabbed Dylan by the hair, giving his head a playful yank, and then lifted him up so that he was on his hands and knees.

He stroked Dylan’s ass, grabbing his left cheek in his big hand and squeezing down. Dylan whimpered and then yelped in shock when Dr. Schaffer let go and delivered a stinging smack to his ass.

“You look good like this, but I think we’ll move things to the other room.”

Dr. Schaffer grabbed him under his arms and lifted him off the bench, putting him down on the floor and grabbing him by the back of his neck. He steered him toward the door and into the hallway.

“We’re alone, right?” Dylan looked around, covering the bulge in his underwear with his hands as Dr. Schaffer marched

him down the hall.

“We are,” Dr. Schaffer confirmed, shifting his grip from Dylan’s neck to his hair and giving his head a little shake. It hurt, but the manhandling sparked something in Dylan that he didn’t know how to explain.

He liked it.

Dr. Schaffer led Dylan to a room two doors down from his office, letting go of his hair and shoving him through the door and into the room and sauntering in after him. “This is more like it.”

Dylan looked around, his gaze immediately landing on the padded examination chair taking up center stage in the room.

It had stirrups.

“Sit on that.”

Dr. Schaffer pushed Dylan toward the chair, the shove almost knocking him over, while he headed over to the cabinet by the wall. Dylan took a careful seat at the very edge of the padded chair, watching as Dr. Schaffer retrieved a pair of leather gloves from the cabinet and held them up for Dylan’s inspection.

“I hope you don’t mind,” he said, putting them on and smoothing the supple leather down over his fingers. He shot Dylan a crooked grin. “I prefer these to latex. They feel better, you know?”

Dylan couldn’t imagine that the gloves were part of the room’s usual equipment, which made him wonder exactly how often Dr. Schaffer did this.

He looked down, the sight of Dr. Schaffer’s big hands encased in leather making him feel all funny. He resolutely ignored the stirrups on either side of his legs.

“Well? Do you like the look?” Dr. Schaffer asked, splaying his fingers wide and holding them up for Dylan’s inspection.

It took Dylan a few awkward seconds to realize that he wanted a response.

“You look nice,” he said. The compliment was sincere, but Dylan quickly got the idea that it hadn’t been quite what Dr. Schaffer was after. He scrambled for something else to say. “Very hot. Your muscles are very big, and I like your face.”

As soon as he’d stopped talking Dylan wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

I like your face? What was wrong with him?

Dr. Schaffer’s grin went from cocky and somewhat aggressive to fond. “Thank you, Dylan. I like your face, too. Now lean back so that I can hook you up to the colonic-machine and clean out your insides.”

A startled laugh burst out of Dylan’s mouth, but when Dr. Schaffer just raised his eyebrow, he realized that he was serious.

“Is something funny?” Dr. Schaffer asked, wheeling a large machine over from the corner of the room. It was gray, with a host of weird dials and buttons, and it had a sturdy rubber tube sticking out of the side connecting it to the wall.

“I-” Dylan cleared his throat and stared at the machine, not sure what to say. He finally settled on a question. “Isn’t that a bit much?”

Dr. Schaffer chuckled, the sound a low rumble coming from deep within his chest. He walked right up to the chair, pulling the colonic-machine with him, and stood between Dylan’s legs.

“This is just the beginning. I am going to have *fun* with you.”

Dylan couldn’t breathe. Dr. Schaffer’s body was so close that he could feel the heat coming off his chest like a physical thing against his face, his presence looming and intense.

“I’m not sure I-”

“I’ll take good care of you. Now lift your legs.”

Dr. Schaffer held out his hands, leather stretched tight over his long fingers, and after a second Dylan realized that he was

supposed to lift his legs and let the doctor take him by the ankles.

If he hadn't been so turned on, Dylan would have objected and asked more questions, but instead he dutifully leaned back and lifted his feet.

"Good boy," Dr. Schaffer rumbled, his voice dripping low. He took hold of Dylan's ankles and moved his legs into the stirrups. "I'm going to make you feel so good. Don't worry about a thing."

Dylan had never felt more exposed or turned on.

Dr. Schaffer lifted the stirrups up and apart, making Dylan cry out in surprise. His legs were now over his body and spread wide apart.

His underwear-clad bulge and butt were on full display.

"You can spread wider than that," Dr. Schaffer growled, pushing the stirrups further apart and forcing the muscles in Dylan's inner thighs to stretch.

It was a good thing Dylan was flexible.

"That feels right," the doctor said, running his big hands down Dylan's inner thighs and giving them a squeeze. His thumbs moved closer together, finding Dylan's taint and massaging it through his underwear. "I can't wait to fuck you."

Dylan had to close his eyes, because if he kept looking at the perfect specimen of manhood in front of him while he said things like that he was going to combust.

"But first, let's make sure you don't wriggle too much while the colonic machine works."

Dr. Schaffer walked back to the cabinet on the other side of the room, the muscles in his wide back flexing as he reached up and rummaged around inside. He came back with several rolls of self-adhesive bandages, the brand of which Dylan recognized from a few years ago when he'd sprained his ankle.

"This should do the trick," Dr. Schaffer said, taking one of the rolls and wrapping it around Dylan's leg and the padded

stirrup. He'd used up the whole roll and moved on to Dylan's other ankle before it registered that he was being tied up.

A tendril of unease stirred in his stomach, but by the time both his ankles had been secured, he felt like it was too late to say anything.

Dr. Schaffer was a lot bigger and stronger than him, anyway. It wasn't like he was any more vulnerable tied up than not. If the doctor wanted to hurt him, there was nothing Dylan could do to stop him.

The fact that Dylan also found the idea of being tied down exciting was something he wasn't quite ready to admit to himself.

When Dr. Schaffer grabbed a third roll and took hold of his wrist, however, he felt he had to speak up.

"Is that really necessary?"

Dylan's voice came out wobbly, and he could hear the sound of his pulse echoing loudly in his ears.

He may be a little more freaked out than he'd realized.

"You don't want to be tied up?"

Dr. Schaffer paused, still holding Dylan's wrist in a loose grip. He sounded confused, but not angry, and Dylan was left feeling bewildered. Was tying each other up so normal now that not doing it was considered weird? There was no way. Dylan would have heard about that, even with as little sex as he'd been having.

"I mean, you could ask before you do it," Dylan said, forcing himself to voice his discomfort.

He still really wanted to get fucked, but he felt like they'd moved far enough into the deep end of the kinky swimming pool.

"Are you sure?" Dr. Schaffer bit his lip, his eyes warm. "You don't want me to take control and have my way with you?"

Something about the way he said it was weird, but Dylan didn't know why. It was like he expected the words to mean more to Dylan than they did.

“Maybe?” Dylan hedged. “But some communication would be good, too.”

Dr. Schaffer dropped the bandage and cupped Dylan's cheek, stroking his leather-clad thumb over the edge of his mouth with a tender little gesture.

“I can do communication.” He slid his thumb over the inside of Dylan's lip, pressing against his teeth and making him taste leather. “Here's what I'm thinking. I tie you up using these-” he nodded down at the self-adhesive bandage resting on Dylan's lap “-and then I hook you up to the colonic machine. While that's running, we tilt the chair back and I feed you my cock. Then, when you're nice and clean on the inside, I'll stretch out your hole with my fingers and fuck you. After that, if you're a really good boy, I'll let you come before putting you in a chastity cage so that you'll be nice and horny for your next appointment. Sound good?”

Dylan stared up at the wolf-like grin on Dr. Schaffer's face, the breath caught in his throat as his cock twitched and released another trickle of pre-come.

The words *chastity cage* rang in his ears.

He should say no and leave. Dylan knew that he was in over his head – that Dr. Schaffer was a deviant in ways he was not prepared for – but despite that he couldn't bring himself to actually say the words to make the doctor stop.

His cock wouldn't let him.

Taking an unsteady breath, Dylan swallowed and nodded his head. “Sounds good.”

His voice was wobbly.

Dr. Schaffer's grin turned downright evil. “Good boy. Now let's finish tying you up so that I can get you hooked up to the machine.”

Dylan held still as Dr. Schaffer used the bandages to secure his wrists to the chair's armrests.

"Have you ever had a colonic?" Dr. Schaffer asked, walking over to the cabinet next to the sink. He pulled out a rolled-up hose sealed in plastic and carried it over to the machine.

Dylan shook his head, watching as Dr. Schaffer struggled for a second to tear open the plastic with his gloved fingers.

"I think you'll like it," Dr. Schaffer said, finally getting the wrapping open. He pulled out a thick plastic tube and connected it to the colonic machine, before pulling another smaller tube out of the same wrapping and connecting it right below the first.

The plastic wrapping still wasn't empty. There was a slim, cone-like thing still inside that Dylan was pretty sure was going up his ass.

"Shit, I forgot the lube. Hold on." Dr. Schaffer reached into the wrapping and put the cone-like nozzle on Dylan's lap, tossing the now empty wrapper in the trash. He grinned and pinched Dylan's nipple. "I'll be right back."

Dr. Schaffer left the room in a rush, leaving Dylan sitting in the padded chair with his feet spread wide in the air, unable to move.

In the sudden quiet, Dylan was left wondering what on earth he was doing. He tugged on his bonds, trying to move his arms and legs, but he was completely secured.

There was no getting out of the chair until Dr. Schaffer let him.

"And I'm back." Dr. Schaffer barged back into the room, kicking the door shut behind him and holding up the bottle of lube from his office. He walked right up into the space between Dylan's legs, putting his hand on Dylan's shoulder and leaning down until they were face to face. "Did you miss me?"

Dylan licked his lips, hyper aware of the dimple in Dr. Schaffer's chin and the crooked ridge of his nose.

“Maybe?” he said, embarrassed.

“Can I kiss you?”

Dylan’s heart slammed into the wall of his chest, beating wildly. He nodded.

“Good boy.”

Feeling like he was in a dream, Dylan held still as Dr. Schaffer closed the distance between them and pressed their lips together.

It was a gentle, barely there touch, sending chills rushing down Dylan’s spine and giving him goosebumps. He moaned, parting his lips and wanting more.

Dr. Schaffer let out a chuckle. He rubbed his chin against Dylan’s jaw, stroking his stubble over Dylan’s clean-shaven skin, and then grabbed him by his hair and tugged his head back.

“Greedy,” he rumbled, pushing his tongue into Dylan’s mouth, licking into him with an aggressive swipe of his tongue and taking control.

It was unlike any kiss Dylan had ever had. Dr. Schaffer growled into his mouth, licking and biting, his stubble rubbing over Dylan’s lips and cheeks and making his skin feel rubbed raw.

It felt fantastic.

“Open your mouth,” Dr. Schaffer growled, lifting his head and staring down at Dylan like he owned him.

His expression was stern. Demanding.

Dylan parted his lips, Dr. Schaffer’s body filling his whole field of vision, the bindings on his wrists and ankles feeling like the only thing keeping him from floating away.

Dr. Schaffer grinned, and Dylan was left shocked when the muscular man lodged a wad of spit right into his mouth. Before he could process what had just happened, Dr. Schaffer crashed their lips together again, licking into Dylan’s mouth and forcing him to practically choke on his tongue.

“God damn you’re cute,” Dr. Schaffer growled with a cocky laugh, standing up and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Dylan looked up at him with wide eyes, his breaths coming in short little pants, shellshocked. The doctor ran his hand through his hair, pushing it out of his face. “Fucking hell. Do you even know how good you look?”

Dylan didn’t answer.

“All right, let’s get you cleaned out.” Dr. Schaffer grabbed the nozzle resting on Dylan’s lap. He took the lube and smeared a generous portion all over the white plastic, not seeming to care that he was getting lube all over his glove. “It’s a closed loop, self-regulated system. Water goes in through the little hose, and then the big one sucks it out, and then the process repeats until you’re clean. You might feel some pressure and cramping, but that’s normal. Are you ready?”

Dylan waited a full breath before he nodded. He was still reeling from having Dr. Schaffer’s tongue invading his mouth, licking over his teeth and making his tongue submit, and his lips were tingling from where the doctor had rubbed his stubbled jaw over them.

“Good boy.” Dr. Schaffer pulled Dylan’s underwear down just enough to expose his ass, and without any preamble, shoved the lube nozzle inside of him.

Dylan instinctively tried to jerk away, grunting at the sudden invasion, but since he was tied down there was nowhere to go.

“Tight,” Dr. Schaffer commented, pushing the nozzle in further. Dylan let out a whine, his anal muscles protesting the stretch, but then the circumference of the nozzle narrowed and Dylan’s hole clamped down hard. Dr. Schaffer grinned. “I’m going to have my work cut out for me when I stretch you out. My dick is a lot bigger than the speculum.”

He groped his crotch, and Dylan’s eyes widened at the sight of his bulge. His cock was pushed down the length of his thigh – thick and bulging – the shape of his cockhead clearly visible under the straining fabric.

It was much bigger now than before, both long and girthy, and the size of it left Dylan feeling very inadequate. His own erection, the size of which was very obvious due to the tent in his boxer briefs, was not nearly as big.

“Ready?” Dr. Schaffer asked, hooking both the plastic tubes to the nozzle shoved into Dylan’s ass. He walked over to the machine and fiddled with the dials before letting his finger rest over a green switch.

Dylan nodded and Dr. Schaffer flipped the switch. A flow of warm water shot into Dylan’s rectum, pushing into him and filling him up like a water balloon.

“How does that feel?” Dr. Schaffer asked, walking around the chair and coming to stand behind him. Dylan could feel him looming at his back, but he was too captivated by the machine pumping him full of water to turn around and look.

“Weird,” he said after a moment, the water flowing and making him feel full. “Like I have to go.”

Dr. Schaffer laughed. “Make sure you hold it. If you make a mess of this office, I will not be happy with you.”

Dylan gulped, the note of warning in Dr. Schaffer’s voice going right to his balls. Something about the playful nature of the threat just did it for him.

He was making all sorts of discoveries about himself today.

“Let’s get this out of the way.” Dr. Schaffer grabbed the headrest behind Dylan’s head and yanked it up, removing it from the chair all together. Dylan leaned back over the edge of the seat, looking up at Dr. Schaffer’s face grinning down at him.

“Hello there. Now hold on.”

Before Dylan could ask what exactly he was supposed to hold on to, he found himself falling back as Dr. Schaffer lowered the back of the chair until it was horizontal with the floor.

With the headrest removed, Dylan's head hung over the edge of the chair, his face right up against Dr. Schaffer's bulge. He stared, feeling like he was in a dream. The bulge was so close that if Dylan lifted his neck he could push his face right into it.

Dr. Schaffer saved him the effort. He unbuckled his belt – yanking it off and letting it drop to the floor – and opened his pants. He then reached his big leather-clad hand into the front of his suit and pulled out his cock.

It was *enormous*.

Veiny and thick, with a gorgeously bulbous head, the pulsating member loomed over Dylan's face and filled his vision.

Dylan's hole clamped down on the colonic machine nozzle at the idea of something like that trying to go inside of him.

It had to be nine inches, at least.

“Oh yeah, you like that,” Dr. Schaffer growled, grabbing his cock by the base of his shaft and smacking it down on Dylan's upturned face. “My cock likes it, too.”

The thick member felt scoldingly hot against Dylan's cheek, and as Dr. Schaffer started bouncing it down on his nose and mouth, Dylan forgot all about the water gushing into his bowels.

“Open up,” Dr. Schaffer demanded, tracing the leaking tip of his shaft over Dylan's mouth. He pushed Dylan's head further down, grabbing and manhandling him, getting him into the perfect position to have his throat fucked.

Dylan didn't so much open his mouth as the position forced his jaw apart.

“Good boy,” Dr. Schaffer growled, pushing into his mouth. He grabbed him by the throat. “Watch your teeth.”

Dylan gagged, the cock much bigger than anything he'd taken down his throat before, but Dr. Schaffer held him down. Drool leaked out of the corner of his mouth, running down his

chin and into his eyes, the thick cock filling his mouth and forcing his jaw to stretch.

“Taste good?” Dr. Schaffer teased, pumping his hips before rubbing the head of his leaking cock over Dylan’s tongue.

He squeezed down on Dylan’s throat, the buttery soft leather of his glove clammy against Dylan’s skin.

When he didn’t get an answer, Dr. Schaffer pulled his cock out of Dylan’s mouth and smacked it down on his face. It hurt, like a real slap, but before Dylan could complain, Dr. Schaffer pushed the thick length back into his mouth, this time sliding deeper and making him gag even harder.

“Suck it,” Dr. Schaffer commanded, his voice dipping into an intimidating growl.

Even though his mouth felt too full to obey, Dylan tried his best. He closed his lips around the mushroom-shaped head of Dr. Schaffer’s cock, careful of his teeth, and sucked.

Dr. Schaffer let out a satisfied breath. “That’s it. Work my cock with your tongue.”

Dylan closed his eyes, tracing the big vein on the underside of Dr. Schaffer’s cock. He could feel the shape of it on the broad of his tongue, the salty-clean taste of Dr. Schaffer’s member filling his mouth, his jaw straining to accommodate the wide member.

It felt amazing.

“Fucking tease,” Dr. Schaffer said with a laugh, leaning forward and splaying his hand on Dylan’s chest. He moved his cock a little deeper, testing to see how much resistance there would be, and shuffled closer so that his suit-clad thighs wrapped around Dylan’s head.

Dylan could feel the strength of Dr. Schaffer’s muscular thighs against his ears, clad in soft wool, the tree-trunk limbs trapping his head as the doctor slowly fed him his cock.

Dylan choked and tried to wrench away.

“Let it happen,” Dr. Schaffer rumbled, pushing his cock down the length of Dylan’s throat one slow inch at a time. He

squeezed down over his Adam's apple, the grip keeping Dylan in place.

Dylan gagged and choked, but there was no escaping Dr. Schaffer's cock. Drool and spit were leaking down into Dylan's eyes, his throat convulsing, but there was nothing Dylan could do except take it.

A mellow calm settled over Dylan's mind, the feeling like a warm blanket of submission holding him down and making him feel good. He relaxed, managing to stop his gagging and accept the intrusion into his esophagus.

The doctor didn't stop until he had his cock buried to the hilt, his big balls dangling down and resting over Dylan's nose and eyes.

Dr. Schaffer moaned in pleasure and held still, letting the convulsions of Dylan's throat work his cock.

He stayed like that until Dylan saw stars dancing across his vision.

"Look at your nipples," Dr. Schaffer mused, rubbing his hand over Dylan's chest, his big fingers seeking out one of Dylan's nubs and pinching gently. "These would look good pierced – then I'd have something to tug on when I fuck you."

Dylan wasn't listening. His lungs burned, and every twitch of Dr. Schaffer's cock made him feel like he was about to start gagging again, but the floaty, mellow feeling somehow made it feel good.

Still, he could feel himself about to pass out.

"We can talk about that later," Dr. Schaffer said. He let go of Dylan's nipple. "I'm going to fuck your throat now. Keep your mouth open."

Dr. Schaffer pulled out, finally letting Dylan gasp for breath, and shifted his position. He leaned some of his weight on Dylan's chest, pushing down on his lungs, and then thrust his hips forward.

Dylan choked as the thick cock forced its way down his throat.

He pulled at his bound arms, trying to kick, feeling pinned and trapped. It was scary, but also one of the best feelings he'd ever experienced.

“Lick my balls,” Dr. Schaffer growled, yanking his cock out of Dylan’s mouth and straddling his face. His taint rested against Dylan’s brow, his heavy balls rolling to either side of the bridge of his nose.

He smelled like man, and Dylan was too turned on to feel embarrassed about the way he sniffed and licked at Dr. Schaffer’s sac.

“Fuck yeah,” Dr. Schaffer grunted, slapping his cock down on Dylan’s throat as he tea-bagged him. “Lick my nuts. Take them into your mouth.”

Dylan tried to obey, but with his head angled back he couldn’t manage to get the big balls past his lips. Instead, he kept licking, trying to ignore the now uncomfortable pressure in his intestines.

Dr. Schaffer stepped back and crouched down, his twinkling eyes suddenly staring into Dylan’s own. The aggression from earlier was all but gone, good-natured cheer taking its place. The break was more than welcome.

“How are you doing?”

Dylan took a minute just to catch his breath, but then he grinned.

“I’m good.” He giggled. “Your cock is huge!”

Dr. Schaffer smirked, his expression cocky. “Yeah, but you took the whole thing.” He wiped a drop of pre-come away from his slit and smeared it on Dylan’s lips. “The machine is just about done filling you up. Think you can take another round of skull-fucking while it empties you out?”

He stroked Dylan’s cheek, and Dylan leaned into his touch, nuzzling the cool leather of his glove. There was drool and sweat all over his face, and Dylan felt like the best kind of mess.

“I think so,” he said, the taste of the doctor’s balls still coating his tongue. “Can you pinch my nipples some more?”

The question slipped out before Dylan even realized he wanted to ask it. Dr. Schaffer grinned, sliding his hand over to Dylan’s nipple, pinching and twisting the nub between his thumb and index finger.

“Like this?”

He squeezed down hard and kept rolling Dylan’s nipple between his gloved fingers, the pain making Dylan’s toes curl in pleasure.

“Yeah,” Dylan panted, his cock aching between his legs. If his hands hadn’t been tied down, he would be jerking off like his life depended on it. He unconsciously thrust his hips, making Dr. Schaffer laugh.

“Do you want to come?”

“Please,” Dylan pleaded, his cock throbbing to the beat of his pulse.

Dr. Schaffer gave his nipple a final pinch and rose back to his feet. He slapped his cock down on Dylan’s face, dragging the head of his cock through the mess of drool and pre-come at the corner of his mouth and down his chin.

“You can come when I fuck you. Now open your throat and stick out your tongue.”

Dylan obeyed, and this time when Dr. Schaffer pushed his cock down his throat, he managed to control his gagging – at least for a little while. When the doctor grabbed him by the neck and started fucking into his mouth – putting the full force of his hips behind every thrust – it was all Dylan could do to hang on for the ride.

He barely noticed the machine switching gears and starting to suck the colonic water out of him.

“Oh shit,” Dr. Schaffer said with a laugh, pulling his cock out of Dylan’s mouth and jumping back. “I almost came. Fuck that felt good.” He crouched back down and put his mouth on Dylan’s lips, kissing him upside down Spiderman-style.

After what felt like an eternity of making out, Dr. Schaffer pulled away and rose back up to his full height. He stroked his fingers over Dylan's throat, smirking at him, trailing them down into the dip between his collar bones and tracing down the length of his stomach. He walked around the chair and positioned himself between Dylan's spread legs.

"No leaking," he commented, tugging on the nozzle currently sucking stuff Dylan didn't want to think about out of his guts. "Good boy."

Dylan blushed, letting his head hang back so that he didn't have to look at the doctor as he lay there messy and bared.

"I don't think you need these."

Dr. Schaffer grabbed the underwear still covering Dylan's cock and ripped them apart, exposing Dylan's cock and balls to the office air. He kept ripping, the muscles in his arms bulging as the waistline of Dylan's briefs resisted the stretch, but after a few seconds the cotton gave and Dylan's underwear came free.

The display of strength was incredibly sexy.

"I paid five dollars for those."

Dylan stared at his ruined underwear, not sure why he was complaining. Those were one of his favorite pairs, but he'd let Dr. Schaffer rip up all his underwear if he looked like that while doing it.

"They were in my way." Dr. Schaffer put his hands on Dylan's inner thighs, framing his cock. He bent down and nuzzled his balls. "I'll buy you new ones."

Dr. Schaffer then distracted him by pinching the tip of his cock between his thumb and index finger and stroking over his slit with the tip of his gloved thumb.

The sensation was intense. His balls pulled tight, and as Dr. Schaffer kept rubbing, his cock was seconds away from erupting.

"Not yet," Dr. Schaffer huffed, releasing his hold on Dylan's cock right before he pushed over the edge. He rose up

and turned to the machine, adjusting a dial and making the suction in Dylan's ass increase.

He could feel the water being siphoned out of him, and it was one of the weirdest feelings he'd ever felt.

"Almost done." Dr. Schaffer twisted the nozzle, making Dylan grunt at the drag on his insides. "You were pretty clean inside. I think a quick rectal rinse and you'll be ready to get fucked."

The machine abruptly cut off, leaving Dylan feeling strangely empty, before new water was shooting inside of him.

The flow stopped almost as soon as it had started, the suction returning. The process repeated one more time, after which Dr. Schaffer pulled the nozzle out of his ass and dried him off with a soft paper towel.

"Nice and clean," he commented, stroking his finger over Dylan's hole. He licked his lips. "It's so tight and pretty." His grin turned evil. "I can't wait to see you sore and gaping."

Dylan gulped, watching with wide eyes as Dr. Schaffer sank back down into a crouch between his legs.

"Hello there," the doctor crooned, rubbing over Dylan's hole before leaning in and licking over his opening with his tongue.

Sparks shot up Dylan's spine, electric pleasure dancing through his body as Dr. Schaffer grabbed his ass with both hands and licked into his hole with greedy swipes of his tongue.

He was growling and huffing, clutching Dylan's cheeks hard enough to bruise.

Dylan felt like he was coming apart.

Two fingers pushed into his hole, clad in slick leather, and Dylan let out a grunt like he'd been punched. Dr. Schaffer's fingers were thick and long, the leather glove adding to their girth, and Dylan's hole burned at the stretch.

He clenched his jaw and moaned as Dr. Schaffer pumped his big fingers in and out of his ass. The doctor leaned in and

licked Dylan's ass while he fingered him, sounding absolutely filthy as he slobbered all over Dylan's hole, the stretch increasing as Dr. Schaffer started scissoring his fingers and opening Dylan up even more.

Dr. Schaffer leaned back, making a sound in the back of his throat before spitting on Dylan's hole and adding a third finger.

The burn was delicious.

"Do you like that?" Dr. Schaffer growled, finding Dylan's prostate and jabbing his index finger right up against the sensitive gland. "Tell me how much you like it."

"I love it," Dylan whimpered, the doctor's fingers too much and not enough all at once. "Please..."

Dylan didn't know what he was pleading for.

"You want more?"

Dr. Schaffer sounded cocky. He pulled his fingers from Dylan's ass and rose up to his full height, standing between Dylan's spread legs, and grinned down at him.

"Well?"

Dylan nodded. "More please."

Dr. Schaffer removed his gloves and threw them to the floor, the leather making a wet sound as it hit the hardwood, and stroked both hands down Dylan's thighs.

"I can do more."

He grabbed his cock by the base and slapped it down on Dylan's leaking cock, his wide shaft coming down on Dylan's smaller member and obscuring it from view. He lifted his cock back up and smacked it down again, hitting Dylan's balls and making him jerk at the sudden pain.

"Cute."

Dr. Schaffer put his cock down flat on Dylan's stomach and pressed it down with the palm of his hand, leaning forward and looming over him. His grin was all teeth. "Look how deep I'm going to go."

The head of his cock rested right over Dylan's belly-button, huge and scary over the smooth expanse of Dylan's stomach.

Dylan was speechless.

"Open up for me," Dr. Schaffer growled, sliding his hips back and dragging the tip of his cock down between Dylan's legs. He let the bulbous head come to rest against Dylan's opening, rubbing over the slick rim, pre-come leaking from his cock and running down Dylan's crack.

To Dylan's relief, Dr. Schaffer grabbed the lube and drizzled what looked like half the bottle on his cock before he started to push.

He stopped just as Dylan's anal ring was about to yield.

"Ready?" he asked, waiting until Dylan made eye contact and nodded before ramming his dick forward.

Dylan tensed up and cried out, the pain sharp and penetrating, his hole feeling like it was on fire. The head of Dr. Schaffer's cock was far wider than three fingers, and it hurt.

Dr. Schaffer pushed into him with unrelenting pressure, ruthless and steady, not giving him so much as a moment to relax and get used to the stretch.

"Fuck!" Dylan whimpered, feeling like he was being split in half.

"Good boy," Dr. Schaffer rumbled, rubbing Dylan's chest and leaning down to kiss him. He didn't stop until he was balls deep. "I knew you could take it."

Dylan opened his mouth and let Dr. Schaffer's tongue aggressively push into his mouth, feeling deliciously full and conquered.

The doctor lifted his head, a wild gleam in his eye. "Can I fuck you?"

He was trembling, sweat beading on his brow, and Dylan could only nod meekly in response. Dr. Schaffer looked more like a raging beast than a man, and the grin that bloomed on his face at Dylan's nod was downright terrifying.

He leaned further back, standing up straight and grabbing Dylan by his hips, and with a move of his hips he pulled his cock out of Dylan's hole and slammed it back in with a grunt.

Dylan struggled to keep his head up, the force of Dr. Schaffer's thrust rocking his whole body and hitting his prostate at just the right angle.

He clamped down, the response instinctual, squeezing the thick rod inside of him and making Dr. Schaffer growl and fuck him harder.

From then on, Dylan lost track of everything but the sensation of his hole being fucked open by the massive girth of Dr. Schaffer's monster of a cock. He let his head dangle off the edge of the chair, too distracted to focus on keeping it up, his body feeling like a ragdoll for Dr. Schaffer to use and abuse.

It was by far the hottest thing that Dylan had ever experienced. Despite the pain – every thrust making his anal ring feel like it was on fire – he never wanted it to end.

After a few minutes, Dylan's hole relaxed and the pain ebbed somewhat.

Dr. Schaffer shifted his grip, curling his body forward as his thrusts became shorter and more erratic. He angled his cock so that it hit Dylan's prostate, each thrust dragging over the sensitive gland, pushing him higher and higher on a cloud of endorphins that Dylan wished he could just keep on riding forever.

Another shift, and all of a sudden Dr. Schaffer was hitting that spot inside of him so right that Dylan felt like he was having a religious experience.

Dylan was coming before he even realized what was happening. He clamped down, squeezing Dr. Schaffer's cock, his balls pulling tight as come shot out of his cock.

He kept shooting, drenching his abs and chest in come, each blast of come making him clamp down on Dr. Schaffer's cock harder than before.

He felt like he was floating.

A snarl and multiple points of sharp-tipped pressure on his thighs had Dylan lifting his head in confusion. He was still coming, Dr. Schaffer's cock filling him just right, and it took him a second to make sense of what he was seeing.

Dr. Schaffer's teeth were all weird. His lips were pulled back, giving Dylan an excellent view of his mouth, and his canines looked like those of a snarling wolf.

He almost looked like a werewolf.

The thought stuck in Dylan's head. He looked down, his heart stuttering at the sight of razor-sharp claws digging into his thighs. He looked back up, staring at the way the light glinted off the doctor's sharp canines, and through his come-drunk brain, it slowly started to register that Dr. Schaffer didn't just look like a werewolf.

He *was* a werewolf.

Except that he couldn't be, because Dylan would have known. Werewolves were taller than normal people, and built, and for some reason they all looked like male models.

Dylan blinked, realizing that all of those things described Dr. Schaffer perfectly.

"Can I knot you?" Dr. Schaffer grunted, letting go of Dylan's thighs and collapsing on top of him. He nuzzled into Dylan's throat, sharp teeth scraping over Dylan's skin. "Please? I didn't think I would, but you smell so good, and I just want to... please?"

"Okay," Dylan mumbled, feeling like he was watching himself from above.

He was being fucked by a werewolf. No matter how he tried to look at it, he just couldn't make sense of it.

A werewolf wanted to *knot* him.

Dr. Schaffer let out a moan, and before Dylan could reevaluate his not very thought-out decision to allow himself to be knotted, Dr. Schaffer was pumping his hips like a jackhammer and coming inside of him with an animalistic roar.

“You feel so good,” Dr. Schaffer grunted, his hips slowing their rhythm as his knot started to swell at the base of his cock. He was still nuzzling Dylan’s neck, licking and biting him hard enough to bruise.

Dylan winced, his hole protesting the added girth as Dr. Schaffer fucked his swelling knot in and out of his hole. He did it a few more times before seating himself to the hilt, laughing into Dylan’s neck.

“Sorry,” Dr. Schaffer mumbled, sounding come-drunk and happy. “I didn’t think I’d knot you.” He dragged his nose along the line of Dylan’s jaw. “Are you sure it’s okay?”

Dylan looked down at the werewolf nuzzling him, his broad shoulders glistening with sweat and his face hidden in his neck, and gave a minute shake of his head.

“It’s fine.”

It was more than fine. Dr. Schaffer’s knot was pressing against Dylan’s prostate, relentless and huge, making him feel like he was going to burst.

Dylan’s cock, which had gone briefly soft after he came, was now rock hard. However confused he felt about finding out that Dr. Schaffer was a werewolf, his body was enjoying the ride.

“You’re a little heavy,” Dylan mumbled after a while. Dr. Schaffer was resting his full weight on Dylan’s front, and it was getting difficult to catch his breath.

He was also starting to get really annoyed at having his hands tied down.

“Sorry,” Dr. Schaffer rumbled, lifting up and wiping the sweat off his brow with the back of his hand. He combed his fingers through his hair, flexing his bicep and showing off his armpit, and grinned. “Is this okay?”

His teeth looked human again, and for a second Dylan wondered if he’d hallucinated the whole werewolf thing. He hadn’t. Dr. Schaffer’s hands were still tipped with claws, and the doctor’s very real knot was still plugging up his hole.

“It feels good,” Dylan said, a version of the truth.

Dr. Schaffer huffed, looking amused and not at all like he'd just revealed that he was a werewolf.

Was Dylan supposed to have known?

“It will be a while before this thing goes down. Would you like me to untie you and make you a little more comfortable?”

Dylan nodded.

Dr. Schaffer cut through the bandages over his ankles with a swipe of his claw, and Dylan jerked in surprise at how easily he cut through the many layers.

“Sharp,” he said when Dr. Schaffer shot him a look.

“Very,” Dr. Schaffer agreed. He repeated the move on the other bandages, and all of a sudden Dylan could move his hands.

He reached up and touched his throat, the tips of his fingers finding the tender spot where Dr. Schaffer's mouth had been.

“Sorry about that. I didn't expect to be so affected by you,” Dr. Schaffer explained, looking sheepish. “Do you mind?”

He reached down like he was going to grab Dylan under his arms, pausing with his hands out and waiting for permission to lift him.

“Go ahead,” Dylan said, not sure what the plan was.

Dr. Schaffer hoisted him up, and with a display of strength that removed any doubt about his werewolf status, lifted Dylan up and pressed their chests together.

The movement made the knot inside of Dylan's hole shift, tugging on his rim and making him wince. His hole couldn't take much more abuse now.

Dylan didn't even want to think about what he'd feel like when the endorphin rush came to an end.

“Let's sit,” Dr. Schaffer said. He walked over to the wall and slid down, Dylan coming along for the ride and landing in

his lap.

Thighs wrapped around the doctor's waist, his face nestled under his chin, Dylan jerked in surprise at the touch of Dr. Schaffer's hand cupping the back of his neck. He wrapped his arms tentatively around the werewolf's torso, marveling at the width of his chest and the contrast between soft skin and hard muscle.

"So, did I live up to your expectations?" Dr. Schaffer asked, thumb stroking the side of his neck. He sounded like he already knew the answer.

Dylan's cock twitched, trapped against the hard ridges of Dr. Schaffer's abs, and he wondered what kind of expectations the doctor thought he'd had. There were a lot of ways Dylan had imagined his appointment going, but ending up sitting on a werewolf's lap with a knot inside of him was not one of them.

"The knot is a surprise."

Dylan nuzzled into Dr. Schaffer's pecs, feeling the werewolf's breaths against the top of his head.

Dr. Schaffer huffed out a laugh.

"I know, and I'm sorry. I don't usually knot humans or I would have discussed it with you in advance. Is it too much?"

Dylan shook his head. In many ways it was way too much – he might honestly be dickmatized – but there was no question he was enjoying himself.

Dr. Schaffer kissed the top of his hair. "Good." He rubbed Dylan's back and stroked the base of his shaft where it stretched Dylan's hole open. "Want me to jerk you off?"

Dylan giggled, the question catching him off guard.

"Yes, please."

Dr. Schaffer reached between their bodies and found Dylan's cock, his big hand wrapping around Dylan's length and giving it a squeeze. His thumb swiped over his slit, and as he started moving his hand up and down, Dylan felt himself

careening toward the edge of orgasm with all the grace of a runaway train.

He came with a whine, spilling into Dr. Schaffer's hand, his hole clamping down on the doctor's knot and making him growl.

It was over all too soon.

"Didn't expect you to squeeze down like that," Dr. Schaffer said, bringing his soiled hand up to his mouth and licking Dylan's load out of his palm. His eyes were heated. "I should make you come again."

Dylan shuddered. He was at his limit, and every second that passed he was getting more and more uncomfortable.

"But I won't," Dr. Schaffer conceded, tilting Dylan's head back and bending his neck to give him a sweet kiss.

Dylan could taste himself on the doctor's tongue. As they made out, Dylan could feel the knot inside of him shrinking, making it difficult to keep the copious amounts of come the doctor had pumped inside of him contained.

"Are you ready to come off?" Dr. Schaffer asked, taking him under his arms and pushing him back so that they were no longer skin to skin. His arms flexed, biceps bulging, and Dylan had a sudden mental image of himself nuzzling into the hard muscle and licking it.

"I'm ready," he said. He was leaking profusely, and though he tried to clamp his hole shut he just couldn't manage to close it enough.

Dr. Schaffer hadn't been kidding when he said he would make him gape.

"Hold tight." Dr. Schaffer rose to his feet, graceful and easy despite Dylan sitting on his lap, and lifted Dylan off his knot.

Come gushed down Dylan's thighs, his hole fluttering around the sudden empty space where Dr. Schaffer's cock had been.

“Let me have a look,” Dr. Schaffer said, hands still under Dylan’s arms. He walked him over to the bench by the wall, away from the chair, and lifted him up on the padded surface, laying him on his stomach.

Dylan shivered as Dr. Schaffer grabbed his cheeks, pulling them apart and looking at his hole.

“Can I take a picture?”

Dylan glanced up over his shoulder to see Dr. Schaffer looking at his hole like a painter might survey a painting they were particularly happy with. The doctor met his gaze. “I won’t show your face.”

“I guess that would be okay,” Dylan mumbled.

Dr. Schaffer reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone, leaning his hips forward so that his still hard cock came to rest across Dylan’s butt. He nudged his cock-head against Dylan’s swollen rim and snapped a picture.

“Thanks.” He tucked his phone back into his pants. “My mate is going to be so jealous he missed this.”

Dylan didn’t know where to begin to react to that statement. Everything about it – from the fact that Dr. Schaffer had a mate to the idea that that mate would find a picture of Dylan’s fucked open hole appealing – was simply too much to process.

“Are you cold?”

The question jerked Dylan out of his thoughts. He was naked, and now that Dr. Schaffer mentioned it, he was a bit cold.

His skin had prickled on his shoulders and thighs.

“A little,” he mumbled.

“You’re all sweaty, so it’s no wonder. Let me get you a blanket.”

Dr. Schaffer tucked his cock back into his suit pants – the front of which were messy from all the come Dylan had leaked out of his hole – and grabbed a blanket from the cabinet on the

other side of the room. He unfolded it and draped it over Dylan's body, rubbing his shoulders through the fluffy cotton.

“Better?”

Dylan nodded. He felt all drowsy and relaxed, and the heat of the blanket was nice.

It would be nicer if Dr. Schaffer lay down on top of him – his bulky body keeping him warm and pressing down on him – but he would be far too embarrassed to ask for something like that.

Dr. Schaffer crouched down to Dylan's eye-level, hand lingering his shoulder. Dylan met his gaze with a flutter in his stomach.

“Yes?” he asked, wondering what Dr. Schaffer was up to now.

“Do you want to do this again sometime?” Dr. Schaffer's voice was hopeful, his gaze expectant. “Not here at the office, necessarily. But maybe like a real date? And I could bring Ryker with me this time?”

“Ryker?”

Dr. Schaffer's grin turned soft. “My mate.”

Dylan blinked, the idea of going on a date with two werewolves – especially if this Ryker character was anything like Dr. Schaffer – extremely intimidating.

He pushed past his fear and reservations. He'd just had the best, most intense sexual encounter of his life – exceeding anything he'd ever thought he'd experience – and he would spend the rest of his life kicking himself if he said no.

Dr. Schaffer was like something straight out of a porno, but he had asked Dylan if he was okay with what they were doing every step of the way. Dylan didn't feel like his limits had been crossed.

Stretched, maybe, but not crossed.

“That sounds nice.”

Dr. Schaffer grinned and leaned in to kiss him. “Wonderful.” He rose up, his bulge once again right in Dylan’s line of vision. “Were you serious about the chastity cage thing?”

Dylan looked away from Dr. Schaffer’s bulge and up at his face. He scrunched his brow, the conversational shift giving him whiplash. “What?”

“Do you still want that?” Dr. Schaffer licked his lips, idly fondling his bulge. “I didn’t really get the appeal at first, but I have to say that the idea of you not being able to jerk off until the next time I see you is pretty hot.”

Dylan stared at him. Dr. Schaffer was talking about the chastity cage thing like it was something Dylan had suggested, but that was crazy.

He shook his head. “No, I think I’m good.”

Dylan wouldn’t say he was turned off by the idea of Dr. Schaffer locking away his cock. On the contrary. It just seemed a little extreme considering the fact that he had just met the man a little over an hour ago.

Dr. Schaffer’s face fell. “Oh, that’s fine.” He let go of his bulge and hooked his thumbs in his pockets. “Do you want to take it with you, just in case? I’m not going to use it.”

“No, thank you. You can keep it.”

What Dylan would do with a chastity cage, he had no idea. Certainly not wear it.

“What about your mole?” Dr. Schaffer walked over to the leather gloves he’d dropped on the floor and picked them up, shoving them into his pocket and making it bulge. “Do you want me to remove that now?”

Dylan had completely forgotten about that.

“Yes, please.”

Dr. Schaffer nodded. He grabbed some paper towel and bent down to wipe up a puddle of come off the floor, scooping it up and folding the paper over to wipe up more, and when he

was done there, he took another length of paper and rubbed down the chair.

At Dylan's judgmental look, he huffed. "The cleaners will be here tomorrow. They sanitize everything."

"I didn't say anything," Dylan said.

"You didn't have to." Dr. Schaffer walked over to him, looking down at him with a grin. "Let's go back to my office."

Without warning, Dr. Schaffer flipped Dylan onto his back and scooped him up into his arms, blanket included, and held him in a princess carry. Dylan squealed, surprised to suddenly find himself airborne.

Dr. Schaffer held him under his knees and upper back, folding him in half and tilting his whole body into his chest. If Dylan turned his head just a little, his mouth would be right at Dr. Schaffer's nipple.

The urge to go ahead and take the nub in his mouth was intense, but Dylan was too embarrassed to actually do it.

"You're flexible," Dr. Schaffer commented, pushing Dylan's knees toward his chest as he carried him toward the door. "Can you put your feet behind your head?"

He squeezed Dylan's knees and chest together, putting pressure on the back of his legs, making him wheeze.

"Yes," Dylan confirmed once Dr. Schaffer relaxed his hold enough that he could breathe again.

He'd had a phase in high school where he'd made it his life's mission to suck his own cock. He'd succeeded, but as with many things in life, the fantasy was better than the reality. Dylan rarely bothered to suck himself off these days. It was just too much trouble.

"Nice." Dr. Schaffer sounded like Dylan's flexibility was giving him *ideas*.

"Can you?" Dylan asked, curious.

Dr. Schaffer laughed. "No. I'm super inflexible. I can barely touch my toes. Ryker is pretty flexible, though, which is

impressive considering how big his muscles are.”

Dylan was suddenly desperately curious to know what Ryker looked like.

“All right, time to be serious.” Dr. Schaffer lowered Dylan to his feet, wrapping the blanket around his shoulders. “Put on your pants and I’ll remove your mole.”

Dr. Schaffer stepped back, bending down to pick up his dress-shirt where he’d dropped it on the floor. He put it on, buttoning it up and tucking it into his pants, his attitude suddenly all business.

It was a little startling.

Dylan put on his pants and sat down on the bench, folding his hands in his lap as he watched the doctor prepare the tools to remove his mole.

It felt like he’d been abruptly jerked out of the porn-world he’d stumbled into and hurled back into the real world. Dr. Schaffer looked a little disheveled – the front of his suit was wet, and his shirt was sticking to his sweaty pecs – but none of the lecherous heat from before lingered in his body or expression.

Dylan had never experienced anything so weird.

Dr. Schaffer instructed him to lie on his stomach and then proceeded to numb the area around his mole and remove it. He put the mole in a small test-tube and stitched up the area where he’d cut.

“I’ll send this off and text you the results as soon as I get them,” he said, putting a label on the tube before putting it away. “The stitches are dissolving, so you don’t need to do anything but keep the area clean for the next few days.”

Dylan sat up and awkwardly put on his shirt and then stepped off the bench to put on his shoes and jacket. He looked around for his bag, only to realize he’d left it in the waiting room.

“So now I just... go?” he asked, feeling a little lost.

“You could come back to my place, if you want,” Dr. Schaffer said, walking over to him and cupping his cheek. He grinned, and Dylan felt better at the gentle touch. “It can be a little intense after a scene like that, and I’d feel better if you weren’t alone.”

Dylan was tempted to say yes, but he needed some time for himself to think and process everything that had happened in the last hour.

“Thanks, but I have to go home. I have a lot of work to get done this weekend, and-”

“You don’t have to explain,” Dr. Schaffer interrupted, removing his hand from Dylan’s cheek.

He was still smiling, though there was something a little wistful about it.

“Were you serious about going on a date?” Dylan asked, bracing to feel like an idiot if Dr. Schaffer said no.

“Of course,” Dr. Schaffer said, his grin turning cocky. “Are you free on Wednesday?”

Dylan nodded. Wednesday he had class in the morning, but after three his schedule was wide open.

“So if I picked you up at seven, that would be okay?”

Dylan nodded. “That works for me.”

“And Cynthia’s got your contact details?”

Dylan nodded.

“Your real ones?”

Dylan didn’t understand why he would have given fake contact information, but he nodded anyway.

“Good.” Dr. Schaffer grabbed him by the front of his jacket and reeled him in for another kiss. “I’m looking forward to it.”

He pulled back, and Dylan had to take a second to catch his breath. He licked his lips and stepped back.

“I’ll see you on Wednesday,” Dr. Schaffer said, and Dylan took that as his cue to leave. He nodded, shell-shocked but happy, and walked out of the room.

Grabbing his backpack and leaving the building, every step reminding him of the werewolf-sized cock that had fucked him open, Dylan made his way back to the subway and walked home in a daze.

AUGUST

As soon as August stepped out of the elevator, Ryker's voice called out mockingly from the living room over the sound of the TV.

“How was the catfish?”

August grinned, his knot still tingling from the aftershocks of plugging up the best and tightest little ass he'd ever fucked. He looked forward to seeing his mate's face when he caught a whiff of him.

Ryker was going to be cursing himself for years for missing out on Dylan experiencing his first knot.

It would be the first of many, August was sure. Dylan was perfect – so much better than their interactions online had led him to believe – and August was already picturing a future where he and Ryker shared the delectable human between them.

It would be fantastic.

Energized and happy, August put away his coat, toed off his shoes, and made his way to the living room.

“What do you call it when it's the opposite of a catfish?” he asked, walking between Ryker and the TV. He looked down at his mate – crossing his arms and squaring his stance – and smirked.

Ryker was dressed like he'd just come from the gym, hair still wet from the shower and his muscles pumped, and

judging by the bulge in his sweats he'd been playing with himself in anticipation of easing August's disappointment.

Ryker turned off the TV and took a breath, nostrils flaring as he breathed in August's scent. His expression turned intent, like a hunter catching the whiff of prey, his eyes darkening. He leaned forward and took another sniff.

"What is that?" he asked, standing up and crowding right into August's space. He grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him close, pushing his face down into August's neck and inhaling loudly.

Being taller than him, Ryker had to bend his neck to reach August's throat. He huffed and sniffed Dylan's scent where it lingered on August's body.

August looked down at his mate's silky blond hair in amusement, pushing his nose into the soft locks.

Not satisfied with smelling August's throat, Ryker sank to his knees, nosing his way down August's body until he reached his bulge. He pushed his face into August's cock and let out a rumbling sound that made August crow with satisfaction.

He'd known that Dylan would smell good to Ryker as well. They always liked the same people.

Ryker shot to his feet, grabbing August by his shirt and pushing him down on the couch. August let himself fall back, legs spread wide as Ryker aggressively straddled his lap and licked a stripe up his throat.

"Why didn't you call me?"

He sounded furious.

"You said you were busy tonight," August teased, letting Ryker lick his throat and rut against him.

"I thought he was a catfish," Ryker snarled. He pushed August down to his back, forcing him to lift his feet onto the couch or have his torso twisted at a weird angle, and ground his hips down on August's thigh like an overeager puppy.

August hadn't seen him this worked up in years.

When Ryker's teeth started getting a little too sharp, August grabbed him by the hair and yanked his head up for a kiss. Their tongues battled for dominance before the usual truce was established.

When they pulled apart, they were both breathless.

"I can't believe he wasn't a catfish," Ryker mumbled, sounding put out.

"He kind of was," August said, smiling up at the ceiling.

"What do you mean?" Ryker pushed himself up, resting his weight on his elbow and looking down at August's face.

"The pictures he sent when we chatted were fake – he's much cuter in real life – and his real name is Dylan *Landry*, not Lander." August licked his lips. "He also wasn't nearly as experienced as he pretended to be. I don't think he'd been tied up before, and he got totally spooked when I brought up the cock-cage."

Ryker snorted. "I'm sure you hated that."

August grinned, his wolf rumbling with satisfaction.

"He was so perfect." August pulled Ryker down for another teeth-gnashing kiss. "When I fucked him, I wolfed out and knotted him."

Ryker shuddered, knowing from experience exactly what it took to make August lose control. "You wolfed out? You haven't done that by accident since you were a teenager."

August nodded. "I just wanted to fuck him the second he walked into the office. It was so hard to do the stupid roleplay he wanted."

By the time August had put his cock inside Dylan's perfect little ass, he'd been holding himself together by a thread.

"How hard?" Ryker teased, grinding his hips with purpose and rubbing his bulge against August's muscular thigh.

"He's got this slutty little waist, and his hair is just the right length to grab and hold when you fuck his face." August's cock throbbed at the memory. Needing to move, he

grabbed Ryker and flipped them over, putting himself on top. He grinned down at his mate. “You’re going to love him.”

Ryker’s nostrils flared. “So you set up another date?”

“Wednesday,” August said, sitting up and scooting down until he was perched on Ryker’s legs. He grabbed his mate’s thick cock and gave it a squeeze. “And this time we’re not going to waste time on roleplay.”

Ryker huffed out a laugh, his breath catching when August bent down and licked across the head of his cock. “You love roleplay. I have a whole closet devoted to your love of roleplay.”

August sank down to his stomach, licking a stripe up the vein running up the underside of Ryker’s cock. He looked up the expanse of his mate’s muscular body.

“Not when I’m that horny. If I’d known he was going to smell like that, I would have just gotten us a hotel room.”

Ryker jerked, hands fisting by his side as August took him into his mouth. August knew that he was tempted to grab him by his hair, but he held off out of respect for August’s wishes – and because he knew August would bite him if he got grabby.

“Did you do the glove thing?” Ryker asked, his breaths coming hard and fast as August sucked him.

He sounded like he was trying hard not to come.

August lifted up, making a slurping sound as he released Ryker’s cock from his mouth. “Not during the exam. I was going to do a whole bit about how I was allergic to latex and that I would sanitize them, but it just didn’t feel right. I put them on after, but he didn’t seem that into it.”

Ryker frowned. “Wasn’t that his biggest kink?”

August shrugged, stroking Ryker’s shaft and milking a drop of pre-come from his slit. “I think the whole experience overwhelmed him. Maybe he’ll remember it more next time?”

He put his mouth back on Ryker’s cock, working about half the length down his throat and humming.

It was a little weird that Dylan hadn't had more of a reaction to the gloves. He hadn't complained about their absence, or mentioned it when August had finally had enough and took them off, despite the fact that every single roleplay they'd done online had included a focus on August wearing some form of leather gloves.

August took Ryker a little deeper, grabbing his balls and rolling them in the palm of his hand.

Dylan had probably been so turned on by the whole scenario that he hadn't even remembered the gloves. August wasn't particularly conceited, but he knew what he looked like, and Dylan had been into him in the worst way.

"I'm going to come," Ryker warned, giving August time to decide whether he wanted to swallow or not.

Feeling generous, August kept sucking. When Ryker came, his thighs tensing and his lower abs contracting, August lifted up so that he could catch his mate's load in his mouth. He swallowed the first few spurts, the salty taste coating the inside of his mouth, and then collected the rest of Ryker's load on his tongue.

When Ryker was done coming, his muscles relaxing with post-orgasmic bliss, August crawled up until they were face to face so that he could kiss his mate and feed his come back to him.

"Gross," Ryker growled, wrenching his face away when he realized August hadn't swallowed. He spit his come out of his mouth, hitting August's shirt, glaring up at him as August laughed and finished swallowing. "You're such a dick."

August wiped his mouth and nuzzled into Ryker's neck. His chin was lightly stubbled, the blond hairs almost invisible, and it felt nice when August rubbed his cheek against it.

"You love that I'm a dick."

Ryker's expression turned mushy and fond. "I guess you're okay."



August and Ryker stayed on the couch for about an hour, cuddling and enjoying the afterglow of Ryker's orgasm, but after a while August was starting to feel a bit too sticky and unwashed to stay put.

"I need a shower," he said, sitting up and climbing off the couch.

Ryker blinked up at him, momentarily confused, and August realized he'd fallen asleep while they were cuddling.

"I'll come with," Ryker said, yawning and climbing off the couch. He stretched, arching his back and stretching out his arms.

"Tough workout?" August asked, waiting until Ryker was done before he led the way out of the living room.

"The usual," Ryker answered, rubbing his jaw. "Just a long day at work."

August let out a sympathetic hum. Ryker was a corporate lawyer, and though he made an insane amount of money, his job was really stressful.

He loved it, though. Ryker thrived in the cut-throat world of business, and August pitied anyone who ended up across the negotiating table from him.

"How about you?" Ryker asked, following him into the bathroom. They both stripped. "How was your day, other than the roleplay?"

August shrugged, tossing his clothes in the basket to be sent to the drycleaners. "The usual. Not too busy." He turned on the shower and waited for the water to heat up. "Honestly, the most exciting thing I did was remove Dylan's mole."

He stepped into the shower, moaning in pleasure as the hot spray beat down on his back.

He turned around to find Ryker looking at him with a frown.

“Dylan, as in the human you tied to a gynecological chair and fucked?”

August nodded. “Yeah. Why?”

“You performed an actual medical procedure on him? Not just as part of the roleplay, but as a doctor?”

August nodded, suddenly unsure. “Why?”

Ryker pinched the bridge of his nose. “August, you fucking moron. Do you have any idea what kind of malpractice suits this opens you up to? You were already skirting close to the line by roleplaying in your office, but if you performed a medically necessary procedure on him, that makes you his doctor. What were you thinking?”

August hadn’t even considered that. He was just being *nice*.

“Dylan wouldn’t sue me,” he said, Ryker’s lecturing tone making him defensive. “He’s not like that.”

Ryker rolled his eyes. “Right. Of course the catfish you met three hours ago wouldn’t do something like that.” He crossed his arms. “How do you know this wasn’t his plan all along? He could be typing up his blackmail letter as we speak.”

August huffed and turned around, not answering. He grabbed the bodywash and a fresh washcloth and started cleaning himself off, rubbing the cloth aggressively over his skin.

Ryker was never more annoying than when he got paranoid.

“August, we need to-”

August turned around and jabbed Ryker in the chest. “Can you just try not to be so fucking pessimistic for like one day? It’s exhausting.”

“I’m realistic,” Ryker growled, poking August right back in the chest. “As your alpha, it’s my job to be.”

August kept washing his body, dragging the washcloth down his legs as he glared up at Ryker.

“You just missed out on some of the best sex I’ve ever had,” he said, lifting back up and washing his cock. It flopped from side to side with wet slaps. “And if you’d been there, instead of staying here feeling all superior, you could have been there and warned me that doing the guy a favor wasn’t a good idea. So this is your fault, really.”

“My fault?” Ryker growled. “Because I didn’t skip two meetings just in case your catfish turned out to be real?”

“Fine. Whatever. I shouldn’t have removed his mole.” August took a deep breath. “But I’m telling you he’s not up to anything. Can you trust me and relax?”

Ryker crossed his arms. “He deleted his account and your entire message history the day he was supposed to meet you. You don’t think that’s suspicious?”

August threw the washcloth at Ryker’s chest. “No! I think he was less experienced than he let on, and he got spooked, but then he decided to come after all. He’s not some kind of sexual conman.”

Ryker ignored the washcloth and let it drop to the floor. He kicked it away with his foot, his expression softening.

“You don’t know that.”

August had had enough. He pushed Ryker out of the shower – the chances of a hot and heavy mutual rub down were now pretty much nil – and grabbed the shampoo off the shelf.

“August, I’m sorry. If he’s up to no good, then I’ll deal with him, okay?”

That was not what August wanted to hear. Ryker’s method of dealing with people was heavy handed and usually ended in tears. He put the shampoo down.

“Don’t do anything,” he said, expression stern. He and Ryker tended to be pretty equal in their relationship, but at the end of the day, Ryker was his pack alpha. Outright ordering

him around didn't come naturally to August. "Not unless he does something first. Please?"

Ryker nodded. "Fine. I'll let things play out." He stepped back into the shower and grabbed the shampoo. "Can we stop fighting now? I want to wash your hair."

August looked at him for a second, but then he let himself be mollified and nodded.

He was still a little upset, but getting his hair washed would go a long way in making him feel better.

"I'm looking forward to our date on Wednesday," Ryker said, lathering shampoo into August's hair.

August let out a snort.

"No, really. Even if he is up to no good, I hope he doesn't show his hand until after I've gotten to fuck him."

As he'd intended, the words made August laugh.

"You're terrible."

DYLAN

Dylan spent the weekend in his apartment, alternating between watching his favorite anime and working on his thesis.

He was sore – and not just where he'd expected – but with some painkillers and some carefully arranged cushions, the discomfort was manageable. By Monday morning, when he had to get up early for class, he was walking normally.

“What the fuck is that?”

Dylan hadn't even sat down before his friend Annie was pushing away the collar of his jacket and looking at the massive hickey that Dr. Schaffer had sucked into his skin.

It looked much worse than it felt. The bruise was blue and splotchy yellow, and the indents where Dr. Schaffer had bitten him were clearly visible.

“I met a guy.”

Dylan blushed, not accustomed to talking about his sex life. Or rather, not accustomed to having a sex life to talk about.

“Was he a vampire?” Annie let go of his collar and shot him a concerned look.

Dylan took off his jacket and sat down, blushing furiously as he reached into his backpack for his laptop and thermos.

“No. He was not a vampire.”

Annie kept looking at him, expecting details.

“I met him at the clinic where I got my mole removed.” Dylan couldn’t bring himself to actually look at Annie as he explained. Before she could ask questions like *how* and *when*, he blurted out, “I’m going on another date with him the day after tomorrow.”

Annie bit back whatever she’d been about to say.

“Did you have fun?”

Dylan turned and looked at her. Annie’s expression wasn’t teasing or light, and he got the distinct impression that if he answered anything other than *yes*, Annie would track down Dr. Schaffer and dismember him.

It was nice to know he had friends who cared.

He thought back to the experience of Dr. Schaffer tying him up and fucking him, the memory feeling like a fever dream, and smiled.

“Very fun.”

Annie studied him for several long seconds, searching, but then she grinned. “Good for you. It was about time you got some.”

“Shut up,” Dylan mumbled, laughing quietly.

Their professor chose that moment to walk into the room, and the idle noise filling the auditorium immediately died down.



After class, he and Annie split up with a plan to meet for lunch the next day. With no more lectures or discussion groups until after noon, Dylan decided to go off campus and get some reading done at one of the cheaper coffee shops in the area.

It was a chilly day, just above freezing, and Dylan had to tuck his hands into his pockets to keep them from going stiff as he walked down the sidewalk.

When he reached the coffee shop, Dylan was relieved to see that it wasn't too busy. There were several tables and chairs still available, including a purple monstrosity of an armchair by the window that was Dylan's favorite.

He ordered an extra-large coffee with milk, dumping in two packets of sugar and a dash of cinnamon before taking a seat. Grabbing his laptop from his bag and setting the coffee within easy reach on the table in front of him, he got to work.

As the clock ticked closer to lunch and the coffee shop started to get a little busier, Dylan kept an eye on the available seating. As long as there were still places to sit, the staff didn't mind him staying after he'd finished his coffee.

He was debating getting up to order himself another cup when someone cleared their throat next to him.

"Is that seat taken?"

Dylan looked up, his heart skipping a beat at the huge figure next to him. If it hadn't been for the voice being different, he would have thought it was Dr. Schaffer. The stranger was dressed in a two-piece motorcycle racing suit, the top unzipped down to his chest, the sturdy leather hugging the man's muscular thighs like a second skin.

He held a full-face helmet tucked under his arm, and in his hand he held a cup of coffee. Dylan recognized the cup – it was the same extra-large that he'd been drinking from – but in the biker's hand it looked tiny. The man's gloved fingers curled around the cup, making it look like something from a children's playset.

Dylan moved his gaze up to the man's face, taking in a wide jaw and dimpled chin, and realized that the suited-up biker's face was familiar.

It was the guy he'd crashed into right before his appointment last Friday.

"No," Dylan said, flustered. He sat up a little straighter and moved his empty cup to his side of the table. "It's all yours."

The man's wide mouth lifted in a grin. He bent down and put his cup on the table, after which he tugged off his gloves

and put them inside his helmet. He unzipped his racing suit jacket all the way down to his groin, peeling the tight leather off his body and tossing it over the back of his chair.

“Thanks.” The man sat down, his muscled body making the chair look small. Instead of wearing regular clothes under his motorcycle leathers, he wore some kind of skin-tight bodysuit. Dylan couldn’t identify the stretchy black material, but the way it clung to his thick arms, bulging pecs, and wide shoulders was sinful.

The man put his helmet and gloves down on the table and picked up his coffee.

“I recognize you,” the man said, stretching his legs out and crossing his big boots right next to Dylan’s ankle. “You bumped into me the other day on your way to your doctor’s appointment.”

Dylan’s gaze moved to the floor, an embarrassed blush turning his face red. He stared down at the man’s long legs, muscular thighs encased in tight leather, and tried to think of something to say.

“I’m sorry about that. I should have been paying more attention to where I was going.”

The man laughed. “Don’t worry about it. I may have seen you coming and let you bump into me on purpose.”

Dylan’s head shot up. The man was grinning over the rim of his coffee cup, and Dylan couldn’t tell if he was teasing or not.

“What do you mean?”

The man chuckled. “I wanted to talk to you so that I could ask you on a date, but then you were in such a rush and I didn’t get the chance.” The man’s grin turned wistful. “I wish I had. You didn’t smell claimed on Friday.”

The words confirmed Dylan’s sneaking suspicion that the man sitting across from him was a werewolf.

Humans didn’t refer to each other as smelling *claimed*.

“I’m Steve, by the way.” The werewolf leaned across the table, stretching out his thickly muscled arm and offering his hand.

Dylan took it, his palm disappearing into Steve’s huge mitt. Steve’s index finger brushed his inner wrist and Dylan yanked his hand back.

“Dylan.”

“Nice to meet you, Dylan.” Steve leaned back in his chair, pulling his legs back. He planted one boot firmly on the floor and rested the other over his knee. “Am I interrupting your work?”

Dylan tore his gaze away from Steve’s huge boot and shook his head. “It’s okay. I could use a break.”

He closed his laptop and tucked it into the seat next to him. It wasn’t like he and Steve were going to do anything that would make him feel like he was cheating on Dr. Schaffer – not that he was in a relationship with Dr. Schaffer to begin with – and he was curious to talk to another werewolf.

Steve sank a little further back into his chair, resting his hand on his knee. He grinned. “Me too. I’ve been trying to get as much time on by bike as I can before we get snow, but it’s fucking cold outside. What are you working on?”

Dylan was struck by how much Steve reminded him of the popular jocks at his old high school. He had that same cocky swagger – as though the world had been laid out at his booted feet and was just there for the taking – and just like he had in high school, Dylan found it annoyingly attractive.

“My thesis.” Dylan grabbed his empty coffee cup, just to have something to occupy his hands. “I’m doing my masters in mechanical engineering.”

“Impressive,” Steve said, drumming his fingers on his knee. “What are you writing about?”

“I’m doing a project on different 3D printing materials.”

It was a little bit more complicated than that, but Dylan knew better than to go into a detailed explanation. More than

once he'd made the mistake of talking someone's ear off when they'd just asked to be polite.

"3D printing?" Steve said, though there was nothing mocking in his tone. "That's pretty cool."

"What about you?" Dylan asked, blushing. "What do you do, besides ride your motorcycle?"

"I'm a police officer. I finished my bachelor in criminal justice last year and this is my first year on the force. So far I've been directing a lot of traffic and writing speeding tickets."

Dylan did not need the mental image of Steve all dressed up in a police uniform.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

Steve shrugged. "Not really, but hopefully I'll be able to work my way up and make detective before too long, and then I can start doing some actual good."

"Where-"

"Would it be-"

Steve and Dylan both started talking at the same time, neither one of them finishing their sentences.

"Go ahead," Dylan said.

"I was just going to ask, would it be rude of me to ask if you're committed to the guy who gave you that mark?" Steve put his foot down and leaned forward, gesturing at Dylan's neck. "It's just, I'd really like to take you out on a date."

Dylan's mouth suddenly felt like it was stuffed full of cotton. He looked down at his coffee cup, his head feeling fuzzy, not sure what to say.

"I'm going on a date with him on Wednesday," he finally decided.

"That's not a no," Steve said, his voice dripping with satisfaction.

Dylan bit his lip. “I don’t like to date several people at the same time,” he said.

It wasn’t a situation he’d ever had to consider before, but Dylan knew himself well enough to know that he wouldn’t be comfortable doing anything with Steve without first decisively ending things with Dr. Schaffer.

“I can respect that,” Steve said, sounding disappointed. “What’s his name? There aren’t that many werewolves in the city. I probably know him, if only by reputation.”

“Dr. Schaffer,” Dylan said, realizing that he didn’t actually know Dr. Schaffer’s first name.

“August Schaffer?” Steve asked.

Dylan nodded uncertainly.

“I think so.”

“You think so?” Steve’s grin turned teasing. “He marked you up like that and you don’t know his first name?”

Dylan blushed.

“Brown hair, in his mid-thirties, looks like he should be starring in cheesy made-for-TV rom-coms?”

Dylan thought the words *leading man* would be more accurate, but the person Steve was describing did sound like Dr. Schaffer. He nodded.

“Has to be August.” Steve narrowed his eyes. “You know he’s got a mate, right? Are you going out with both of them?”

“That’s the plan.”

Steve raised his eyebrows. “Good for you,” he said, taking a sip of his coffee and swirling the liquid in his cup. “You must be sturdier than you look if you think you can handle two alpha werewolves.”

The words sent the blood rushing to Dylan’s head, and he could feel his blush like a tide of pressure washing over his face.

“I don’t...” he trailed off, not sure how he was supposed to respond to a statement like that.

Steve’s grin turned wistful. “Well, you could do worse. They’re rich as fuck, and I haven’t heard anything bad about them through the grape-vine.” He wrinkled his nose. “Though the way they hog the north end of the preserve on full moons is pretty selfish.”

“They do?” Dylan asked, desperate to move the conversation away from the topic of *sharing*.

Steve nodded emphatically. “You get within a mile of their territory and suddenly they’re chasing you through the woods and throwing you in the river. It’s so annoying. The whole preserve is supposed to be neutral, so the idea that they’ve even claimed a territory up there is just fucked up.”

Dylan pictured Dr. Schaffer – who he was pretty sure was an inch or two shorter than Steve – chasing Steve through the woods and tossing him in the river.

He suppressed a smile.

“Well, if things don’t work out with August and Ryker, maybe you could give me a call and I could take you out?” Steve held out his hand, palm up. “I could put my number in your phone? No pressure.”

Feeling like he was doing something he maybe wasn’t supposed to, Dylan handed over his phone.

Steve accepted it eagerly, turning it around to unlock it with Dylan’s face before leaning back into his chair and grinning down at the screen.

Dylan watched him start typing, no doubt entering his information, but then he lifted the phone up and held it at arm’s-length and took a picture while he flexed his bicep.

It was the most obnoxiously cocky thing Dylan had ever seen.

“Here you go,” Steve said, handing him back his phone. The contacts app was open, and Dylan could see that Steve

had filled out most of the fields, including his social media handles and his birthday.

The selfie he'd taken was there at the top of the screen, Steve's grinning face and flexing bicep captured in miniature.

"Thanks," Dylan mumbled, putting the phone back in his pocket.

"Well, I should probably get going. I have a shift at three, and I'd like to shower and have something to eat before that." Steve rose to his feet, looming over Dylan as he pulled on his jacket. He grinned as he tucked his helmet under his arm and tugged on his gloves. "Does it make me an asshole that I hope your date on Wednesday sucks?"

Dylan snorted, not surprised by the shamelessness of the question. "A little, maybe?"

Steve grinned, grabbing his helmet in his right hand now that he was done putting on his gloves. "In that case, good luck on your date."

Dylan had never heard anything less sincere. He smiled anyway. "Thank you. Have a good shift today. Direct lots of traffic."

Steve's eyes narrowed, his grin turning a little menacing. He leaned down, and Dylan's breath caught at just how big he was.

"If you were mine, I'd spank you for that."

Every muscle in Dylan's body froze, his mind coming to a screeching halt.

Steve's expression turned smug with satisfaction. He leaned closer, resting his hand on Dylan's armrest and crowding into his space with all the grace of an apex predator.

"And guess what?"

Dylan swallowed, the sound impossibly loud to his own ears. "What?"

Steve leaned even closer, his breath hot against Dylan's cheek. His body was like a furnace. "I would make you love

every second of it.”

Dylan whimpered, knowing with absolute certainty that Steve was correct. He'd never been spanked – either for real or by a lover – but Dylan knew deep down to his bones that if Steve put him over his muscular thighs and smacked his butt, it would be the best thing ever.

Opening his mouth, Dylan hesitated. He didn't know what to say. Not after that.

Steve rose up, his hand going briefly to his crotch to adjust himself through the leather. He was still grinning, enjoying Dylan's horny distress.

“I'll let you get back to your thesis.” He took a step back and winked. “I'll be waiting for your call.”

He left the coffee shop, garnering more than a few stares as he strutted out the door.

Dylan watched him go, tracking him through the window as he made his way outside. Steve didn't look back as he mounted his motorcycle and put on his helmet, or after he kicked his bike into gear and took off down the street.

Dylan kept looking out the window, far too worked up to go back to work.

It felt unreal.

Dylan had gone his whole life without talking to a werewolf, and now suddenly he had two that were interested in him?

It didn't make sense.

Dylan wasn't unattractive. He knew that he had a nice face, and he was more toned than he should be considering how little he worked out, but he wasn't something that would have hunks like Dr. Schaffer and Steve drooling over him like he was a choice piece of meat.

Then again, they were the only werewolves Dylan had ever met. Maybe he was exactly what werewolves liked, and he'd just never known it because he hadn't met any?

But that didn't feel likely. He'd never heard of werewolves having a type, and he was sure that if they did the magazines and blogs devoted to glorifying and objectifying werewolves would have been all over it.

It could be some sort of trick, Dylan's insecurities whispered into the back of his mind. He could be the subject in a highly unethical research trial looking at how losers who hadn't had sex in over a year would react if werewolves started hitting on them.

Dylan pushed those thoughts firmly down. Steve and Dr. Schaffer being into him was weird, but it wasn't illegal studies being conducted on him conspiracy-theory weird.

He needed to be kinder to himself than that.

"Are you done with that?" one of the employees asked, startling him when she appeared next to him and grabbed his empty cup. Dylan looked up to see her pointing at the cup Steve had been drinking from.

It looked like he'd only taken a few sips. Dylan frowned, hoping he hadn't distracted Steve from enjoying his coffee.

"Yeah, sorry. It isn't mine," Dylan said, leaning over to grab the cup and hand it to her. "Thank you."

"No worries. Can I get you anything else?"

Dylan checked the time on his phone, realizing that his discussion group was meeting in less than ten minutes. He hurriedly shoved his laptop into his bag and rose to his feet. He smiled at the woman, shaking his head. "No, thank you, I was just leaving. Have a nice day!"

He yanked on his jacket and lifted his backpack over his shoulder, rushing out of the coffee shop as he mentally calculated how long it would take him to get to his discussion group.

All thoughts of werewolves pushed aside by the sudden anxiety of having to explain to his professor why he was late, Dylan started running.

RYKER

Ryker stood next to the kitchen island, dressed for work in a dark gray suit while scarfing down a bowl of oatmeal and waiting for August to finish getting dressed.

“August?” Ryker walked down the hall. “You’re not going to have time to eat breakfast unless you hurry up.”

There was no reply, and Ryker rolled his eyes.

It had been a tense weekend. August was resentful about Ryker’s reservations about the human he’d met online, offended that Ryker didn’t trust his judgment, while Ryker was constitutionally unable to put his suspicions to rest until he’d actually met the boy.

While Ryker loved August to death, his mate could be a little too trusting.

Ryker had thought they were fine, after their argument on Friday night, but then he’d made some stupid comment when they went for their morning run on Saturday, and August had been in a huff ever since.

“August?” Ryker turned into the bedroom where he found August sitting on the bed, tying his shoes. “I made oatmeal.”

August finished tying his shoes and rose. Dressed for work in his usual white shirt, tie and dress pants, he looked good enough to eat. Unlike Ryker who wore a full suit to work every day, August usually forewent a jacket in favor of a white doctor’s coat. He walked past Ryker into the hall, fixing his tie.

“I’ll grab a muffin at work,” he said, making his way to the elevator. Ryker followed, watching with exasperation as August angrily put on a thick woolen coat.

It took effort not to say anything. August was a grownup, and if he wanted to skip breakfast like an idiot, that was his business.

Ryker had long ago made his peace with the fact that forcing August to do anything was a surefire way to make them both miserable.

“Do you want to meet for lunch?” Ryker grabbed his own coat from the closet, putting it on and buttoning it up before grabbing his leather gloves.

“I’m pretty busy today.”

Ryker took a deep breath and quieted the growl building in his chest. August was so fucking annoying when he got pouty.

“Fine. Whatever.”

They walked into the elevator and rode down to the underground parking garage in silence. When the doors opened, August turned left to go to his car without even so much as a word goodbye.

Ryker grabbed him by the back of his coat and pulled him back.

“What?” August turned around, glaring.

“Not even a kiss goodbye?” Ryker took a step closer, sliding the pleated collar of August’s woolen coat between his thumb and index finger. “We’re not that angry with each other, are we?”

August huffed, but the corner of his lips twitched in the beginning of a smile.

“I’m not angry,” he said, as though he hadn’t spent two days giving Ryker the cold shoulder.

“No?” Ryker pulled him closer, bending his neck and capturing August’s lips in a kiss.

He tasted like toothpaste.

“No,” August mumbled. “You’re the one who’s been an asshole.”

Ryker decided not to restart any arguments.

“Have a good day at work, okay?”

“You too,” August mumbled, kissing him one more time. He pulled away and turned around, heading toward his parking space with a wave over his shoulder.

Ryker felt better. He didn’t like parting from August on a bad note, and though he knew they hadn’t resolved anything – only meeting the human could do that – he hoped things would stay peaceful.

Walking over to his parking space, inconveniently located on the other side of the garage, Ryker unlocked his car and climbed behind the wheel.

He hadn’t made it easy for himself, falling in love with another alpha. His mother had been right about that, but she’d been wrong about whether or not it was worth it.

Ryker wouldn’t trade August for anything.

Pulling out of his parking space, Ryker drove out of the parking garage and started the drive to work. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, leaning back in the plush leather seat as he thought about his mate and their unusual arrangement.

They’d known from the beginning that they would need a third. With two alphas it was inevitable, the rare exception being cases in which one alpha was willing to submit to the other.

Neither Ryker or August would ever submit, and though Ryker loved August more than anything, just the thought of his mate mounting him had his chest rumbling with an angry growl.

The feeling was entirely mutual.

But it was fine. Until they met the one who would round out their relationship, Ryker and August were perfectly content with each other and the occasional one-night stand.

They preferred having their one-night stands together, but it wasn't easy to find people willing to submit to two werewolves. There were plenty of people who loved the idea in theory – who would seem enthused at first – but when it actually came time to fuck, more people backed out than not.

For that reason, Ryker and August had opened up their relationship shortly after they got together, with a very firm rule that they never slept with the same person more than once, unless they were both present.

It worked out okay. August met people online – using dating services and hook-up apps to arrange his liaisons – while Ryker preferred to go out trolling bars and nightclubs whenever the need to sink his cock into a willing hole became overwhelming.

No matter who they fucked, they always came home to each other. Occasionally, they'd convince their one-night stands to come back and try again with both of them.

It never worked out in the long run.

Ryker knew that August thought this Dylan character was different. He was getting way ahead of himself, and if the boy turned out to be a scammer, he would be crushed.

The worst thing about it was that Ryker completely understood August's thinking. Dylan Landry, scammer or not, smelled *amazing*. It was the kind of scent that would have had old fashioned werewolves using words like *destined mate* and *fated match*.

Of course that was bullshit. Dylan had a unique composition of pheromones that happened to affect Ryker and August, and that was it. There were no guarantees of happily ever after.

It would be so much easier if there were.

Ryker arrived at the office a little before eight. He had a quick meeting with his team, strategizing and discussing the merger they were working on, after which he settled down in his office to work.

“Your coffee, Mr. Sterling.” Ryker’s assistant, Heidi, came into his office after a perfunctory knock. She put the coffee down on his desk. “And Henry wants a meeting before lunch. Should I tell him no?”

Ryker shook his head. “No, thank you, Heidi. I’ll talk to him. Just move my eleven o’clock.”

“Will do.” Heidi nodded and took her leave. When she was at the door, Ryker made an impulsive decision and stopped her.

“Just a second, Heidi.”

“Yes?”

Ryker grabbed a piece of paper, writing down the name *Dylan Landry* along with the boy’s phone number. He held it out to her.

“Could you have our investigator look into this person? His address, if he has a criminal history, that sort of thing?”

“Of course.” Heidi walked back to his desk and took the piece of paper.

“And have him bill me directly, not the firm,” Ryker said, ignoring the probing look she gave him in response.

“No problem.” Heidi folded the paper. “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

Ryker shook his head. “No, that was it. Thank you.”

Heidi left his office with a nod, and Ryker turned back to his inbox.

August wasn’t going to be angry about him doing a background check. He might be a little annoyed and claim that Ryker was being paranoid, but as long as Ryker didn’t do anything impulsive like go and interrogate Dylan in advance of their date, August would be fine with a little precautionary snooping.

The rest of the day went by without anything unusual happening. Ryker had meetings, both with the lawyers who worked for him and with people from other departments.

When six o'clock rolled around, he decided it was time to pack it up and head home.

He was in the car when he got a text message from August saying he was working late due to a patient emergency.

Ryker sighed, reminding himself that this was nothing compared to the hell-years when August had been doing his residency. His schedule now was a vacation in comparison.

Arriving home to an empty apartment, Ryker decided to watch some TV to relax and then head to the gym on the third floor.

He sank down onto the couch, kicking off his dress boots and putting his feet up on the coffee table, and turned on the TV.

Scrolling through the various streaming services they subscribed to, Ryker wondered how it was possible to have so many shows and not want to watch a single one of them.

His phone let out a chime, and Ryker abandoned the TV remote to pick it up and read the message.

His pulse spiked when he saw that it was from the investigator. He took his feet off the coffee table and leaned forward, opening the message and scanning through the report with trepidation.

He was left feeling nonplussed.

There was *nothing*. Dylan Landry lived in a studio apartment about an hour's walk away from the university, he had a normal amount of student loans for a twenty-three-year-old, and he'd gotten two speeding tickets when he was a teenager. Other than that, his report was empty.

It looked like August might be right about him.

Attached to the file was a copy of Dylan's driver's license photo. Ryker leaned back into the sofa cushion and put his feet back up on the coffee table, enlarging the photo so that it filled the screen of his phone.

The picture was a few years old, and Ryker hoped that he didn't look quite so young now as he did then. He zoomed in,

examining the boy's features.

Cute and bright-eyed, with a nice nose and a sharp jaw, he was prettier than Ryker had expected.

He understood what August had meant about his hair. It was fluffy, like he'd let it dry under a hat, and styled haphazardly.

It looked very grabbable.

Ryker wished he had a more recent picture. He couldn't quite bring himself to imagine what it would be like to push Dylan down into his bulge when he looked that young.

He texted August.

Do you have a picture of the boy?

He waited a moment, hoping for an answer, but August didn't reply.

Ryker put down his phone, feeling a little foolish. Of course August didn't reply right away. He was probably with a patient.

A minute later, however, his phone chimed with an incoming message. The notification on his lock screen told him that August hadn't sent any text, just an image file.

He opened the message with embarrassing speed and then nearly choked on his own spit at the image that August had sent him.

Obscene was the only word to describe it.

Taken from above, the picture showed August poking at an abused hole with the tip of his cock, the gaping opening leaking come and looking like it had gone to war and *lost*.

Ryker's cock hardened, his thick shaft pushing through the leg of his boxer briefs and down the length of his thigh.

His mouth watered.

Putting his hand on his bulge, he licked his lips and studied the picture. Dylan's hole looked like it *hurt*, the abused rim

inflamed and sore, and Ryker wondered if he'd even been able to close it after August was done fucking him.

The idea of Dylan walking home after taking August's knot, his hole twitching and leaking come, sent a tendril of heat down Ryker's spine and right into his cock.

He texted August back.

You fucker.

There was no reply.

Turned on, Ryker debated with himself if he wanted to jerk off now, or wait until August came home. He squeezed himself through his suit, working his shaft and zooming in on the head of August's cock where it touched the rim of Dylan's hole.

Familiar and huge, Ryker was just as turned on by the sight of his mate's massive cock as he was by the hole it had just destroyed.

Taking his hand off his bulge, Ryker decided that he would hold off on shooting his load until August came home. He'd go to the gym as planned and work off some of his pent-up energy, and then hopefully once he came home, August would be willing to give him a blowjob.

He put down his phone and gave his bulge one last squeeze.

Heading to the bedroom, he stripped off his clothes and made his way into the closet. He crouched down to rummage through his workout gear, selecting a pair of cold weather compression leggings and matching compression shirt, as well as a pair of five-inch nylon running shorts.

He'd do a quick run before heading to the gym, he decided, instead of doing his warmup on the treadmill.

The compression leggings were tight enough to hold everything in place, and the shorts would do a decent job of keeping his bulge hidden.

Putting on his running shoes, Ryker grabbed his favorite pair of winter running gloves and headed out. He took the

elevator down to the lobby and exited the building, nodding to the doorman and thanking him for getting the door.

It was cold outside, but he knew that once he got his blood pumping he would feel fine.

Jogging down the sidewalk, weaving through people walking home from work or just out doing their errands, Ryker headed toward the park a few blocks away from his building. He hadn't run there in a while – usually preferring the bigger park a little further away in the opposite direction – but he felt like changing things up.

Doing the same thing every time got boring.

As he moved down the sidewalk, Ryker noticed and ignored all the looks coming his way. His outfit was on the skimpier side – he wasn't usually one for compression gear in public – but he wasn't going to sacrifice comfort just to avoid showing off his body.

He was a little colder than he'd expected to be, though.

After a few minutes, Ryker reached the park. He jogged past the gate and onto the path, speeding up now that there were fewer people in his way.

The added speed was just what he needed. By the time he'd completed his first circuit of the park, he was warmed up, and by the time he finished his third he was sweating.

After twenty minutes, Ryker decided to exit the park and explore the city a little. He'd warmed up enough that he could go back to the gym and get in a good workout, but he was in the mood to stay outside for just a little bit longer.

He kept his run at a light jog, moving down sidewalks and going far out of his usual way, and after a while he found himself a few blocks away from the university, coincidentally just a few blocks from where Dylan supposedly resided.

Without letting himself think too much about it, he kept going.

It wasn't until he was in front of the apartment building where Dylan lived, taking in the worn cladding and chipped

window frames, that he was forced to admit that he'd been planning on coming to this very place all along.

He jogged in place, body thrumming with pent up energy, and wrestled with himself whether or not he should go up and introduce himself.

Ryker didn't need to interrogate the boy. He just wanted to see for himself what had August so enchanted.

Before he could second guess himself, Ryker jogged up the steps to the front door and rang the bell for Dylan's apartment.

August was going to be so pissed at him.

"Hello?"

A staticky voice came out of the old speaker, along with a screech that had Ryker wincing and taking a step back.

"Hello. This is Ryker Sterling, you met my mate August Schaffer a few days ago. I was wondering if I could come in and have a word with you?"

Ryker winced. He sounded like a lunatic.

"Is there a problem?"

Dylan sounded nervous, and Ryker didn't blame him. What kind of person in this day and age showed up unannounced at a stranger's house?

"No, I just wanted to introduce myself before our date on Wednesday."

There was a pause, followed by the click of the lock in the door.

"All right. I'm on the second floor."

Ryker grinned, relieved that he hadn't been told to fuck off. He opened the door and walked into the lobby, frowning at how shabby it looked.

There were cracked tiles on the floor and peeling paint on the walls, and an unpleasant musty smell saturated the air.

The tiny cage elevator to his left looked like a death trap.

Taking the stairs, Ryker jogged up to the second floor. He opened the door leading off the landing, the hinges letting out a horrible squeak.

He wondered why no one had oiled them. It would take two seconds and it would make a huge difference.

Stepping through the door, shooting the rusty hinges a look of disdain, Ryker made his way into a dingy hallway. A short figure was peeking out from behind a door halfway down the corridor, just his eyes and a tuft of hair visible from behind the wooden frame.

That had to be Dylan. Ryker put on his most charming grin, careful not to show too much teeth, and walked toward him.

The door opened further and Dylan stepped into view. To Ryker's relief, he looked a good five years older than he had in his driver's license photo. He'd lost the baby fat in his face, and his hair was a little shorter, though it still had that fluffy, soft look that made Ryker want to thread his fingers through it, form a fist, and *tug*.

His waist was just as slim and slutty as August had described.

Ryker breathed in through his nose, taking in the boy's scent and relishing the shudder that ran down his spine.

Mine, his wolf whispered, greedy and forcing Ryker to take another deep breath. His cock twitched against the front of his tight spandex compression pants, his stomach filling with a tingling heat.

Ryker had to hold his breath while he wrestled himself back under control. His wolf was more alert than it had ever been outside of the full moon, animal instincts pushing at him to hunt and claim the boy standing nervously in front of them.

"Hello," Dylan said, watching Ryker approach with wide eyes.

Dressed in flannel pants and an oversized t-shirt, the latter of which showed off a hint of collar bone, he looked good enough to eat.

There was a bruise on his throat, and Ryker would recognize the imprint of those teeth anywhere.

“Hello. You must be Dylan,” he said, struggling to keep his grin nice.

The boy was bringing out all his most predatory instincts, and he knew that he had a tendency to let that kind of thing show in his smile.

“That’s me,” Dylan said, clearing his throat. He looked adorably flustered by Ryker’s presence.

“It’s nice to meet you.” He stopped a foot away from where Dylan was standing. “I’m Ryker.”

He held out his gloved hand, amused at the slight hitch in Dylan’s breath at the sudden movement.

Had he thought he was going to grab him? If so, it was interesting that he hadn’t moved back.

“You too,” Dylan said, shaking Ryker’s hand. His palm disappeared inside Ryker’s big fingers, and Ryker held on just a fraction of a second longer than was appropriate.

He let go, and Dylan snatched his hand back like he’d been burnt.

“I’m sorry for dropping by unannounced,” Ryker said, hooking his thumb in the waistband of his shorts.

For some reason, the movement made Dylan blush.

“That’s okay,” Dylan said, rubbing the back of his neck. “Do you want to come in?”

Ryker was glad Dylan wasn’t looking at his face, otherwise he was pretty sure that his answering grin would have scared him.

“I would love to.”

Dylan walked into his apartment and Ryker followed him inside.

Looking around, Ryker was pleased to see that the inside of the apartment was much nicer than the rest of the building

had led him to believe. It was small but tidy – consisting of just one room and a miniscule bathroom – with a kitchen nook in the corner and a bed tucked up against the wall. The kitchen nook and bed were separated by a small desk and a comfortable looking office chair.

There was a stain on the ceiling which looked like water damage, but the walls looked like they'd been painted fairly recently and the vinyl flooring looked almost new.

There was no TV or couch, and Ryker had never been so pleased by lack of accommodations in his life.

He took a seat on the bed, enjoying the way Dylan's scent saturated the sheets and blankets beneath him.

“Can I get you a drink?” Dylan asked, leaning back against his kitchen sink. The kitchen nook was tiny, lacking both an oven and a counter, consisting of just the sink, a cabinet, a microwave and a small fridge. He glanced at his fridge. “I have Diet Coke and water.”

“I'll take a water,” Ryker said, trying to resist the temptation to grab one of Dylan's pillows and sniff it.

Without a couch, Dylan probably spent a lot of time sitting in his bed, and it smelled like it. The sheets weren't dirty – the lingering scent of detergent told him they'd been washed less than a week ago – but they were nevertheless drenched in Dylan's smell.

“Here you go.” Dylan handed him a water from the fridge.

Ryker twisted the cap off and took a long sip. He hadn't been out running long enough to be truly thirsty, but the water still tasted good, and it was fun to watch Dylan's eyes tracking the movement of his throat as he swallowed.

“Thank you. That hit the spot.”

Dylan hadn't taken a drink for himself. He moved back to the sink, grabbing the back of the office chair and rolling it back and forth, using it as an unconscious shield.

He was obviously nervous, and Ryker wondered what he thought was going to happen.

Ryker knew what *he* wanted to happen. It was only fair, after all. August had sampled the boy in advance of their date, and it only stood to reason that Ryker should be allowed to do the same.

“Do you want me to leave?” Ryker asked, glancing at the chair that had now been rolled firmly between them.

Dylan let out a startled noise, rolling the chair back under his desk with a furious blush.

“No.” He crossed his arms, looking flustered. “I was just wondering if there was something you wanted to talk to me about?”

Ryker let some of his intention shine through in his grin. He spread his legs, widening the space between his thighs, and shrugged.

“Nothing specific. I just wanted to say hi.” He put the bottle of water between his legs, resting it against his bulge. “August had such a nice time with you last Friday, I wanted to see what all the fuss was about.”

“Fuss?” Dylan’s eyes were glued to the bottle of water between Ryker’s legs. Ryker wrapped his hand around it, holding it like he would his cock.

“August is very excited about seeing you again.” Ryker circled the cap of his bottle with his thumb. “Apparently, you made quite an impression.”

Dylan didn’t look like he knew what to do with that information.

“You’re not angry?” he finally blurted out.

Ryker chuckled and rose up from the bed, the sudden movement making Dylan jump.

“Not at all.” Ryker crossed the space between them, loving the way his height allowed him to loom over the younger man. He pinched the front of Dylan’s t-shirt between his thumb and index finger, stroking the cotton with his gloved fingers. “Envious, maybe, but not angry.”

Dylan stood frozen, not even breathing as Ryker touched his shirt.

This was the point where Ryker would normally have removed his gloves, but since Dylan apparently had a thing for them, he kept them on.

It might have been why he put the gloves on in the first place. He didn't usually wear them when he ran before temperatures dipped below zero.

"Would you be interested in maybe doing something about that?" Ryker traced the rim of Dylan's collar, the back of his fingers brushing against the boy's skin and making him tremble.

"About what?" Dylan asked, breath stuttering when he finally managed to inhale.

"Making me less envious." Ryker licked his lips and took a step closer, crowding Dylan up against the sink and making him lean back.

"How would I do that?"

Dylan's breaths were now coming in sharp little pants, and Ryker could feel the boy's hard-on poking him in the thigh.

He let his grin turn wolfish.

"You tell me," he said, stroking his fingers into the hollow of Dylan's throat. "What did you do with August that I would be *envious* of?"

Dylan closed his eyes and held himself perfectly still. After a beat, he looked up at Ryker through his lashes.

"I gave him a blowjob?"

The fact that Dylan phrased it like a question was adorable.

"A blowjob?" Ryker wrapped his hand around the side of Dylan's neck, feeling along the bruise that August's had sucked and bitten into his skin. "That sounds very nice. Can I have one, too?"

Dylan nodded, just a slight twitch of his head, but that was all Ryker needed. He pushed the boy to his knees, folding him

down into the tight space between his legs and the cabinet under the sink.

He looked down, his cock throbbing at the sight of Dylan kneeling at his feet.

“Pull off my shorts.” Ryker’s voice was gruff. Now that he had Dylan where he wanted him, he was eager to begin.

Dylan was staring down at his shoes, looking like he was in his own little world.

“Are you waiting for something?” Ryker tried not to let his impatience shine through in his voice. His cock was throbbing, twitching and leaking pre-come, and he wanted to feel Dylan’s lips on it *now*.

“No, sorry,” Dylan mumbled, rushing to grasp the waistline of Ryker’s shorts, pulling them down around his muscular thighs and dragging the fabric down to his running shoes.

“Good boy,” Ryker said, his voice closer to a growl than not. He stepped out of the shorts and kicked them to the side. He debated taking off his shoes, but then he’d have to bend down and untie them. He didn’t have time for that. “I can be rough with you, right?”

Pupils blown wide open, lips slack, Dylan looked up at him and nodded.

Ryker grabbed him by the hair, giving him a shake to establish who was in charge, and then pressed his face into his bulge.

The contact sent sparks of pleasure dancing up Ryker’s spine.

He held Dylan against his crotch, rubbing him up and down, nothing but a thin layer of spandex separating the boy’s face from his pulsating cock.

Dylan moaned, happily nuzzling into the line of Ryker’s erection and breathing in his musky scent.

Ryker hadn’t built up a real sweat, but he’d been running for close to an hour and he hadn’t showered since that

morning. He knew his crotch had to smell a little musky. The fact that Dylan seemed to enjoy that opened up a whole world of possibilities.

Later, he'd have to see how Dylan liked the scent of his armpits. He'd love to grab him by the neck and shove him into his sweaty pit, or maybe he'd lay him down on the bed and sit on his face.

Maybe he'd do both.

He pushed Dylan down to his balls, spreading the bulge over his nose and shoving the lower half of his face between his legs. Dylan's head was practically between his thighs, and Ryker could feel his breaths against his taint.

He tensed his thighs, squeezing Dylan's head between his legs until he was whimpering.

"Do you like that?" he asked, dragging Dylan's face up and pushing him back into his cock.

"Yes," Dylan mumbled, sticking out his tongue and licking the spandex where it pulled tight over the head of his cock.

Ryker growled, the sensation of Dylan's lips on his cock-head like a buzz of electricity racing up his spine.

It felt so good.

Yanking Dylan's head away from his crotch, Ryker reached into his pants and pulled out his cock. The rigid length was throbbing, his foreskin pulled back to reveal the mushroom-shaped head of his cock. He slapped it down on Dylan's face, rubbing the spongy head all over Dylan's lips, nose and cheeks.

"There you go," he growled, making a mess of Dylan's face. He poked him in the eye, over his eyelid, before moving down and circling his lips.

Dylan opened his mouth and tried to catch it in his mouth.

He looked like a baby bird.

"Slut," Ryker chuckled, deciding to give him what he wanted. He pushed the head of his cock past Dylan's teeth and

shifted his stance, angling his hips and driving into the boy's mouth at just the right angle to push down into his throat.

Dylan choked, the sudden invasion catching him off guard. He tried to pull his mouth off Ryker's shaft, but Ryker held him down and forced him to take it.

They'd have to work on not using teeth, Ryker noted, but that could wait. For now, he wanted to see how deep he could get.

"Tap out if you can't take it," he said, keeping his voice calm and authoritative.

He waited a second, doing nothing, but Dylan didn't tap out. His hands were on Ryker's legs, clutching his thighs, fingers scrambling to find purchase in the tight spandex.

What he wasn't doing, Ryker noted with a pleased smirk, was trying to push him away or get him to stop.

"Good boy," he praised, letting his voice rumble appreciatively. He took a step forward, walking right up to the kitchen sink and trapping Dylan's head between his cock and the cupboard. He'd gotten about half his cock down his throat, and the boy was a mess. His eyes were wet, his nose running, and there was drool leaking down his chin and onto his shirt.

Ryker was impressed that he wasn't throwing up. Despite some choking and gagging, he was doing a pretty good job of swallowing and keeping his reflexes in check.

"Tap out or I'm going to keep going."

Dylan's hands stilled, and Ryker grinned. He shifted his grip, angling Dylan's throat for slightly better access, and resumed pushing his cock down the boy's throat.

Ryker could feel Dylan's esophagus expanding to make room for him, the tight passage struggling to accommodate his girthy length. He kept pushing, and before long he'd managed to bury his whole ten inches.

Closing his eyes, Ryker held still and enjoyed the convulsions of Dylan's throat around his shaft.

It was no wonder August had wolfed out when he came. Ryker hadn't felt this feral in years.

"Ten seconds," he said, grinding his hips down on Dylan's face. The boy's nose was buried in his pubic hair, and Ryker wondered if it tickled.

Dylan started choking, and Ryker had to flex his arms to keep him in place.

"Five seconds," he growled.

At two seconds, Dylan slapped his thigh and tapped out. Ryker stepped back immediately, releasing his hold on his hair and letting him up for air.

"You almost made it," he said, watching as Dylan heaved for breath.

Dylan wiped his mouth. When he realized how messy his face was, he lifted the front of his shirt and used it to wipe it clean. He let his shirt fall back down and brushed the hair out of his eyes. "Sorry."

Ryker grinned.

"We can try again. Let's go for forty seconds this time."

Ryker walked back in front of him, dragging his balls over Dylan's face.

"Open up."

Dylan obeyed, but instead of shoving his cock into the inviting hole, Ryker crouched down and took hold of his jaw.

"Hello." He swiped his gloved thumb across Dylan's lower lip, pressing over his bottom teeth and studying him. "Are you having fun?"

He brushed his free hand between Dylan's legs, giving him a squeeze. Dylan was hard, his cock pressing against the front of his flannel pants.

Dylan tried to nod, but Ryker wanted a verbal reply.

He'd started things out pretty rough, and now he needed to make sure that Dylan was enjoying himself before he ratcheted

things up a notch.

“Yes,” Dylan said, his voice distorted by Ryker’s thumb pushing over his tongue. He chased the digit and tried to suck it. “You’re so hot.”

Ryker grinned, flashing his teeth and licking his lips. He squeezed down on Dylan’s cock, working the hard length through his pants.

“Thank you.” He pulled his thumb out of Dylan’s mouth. “You’re pretty sexy yourself.”

Dylan blushed and looked at the floor, but Ryker tilted his head up and leaned in for a kiss. Their lips connected, and Ryker felt himself melt at the soft touch of Dylan’s lips.

The kiss started out gentle, Ryker exploring his new territory, and then turned increasingly fervent. Dylan moaned into Ryker’s mouth, parting his lips and letting him lick past his lips with an easy submission that had Ryker’s balls feeling heavy.

“Think you can take forty seconds this time?” Ryker asked, pulling away and making Dylan gasp.

It took Dylan a second to process the question, but then he nodded.

“Good boy.”

Ryker rose back to his full height, peeling off his compression shirt and tossing it to the floor. He palmed his cock, wrapping his fingers around his shaft, and squeezed down.

He milked a clear string of pre-come from his slit. It dangled from the tip of his cock, and his gut clenched when he noticed Dylan watching it like he was considering darting in and catching it with his mouth.

“Will you let me fuck your face?” Ryker’s voice was rough.

Dylan shuddered. Rather than answer with words, he nodded and opened his mouth, bending his neck back at the correct angle to have his throat fucked.

It was one of the sluttiest things Ryker had ever seen, and at that moment he got why August was so obsessed.

The boy was perfect.

“Okay, I get it now,” he said, pushing the head of his cock into Dylan’s mouth. He let it rest on the tip of his tongue and Dylan started sucking. “I see why August likes you so much.”

Dylan looked up at him with wide eyes, the praise making him go starry-eyed.

“Fuck, that feels nice,” Ryker said, his voice a low rumble. He moved his cock back and forth over Dylan’s tongue, enjoying the way his cheeks bulged when he occasionally changed angles. “Are you ready for more?”

Dylan mumbled something around his cock that sounded like yes.

Ryker curled his fingers in Dylan’s hair, giving his head a cruel tug and pushing him back against the cabinet.

“Are you sure?”

Ryker looked down, waiting for Dylan to make an affirmative noise. When he did, Ryker squared his stance, getting into a position where he could thrust his hips freely and really fuck Dylan’s throat.

“That’s what I like to hear.” He pushed all the way toward the back of his soft palate. “Put your hands behind your back.”

“Yes, sir,” Dylan mumbled, nearly incomprehensible.

Ryker couldn’t tell if the use of the word sir was mocking or sincere, so he ignored it.

“I’m going to be rough with you,” he warned, giving Dylan’s hair another hard yank. “Tap out if you can’t handle it. I won’t be mad.”

Dylan kept his hands behind his back, waiting obediently, and that was more than enough for Ryker to start fucking his face.

This time, Dylan was more prepared when Ryker shoved his cock toward the back of his throat. He managed to swallow

the whole length with minimal gagging, and Ryker was impressed.

“Fucking slut,” he growled, pulling his cock almost all the way out and slamming it back in.

The point where his shaft slid over the very back of Dylan’s tongue and hit his soft palate was *exquisite*.

“I should knot your face, show you what it really means to hold your breath.”

Dylan jolted in alarm, and Ryker laughed.

“You don’t like the thought of that?” He pushed his cock balls-deep and held it there. “Don’t worry. I’ll restrict myself to knotting your hole.”

He pulled his hips back, letting Dylan breathe, and thrust back inside.

Dylan was taking him like a champ. Ryker hadn’t been able to really let loose in a while, too busy to hook up with strangers, and August would bite his dick off before he let him get rough like this.

He shuffled closer, trapping Dylan’s head between his thighs and stabbing into his gullet with short, brutal little thrusts.

When he felt himself getting close, Ryker let go of Dylan’s hair and stepped back with an abrupt laugh. He wiped his brow – he’d worked up more of a sweat skull-fucking Dylan than he had on his run – and crouched down.

“Okay?” he asked, patting Dylan’s hair as the boy heaved for breath.

Dylan nodded, giving a thumbs up. Ryker grinned, grabbing his shoulder and giving it an appreciative squeeze.

“Not too much?”

Dylan closed his eyes and swallowed, not answering either way, though judging by the satisfied curve of his lip it couldn’t have been too horrible. Still, Ryker decided to dial it down. He hadn’t intended on being quite *that* rough.

“How about you sit on my lap and we make out for a bit?” he suggested, moving his hand up and squeezing the side of Dylan’s neck. His black glove was a stark contrast against Dylan’s skin, giving him a preview of what he would look like if he wore a collar.

He filed the thought away for later.

“Yeah.”

Dylan didn’t say anything else, his voice wrecked, though he looked very happy at the suggestion.

Ryker pulled off his gloves and tossed them on the floor, deciding that he’d indulge Dylan’s fetish enough. He watched Dylan’s expression carefully, but he didn’t seem to mourn the loss of the gloves at all.

He rose to his feet, wondering if Dylan had made the whole glove-fetish thing up to seem kinkier than he really was.

It wouldn’t be the first time one of August’s online dates had exaggerated their kinkiness.

Then again, maybe Ryker just wasn’t wearing the right gloves.

Dylan stayed on his knees, slumped back against the cabinet and breathing hard. Watching him, Ryker decided that he didn’t care what Dylan had told August online. He’d rather talk to him and find out for himself what he liked.

“Want me to carry you?” he asked, selfishly wanting to hold him.

Ryker loved carrying and manhandling his partners.

Dylan nodded, and Ryker bent down to scoop him up. Dylan wrapped his legs around Ryker’s waist, leaning against his shoulder like it was the most natural thing in the world.

He was lighter than he looked, and Ryker wondered how far he’d be able to throw him.

Walking over to the bed, he sat down with his back against the wall and arranged Dylan on his lap. He grabbed two

pillows and shoved them behind his back, the bed squeaking under his weight as he moved, getting comfortable.

“This good?” he asked.

“Very good,” Dylan agreed. He was resting his face against the top swell of Ryker’s pectoral, his mouth pressed into his skin in a lingering kiss.

Ryker pushed his hand under Dylan’s t-shirt, massaging him up the knobs of his spine.

“That feels nice,” Dylan mumbled.

Ryker couldn’t resist bending his neck, burrowing his nose in Dylan’s hair and inhaling his delicious scent.

Dylan went still. “Are you sniffing me?”

Not embarrassed in the least, Ryker grunted an affirmative.

“You smell good.”

“I do?”

“Very. It makes my cock so hard.”

Dylan put his hands on Ryker’s sides, sliding up and feeling along his lats. The touch was tentative and greedy at the same time.

Ryker leaned back and smirked. “You want to explore?”

Dylan looked at him, the confused scrunch of his brow making Ryker want to lean in and lick his face.

“What do you mean?”

“I’m pretty built, and you seem into that. You can touch whatever you like.”

Ryker lifted his arms above his head, resting his hands behind his neck and relaxing back against the wall. The position made his arms flex, showing off his wide chest and hairy pits.

Dylan froze, his throat moving as he swallowed.

“Take off your shirt,” Ryker instructed, wanting to see more of Dylan’s body.

When Dylan hesitated, he flexed his pecs, making them dance playfully.

Dylan blushed, looking away as though Ryker's display was just too much for him to handle. He lifted the hem of his tee and pulled it over his head, throwing the shirt to the floor and bringing his arms down over his chest. He sat there, looking awkward, pointedly averting his gaze from Ryker's pecs.

"What are you waiting for?" Ryker asked, lifting his hips and making Dylan fall forward.

Dylan caught himself on his chest, his fingers splayed wide on Ryker's muscular pec and brushing over his nipple.

Ryker shuddered, holding still and waiting to see what Dylan would do next. When nothing happened, he looked down at the boy's hand.

"You like that spot?"

Dylan yanked his hand back, which was not what Ryker wanted. Dylan was supposed to worship him – to lick and grope his muscles like they were his favorite thing in the world – not sit there like an old maid fervidly guarding her virtue.

The fact that Dylan was so shy was starting to be more annoying than cute.

"You can use your mouth if you want." Ryker rocked his hips, making Dylan have to catch himself again. "Come on. Worship my body."

That proved simply too much for Dylan to handle.

"This is so embarrassing," he cried, jerking his hand back and closing his eyes. His face was beet red and he looked overwhelmed. "You can't just say things like that!"

Ryker rolled his eyes and grinned. "Stop being so dramatic. You just need to get over yourself." He grabbed Dylan's hand and put it on his chest. "How about I tell you where to touch, and then you just do it?"

He let go of Dylan's hand and reached down to adjust his cock, swiping a drop of pre-come off the tip and bringing it to

his mouth.

Dylan watched him lick the drop off his thumb like he was having a religious experience.

“Okay,” Dylan said. He took a calming breath, some of the stress leaving his face. He looked relieved to have been kicked out of the driver’s seat.

“Yeah?” Ryker grinned. He couldn’t wait to feel Dylan’s hands and mouth all over him. “Wonderful. You can start by pinching my nipples.”

Dylan’s fingers trembled as he moved them to Ryker’s nipples, clumsily taking them between his thumb and index fingers and giving them a barely there pinch.

Ryker scoffed and bounced his pecs. “Harder.”

Dylan’s nostrils flared, his gaze fixed intently on Ryker’s pecs as he pinched down on his nipples.

“That feels nice.” Ryker’s voice dipped low. “Now let go of my nipples and rub my pecs. Use your whole hands – really get in there and massage the muscle.”

Dylan swallowed, cupping his hands against the curve of Ryker’s muscular chest and squeezing down. He groped Ryker’s pecs with determined concentration.

Ryker let him worship his chest for a while, enjoying the light massage, before he instructed him to lean down and start licking.

“Your chest?” Dylan asked, freezing.

“Yes,” Ryker grunted. “Suck my nipples and lick my chest.”

When Dylan was too slow to obey, Ryker grabbed him by the back of his neck and pushed him into the crevice between his pecs.

“Lick.”

He put his hands back behind his head and Dylan pushed out his tongue for a tentative lick across his nipple.

“That’s it. Suck my nipple.”

Dylan moaned, and Ryker laughed. He let Dylan nibble on his nipples for a good five minutes, after which his nubs were pleasantly sore and perky.

“Having fun?”

Dylan moaned, pushing his nose into the cleft between Ryker’s pecs and rubbing it up and down between the hard swells of muscle.

“Good. Now move over and stick your face under my arm. I’m all sweaty and I want you to clean me up.”

Dylan reared back, looking up at him with wide eyes. “Your armpit?” he asked, moving his gaze down to the hairy space under Ryker’s arm.

He looked scandalized.

“Really get in there,” Ryker confirmed.

When Dylan didn’t move, Ryker grabbed him by the neck and pushed his face firmly under his arm.

He put his hand back behind his head, waiting for Dylan to start licking.

At first there was nothing, just frozen shock, but then Ryker felt the tentative touch of Dylan’s tongue pushing against his skin.

“That’s it. Get all that sweat out of there,” Ryker rumbled, his cock twitching against his stomach. When he realized Dylan was holding his breath, he chuckled. “Don’t forget to breathe.”

Dylan took a gasping breath, and all at once he seemed to lose his inhibitions. He pushed his face into Ryker’s armpit, licking his way up and down his pit like an animal.

Relaxing back and letting Dylan worship him, Ryker was immensely satisfied. Not only was Dylan acting like a submissive little slut, he was also getting drenched in Ryker’s scent. No matter how many times he showered or cleaned himself, traces of Ryker’s smell would linger on him for days.

Dylan licked into his pit until Ryker was sure he'd licked up every drop of sweat.

“Other side.”

As Dylan switched sides, Ryker started jerking off. His cock was so hard that it hurt, and every few seconds he had to let go and stop touching himself to prevent himself from coming.

It didn't help when Dylan started moving around on his own accord, licking and kissing his way up to Ryker's biceps.

If Ryker didn't fuck him now, he was going to end up wasting his knot and come into his hand.

“Do you have lube?” he asked.

Dylan didn't answer, too busy nuzzling into his pit.

Ryker grabbed him by the hair and pulled him back, giving him a shake.

“Lube?” he asked again when Dylan just stared at him blankly.

Dylan blinked, his face shiny with sweat, and just stared at him. After a second his brain seemed to come back online.

“In my desk.”

“Great.”

Ryker scooted off the bed, holding Dylan under his ass and lifting him up with him. He opened the drawer on the desk, rummaging around inside until he found a pitifully small bottle of lube.

It would have to do.

“I want to fuck you,” Ryker said, taking the lube and moving back to the bed. He laid Dylan down and flipped him over onto his stomach, crouching down behind him and yanking down his flannel pants and boxers.

Dylan arched his back, and Ryker grabbed his ass and squeezed. “Is that okay?”

He pulled Dylan's cheeks apart, exposing his hole. Small and pink, it seemed to have recovered from the abuse August put it through during their roleplay.

"If you want," Dylan mumbled, hiding his face in the mattress and closing his eyes.

"Not good enough," Ryker growled, smacking his ass. "Tell me you want me to fuck you."

Dylan whimpered, grinding his hard cock down onto the bed.

"I want you to fuck me," he mumbled, sounding embarrassed again.

Ryker grinned, lodging a wad of spit directly onto his hole and pressing in with two fingers. Dylan jerked in surprise, crying out as Ryker fucked into him and spread him open.

"Tight," Ryker grunted, pushing his fingers apart and grabbing the bottle of lube. He squirted a few pumps into Dylan's hole and rubbed the thin lube around with his fingers, coating the inside of his hole and shaking his head at the poor quality.

"Your lube is shit."

Dylan didn't answer, too busy moaning as Ryker fucked into him with his fingers.

Ryker worked on Dylan's hole for a good five minutes, making sure to hit his prostate at regular intervals.

"I think that's enough prep," he mumbled, pulling out and grabbing the lube again. He slicked up his cock, getting it nice and dripping before he climbed up on the bed.

"It is?"

Dylan sounded worried.

"I'll go slow," Ryker soothed, straddling Dylan's thighs and lining up his cock. "I'll give you time to get used to it."

He nudged his cock against Dylan's opening, the tight ring of muscle clenched firmly shut, and lay down so that he lay on top of Dylan's back.

“Relax your hole,” he instructed, wrapping his arm around Dylan’s throat and holding him tight against his chest as he nudged his cock at the boy’s entrance. “Breathe and let me in.”

He pushed firmly against Dylan’s opening, the tight ring slowly opening up around the head of his cock.

Dylan let out a yelp of pain and squirmed at the wide intrusion, but with Ryker pinning him down there was no escaping the intrusion. Ryker held himself still, waiting for Dylan to get used to the stretch.

“How does it feel?” he asked, Dylan’s ass squeezing down on the head of his cock.

“Sore,” Dylan mumbled, grabbing onto Ryker’s arm where it wrapped around his throat for support.

The tight pressure on Ryker’s cock was the best kind of torture, and it took all his willpower not to start thrusting his hips.

“You’re doing such a good job,” he said, pushing his cock deeper. “All you have to do is relax and take it.”

Inch by inch, Ryker worked his cock into Dylan’s impossibly tight hole, forcing the tense ring of muscle to open up and take him.

“You’re doing so good,” he growled, tightening his arm and pressing Dylan’s head back into his pecs. The crushing embrace, combined with the fact that he was resting almost all his weight on Dylan’s body, meant that Dylan couldn’t move an inch.

“I’m going to make you pass out,” he warned, flexing his arm.

He remembered August mentioning that breath play was one of Dylan’s favorite things.

Dylan made a surprised noise in the back of his throat, and when Ryker cut off his air, he tensed up and started squirming.

It felt amazing.

“Don’t be scared,” Ryker growled, counting the seconds. “You can take it.”

Dylan’s whole body clenched, his hands clawing at Ryker’s arm, and then all at once his body went limp.

Ryker immediately relaxed his chokehold and started moving his hips, fucking into Dylan’s hole with long, hard strokes that had the whole bed knocking against the wall.

He felt like an animal.

Dylan came to with a panicked start, slamming his head up and crashing it into Ryker’s chest. Ryker reached down and held him tight, pushing him back down into the mattress with a grunt and slamming his cock balls deep into his ass.

When he realized where he was and what was happening, Dylan went limp and surrendered to being fucked.

Ryker’s arm stayed wrapped around his throat. He wouldn’t make Dylan pass out again – restricting blood flow to the brain wasn’t something you should be careless with – but the threat was there.

“Was that too scary?” he asked.

Dylan took a while to answer, but then he shook his head. “Felt good.”

Ryker laughed, fucking him harder. August had really struck gold with this one.

“Can you come like this?” he asked, pushing his hand under Dylan’s body and finding his cock. It was rock hard and twitching, the little length filling Ryker’s palm just right. Ryker squeezed down experimentally.

“Yes,” Dylan moaned, his cock twitching as Ryker worked the stiff little length. “Please don’t stop!”

Ryker grinned and fucked him harder. Dylan suddenly clamped down on his cock, the scent of his release filling the air, and Ryker’s palm was coated with sticky come.

“Give me your load,” Ryker growled, jerking him through his orgasm.

It wasn't long before Ryker was coming, too. His balls pulled tight, his cock pulsating with every thick rope of come that shot into Dylan's hole.

He wanted to stay like this forever.

Moving his hips at a furious pace, working his cock like a jackhammer, Ryker hardly noticed the fact that he was popping his knot. It wasn't until it started catching on Dylan's rim that he realized.

"Fuck, can I knot you?" he growled, slamming his cock balls deep and grinding his knot into Dylan's perfect hole.

"Sure," Dylan said, sounding wrung out. He was limp and boneless, his hole squelching when Ryker pulled out his half-inflated knot and shoved it back in.

It felt so good.

He tried to do it again, but his knot was too big and Dylan's rim wouldn't stretch wide enough.

Ryker tugged anyway, grinning when Dylan whimpered and lifted his hips.

"Stop it," Dylan whined, trembling as he pushed his ass up so that it stayed flush with Ryker's groin.

Ryker dropped back down, curling his face down into Dylan's neck and inhaling his scent as he let himself go limp on top of him.

"You're heavy," Dylan complained after a beat, laboring to breathe.

"It's all muscle," Ryker said, cocky and drunk off the sensation of Dylan's hole milking and squeezing his knot.

He rolled over, pulling Dylan with him and tucking him in under his chin. He grabbed a pillow and put it under his head, getting comfortable.

"Better?"

Dylan made a happy little noise and burrowed back into him. "Much."

Ryker draped his hand over Dylan's stomach, splaying his hand wide and letting it rest over his abs.

"I'm so sticky," Dylan commented, sounding a little out of it.

Ryker hoped he hadn't been too rough. As he thought back to the ruthless way he'd pounded both of Dylan's holes, he had to admit that he'd gotten carried away.

But Dylan smelled so good, and the noises he made when Ryker pulled his hair and fucked his face were delightful.

"In a good way?" Ryker asked.

"Yes," Dylan answered, no hesitation. He turned his neck, looking back at him. "What about you?"

"What about me?" Ryker was confused.

"Was it okay?"

Ryker laughed. He buried his face in Dylan's hair and kissed the top of his head. "It was great. Ten out of ten, would ride again."

Dylan relaxed, and Ryker chuckled. How anyone could take a pounding like that and then wonder whether they did okay was beyond him.



It took Ryker's knot a good half hour to go down, but Dylan fell asleep just a few minutes after Ryker had rolled them over.

Ryker pulled the sheets up over their bodies, the sheen of sweat covering his skin making the room seem cold, and then spent the next twenty-something minutes waiting for his knot to deflate.

It had been a long time since he'd knotted someone, and he didn't remember it feeling this good or lasting this long.

When his knot started to shrink and come started leaking out of Dylan's hole, Ryker couldn't resist the temptation to

reach down and try to shove some of the slick mess back inside.

It smelled so good. His own scent, potent and intense, mingling with Dylan's in the most beautiful way.

The prodding at his tender rim woke Dylan up. He groaned, letting out a pained whine when he tried to pull away and realized that he was stuck.

“Ouch,” he mumbled, sounding very sorry for himself.

Ryker rolled them over, putting Dylan on his stomach and popping out his knot. The base of his cock was still swollen, but not so much that he couldn't get it out.

“You're okay,” Ryker said, sinking down between Dylan's thighs and assessing the damage.

It looked just like it had in the picture August had sent him.

Dylan's rim was red and gaping, the stretched-out hole twitching, come leaking down his taint and over his balls. Ryker used two fingers to scoop up some of the mess, shoving it back inside. He wished he had a plug – something big that would keep Dylan's hole loose while also trapping the load inside of him – but this was nice, too.

“Do you want to come again?” Ryker asked, pulling Dylan's cock back between his legs and lying it flat between his thighs. He squeezed his balls, tugging on them to get a reaction, all the while pushing come back into his hole.

Ryker would love to have a little fun with Dylan's balls – maybe put him in a humbler and spank them with a riding crop, or just trap them tight in their sac like he had them now and spank them with the back of his fingers – but that was the kind of sex that required a *conversation*.

The thought made him wince. He really should have talked to Dylan before getting rough with him, even if he didn't do anything all that kinky. Just because August had negotiated a scene, that didn't mean that Ryker had free rein to do as he pleased.

Choking him out without asking permission was not okay.

Ryker pulled his fingers out of Dylan's hole, his post-nut clarity making him feel terrible about his actions.

Wanting to apologize, he sank down to his stomach and put his mouth on Dylan's cock. He tilted his head, grabbing Dylan's thighs and spreading them apart, and took about two thirds of Dylan's length into his mouth.

"Oh fuck," Dylan cried, clutching the sheets and curling his toes as Ryker started sucking him off.

Ryker took more, holding Dylan's legs apart as he sucked him down. He lifted his face and licked up the length of Dylan's shaft, over his balls and into his taint, and then back to take the head of his cock back into his mouth.

It didn't take long before Dylan's thighs tensed and his breath quickened and he was spilling his second load of the night into Ryker's mouth.

"Yum," Ryker said, grinning and keeping the load in his mouth. He climbed up the length of Dylan's body and leaned in for a kiss.

Dylan made a face when he realized that the tongue pushing into his mouth was coated in come, but then he seemed to accept it and started kissing Ryker back.

Ryker held himself up by his elbows, blanketing Dylan but not using his bulk to grind him into the mattress like he had before.

After making out for several minutes, Ryker kissed his way down the length of Dylan's jaw and nuzzled into his neck.

"Can I bite you?" he murmured, scraping his teeth over the skin of Dylan's jugular.

Dylan froze. "No?"

He seemed perplexed and unnerved by Ryker's question, and though Ryker was happy to hear that he was capable of setting limits, he really wanted to bite him.

“Not too hard,” he said, sucking a piece of skin into his mouth and holding it there. He let go and gave the area a lick. “Like August did.”

“Dr. Schaffer didn’t bite me,” Dylan said, pulling away from Ryker’s mouth. He shifted, trying and failing to roll around. Ryker lifted his body up enough that he could turn to face him, fingers lifting up to trace the mottled bruise where August had left his mark.

“Then what’s this?”

Dylan huffed, touching the mark with a small curl of his lip. His fingers landed on top of Ryker’s, the two of them tracing August’s mark together.

“It’s just a hickey.”

“Can I give you a hickey?” Ryker asked, not caring what Dylan called it.

Dylan narrowed his eyes. “Not if you’re going to bite me to put it there.”

Ryker grunted, frustrated. He pushed his head down and buried his face in Dylan’s throat, on the other side from where August had laid claim.

“I won’t bite.” His voice was muffled.

Dylan seemed to have a different definition of the word anyway, and Ryker would stop if he objected.

“Okay,” Dylan said, sounding nervous.

Ryker hesitated. He’d just finished castigating himself for being too rough, and now he was bullying Dylan into letting him give him a hickey?

He had more control than that.

Teeth itching to bite, Ryker pushed down his instincts and ignored the almost irresistible need to put a visible mark on Dylan’s body that he was claimed.

“It’s okay, we can just make out some more.” He licked over Dylan’s jaw, moving up to his mouth and plunging his

tongue past his lips. They gnashed their teeth together and Ryker growled. “You taste good.”

Dylan grinned, leaning back and breathing hard.

Ryker was about to lean down and kiss him again when there was a knock on the door.

“Dylan? I have an emergency!” A female voice called, knocking again. “I’m going on a date and I need you to tell me I don’t look like a slut.”

Dylan froze, staring at the door with a horrified expression.

“Dylan, open up! He’s picking me up in five minutes.”

“Hide in the bathroom,” Dylan hissed, pushing Ryker off his body and jumping off the bed. He pulled on his flannel pants and t-shirt, jumping around and taking much longer to get the cozy outfit on than if he’d been calm. When Ryker didn’t move, he grabbed his arm and tried to pull him off the bed. “In the bathroom!”

Ryker let himself be shoved into the tiny bathroom, Dylan closing the door firmly behind him. He lifted his compression pants back over his cock, arranging it so that it lay comfortably against his hips, and then listened as Dylan rushed to clean up his room and open the door for his friend.

At least it wasn’t a lover, Ryker consoled himself. That would have been upsetting. And Ryker didn’t blame Dylan for not wanting his friends to meet him like this. Glancing at himself in the tiny mirror, taking in his damp hair and the obscene bulge in his compression pants, he wasn’t exactly fit for company.

The knocking continued, and Ryker listened as Dylan finally opened the door.

“Sorry, I just needed a minute.” Dylan sounded out of breath. “Oh, wow, you look nice, Annie!”

“I do?” Annie sounded fretful. “It’s not too much cleavage?”

“Not at all. It looks really classy with the pants. You look great!”

“Thank you. I was video-calling with my mom and she said I looked like a businesswoman on a CW drama.”

Dylan laughed. “In a good way, maybe. The cool kind.”

“That’s fine. Sorry for barging in on you.” Annie paused, and Ryker could practically hear the wheels in her head turning. “What were you doing, anyway?”

“Nothing!”

Ryker made a mental note to never count on Dylan to lie about anything. August was right – the idea of him being some kind of con man was preposterous.

“Are you getting a sore throat?” Annie sounded suspicious. “You’re a little raspy.”

“Maybe?” Dylan hedged.

Annie was quiet for several seconds. Ryker would have thought she’d left if he hadn’t heard the two humans breathing.

“Do you have a guy in here?” Annie sounded delighted.

“No!”

“Oh my god you do!” Annie was squealing. “Is he in the bathroom?”

“He’s not in the bathroom!” Dylan’s voice was frazzled. “I mean, there’s no one in the bathroom.”

“Is this the guy you’re seeing on Wednesday? The one who gave you that hickey?”

“No?”

Dylan sounded like he was lying, even though he was kind of telling the truth. Ryker was *one* of the guys he was seeing on Wednesday, but he was not the one who’d given him the hickey.

“Can I meet him?”

“No!”

“Is he naked?” Annie sounded like she’d forgotten all about her outfit and her date. “Is that his shirt? Is he shirtless in your bathroom? Were you making out?”

Ryker held back a snort. They'd done far more than make out.

"Have fun on your date!" Dylan said, and Ryker could hear him pushing his friend out of his apartment. "We can share details tomorrow at lunch."

Annie cackled. "So there are details!"

Dylan slammed the door in her face. Ryker fixed his hair in the mirror and rearranged his bulge and then walked back into the apartment. Dylan was sitting on the bed, a chagrined look on his face.

Ryker grabbed his compression shirt and pulled it on, taking his shorts next and pulling them up over his bulge.

"You didn't take your shoes off?"

Dylan was looking at his feet, a somewhat offended expression on his face.

Ryker huffed and shook his head. "Nope. I got a little carried away."

He picked up his gloves and pulled them on, watching Dylan's expression to see if he paid any particular attention to his hands now that he had his gloves back on.

He didn't. Dylan was looking at Ryker's running shoes, brow scrunched and mouth pinched in offense.

"How can you have sex like that and not even take your shoes off?" There was disbelief in his voice.

Ryker laughed. "How about this, the next time we fuck, I'll take off my shoes. Deal?" He walked over and sat down on the bed, pressing close to Dylan and stretching his legs out in front of him. "Or maybe you'd like me to wear something else? I have a police uniform with some very shiny boots that you might enjoy."

He wiggled his toes in his running shoes.

Dylan laughed like he thought it was a joke. Ryker tilted his head and shot him a quizzical look, wondering why he found the idea of dressing up for sex amusing.

Dylan's eyes went wide.

"Wait, are you serious?"

"Of course." Ryker nudged him with his shoulder. "Fireman, cop, biker, dungeon master, superman... August and I have a pretty solid collection of outfits for roleplaying."

Dylan looked like a fish, his mouth slack and his pupils blown wide open.

"Did you think August was kidding?"

Dylan frowned, not answering the question. He licked his lips and swallowed.

"So do you have handcuffs and stuff, too?"

Ryker couldn't help his wolfish grin.

"Emphasis on *stuff*." He leaned down and kissed Dylan's forehead. "You're going to love our playroom."

Dylan spluttered and Ryker laughed. He climbed off the bed and crossed his arms over his chest.

"We can discuss all that later. It's okay if you're not as experienced as you said you were. We can find out what you actually like together."

Dylan looked too stunned to speak.

"Are you okay?"

Dylan let out a hysterical little laugh and then took a deep breath and rubbed his nose. "I'm great. I'm just processing. I didn't expect you to start talking about... stuff like that."

"But you like it?"

Blushing and refusing to meet his eyes, Dylan nodded.

"Good. That's all that matters." Ryker looked at his watch. "I should get going. August will be home by now and he doesn't know where I am."

"Oh, okay." Dylan sounded disappointed.

"You could come back and stay the night with us?"

Ryker knew that August would be thrilled if he brought Dylan home with him, even if the boy was too worn out to be fucked.

Dylan looked tempted, but he shook his head.

“No, I have stuff to do tonight and an early class.” He bit his lip. “Maybe another time?”

“Of course, no worries.” Ryker leaned down for a kiss goodbye. “I’ll see you on Wednesday. What time do you want us to pick you up?”

“Seven?”

“Seven it is.” Ryker walked to the door. “Thank you for tonight. You were fantastic.”

Dylan blushed and mumbled, “You too.”

Shooting him one more grin, Ryker exited the apartment and closed the door behind him. He walked back down to the lobby, pushing open the door to the street and taking off on a jog.

He couldn’t wait to tell August all about how much fun he’d had.

DYLAN

Despite what he'd told Ryker, Dylan didn't actually do anything productive with the rest of his evening. After the werewolf had left, he sat on his bed in his soiled sheets with his laptop and surfed the internet, reading articles and reddit posts on werewolves and werewolf behavior.

Most of it seemed like it was bullshit.

For example, several tabloids claimed that werewolves could find their true mates through scent. Dylan didn't doubt that werewolves had a stronger reaction to pheromones than humans – that seemed to be pretty well established in the more serious articles – but biological attraction was a far cry from something fated by the universe.

Grabbing the collar of his shirt, Dylan lifted the soft cotton to his nose and gave it a sniff.

It just smelled like cotton.

He wondered what he smelled like to August and Ryker. They'd both said he smelled good, but the way they said it made it seem like something more than appreciating a good cologne or a nicely scented lotion.

Did he have good pheromones?

Despite not believing any of the articles about destiny and true mates, Dylan couldn't help but daydream about what it would be like if August and Ryker were his mates. The idea of a relationship that was destined to work out – where everyone

knew from the start that this story had a happy ending – was appealing.

Dylan rolled down on his stomach and buried his face in his pillow and let out a groan of frustration. He was doing it again. He'd had a one-night stand and he was getting attached.

He didn't even know August or Ryker.

The two werewolves had bulldozed convention and fucked him senseless within minutes of meeting him, and they hadn't exactly been gentle about it.

Dylan had enjoyed himself – ten out of ten, would do again as Ryker had said – but there had been a moment right after he'd regained consciousness when Ryker had choked him out that had been terrifying.

He'd loved it – Ryker mumbling soothing words as he fucked him out of unconsciousness had been like something from a dream – but Ryker hadn't known he'd react like that.

Thinking about it rationally, Dylan should probably be upset. Choking – along with hair pulling and derogatory dirty talk – was something you discussed in advance.

He'd enjoyed everything August and Ryker had done so far, but what if they took things too far?

Dylan had limits.

Then again, Ryker had asked before biting him, and he'd given him a safe-word of sorts before fucking his throat.

Was choking not kinky enough to require explicit consent? That didn't sound right. So why did Ryker ask permission before fucking or biting him, but not for that?

Dylan couldn't make sense of it.

Rolling onto his back, he stared up at the stain on his ceiling and wondered what it was about him that made Ryker and August just assume that he liked it rough. They'd both acted like he was someone they'd met at a fetish club – taking it for granted that he'd be into playrooms, bondage, and sexy uniforms – and it was *weird*.

Dylan had never thought of himself as being particularly kinky.

He hadn't even known he liked rough sex until he'd been pinned down and fucked like an animal. It had caught him off guard, how much he enjoyed being dominated, but now that he'd experienced it, he didn't think he'd ever be able to go back to the kind of sex he'd had before.

Not that there had been much sex before. His encounters had been few and far between, and none of them could be compared to what he'd experienced with August and Ryker.

He pictured Ryker in a police uniform – a blue one, with glossy knee-high boots, tight pants, and one of those helmets with the strap over the chin – and he had to admit that he wouldn't say no if Ryker wanted to wear something like it the next time the man fucked him.

And there would be a next time, Dylan was sure. Ryker had left no doubt about that, a fact which had Dylan's stomach tingling with butterflies and anticipation.

He wondered what it would feel like to wear handcuffs.

Thinking about Ryker in a police costume reminded Dylan about Steve. He wondered what kind of uniform he wore – Dylan had never paid enough attention to the cops in the city to remember what their uniforms looked like – and he wondered what he'd make of Ryker wanting to dress up in uniform.

He'd probably get a kick out of it.

Did Steve think that Dylan was kinky? He'd said he wanted to spank him, so Dylan thought maybe he did, which left him wondering if all werewolves were kinky and they just assumed the humans who liked them were, too.

Grabbing his bag, Dylan typed in the question: *are werewolves kinky?*

Seeing the results, he blushed and exited out of the browser. Rather than the informative results he'd expected, every result was porn.

Dylan didn't know why the idea of werewolf porn was so embarrassing to him. It wasn't like he'd never watched porn before – quite the contrary – and he'd had sex with two werewolves. Looking at werewolf porn shouldn't be any more embarrassing than the regular stuff.

He opened his browser again, doing a search for *kinky werewolf*. He clicked on the first link, which seemed to be a video. After he'd closed all the pop-ups that appeared when he tried to hit play, the video finally loaded and Dylan rushed to turn down the volume.

He didn't want his neighbors to know he watched porn – at least not right after he'd spent the evening getting pounded into the wall by a werewolf who didn't seem to have any concept of keeping the noise down.

The video showed a werewolf – blond, like Ryker, though not quite as muscular – dressed in leather pants, heavy boots, and chest harness. He was circling a woman, touching and squeezing her as he moved, and in his hand he had a riding crop.

Dylan flinched when the werewolf suddenly slammed the crop down on the woman's ass. He watched her skin turn a bright red where the crop had hit, wondering if the moan she'd let out when it landed was real.

Dylan exited the video, amending his search with the word *gay*.

Yet again, the first result was a video. Dylan clicked on it, watching an absolute hulk of a werewolf appear on his screen, sitting on a couch next to a normal looking human.

The werewolf introduced himself, the human doing the same, and then the next thing Dylan knew, the werewolf was pulling the man down between his legs and smacking his face.

Dylan watched with bated breath as the werewolf proceeded to spend the next twenty minutes absolutely brutalizing his scene partner. He slapped his face, choked him, pulled his hair, and even stepped on his head as he fucked him.

It reminded Dylan of how Ryker had treated him. The werewolf in the video was definitely rougher – Ryker hadn't stepped on him or punched his stomach – but there were many similarities.

Dylan exited out of the video and closed his laptop. He hadn't learned anything new, except that he wouldn't mind if August and Ryker wanted to step on him a little.

Climbing out of bed, Dylan winced at the pain shooting up from his hole when he got to his feet. Ryker's cock had been an absolute monster, and Dylan was still a little shocked he'd been able to take the whole thing.

The insides of his thighs were sticky and gross, and he was in desperate need of a shower.

First, he stripped the bed and put the dirty sheets in a pile by the door. He then made the bed with fresh sheets and walked to the bathroom where he took a long shower. He did his usual routine of washing up and brushing his teeth, enjoying the hot water pounding down on his back and the drag of the washcloth over his skin.

He cleaned between his crack, making sure to get his hole properly washed, wincing and dancing on the tips of his toes when the sudsy bubbles stung his overly stretched rim.

The pain was sharp and unpleasant, and Dylan wondered how long it would take him to get used to being fucked by Ryker and August's giant cocks. There was no way it would be this painful if he was having regular sex with them. In the future, he'd probably be able to take their cocks and walk it off like it was nothing.

Stepping out of the shower, Dylan dried off and cursed himself for getting ahead of himself again. He didn't know if August and Ryker wanted this to be a long-term thing. For all he knew, the two werewolves would see him one more time and then be bored of him.

Thinking back to Ryker's exasperation when he wanted him to worship his chest, Dylan cringed. He'd been so embarrassed, but now he wished he'd just done it. It wasn't

like he hadn't wanted to worship Ryker's chest – he'd wanted to push his face into those mountainous pecs from the moment he first saw them – but doing so felt like he was exposing himself in the worst way.

He should have realized that he'd already been exposed. Ryker knew that he was hopelessly attracted to him, and he liked that about him. What he hadn't liked was Dylan's hemming and hawing.

And it wasn't like Dylan had any more reason to be embarrassed than Ryker. He wasn't the one who'd stood there shirtless, cock hanging out of his compression pants, wearing gloves and wanting to get his armpits licked.

That had been Ryker.

Dylan needed to change his whole attitude, he decided. The next time he spent time with August and Ryker, he would make an effort to push down his embarrassment and just go for it – like they did.

He wouldn't wear gloves, though. He didn't think he'd be able to keep a straight face if he was getting fucked and there were gloves on his hands.

Hopefully they wouldn't ask for that. Handcuffs, on the other hand, he was very interested in exploring.

Setting his alarm, Dylan climbed into bed and turned off the lights. He curled up with his back against the wall and hugged his comfort pillow, drifting off to sleep with thoughts of Ryker and August and all the fun they were going to have together.



The next morning Dylan had class and then a quick meeting with his thesis advisor to discuss his progress, before he headed off to have lunch with Annie.

His thesis was shaping up nicely – he was ahead of schedule for once – and he'd gotten the time slots he'd asked for in the printing lab. He was in a fantastic mood.

“You’re limping,” was the first thing Annie said to him, meeting him outside the café and giving him a hug. “Did you have a nice time last night?”

Dylan blushed and nodded. “It was nice. How about you?”

Annie made a face and took his arm. “Let’s go inside and I’ll tell you all about it.”

They walked into the café and found a table. Dylan sat down while Annie went up to the counter to order for both of them. He took off his coat and draped it over the back of his chair, placing his backpack between his legs and looking around.

The café was fairly busy, even for lunchtime, with a mix of students and workers from nearby offices.

A buzz from his phone had Dylan reaching into his pocket, his stomach fluttering when he saw that he had a text from August.

Hello, Dylan, Ryker and I are looking forward to our date tonight. We’ll pick you up at seven. The restaurant is smart casual dress. Best, August Schaffer.

Dylan read the message three times, the formal language making him giggle. He also really appreciated the heads up on the dress code. Now he didn’t have to worry about whether or not he should pull his suit out of the back of his closet.

He texted back a quick reply, letting August know that he was looking forward to the date as well.

When Annie returned, bearing drinks and a small flag with the number twenty printed on it, he put his phone down.

“I got you a Coke Zero,” she said, putting a can down in front of him and planting the flag on the middle of the table. “They were out of Diet.”

“That’s fine.” He gave the can a baleful look. If he couldn’t have his Diet Coke, he would have preferred water. “Send me a Venmo request for what I owe you.”

“I will.” Annie took out her phone and did just that.

“So what happened last night?” Dylan asked, curious and hoping it wasn’t as bad as her face outside the café had made it seem.

Annie made the same face again, rolling her eyes and huffing.

“He was such a douchebag.” She angrily opened her Coke Zero. “He didn’t get dressed up, he hadn’t made reservations, and when we finally got a table he wanted to know if I was coming home with him before he offered to cover the bill.”

Dylan winced. “What did you do?”

“I said it depended on how big his dick was.”

From her tone of voice, that had not had the desired effect.

“What did he say?” he asked.

Annie scrunched up her nose. “He showed me his dick-pick. I think he thought I was serious. He was all proud when he was showing it to me, too, like he thought he had it in the bag. It was so fucking obnoxious.”

“So you...?”

“I told him it was too smooth and that I needed to go home to water my plants.”

Dylan laughed. “Too smooth?”

Annie shrugged. “Dicks should be a little veiny, I think. Too smooth and they look weird.” She gave him an arch look. “Unless yours is like that, in which case smooth is perfectly fine.”

Dylan laughed, shaking his head.

“I’m not telling you what my dick looks like.”

“What about the guy you had hidden in your bathroom last night?” she teased, eyes sparkling. “Can you tell me about him?”

Ten inches, thicker than his wrist, and not smooth at all.

“I’m not telling you that either,” he said.

Annie leaned forward. “It must have been big to have you limping.”

Dylan looked around, scandalized. He leaned in and hissed, “Annie!”

He had never been the kind of person who talked about his sex life. It just didn’t feel natural, even with his best friend.

“Fine, I won’t pry.” Annie reached into her bag for her lip balm, shooting him a placating grin. “Tell me about the man attached to this mysterious penis. What’s he like?”

Dylan didn’t know the answer to that question. He shrugged, wishing he’d at least asked Ryker what he did for a living.

“He’s nice,” he said, searching around for anything to say. “He works out a lot.”

Dylan didn’t actually know that, but even werewolves didn’t have bodies like that without putting in the work.

Annie furrowed her brow, pausing in the act of applying her lip balm. She put it back in her bag and folded her hands on the table. “Dylan, do you not know anything about this man?”

Dylan’s blush was answer enough.

“Dylan!” Annie grinned. “I feel like I’m seeing a whole new side of you. You’re seeing him again tomorrow, right?”

He nodded and then buried his face in his hands. He was so embarrassed!

Taking a deep breath, he decided to confess. “Him and his mate.”

For once in her life, Annie was struck speechless.

“What do you mean, mate?” she finally spluttered. When Dylan didn’t answer, she kicked his leg under the table. “Dylan, are you fucking a werewolf?”

Dylan bit his lip and shrugged. Annie’s eyes widened.

“Dylan, are you fucking two werewolves?”

Her voice was loud enough that they got several curious stares from neighboring tables.

“Maybe?” Dylan’s voice was high.

“Dylan, you know that there are intermediates between not having sex for a year and getting into a three-way situation with two werewolves, right?”

Annie bit her lip, a startled look suddenly crossing her face. “Were they both in your bathroom last night?”

“No!” Dylan shook his head, looking around again. People were *looking*. He lowered his voice to a hush. “I haven’t actually met them both at the same time. I met August on Friday, at my doctor’s appointment, and then I met Ryker last night. I have a date with both of them tomorrow.”

Annie stared at him, looking like she couldn’t decide whether to be proud or worried.

“All right. Werewolves.” She took a deep breath and adopted a neutral expression. “Tell me how that happened.”

Dylan was very much not going to tell her how it happened. Not only because that would mean sharing details about his sex life, but also because he didn’t think she’d approve of the way Dr. Schaffer had hit on him.

The man hadn’t exactly followed patient procedure.

Dylan decided to go with carefully selected truths, rather than trying to lie.

“August is a doctor. I met him at the clinic where I got my mole removed. We talked, and then one thing led to another, and then he asked me if I wanted to go on a date with him and his mate. I said yes.”

“One thing led to another, how?”

“And I met Ryker last night,” Dylan continued, ignoring the question. “He was out for a run, and he decided to stop by and say hello. I invited him in and we... you know.”

“I do know, but I want to know *more*.”

That wasn’t happening, and they both knew it.

“I’ll tell you more about them after tomorrow. I haven’t really gotten to know them yet.”

“Because you were busy having sex with them.”

It was not a question. Dylan wished he could deny it. He felt like such a slut.

“They’re really tall.”

Immediately after the words were out of his mouth, Dylan regretted them. His blush came back full force, and Annie’s grin looked positively demonic.

“Tall, huh?” She took a long sip of her soda. “I get that. Tall can be fun.”

Dylan sat up straight, putting his hands down on the table. “Okay, I don’t want to talk about that anymore. Let’s move on. What did you do last night after you ditched your date?”

Annie studied him, gauging whether she could wheedle more details out of him, but then she sighed and accepted defeat.

“I got McDonalds and went home and watched TV. Blake – that’s the guy’s name – sent me a bunch of messages telling me what a heinous bitch I am, so I friended his mom on Facebook and forwarded screenshots of the messages to her and then blocked them both.”

Of course she did. Dylan didn’t feel bad for the guy.

“I’m sorry your date was a disaster.” He nudged her ankle with his foot. She was making light, but he could tell she was actually quite upset.

Annie sighed. “It’s fine.”

Shortly after that, their food arrived. Dylan had a chicken sandwich – his usual – while Annie had opted for soup.

“Did you get a notice for the rent increase after the new year?” Annie asked after a while, grabbing her bread and dipping it. “You’re subletting, right?”

They both lived in the same building, though Annie was two floors above him. She was the one who’d clued him in on

the available unit on the second floor.

“No.” Dylan was disappointed. “How much is it going up?”

“A hundred something dollars a month.” Annie grimaced. “I know. It sucks.”

Dylan took a bite of his sandwich, doing the math in his head. He could handle a one hundred dollar increase in rent, but it would cut into his café and take-out budget.

He really should get better at making his own food.

“Are they at least going to fix the elevator?”

Annie gave him a look, and Dylan grimaced. Of course they wouldn't.

He took another bite of his sandwich.

STEVE

It was a windy day with heavy clouds in the sky and the threat of rain permeating the air. Steve crossed his arms to guard against the chill, his face set in a thunderous scowl as he leaned back against the wall outside the coffee shop and surveyed the crowd.

He drained the last dregs of coffee from his cup and wished he'd be put back on traffic duty – at least then he'd be able to ride his motorcycle.

Pulling away from the wall, Steve walked over to the trashcan on the curb and threw away his empty cup, resuming his patrol down the street.

He was in a foul mood.

It was just, people were such *assholes*. He'd spent the morning directing traffic at a busted stoplight, trying to manage the rush hour chaos as best he could, and he couldn't count how many people had shouted at him or given him the finger.

The light had been fixed a little before lunch, and Steve now had the glamorous task of walking around the financial district and being *visible*.

It was a joke.

The fact that it was Wednesday didn't help matters. Tonight was the night Dylan was going on his date, and even just thinking about it made Steve feel like wolfing out.

He couldn't stand August and Ryker.

The two alphas were older than him by about a decade, annoyingly handsome, and every full moon they hogged the whole north part of the preserve like a pair of giant assholes. The preserve was supposed to be neutral territory, but every time Steve tried to exercise his right to roam free, August and Ryker chased him off and beat him up when he tried to cross into their area.

It was infuriating.

Steve should have badmouthed them to Dylan. He'd had the chance to shape his opinion – Dylan hadn't known *anything* about them – but rather than try to sabotage the competition, he'd told him that he could do worse.

He was such an idiot!

At least he'd asked for a date. He'd pushed past the instincts screaming at him that Dylan was spoken for, and he'd shot his shot.

The fact that Dylan had rejected him didn't mean he regretted trying.

The fact of the matter was that Steve should have asked Dylan out when he had the chance. Dylan had been in a hurry, sure, but Steve had long legs. He could have walked with him and been a little more persistent.

But he hadn't. He'd acted like a nice guy and listened when Dylan brushed him off, and now Dylan was walking around town looking like his neck was a werewolf chew toy.

Steve stopped and took a breath. He'd been stomping down the sidewalk like a raging bull and people were giving him nervous looks. The last thing he needed was a complaint against him. He started walking again, slower this time, and did his best to keep his expression neutral.

That effort went right out the window when he spotted Ryker Sterling himself walking toward him, looking fancy in an expensive suit, overcoat and sleek leather gloves.

He looked like such an asshole.

Ryker noticed him back, slowing his gait to a cocky saunter. He grinned, looking at Steve like he was amused by his presence, and Steve almost lost it.

This was the kind of guy Dylan wanted? A smarmy sugar daddy who spent his full moons squatting on public territory?

It took everything Ryker had not to bare his teeth.

“Officer Blake.” Ryker walked up to him, thumbs hooked in the wide pockets of his expensive overcoat. “You’re looking chipper today.”

“Fuck you, Ryker.”

Steve didn’t have it in him to engage in their usual bickering. Ryker’s brows lifted, his grin turning into a mocking smirk.

“Language, Steve.” He took a step closer, walking right to the edge of Steve’s personal space. “You don’t want to make us werewolves look bad, now do you?”

Ryker smelled like Dylan. It lingered in his scent, like he’d made the boy come and then rolled around in the mess. The resulting scent was an intoxicating mix of Dylan’s heady pheromones and Ryker’s spicy musk.

Steve saw red.

“I thought your date wasn’t until tonight?” he accused, crossing his arms and squaring his stance. He gave Ryker his best glare. “Why do you smell like Dylan?”

Ryker’s cocky smirk slipped off his face, a look of confusion taking its place. The confusion was then replaced by a threatening narrowing of his eyes.

“How do you know Dylan?”

“I’ve known him for longer than you,” Steve growled. “He told me he was going out with you. I told him he could do better.”

He was lying, and Ryker would know he was lying after he talked to Dylan, but it was worth it to see the look on his face.

Ryker pulled his lips back, baring his teeth. They were sharper than they should be, like he was barely holding back his shift, and Steve let his own teeth show in a threatening grin.

They were breaking all the rules. Confrontations happened on the full moon, in werewolf-only spaces, well away from human eyes.

Steve would be in so much trouble if someone got him on tape, in uniform, having a standoff with Ryker. He wouldn't just lose his job – he wouldn't be allowed to live in neutral territory anymore, either. He'd have to crawl back to his father and beg him to let him back into the pack.

Forcing himself to rein in his emotions, Steve was startled when Ryker suddenly laughed. The other alpha went from looking angry to looking absolutely delighted.

“He turned you down!” Ryker looked at him with amused pity.

Steve growled, caught wrong footed at the sudden change in Ryker's mood.

“Oh, shut up, you fucking puppy.” Ryker scoffed, still smiling. He put his hand on Steve's chest and pushed him back. “You might have known him first, but you're not the one knotting him. Don't be a sore loser.”

Steve reacted to being shoved back by swinging his arm and trying to punch Ryker in his stupidly perfect face, but Ryker caught his wrist with ease. Before he knew it, Steve was on his knees with his arm wrenched behind his back and Ryker growling into his ear.

“Behave yourself!”

Ryker let him go, and Steve bounced back to his feet without missing a beat. A few people were looking at them, but Ryker's take-down had happened so fast that no one had time to react or get their cameras rolling.

Steve's heart was racing.

He hadn't expected Ryker to be so much more dominant than him. He'd always assumed that the only reason he and August managed to chase him off every full moon was because there were two of them, and it was startling to realize that Ryker could take him without backup.

He'd made it look easy.

"Don't fucking mock me then," Steve growled, his face red with humiliation. "You're always such an asshole."

Ryker rolled his eyes.

"I am not an asshole. You're just sensitive."

"That is such an asshole thing to say!"

Ryker crossed his arms, giving him a long look. His biceps pushed against the sleeves of his overcoat, and Steve couldn't help but notice how intense his blue eyes were.

He looked away.

"I'm sorry I pushed you," Ryker finally said. He sounded sincere. "I shouldn't have done that."

Steve frowned. Now that Ryker had established dominance, it was inevitable that their dynamics would shift, but it was still grating.

"I'm sorry I tried to punch you." Steve hooked his thumbs in his belt and scrunched his nose, looking anywhere but at Ryker as he added, "And that I lied and said I told Dylan he could do better."

Ryker grinned. "Really? So what *did* you say?"

This was excruciating. Steve took a breath and released it through his nose.

"I told him he could do worse."

Ryker grinned, and Steve wished he could smack the expression right off his face.

"You like us." Ryker was back to teasing. "Is that what all this nonsense on the full moon has been about? Did you just want to hang out with me and August?"

Steve reared back, sputtering. “No! And it’s not your territory. It’s neutral and everyone is allowed to run there.”

Ryker gave him a look like he was a stupid kid. “Steve, we’re werewolves. We’re always going to have territory. Now if you want to hang out with me and August on the full moon, all you have to do is ask. We’d be happy to spend time with you if you’re feeling lonely.”

That was just too much for Steve. He was not lonely, he did not want to hang out with Ryker and August, and more than anything, he was done with this conversation.

“I have to work.” He walked past Ryker, blushing so hard that he felt like a kettle about to explode. When it looked like Ryker was going to say something, he turned around and interrupted him. “If you hurt Dylan, I’ll tear out your throat.”

Ryker closed his mouth, swallowing whatever he’d been about to say. He didn’t look threatened in the least, which made Steve want to punch something.

“Noted.” Ryker *smiled*. “Only the fun kind of pain for our boy.”

Steve turned back around and walked away, resisting the impulse to look back and also to just run away.

That was not how he’d pictured Ryker responding. His cock stirred, hardening against the front of his tight uniform trousers, wondering what Ryker had meant.

Was Dylan kinky?

Steve could imagine plenty of good kinds of pain he’d like Dylan to experience at his hand – most of them literally.

Dylan would look amazing getting spanked. Over his knee, ass up and squirming against his erection – Steve could picture it perfectly.

His cock throbbed, fully erect and making an obscene bulge in his uniform pants.

Taking an abrupt turn into an alley, Steve stood with his back to the street and tried very hard not to think any more about Dylan over his knee.

His mind flashed to when Ryker had put him on his knees, but the humiliating memory didn't do anything to lessen his erection.

Steve decided not to think about that.

His cock kept throbbing, and Steve seriously considered moving deeper into the alley and jerking off. It would take just a few pumps, no lube required, and he'd be spraying his load all over the brick wall.

Except that Steve would never jerk off in public. He started going over radio codes in his mind, willing his hard-on down.

After a few minutes, Steve's cock had softened enough that his bulge was merely inappropriate. It would have to do. He left the alley and resumed his patrol.

If Dylan actually enjoyed getting spanked, Steve would rather not know. The disappointment of missing out on such a perfect trifecta – scent, looks and kinkiness – would be too crushing.

AUGUST

August stood in front of the mirror, striking a pose and assessing his outfit for the evening. The leather pants were a bit much – the leather was supple and tight, with a high waist and ribbed paneling – but he'd paired them with a neutral black sweater that prevented him from looking too over the top.

The sweater was made from a knitted fabric on the thicker side, though it fit him like a glove and did a good job showing off his wide shoulders and trim waist.

He squinted at his reflection, wondering if he should change into something more conservative. He was sporting a bigger bulge than he'd usually be willing to show in public, and he didn't typically broadcast his fetish sensibilities like this.

Turning around and looking over his shoulder, he admired the way the leather pants hugged his muscular ass. The leather was tailored to show off his glutes and tree-trunk thighs, and the fit was surprisingly comfortable.

Stepping away from the mirror, August decided he'd keep the pants. He wanted Dylan drooling at the sight of him, and he couldn't think of a better way than to show up dressed in tight leather and a sweater that made his arms look gigantic.

Grabbing his motorcycle boots, figuring they'd pair well with the leather pants, August took a seat on the edge of the bed and pulled them on.

He was just finished zipping the boots up when he heard Ryker coming home, the sound of the elevator a faint ping from the other end of the penthouse apartment.

August was relieved. They were meeting Dylan in less than an hour, and with traffic they had to be out of the apartment in about thirty minutes or risk being late. If Ryker was going to have time to shower and get ready, he was cutting it close.

“In the bedroom!” he called, standing up and walking back to the mirror. The boots added about an inch to his height, and he’d been right about them looking good with his new pants.

“That’s what you’re wearing?” Ryker asked, coming into the room. He gave him an appreciative up and down and moved in for a kiss. “Nice. I was just going to wear a suit.”

August leaned into him, reaching around and grabbing his ass. “You look good in suits.”

Ryker grinned into his mouth. “Thank you.”

They pulled apart and Ryker moved into the bathroom. He left the door open as he stripped off his suit and tossed it in the laundry basket, his cock flopping from side to side as he made his way to the shower and turned on the water.

August walked over and closed the door, not wanting steam getting into the bedroom.

He went over to Ryker’s side of the closet to pick out an outfit. There was a navy-blue three-piece suit that Ryker hadn’t worn in a while that made his thighs look fantastic, which paired with an open collared dress shirt and brown oxford dress shoes would look very nice.

He arranged the outfit on the bed, heading back to the closet to find a belt to match the shoes.

Walking past the laundry basket, he felt a pang of regret that he hadn’t saved Ryker’s compression pants and shirt from the night before from being taken by the cleaner. The combined scents of his mate’s scent and Dylan’s bodily fluids had been heavenly.

August chuckled. It had been quite the shock when Ryker came home a whole hour after him, grinning like a lunatic, drenched in sweat and reeking of sex.

He was still a little miffed that Ryker had gone off and fucked Dylan without him. It wasn't just because he would have wanted to be there, but also because from what Ryker had told him, his mate had seemingly lost all control and done a full-on scene with the boy without even an iota of discussion in advance.

Dylan by all rights should have canceled their date and run for the hills.

But Ryker was confident that they'd left things on a good note and that Dylan had enjoyed himself.

August just hoped that Dylan wouldn't be too sore to have fun with them tonight. He'd been looking forward to plugging his knot back inside Dylan's hole all week.

The shower turned off and Ryker walked into the bathroom, drying his hair and dripping water all over the floor. He put his foot up on the bed and dried his thigh, looking over the clothes August had laid out for him.

"Brown shoes?" he said, putting his foot down and drying his other leg. "Really?"

"They're hot," August said, defending his choice. "And you don't want to look too formal."

Ryker gave his short blond hair another pass with the towel and shrugged. "I'm sure you're right." He grinned and picked up the suit pants, putting them on and sliding them up over his thighs.

"You're going commando?" August asked. Ryker had a big cock, and unless he wore underwear that kept everything in place his shaft made a very visible line in his trousers.

"You're one to talk," Ryker responded, glancing down at August's crotch as he picked up the shirt and put it on. "Are you wearing a cock ring under there?"

August laughed. "No. Should I?"

Ryker shook his head. He finished buttoning up his shirt and tucked it in, grabbing the waistcoat and putting it on over the shirt. “No. We don’t want to get arrested for indecency.”

“Socks?” Ryker asked, looking at the bed like he’d missed them.

“Forgot,” August admitted, going back and grabbing a pair of socks and tossing them to Ryker.

Bending down, Ryker slipped on the socks and put on his shoes. When he rose, he smiled.

“Hey, speaking of getting arrested, guess who I ran into today?”

August groaned. “Don’t tell me you picked a fight with Officer Puppy?”

Ryker’s answering grin was answer enough. August rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Why do you have to indulge him? He’s so fucking annoying.”

“I think he’s been trying to make friends.”

August looked up, hoping his expression conveyed exactly how stupid he thought that was.

“No, really.” August put on his belt, tightening the buckle before picking up his suit jacket. “I think he’s lonely, but he’s never had to make friends with someone from outside his pack and he’s just shit at it. I want us to play with him during the next moon.”

August couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“And he knows Dylan.” Ryker delivered that bombshell like it was nothing. “He told him he could do worse than you and me. Isn’t that sweet?”

August had a sudden horrible realization. “You like him!”

Ryker rolled his eyes. “He’s a puppy. A little annoying, sure, but with some socializing he’ll get better. I think we should make nice.”

August sat down on the bed, mentally reviewing every encounter he’d had with Officer Steve. The young alpha had

moved to the city a few months ago, and while he'd seen him in passing out and about on the streets, they'd only interacted on full moons.

August wouldn't even have known his name if it hadn't been for the official notice that a new werewolf was moving to the city.

Every month since then, Steve had tried to challenge August and Ryker for the tiny piece of territory they'd carved out for themselves in the northern part of the preserve.

There was nothing in those interactions that made August believe that the belligerent young upstart was anything but a menace. But August knew that look on Ryker's face. Somehow, despite everything, Steve had managed to charm him.

“Did you fight?”

August blurted out the question at the same time as he realized what must have happened. Ryker would never look past Steve's attempted incursions and transgressions unless he'd firmly established his dominance, and the only way to do that was to fight him.

Ryker shrugged. “I wouldn't call it a fight. He tried to punch me and I put him on his knees. After that we came to an understanding.”

August needed to nip this in the bud. “We are not adding that yuppy little shit to our relationship.”

Ryker froze, giving him a look like he'd just asked him to take a bath in strawberry jelly.

“What?”

“I know you,” August said, crossing his arms. “And while I admit that Steve is a very attractive man, there's no way Dylan – or anyone – could handle all three of us. It wouldn't work.”

Ryker kept looking at him like he was crazy. “I said we should be friends with him, not that we should *date* him. Where are you getting that idea?”

August narrowed his eyes. He knew Ryker, and he knew that look on his face when he'd talked about Steve.

“Just don't get any ideas. You're mine, and I'm not sharing you with another alpha.”

Ryker laughed, walking over to him and taking his face in his hands. He leaned down for a kiss.

“Deal. No other alphas.” He let go of August's face and stepped back, giving him a fond look. “You're so jealous. I love it.”

August blushed, but he knew he wasn't wrong. Ryker was trying to brush him off, but he knew his mate. For some inexplicable reason, he found Steve's whole schtick to be charming.

But now August had said his part and they could move on. If Ryker wanted to invite the puppy to play with them on the next full moon, that was fine. As long as the rules were clear, August would be polite and friendly.

It might be kind of fun, chasing the energetic alpha around the woods.

“Are you ready to go?” August asked, standing up. He walked over to the mirror and checked his hair, fussing over a few stray strands and tucking them back behind his ears. He was determined to put the embarrassing conversation about Steve behind them.

“Yeah, let me just put some product in my hair.” Ryker walked back into the bathroom. He rubbed some molding clay between his hands and ran his fingers through his hair, his short mane making it easy to style. He rinsed his hands and turned around. “Ready. How do I look?”

August swallowed. Ryker's cock was clearly visible against his thigh, bulging and indecent, but other than that he looked perfectly put together.

“Fucking hot,” August said, turned on. He was so lucky that Ryker was his, and it was moments like this that made him wonder what he'd done to deserve such an amazing life.

Ryker looked delighted. He preened, brushing his hands down the front of his suit jacket and walking forward to give August a lingering kiss.

“Thank you. Now let’s go. The sooner we wine and dine our boy, the sooner we can bring him back here and have our way with him.”

August couldn’t agree more.

DYLAN

Dylan sat on his bed, dressed in his nicest black pants and blue button-down shirt, waiting for the minutes to tick by and for seven o'clock to arrive. He'd showered, douched, and changed his clothes three times, and he still had more than half an hour until August and Ryker were picking him up.

Maybe he should change again?

Dylan jumped to his feet and went to his dresser, but rummaging around inside he couldn't find anything that was nicer than what he was wearing.

He should ask Annie what she thought. Grabbing his phone and his keys, he walked out of his apartment, making his way to the stairway and going up to Annie's apartment.

He knocked on her door and waited. Annie lived in a two-bedroom apartment that she shared with a couple named Ryan and Melissa, who were also students. Annie hated Melissa, but as long as Ryan cleaned up after her, Annie kept her feelings bottled up inside.

Melissa came to the door, her expression turning sour at the sight of Dylan standing in the doorway.

"Oh, it's you." She walked away, leaving the door open.

"Annie?" Dylan stepped into the apartment, nodding at Ryan on the couch and letting out a relieved breath when Annie came out of the kitchen.

"Hey, Dylan, are you ready for your date?" she asked, looking him over. "You look nice!"

Dylan looked down at himself. “You think it’s okay?”

Annie nodded. “Very cute. Not too formal, and those pants make your ass really pop.”

Dylan looked over his shoulder and down at his ass. It did look nicer than usual.

“Dude, you’re going on a date? Good luck,” Ryan said, turning away from his laptop and looking up at him. “Anyone we know?”

Dylan shook his head.

Melissa sat down next to her boyfriend. She gave Dylan a very critical examination and shrugged. “You look fine. Solid seven and a half out of ten.”

“Melissa,” Ryan protested, frowning at her. “He’s like a nine, at least. Look at that adorable face and that tight little body. He could make a fortune doing twink porn.”

Melissa, Annie and Dylan all looked at him, saying nothing.

“What?” Ryan shrugged, unconcerned and turning his attention back to his laptop. “I have eyes. I don’t have to be into him to know that he’s cute.”

That actually made Dylan feel really good about himself. Melissa, on the other hand, did not look pleased.

“Thank you, Ryan,” he said. He felt like grinning, but that would be obnoxious and so he resisted the pull on his cheeks.

“Maybe don’t do twink porn.” Annie spoke up next to him.

Dylan just gave her a look.

“Hey, I don’t know. You’re kind of going from zero to one hundred here, who knows what you’ll do next?”

“It won’t be porn,” Dylan said.

“Just be careful.”

Annie looked genuinely concerned.

“I will be.” Dylan checked the time on his phone. “I’m going to head back down to my apartment. I’ll call you

tomorrow and let you know how it went, okay?”

“Do that.” Annie moved in for a hug. “And I hope you have fun.”

Dylan nodded, moving toward the door. He said goodbye to Ryan and Melissa, but the two of them were engaged in a very quiet argument and didn’t respond.

He left the apartment and walked back down to the second floor. He sat down on his bed and let himself fall back, staring up at the ceiling as he waited for the buzzer to ring. It was almost seven, and his heart was racing with excitement.

It had been ages since he’d been on a real date, and he was looking forward to it.

Blinking, Dylan looked at the spot of water damage on his ceiling and wondered if it had gotten bigger. The maintenance company had been by a few weeks ago, checking the damage and pronouncing it safe, and since the leak on the floor above him had been fixed, replacing the stained plaster was not a priority.

A sharp buzz cut through the apartment with a screech, the unpleasant sound making Dylan jump off the bed and run to the intercom. He pressed the button to activate the line.

“Hello?”

He waited with bated breath, heart pounding even faster than before.

“Hello, Dylan. It’s Ryker and August.”

Dylan couldn’t tell which one of them was talking – the electric distortion of the old intercom system rendered the voice nearly unintelligible – but he didn’t care.

“I’ll be right down!”

He grabbed his coat, checking that his phone and keys were still in his pockets, and left the apartment in a rush. He pulled on his coat as he jogged down the stairs, zipping it up before opening the door and walking out the front door.

“Hello,” he said, his heart skipping a beat at the sight of both werewolves standing next to each other.

Individually, August and Ryker were very tall, very built specimens, but seeing them next to each other was something else.

It was more than a little intimidating.

“Dylan.” August grinned, stepping forward and pulling him in for a hug. “It’s nice to see you again.”

August let him go, only for Ryker to grab him and pull him into a hug of his own. “Hello, Dylan. I’m looking forward to our date tonight.”

“Me too,” Dylan said, blushing as Ryker released him. He looked at both werewolves, doing a double take when he saw what August was wearing.

“I thought you said it was business casual?” he blurted out, taking in the motorcycle boots, thigh-hugging leather pants and snug leather jacket clinging to August’s muscular frame. The werewolf was even wearing armored leather gloves. The gloves had gauntlets that went up over his wrists and forearms, and they were tightened with Velcro fasteners over the sleeves of his leather jacket.

The gloves were the kind that belonged with a motorcycle racing suit, making Dylan’s mind flash to Steve. He’d worn something very similar at the coffee shop.

Dylan forcefully pushed thoughts of Steve out of his mind.

“It is,” August said, rolling his shoulders. He rubbed his chest, the bulky motorcycle glove making his hand look huge. “I’m wearing a very nice sweater under here.”

Dylan swallowed, not sure if he was intimidated or turned on by all the leather.

“You don’t like it?” August asked, sounding disappointed.

“No, you look very nice,” Dylan said, wishing he hadn’t said anything. He glanced at Ryker, noting the fancy wool overcoat and expensive suit he wore underneath. His eyes

widened at the sight of his bulge. "I'm just... am I underdressed? I can go up and change, I have a-"

"Don't worry, you're dressed just right for where we're going," Ryker interrupted. "You don't have to change a thing."

"You look nice," August added. He was still stroking his chest, glancing down at his jacket like he was reevaluating his choices.

Dylan felt horrible. He hadn't meant to make August self-conscious about his outfit.

"Thank you." Dylan put his hands in his pockets. His excitement was fizzing out and he was starting to feel awkward.

He was terrible at dating. He didn't know why he'd thought it would be different now.

"If you're ready to go, we have reservations at seven thirty." Ryker said, grabbing him by the arm and pulling him close. "I'll carry you to the car."

Dylan let out a squeal of surprise as Ryker lifted him into the air, holding him under his arms and carrying him down the stairs.

He made it seem so easy, and Dylan wondered just how strong he was.

"I can walk," Dylan said, laughing. His legs were dangling, and the sensation of being carried so easily was thrilling.

"I know, but I like to carry you," Ryker said. They reached the sidewalk and Ryker set him down on the ground. He brushed off his shoulders, standing with his chest just inches away from Dylan's face. "Our car is parked right over there."

He pointed a little down the road, grinning like he knew exactly how much Dylan had enjoyed being carried.

"Nice SUV," Dylan said, recognizing the brand but not the model.

“Thank you,” August said, startling him by coming up right behind him and putting his hands on his shoulders. Dylan suddenly found himself boxed in between the two werewolves, head caught between their broad chests, the position setting his heart racing with nervous excitement. August squeezed down on his shoulders, his thumbs finding Dylan’s shoulder blades and rubbing over the tips of his scapula. “It’s mine, but Ryker is driving. You and I will have the back seat to ourselves.”

Dylan suddenly felt like he wasn’t getting enough air.

“That’s nice,” he said, shuddering when August’s hands moved in and touched the sides of his neck. The leather of his glove was smooth and cold, and for a second Dylan thought he was going to wrap his fingers around his throat.

August moved his hands back to his shoulders instead, wrapping around the edge of his deltoid muscles and pulling him back.

“It is,” he said, leaning down and speaking into Dylan’s ear while holding him pressed against his front. “It’s going to be very nice.”

Ryker grabbed the front of his jacket, giving it a little tug. He smirked. “And I get you on the ride back to the apartment.”

“We flipped a coin,” August said, voice rumbling.

Ryker stepped away and Dylan felt like he could breathe again.

“Come on, we don’t want to be late.” Ryker walked over to the SUV, unlocking it with a fob from his pocket. He opened the driver’s side door and climbed behind the wheel.

“Let’s go,” August said, squeezing Dylan’s shoulders one more time. He lifted his hands off his shoulders. “We don’t want to keep Ryker waiting.”

He put his hand on Dylan’s upper back, nudging him forward and guiding him over to the SUV. It reminded Dylan vividly of how he’d led him from the waiting area to the examination room when he’d gotten his mole removed.

It felt like a lifetime ago, even though it was less than a week.

“Watch your head,” August said, opening the rear door and waiting for Dylan to climb inside.

The backseat of the SUV was luxurious and spacious, but lacked anything resembling a new-car smell. Instead, the interior was saturated with the pleasantly musky scent that Dylan had come to associate with werewolves. It carried with it notes of the woods, leather and the faintest hint of freshly tilled earth.

They probably used this car when they drove out to the preserve to go running on full moons, Dylan realized.

He climbed into the back of the SUV, August coming up right behind him, and slid across to the other side of the SUV and put on his seatbelt. His stomach was bubbling with excitement.

Instead of keeping to his side of the SUV, August took the middle seat and planted his boots wide. Dylan had to either move his feet awkwardly to the side or let August’s boot rest between his ankles.

August draped his arm over Dylan’s shoulders, tucking him neatly into the space under his arm.

He didn’t put on his seatbelt.

“This is nice,” August said, arm curled around the back of Dylan’s neck. He smelled like leather, and Dylan could feel the strength of his bicep against the side of his neck. August ruffled his hair, messing it up, and then slid his hand down to rest on his chest.

Dylan looked down at his front, his cock twitching at the sight of August’s massive hand encased in the bulky motorcycle glove pressing against the front of his jacket. August curled his fingers, the tips of his gloves scratching the area right over his nipple.

The touch sent little sparks of pleasure dancing down his spine.

“Very nice,” Dylan agreed, swallowing.

August bent his neck and pushed his nose into Dylan’s hair, tightening his arm and pulling Dylan’s face into his chest.

It took Dylan a second to realize that he’d been put in a headlock. His face was mashed into the front of August’s leather jacket, and August’s arm was wrapped tight around his neck, forcing it to bend in a decidedly uncomfortable angle.

“Ready to go?” Ryker asked from the front.

“Yes,” August said, the word sending a puff of air down into Dylan’s hair. He buried his nose deeper, and as he looked down, Dylan realized that he was kneading the considerable bulge in his leather pants with his free hand.

Dylan’s stomach clenched, his whole lower body tingling with butterflies. He couldn’t move an inch, his face immobilized so that all he could see was August’s big hand touching himself, and he was loving it.

August kept sniffing him as Ryker started the car and pulled away from the curb.

Dylan was pretty sure that the only thing keeping August from pulling him onto his lap was the fact that he was tethered to his seat by his seatbelt.

“Are you letting him breathe?” Ryker asked, a note of warning in his voice.

“Yes,” August said, though he relaxed his arm.

“Are you going to put on your own seatbelt?”

“No.”

August was still touching himself, working the length of his cock with his gloved hand and making Dylan reevaluate his earlier opinion on all the leather.

Maybe it wasn’t too much, he decided. It wasn’t something he ever would have thought he’d find attractive, but August made it work.

Or maybe Dylan just wanted to feel August’s hand kneading his crotch like that. His cock was hard, leaking

against the inside of his briefs, and the way August was squeezing down looked so nice.

It didn't even occur to him that he could just touch himself.

"I want to push your face into my bulge." August spoke the words in a low rumble, a confession and request for permission all at once.

"Okay," Dylan mumbled.

"His seatbelt stays on," Ryker warned from the front.

"Sure," August said, moving a little away from Dylan and grabbing him by the neck. He tried to push his face down to his lap, but he was too fast and the lock on Dylan's seatbelt engaged. August let him up a little and tried again, this time guiding him down slowly enough that his seatbelt extended with him.

Dylan was bent at the waist, seatbelt digging into his throat, the warm leather of August's crotch pressed against his face. He could feel the bump of August's cock against his nose, hard and throbbing, and he let out a moan when August curled his fingers in his hair and shoved him down into his bulge with a grinding motion.

With August's hands holding him by both the back of his neck and his hair, Dylan couldn't move an inch without the alpha's approval.

He inhaled the scent of leather and the musky smell of August's crotch, enjoying the tug on his hair as August moved him around.

The seatbelt digging into his throat was not as nice. The hard edge pressed against his Adam's apple, sharply painful, forcing Dylan to tap out. He slapped his hand down on August's thigh, resulting in August lifting his hands and letting him sit back up.

August watched him carefully, Ryker doing the same in the rear-view mirror.

Heaving for breath, Dylan laughed. “Sorry, but the seatbelt was digging into my neck. That was so hot though. I love it when you pull my hair.”

Both werewolves grinned, showing him their teeth in a way that set alarm bells ringing in the lizard part of his hindbrain.

“I’m sorry,” August said, wrapping his hand gently around Dylan’s throat and rubbing his thumb over his jugular.

Dylan held his breath, waiting with trembling anticipation for August to *squeeze*.

He never did.

August slid his hand down, leaving Dylan trembling and feeling like he’d missed out on something fantastic, brushing down the front of his jacket and wrapping his fingers around his crotch.

He pressed down on Dylan’s hard cock, making him moan.

“Is this better?”

“That’s very nice,” Dylan said, blushing and pressing himself back into the seat. He looked down, heart skipping a beat at the sight of August’s huge hand between his legs.

“Just nice?” August sounded teasing. “How about this?”

August slid back and lowered himself down, burying his face in Dylan’s crotch. He pushed one arm behind Dylan’s back, wrapping his hand around his waist, while he rested the other on Dylan’s thigh.

“Is this better?”

Dylan threw his head back, mouth open wide and feeling like he couldn’t breathe. He gasped, the feeling of August’s mouth working his shaft through his pants so much better than the clumsy grip of his too-big hand.

Looking forward, Dylan caught Ryker watching him in the rear-view mirror, gaze flitting from the traffic ahead and back to him with regular intervals.

He blushed, closing his eyes and trying to hold back from coming in his pants.

“Touch me,” August growled, pushing down between Dylan’s legs like he wanted to burrow into his taint.

Embarrassed, Dylan let his hands come to rest on August’s leather-clad back. His jacket was smooth and buttery soft to the touch, and Dylan could feel the muscles of his back flexing and shifting beneath the leather.

August shuddered, like the feeling of Dylan’s hands on his shoulder blades was the best thing he’d ever felt.

“You have to stop or I’m going to come,” Dylan warned, breathless and flushed. August was practically lifting him out of his seat in his effort to push his face deeper into his taint.

“August,” Ryker warned from the front seat. “Control yourself.”

August trembled, his arm tightening around Dylan’s waist before he let go and sat up. He wiped his mouth and leaned back, spreading his legs wide and looking very satisfied. He turned his head and shot Dylan a cocky grin.

“That was fun.” He reached over and put his hand on Dylan’s thigh, giving it a squeeze. “How was your weekend?”

Dylan laughed. He was still throbbing hard and tingling all over, and the shift to normal conversation was jarringly hilarious.

“It was good. I got a lot of work done, and I watched some TV. Nothing special. What about you?”

August shrugged. “Nothing special. I worked out, watched some TV, and then I went for a hike on Sunday.” He put his hand on his bulge. “I jerked off in the woods thinking about you.”

“That’s nice.”

Dylan immediately regretted the reply. He needed to come up with a different word to describe things. If he kept saying that things were *nice* August and Ryker were going to think he was an idiot.

“What about you?” he asked, looking toward the front seat. “What did you do, Ryker?”

“Did some work, worked out, and went out to eat with some lawyers we hired to litigate a case for us.”

Dylan frowned. He thought Ryker was a lawyer. “Do you not have enough lawyers?”

“We do, but litigation is its own thing. We hire outside firms who specialize in it whenever we have to go to court.”

Dylan realized that he didn’t have a clue what the business world was like.

“So what were you working on?” August asked, his hand still wrapped around the upper part of Dylan’s thigh.

“My thesis. I’m doing a project on 3D printing of prosthetics. My professor works for a medical device company and they’re sponsoring it.”

“You get paid?” Ryker prompted.

Dylan nodded.

“Good boy.”

The rumbling, approving way Ryker delivered the complement set Dylan’s face on fire.

“Thanks,” he mumbled, his face feeling hot.

“Praise kink, huh?” August said, squeezing down on his thigh. “You didn’t mention that.”

Dylan lifted his arm and hid his face in the crook of his elbow. He whimpered. “I didn’t *know*.”

August and Ryker both chuckled, and Dylan waited until his face didn’t feel so hot before lowering his arm.

He stared down at his lap, willing his hard-on to go down despite August’s hand resting just a few inches away from his bulge.

“I see a parking spot,” August suddenly said.

Dylan looked out the window, recognizing the street they were on. He’d had dinner with his parents not far from here

the last time they visited.

They would freak out if they saw him now, sitting in a car with two werewolves who made no effort to hide the fact that they both wanted to fuck him silly.

“I see it,” Ryker said, turning on his blinker.”

“The restaurant is just up ahead,” August said, turning to Dylan with a charming grin. “I hope you like steak.”

“You’re not a vegetarian, are you?” Ryker asked, before Dylan could answer.

“I’m not, and I do,” Dylan said, watching as Ryker effortlessly parallel parked the SUV. He pushed all thoughts of his parents and what they would think out of his mind.

“Good.” Ryker turned off the engine. He turned back with a grin. “Ready?”

Dylan looked down at his bulge. He was hard, and it showed. He looked up at Ryker. “Is the restaurant far away?”

Ryker shook his head. “No, just a block up ahead. Why?”

“I’m going to take off my coat now,” Dylan said, reaching for his zipper. He was pretty warm, making him wonder why he hadn’t taken it off earlier.

“You want to leave it in the car?” August asked, giving him a curious look.

Dylan blushed and shook his head. “No, I want to take it with me.” He pulled it off and folded it over his lap.

August laughed. He reached over and gave Dylan’s neck an affectionate squeeze. “If you’d let me put you in chastity, you wouldn’t be having this problem.”

Nothing about that statement – or the tight grip on the back of his neck – helped with Dylan’s bulge situation.

“Should we go?” he asked, unbuckling his seatbelt and completely ignoring what August had just said.

August chuckled. “Sure.”

Ryker and August exited the car first, Dylan sliding across the seat and stepping out after them. As soon as he was out, he found himself sandwiched between the two werewolves. August grabbed him by the neck, holding him tight, while Ryker put a hand on his upper back.

They propelled him forward, walking him down the sidewalk like a pair of oversized sentries.

Dylan felt enormously conspicuous – every curious glance making him blush – while August and Ryker walked like they didn't even notice the stares.

They made it to the restaurant – an intimate location with strategically dim lighting, white tablecloths, and lush walls paneled with velvet fabric – the host leading them past the main dining room and into a smaller back room with a single table and a view overlooking the river. He took their coats, draping August's leather jacket and Ryker's overcoat over his arm, but Dylan shook his head and kept his.

"I'd like to keep it," he said, still using it to cover his crotch.

"Of course." The host said, gracious and obliging. "Your server will be right with you."

August and Ryker took the chairs closest to the door, leaving Dylan sitting across from them with his back to the window.

He sat down and studied his dates.

August looked much better without the gloves and jacket, he decided. His wool sweater clung to his shoulders, making Dylan want to cuddle him, and Ryker was as handsome as ever in his spiffy suit.

"What?" August asked, giving him a look as he picked up his menu.

Dylan smiled. "Nothing. I was just thinking you were right. That is a very nice sweater."

August preened, and Ryker chuckled.

Dylan picked up his menu, frowning when he realized that there wasn't a single price listed anywhere. He was assuming that August and Ryker would pay the bill, but since it hadn't been explicitly mentioned he felt the need to point out how completely out of his budget any place that didn't feel the need to tell you the prices of the food had to be.

"I'm pretty sure this is out of my budget," he said, looking at the list of appetizers. There was an option for toast with demi-glace mushrooms, and though Dylan had no idea what that was, it sounded good.

"Our treat," August said.

"Every time," Ryker added.

Dylan wondered if this was what it felt like to be a sugar baby. If it was, he didn't mind one bit.

"Thank you." He studied the menu some more. The main courses consisted almost entirely of different cuts of steak, and Dylan's mouth watered. He looked up. "Have you been here before?"

"Yes. It's our go to for celebrating special occasions."

Dylan's stomach did a happy little flutter at the idea that they'd brought him to their special place. He smiled to himself, feeling very pleased.

The door into the main dining room slid open, and a young man stepped into the room. Dylan caught him fixing his expression right as the door opened, a professional mask hiding what he was pretty sure was nervous excitement.

Dylan knew exactly how he felt.

"Hello. My name is Steve. I'll be your waiter for this evening. Can I get you started on some drinks?"

Steve's voice wobbled a little on the word *waiter*, but other than that he managed to sound entirely calm.

Dylan got a little kick out of the man's name being Steve. He was so different from the only other Steve he knew.

“We’ll have a few bottles of sparkling water, a bottle of still, and I’d like a pint of the Firestone IPA,” Ryker said, looking at a drinks menu that Dylan hadn’t gotten a copy of. “And I think we’ll get a bottle of the twenty-fourteen Malbec. Dylan, does that sound okay?”

“Eh, sure.” Dylan didn’t know what a Malbec was, but he gathered it was a type of wine. “I don’t really drink, but sparkling water sounds good.”

Ryker smiled at him like he’d said something funny or cute.

“All right. That’s it for me, August?”

“I’ll have the Firestone IPA as well.”

“Very well, sirs.” The waiter didn’t write anything down, memorizing the order. He turned to Dylan. “And for you, sir?”

“Can I get a Diet Coke?”

“Of course. I’ll have that for you in just a moment. Are there any questions about the menu before I go?”

Ryker looked around the table, checking, and then shook his head. “No, we’re good. Thank you.”

Steve nodded again, before turning and leaving the room. Dylan wondered if he’d imagined the hint of envy he saw in his eyes when he looked at him, but he didn’t think so.

“So what are you guys getting?” August asked, glancing at the menu before putting it down. “I want the ribeye.”

Ryker put down his menu as well. “I think I’ll do the same. And the scallops to start.”

“What about you?” August asked, looking at Dylan.

He hesitated, glancing down at the menu again. “The tenderloin, maybe?”

It had been a long time since Dylan had eaten a nice, tender steak.

Ryker nodded. “That looks good. Anything to start?”

“The mushroom toast.”

August perked up. “Oh yeah, that’s really good. I think I’ll have that, too.”

Ryker and August put their menus down, giving him their full attention. August leaned back in his chair, and though Dylan couldn’t see his legs, he bet they were spread wide under the table. Ryker, on the other hand, was leaning forward and resting his elbows on either side of his napkin.

“So when was the last time you were here?” Dylan asked, the intense attention making him squirm.

“Our anniversary, I think,” August said, licking his lips. “Right, Ryker?”

Ryker nodded. “That’s right.”

“How long have you been together?”

There was a tension in the air suddenly, and Dylan wished he had a drink or something to occupy his hands and mouth.

August and Ryker looked at each other.

“Ten years, officially?” Ryker said, like he needed to check. August nodded.

“That’s right.” He grinned. “But we’ve been together since we were about fourteen. We knew right from the start that we belonged together.”

Dylan barely had time to feel excluded before Ryker looked at him meaningfully.

“Though of course we also knew that we’d need to find a third. August and I are like two pieces of a puzzle. We go together, but we need a third piece to really work.”

Dylan didn’t dare read too much into the significant looks Ryker and August were sending him, though the fact that they were looking for a third for their relationship – and not just for sexy fun-times – sparked a flare of hope he didn’t like to examine too closely.

“So were you guys part of a pack?” Dylan asked, moving the conversation along.

He didn't know a lot about werewolves, but he knew that there was a big difference between living in a pack and living in neutral territory. What those differences were, he'd never quite understood.

"Yes, though we went to different elementary and middle schools. We didn't actually meet until we started high school." August stroked his chin. "We met, had a huge fight over something or other, and then became inseparable. Our parents had mates lined up for us, but we refused and left to be on our own the second we turned twenty-one."

"Made our own pack, with just the two of us," Ryker added.

"Was that hard?" Dylan was a little shocked that werewolves had arranged marriages. He was sure that wasn't a widely known fact.

August shook his head. "No, not really. Ryker and I are both alphas, so we can function independently as long as we have each other."

Dylan frowned. He's always thought that alpha was a title bestowed in the pack leader, not something you could just be.

"Do you have a question?" Ryker asked. He looked amused, and not at all offended at the idea of having to explain what Dylan was sure were simple facts about werewolves.

"What does it mean, that you're alphas?" He took a breath, hoping he wasn't saying something offensive. "I thought alphas were the leaders of the pack?"

"They are," August said, grinning. "But in order to become the alpha of a pack, you have to be born an alpha."

"We're just like other werewolves, except a little more independent."

"And dominant," August added, smirking. "Alphas like to be in charge. It's why we either tend to enter into the pack leadership hierarchy or set off on our own."

"So are all the werewolves who live in the city here alphas?"

Ryker nodded. “Yes. Either that, or they live here with an alpha in a mini pack.”

Dylan wondered if Steve was an alpha, or if he had an alpha of his own. Thinking about him, remembering the way he’d leaned in and threatened to spank him, Dylan was pretty sure it was the former.

Steve – the waiter, not the werewolf – came back into the private room, carrying a tray laden with drinks and bottles.

“Here you go, gentlemen.” Steve served them their drinks, setting the bottles of water and the bottle of wine on the table. “Would you like me to open the wine now, or wait until the food arrives?”

“Later,” Ryker said, tasting his beer.

“In that case, may I take your orders?”

They went around the table, ordering their appetizers and main courses. Steve nodded and left, closing the door after him.

Dylan reached for his glass of Diet Coke, the ice clinking against the glass as he lifted it to his lips.

August and Ryker were watching him, saying nothing, and as they kept staring Dylan put down his drink and blushed.

“I ran into a friend of yours today,” Ryker said, breaking the tension.

Dylan frowned, wondering who he could be talking about.

“You did?” he asked, just as August groaned.

“Not this again.”

“Steve Miller. He was out on patrol and I had a little chat with him. He recognized your scent on me.”

It took Dylan a second to realize what Ryker meant, and when it clicked he went firetruck red.

“What’s the deal with him?” Ryker asked, his expression smug. “He obviously wants to be more than friends.”

Dylan took a deep breath and ignored the fact that he was blushing. He was a big boy. He could acknowledge that someone had shown an interest in him without having a meltdown.

“I don’t actually know him, we’ve just talked a few times,” Dylan said. “He asked me out, but I told him I didn’t want to date him if I was going on a date with someone else.”

August shot him a beaming grin. “So you didn’t consider ghosting me?”

Dylan looked at him, wondering where that had come from. Had he said something to Ryker that made them think he was going to break things off by ghosting them?

He shook his head.

“I have to admit, I was a little worried when you deleted your messages. Ryker was convinced you’d be a no-show.” August looked over at Ryker with a teasing grin. “Weren’t you?”

Ryker rolled his eyes. “You can’t blame me.”

Dylan had absolutely no idea what they were talking about. His fingers itched to pull out his phone to see if he had deleted any of the messages between him and August, but he was almost certain that he hadn’t.

August must have deleted them by mistake and thought it was him.

It wasn’t a great loss – they’d just arranged the date and told each other how much they were looking forward to the date – though Dylan could see how they would think something was up if he’d deleted them out of nowhere.

“It must have been a glitch,” he said, holding his Diet Coke and tracing the condensation on the glass with his thumb. “The messages I mean. I didn’t delete them.”

August and Ryker both nodded, but something about their expressions made Dylan feel like they didn’t believe him. It was a benevolent sort of look, the kind you’d give to someone

you knew were telling a harmless lie to cover for a mistake they'd made.

Did they think he was trying to cover for deleting the messages because he was embarrassed about changing his mind?

He considered pulling out his phone and showing that he still had all their messages on his phone. At least he thought he did. It would be hugely embarrassing to whip out his phone only for there not to be any messages.

"I'm glad we got to you before Steve," Ryker said, grinning. "He's very handsome. Though now that we know we have competition waiting in the wings we should probably step up our game. Right, August?"

"Right," August agreed. He bit his lip, looking at Dylan like he wanted to devour him.

Dylan had the strongest urge to reach up and touch his neck, suddenly hyper-aware of the bruise August had put there.

"What did Steve have to say about us?" Ryker asked. He leaned forward, his teeth glinting under the low light from the overhead fixture.

"He said he hadn't heard anything bad about you, and he asked if I knew that August had a mate." Dylan swallowed. "And he gave me his number, in case it didn't go well with you guys."

Dylan could admit to himself that he was playing with fire, trying to sharpen the jealous glint in August and Ryker's eyes.

He was surprised when Ryker laughed.

"Cheeky puppy," Ryker said, leaning back in his chair. He turned his face toward August with a lazy grin. "Can you believe that? He gave him his number in case we *disappointed* him."

"It's not cute. He's a fucking menace," August growled. He turned to Dylan with an annoyed expression. "Ryker likes him. He thinks he's charming."

Dylan was surprised at the stab of jealousy he felt at that statement. It seemed his plan had backfired.

“I do like him.” Ryker didn’t sound sorry. “I’ve decided to make friends with him.”

Dylan sat and watched as August and Ryker started good-naturedly bickering about Steve. From what he gathered, there had been some sort of confrontation between Ryker and Steve, which bizarrely had ended with Ryker feeling protective of the younger werewolf and wanting to invite him to hang out with them on the full moon.

August didn’t seem to be opposed to Steve being included, but he couldn’t seem to help himself by vehemently opposing any statement which put Steve’s past behavior in a forgiving light.

“Is he going to be part of your pack?” Dylan asked, curious.

“What? No,” August said, wrinkling his nose like the very idea offended him.

“We’ll see how it goes,” Ryker said.

August whipped his head around and glared at Ryker, and a much less amicable argument started.

“We will not see how it goes,” August growled.

Ryker shrugged. “I’m not saying we force anything, but if he’s alone and needs a support system, we can provide that if it looks like we’re compatible.”

“He’s an alpha,” August said, looking at Ryker like he was crazy. “Just because you established that you’re more dominant than him doesn’t mean he’ll be a good fit for us.”

“We’ll talk about it later,” Ryker said, shooting Dylan a grin. “We’re on a date, in case you forgot. And we’re not adding anyone to the pack without you agreeing to it. I don’t know why you’re getting all huffy.”

“I am not-”

“Dylan, tell me about yourself. Where did you grow up,” Ryker asked, speaking over August. He took a sip of his beer and looked at Dylan over the rim of his glass.

August closed his mouth, his attention successfully diverted as he looked at Dylan and waited for him to answer the question.

“I’m from Anchorage, in Alaska. My parents moved there a few years before I was born. After high school I went to college at Washington University for my undergrad, and now I’m here in Fort Plaineslac for my masters.”

“Alaska, really? That’s interesting. Did you do a lot of skiing?” Ryker asked.

Dylan shook his head. He had gone skiing a few times growing up, but it wasn’t something his family did.

“I’ve always wanted to go fishing in Alaska,” August said. “It’s too bad the pack up there is so crazy.”

“The pack territory is pretty far from Anchorage,” Dylan said. “You could still visit.”

August laughed. “The official territory that they tell the humans about, sure, but if Ryker and I stepped outside of the airport we’d be hunted down and torn apart. The Northwest Territories, British Columbia, Alberta, Yukon and Alaska are all Northwestern pack land as far as any werewolf with a brain is concerned”

“But that’s like the whole state and half of Canada. How many packs are there?”

“Just one,” Ryker said. “And we’re not ever going to disrespect them by visiting their territory without an official invitation, and even then it would be with our tails between our legs. Their alpha is not someone you want to mess with.”

Dylan was flabbergasted. According to the Alaska Studies course he’d been required to take in high school, the local pack’s territory started a little north of Fairbanks and then went all the way up to the Arctic, and that was it.

He'd never seen any werewolves – at least obvious ones – when he was out and about in Anchorage. Nothing about the place had seemed like werewolf territory.

“So what made your parents move all the way up north?” August asked.

“Work,” Dylan said, shrugging. “The economy there is pretty good, and they got better jobs than they could find back home in California.”

Dylan had liked growing up in Alaska very much. It wasn't markedly different from any other city he'd been in, with the exception of bears and moose walking around and making a nuisance of themselves, and it had been a great place to grow up.

“What about you guys?” Dylan asked. “Which pack are you from originally?”

“Arizona,” Ryker said. “The Phoenix Pack.”

“It was a good place to grow up,” August added, “And the pack is pretty healthy.”

“Healthy?”

Ryker nodded. “The pack leadership is very stable and pretty popular, and if people want to leave the pack, the alpha pretty much rubber-stamps the application to let them settle in neutral territory.”

“Do some packs not let people leave?”

“About half don't,” August said. “The Northwestern pack, for example. They set up challenges to integrate alphas into the leadership, rather than let people strike out on their own.”

Dylan couldn't imagine what it would be like to grow up somewhere and know that you could never leave. He liked Alaska, and he loved going back in the summers when he didn't have to deal with all the snow and winter weather, but if he'd known growing up that he had to stay there forever he would have hated it.

“Do you ever go back to visit?” he asked. If they'd defied their parents and not married – or mated – who they were

supposed to, they might not be on good terms with them.

“Sometimes, but we’re both pretty busy so it’s not as often as our parents would like. They’re retired, so usually they end up visiting us instead,” Ryker said. “We have three guestrooms, so each set of parents has their own space in our apartment, and then we have one for whenever August’s little brother comes to visit. He’s in college at the moment, doing his undergrad. He drives up sometimes when he has a long weekend.”

“That’s a lot of bedrooms,” Dylan said, wondering exactly how big their apartment was. His little one room studio must have seemed absolutely pathetic to Ryker.

“It’s a big apartment,” Ryker said. There was no modesty in his voice, but rather a cocky sort of pride. “You can come see it after dinner.”

Dylan blushed, his stomach tingling with excitement again. He flashed back to earlier, right after Ryker had carried him down the stairs and set him down on the sidewalk, when August and Ryker had sandwiched him between them.

He wanted them to squish him between them like that again, though next time he wanted them to be naked.

“That would be nice,” he mumbled.

August grinned, wolfish and intent, and lifted his arm to scratch the back of his neck. His sweater pulled tight over arm, his bicep flexing, and Dylan stared at his armpit. He wondered if he’d want Dylan to lick it the way Ryker had wanted him to.

The memory of Ryker’s sweat on his tongue made Dylan’s mouth water, his scalp tingling as he remembered how Ryker had yanked on his hair and pushed his face under his arm.

“We can show you our playroom,” August said, tapping his fingers on the table. “I’ve been thinking about what you told me about learning to suck your own cock, and I have a position I’d like to put you in on our bondage bench.”

The door slid open, just in time for Steve the waiter to walk in and hear the words: our bondage bench.

Ryker and August were facing away from the door, so they didn't see the way Steve's gait faltered or the way his face turned red.

He got himself under control with startling speed, coming forward with barely a pause and serving them their appetizers.

The food smelled delicious, and Dylan's attention was briefly diverted from wondering what a bondage bench was and how it related to his flexibility.

Steve set a plate down in front of him, meeting his gaze with an expression like he couldn't decide whether he should envy or pity him.

The look barely lasted a second, and then Steve was diverting his attention to the whole table.

"Enjoy your meal, gentlemen. Is there anything else I can get you?"

Ryker ordered another beer, while Dylan and August shook their heads no.

"Let's dig in," Ryker said, picking up his fork. His scallops looked delicious, but not nearly as good as the mushrooms on Dylan's plate.

He reached for his fork and cut off a piece of bread, making sure to get plenty of mushroom as he lifted the food to his mouth.

To his horror, Dylan didn't like it.

The mushrooms were glazed in an intense sauce that tasted like very strong gravy, and Dylan was barely able to chew and swallow without making a face.

"Good?" Ryker asked, cutting a scallop in half and eating it.

"It's okay," Dylan said, forcing himself to cut another bite.

August wasn't using his fork, but had picked up his bread and was eating it in big bites, his cheeks bulging as he chewed.

Ryker squinted at him, and then he pushed his plate forward. "Let's switch. You'll like the scallops better."

Dylan blushed, feeling like an idiot for having ordered something he didn't like. It felt like proof that the restaurant was too fancy for him.

"No, it's okay. You wanted the scallops."

"Give me your plate," Ryker instructed, pushing his plate all the way over to Dylan. He had to lean out of his chair to reach, and Dylan watched the scallops coming toward him with embarrassed want. "That was an order, Dylan."

Dylan's skin prickled on the back of his neck at the tone of Ryker's voice. He obediently pushed his plate forward, letting Ryker take it.

"Good boy," Ryker said, sitting back down and making himself comfortable. The words made Dylan blush, and he hastily picked up his fork and took a bite of scallop just so that he'd have something to do with his hands.

August watched the exchange with a heated expression, looking from Dylan to Ryker and then back again.

"Better?" August asked, teasing. He took another bite of his toast, having now devoured about half of it in two bites.

Dylan nodded, the buttery tenderness of the scallop seeming to melt on his tongue. It was *delicious*.

"If you don't like something, you tell us. Do you understand?"

Ryker still sounded strict, and Dylan's spine tingled. He looked down at his plate and nodded.

"Look at me and tell me you understand."

Dylan bit his lip, getting the impression they were talking about more than food. Despite his blush, he made himself lift his face and meet Ryker's gaze. "I'll tell you if I don't like something. I promise."

Ryker nodded at him, a curt dip of his chin that had Dylan feeling like the words good boy had been spoken, even though they hadn't.

“Fuck, I finished my food,” August said, staring down at his empty plate with a frown. He was still chewing his last bite, and Dylan couldn’t believe how quickly he’d eaten.

“That’s because you eat like an animal,” Ryker chastised, his voice fond. “Order something else when the waiter brings me my beer.”

August got a mischievous look on his face. “Or maybe, instead of ruining my appetite before the main course, I can give Dylan a shoulder rub. He looks a little tense.”

Ryker chuckled, looking Dylan up and down. “He does look a little tense. Maybe you’re right. Dylan, would you like a shoulder rub?”

“Um, maybe?” Dylan swallowed a scallop. “I mean, yes?”

He hadn’t mentally prepared himself to feel August touching him while he was at the table, but he wasn’t going to say no to having those massive hands rubbing his shoulders.

“Wonderful,” August crooned, rising up from his chair. He walked around the table, sauntering toward Dylan with a cocky swagger, cracking his knuckles and stretching out his fingers. “You keep eating and I’ll work those knots out of your shoulders.”

Dressed in just the tight sweater and leather pants, August looked really good. Without the jacket and gloves making him look like a dungeon master, the leather pants looked sophisticated and enticingly masculine.

Not that the dungeon master look didn’t suit August really well. It did. It was just a little too intimidating for Dylan to be able to appreciate it properly on a first date.

“Hi there,” August said, moving behind him and putting his hands on Dylan’s shoulders. He leaned down and nuzzled the top of Dylan’s head, gently squeezing down on his shoulders.

He started the massage with both thumbs at the base of Dylan’s skull, right at the top of his spine, and pushed in, massaging firmly and dragging his thumbs down the vertebra in Dylan’s neck.

Dylan closed his eyes, a moan rising from his chest unbidden when August moved further down and started working the tendons of his neck.

“Come on, eat your scallops,” August commanded, grip getting a little firmer. “You wouldn’t want Ryker to think you were ungrateful.”

Dylan reached for his fork, his movement restricted by August’s hands on his shoulders. His movements were clumsy, and it took several tries to get one of the scallops speared on the prongs.

He managed to get it into his mouth and started chewing, letting out a whimper when August started digging into the muscle under his shoulder blade.

It didn’t hurt, but the pressure was right on the edge of what he could bear.

He tried to aim the fork again, but he dropped it when August unexpectedly crouched down and took hold of his head, using his thumbs to massage behind his ears.

“I’ll help,” Ryker said. He rose up and walked over to Dylan’s side of the table, stopping in front of him and leaning his hip against the tabletop. He picked up one of the scallops and held it up to Dylan’s mouth, the tips of his fingers glistening with melted butter.

“Open,” he commanded.

Dylan’s lips parted almost of their own accord, his mouth going slack as he looked up at Ryker with wide eyes.

“Good boy,” Ryker said, pushing the scallop into his mouth. The tips of his fingers rested on Dylan’s lips after he’d pushed the plump little morsel onto his tongue. “Chew it. Doesn’t it taste good?”

Dylan gasped for breath and started chewing, the scallop somehow tasting a million times better than the one he’d had before.

August kept massaging his shoulders, his hands magic, though he’d eased up on the pressure and was now groping

him more than anything. He kept touching the side of Dylan's neck, right over his bruise, the dull tenderness going right to Dylan's cock.

"The juices are good, aren't they?" Ryker asked, ignoring the last remaining scallop and swiping his fingers through the melted butter they had been cooked in. He coated the tips of his fingers in the glistening juice and lifted them up, pushing them into Dylan's mouth.

He let his fingers rest on Dylan's tongue, the taste of butter and the feel of August's fingers making Dylan moan.

"That's it, suck them nice and clean," Ryker said, his voice a deeper rumble than usual. He pushed his fingers in and out, fucking Dylan's mouth with easy little jabs.

After a few minutes, he pulled his fingers out and wiped them clean on Dylan's cheek.

Dylan felt like he was in a trance. They'd been having a normal conversation, and then just like that August seemed to have taken hold of reality and shifted them into a porno universe.

They were in public! Steve the waiter could walk in at any second and see Ryker finger-fucking his mouth.

Dylan didn't care.

"The last one," Ryker said, picking up the remaining scallop. He brought it to Dylan's lips, pushing it gently inside his mouth, and then lifted his fingers to his own lips and licked them clean.

Normally, Dylan would have been disgusted by someone licking their fingers at a restaurant, but right now it just made him wish Ryker would bend him over the table and fuck him senseless.

"That's enough for now, I think," August said. He lifted his hands off Dylan's shoulders and grabbed his hair, yanking his head back and grinning down at him. "Open your mouth."

Dylan's mouth was already partly open just from having his head leaning back, but he opened it further anyway.

August spit into his mouth.

Dylan could feel the wad of spit hit the corner of his mouth, wet and heavy, before it landed on his tongue, sliding toward the back of his throat and making him gag.

Unlike the last time August spit in his mouth, he didn't follow it up with a kiss. The wad of spit lingered on the back of Dylan's throat, making him feel gross and humiliated.

"Good boy," August said, letting go of his hair and giving his cheek a light slap. He walked back around the table, taking a seat and looking very happy with himself.

Dylan glanced up at Ryker, only to see the alpha watching him with dark eyes. He reached out and traced Dylan's mouth with his thumb, brushing over his bottom teeth.

"You're so cute." Ryker sounded dangerous. "It makes me want to lose control." He let go of Dylan's lip, pulling his hand back and grinning ruefully. "But don't worry, I won't."

Dylan swallowed, forgetting until August's spit was sliding down his throat exactly what he was swallowing.

He took a deep breath and tore his gaze away from Ryker, looking to August where he sat slouched in his seat like a lazy lion.

"I'm not sure..." Dylan swallowed again, feeling weirdly floaty. "I'm not sure I liked that."

The shift in energy was abrupt. August and Ryker went from looking like a couple of characters in a very realistic porno, and then just like that they were back in the real world.

Ryker sat down, while August was frowning.

"Which part?" August asked. He didn't look upset, but he'd lost the cocky aura he'd had just a few seconds ago.

"The spitting," Dylan said, swallowing again. "Everything else was really nice."

Ryker sat down. He smiled at Dylan, a look of pride on his face that had Dylan feeling all tingly all the way to his fingertips.

August looked apologetic.

“Thank you for telling us, Dylan,” Ryker said. “We won’t spit in your mouth again.”

“I’m sorry,” August said, nodding along with what Ryker was saying. “It can be different, imagining something when you’re chatting online and actually doing it.”

Dylan understood exactly what August meant, but he didn’t see how it was at all relevant to what had just happened.

“It’s okay. I’m not even sure I disliked it. I was surprised.”

He hadn’t disliked it the first time August did it, but he decided not to mention that.

August looked relieved. “Next time I’ll ask, and then you can decide if you want me to do it or not.” Ryker shot him a look, and August added, “But not tonight. We’ll keep spitting off the menu until further notice.”

Once again, Steve the waiter opened the door just in time to hear the tail-end of August’s sentence.

He must have girded himself, because this time he didn’t blush.

“Your IPA, sir. Your main course will be served very soon. May I collect your plates?”

Ryker nodded, and Steve cleared the dirty plates, along with Ryker’s empty glass.

“Thank you for waiting until we were done,” Ryker said, making Steve nearly drop the dishes and turn a deep, blushing red.

“Of course, sir. Let me go check on your food.”

He practically ran out of the room.

Dylan blinked, realizing that Steve must have come to serve Ryker his IPA and seen that Dylan was busy getting a massage and having his face fingered.

He could never come back here.

“You’re such a jerk,” August said, rolling his eyes and taking a sip of his beer.

“He loved it,” Ryker said, not sorry in the least. “And he didn’t see anything scandalous. My fingers were nowhere near Dylan’s mouth when he walked in.”

Dylan slumped in relief. August and Ryker standing next to him while he was sitting down was weird, but not as embarrassing as it could have been.

“Let’s not risk it again, okay?” Dylan piped up, his face red. “We shouldn’t do stuff like that in public.”

August wrinkled his nose.

“I agree,” Ryker said. August shot him a betrayed look. “If we’re going to do stuff in public, we should make sure it’s not something people can see.”

That wasn’t quite what Dylan had said, but it was close enough. August also looked mollified.

Dylan reached for his drink, taking a sip.

“So if you’re not sure on the spitting, does that mean that pissing on you is off the table, too?”

Dylan choked on his Diet Coke.

Literally, what the fuck?

“Yes, off the table. Way off,” he said as soon as he could speak.

“Even if it’s not in your mouth?”

Dylan was so glad they were talking about these things before doing them. He didn’t know how he would have reacted if they were in the middle of sex and August suddenly let loose a stream of piss on his face.

Unlike the gloves and the leather, or even the spitting, there was nothing appealing about getting piss all over himself.

“No, I think that would be too much for me. I’m not... I don’t think I would like that.”

August looked disappointed – as though whipping out his cock and hosing Dylan down with piss had been something he'd been looking forward to.

Dylan took another sip of his soda and ignored him, keeping his attention on Ryker. He didn't look disappointed, though God only knew what perverted things the blond alpha was waiting to spring on him.

This couldn't be normal, even for werewolves. Dylan was all for discussing their kinks – even though he had zero experience with anything kinky prior to meeting August – but it should be a *discussion*. August and Ryker seemed to take it for granted that he would be into things, and for the billionth time since meeting them, Dylan wondered *why*.

He was way too embarrassed to ask.

“Tonight, we want to tie you up and fuck you,” Ryker said, looking at him with a fond expression, like Dylan was cute. “We'll put you in a collar, bondage mittens, and maybe a corset, and we'll most likely gag you at some point. Is there anything you'd like us to add to the list, or take off?”

Dylan felt dizzy, and when he tried to breathe, he couldn't seem to get enough oxygen.

“Dylan?” Ryker prompted.

“That all sounds good,” Dylan said, heart racing and balls pulling tight. He reached between his legs and adjusted his cock and bit back a moan at the spark of pleasure that went through him.

He didn't know what bondage mittens were.

“I want to put you in a cock cage, after we knot you and make you come,” August added. His voice was gruff. “I don't want you coming unless you're with one of us.”

Dylan's cock throbbed, harder than ever, and he wondered what it would be like to sit there and have his erection restricted.

Paradoxically, imagining it only made him that much harder.

“Maybe,” he said, more intimidated by that than by the bondage stuff. His breaths were coming too fast, like he’d been running.

With bondage mittens, corsets and collars, Dylan would be let go when they were done. Chastity, on the other hand, was long term. Every second of the day he’d be walking around with a reminder that August had the key to his orgasms.

“I want you to say yes,” August said, leaning forward. His teeth were bared in a half grin, canines sharper than they had looked just a minute ago.

“He’s allowed to say maybe,” Ryker interjected. “Or would you prefer *no*?”

August smirked, cocky and hotter than the sun. “He’s not going to say no. He wants me to lock up his cock. Look at him, he’s so turned on he can’t even breathe.”

Dylan ducked his chin and closed his eyes, his cock so hard he thought he might come just from the sound of August’s voice teasing him.

“Maybe,” he repeated.

“But everything else I mentioned, you’re okay with trying?” Ryker asked.

Dylan nodded. He was a little intimidated by the idea of a corset, but if they pulled it too tight, he could just tell them to stop.

“Good.” Ryker smirked. “I’m looking forward to it.”



After clarifying what the plan for the evening was, the rest of the dinner proceeded somewhat normally. There was no more sex or kink talk, and though August and Ryker had Dylan’s cock hard just from existing and looking the way they did, the two werewolves stayed in their seats all through the rest of the meal.

Dylan's tenderloin was delicious – the best he'd ever tasted – and the sides were just as good. The taste of the fatty potatoes had him moaning, which made August and Ryker both look at him with expressions like they wanted to crawl over the table and *eat* him. He ducked his head and avoided the hungry looks.

After their steaks, Ryker declined the offer for dessert and asked for the bill. Dylan watched him pay, feeling like he was on a countdown to getting fucked.

It felt remarkably similar to standing in line for a roller-coaster. He was excited and looking forward to the ride, but he was also nervous. The butterflies in his stomach were going wild.

He kept remembering Steve telling him that he must be sturdier than he looked if he thought he could handle two werewolves.

Sitting there, August and Ryker across from him with their muscles and cocks pushing against the front of their pants, he didn't feel particularly sturdy.

The host brought them their jackets, thanked them for coming, and asking if they needed a cab.

August and Ryker declined the cab and rose to their feet, putting on their jackets. The host left and August turned to Dylan.

“Are you going to wear your coat?” he asked, zipping up his tight leather jacket. “Or do you need to carry it again?”

Dylan blushed. He stood up, keeping his coat over his crotch to hide his erection. “I'll carry it.”

August smirked, putting on his gloves. He worked them down into his fingers and tightened the gauntlets over the sleeves of his jacket.

After getting used to seeing him in his cuddly sweater, Dylan found the all-leather look shockingly intimidating.

Ryker's phone let out a beep, and after he'd finished pulling on his coat, he checked the message. He frowned, and

Dylan was glad that the expression wasn't directed at him. If Ryker ever looked at him like that, he was pretty sure he'd have a panic attack and start crying.

"What?" August said, crossing his arms.

"I need to go to the office and sign something. It shouldn't take more than half an hour." Ryker checked the message again. "An hour maximum."

August looked annoyed, his mouth set in a flat line, but then he suddenly grinned.

"That's fine. You can drop us off at the clinic on your way and I can give Dylan's insides a quick rinse with the colonic machine. It's way more efficient than giving him an enema back at the apartment."

Ryker furrowed his brow. "Isn't that going to take more than an hour?"

"I can get it done in forty-five minutes as long as I speed things up a little by increasing the water flow."

Ryker nodded, his terrifying frown relaxing the tiniest bit. He turned to Dylan. "Does that sound okay to you?"

Dylan had douched before the date, but he wouldn't mind getting extra clean before Ryker and August fucked him. Besides, getting a colonic from August when he was in Dr. Schaffer mode had been weirdly hot.

The intent look on August's face when he said *increase the flow* was a little worrying, but not so much so that Dylan wasn't intrigued.

"I think that sounds okay."

He hoped August would tie down his wrists, tip the chair back and fuck his throat again.

"Then we have a plan." August pushed his chair in and smirked at Dylan. "Are you coming?"

Dylan walked around the table, keeping his coat over his crotch to hide his bulge. August put his hand around the back of his neck, his glove smooth and cool, his grip firm. The span

of his hand was so wide that the tips of his index finger and thumb pushed into the space under his jaw.

Ryker just walked next to him, typing furiously on his phone as they made their way out of the restaurant and toward the SUV.

“Can you drive?” Ryker asked, barely looking up from his phone. “We’ll switch when we reach the clinic.”

“Sure,” August said, climbing behind the wheel.

Dylan climbed in before Ryker, but unlike August, Ryker paid him no attention when he slid in after him. He barely took the time to put on his seatbelt, his whole attention focused on his phone.

He looked annoyed, but not furious like he had earlier.

Dylan stayed quiet, giving him peace to work. He looked up and found himself meeting August’s eyes in the mirror.

“Are you ready?” August asked.

Dylan nodded.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

August’s answering grin was all wolf.

RYKER

Ryker forced himself to make sure everything was in order at the office before heading back to August and Dylan, but he wasn't happy about the extra time spent.

It was a stupid issue. One of his lawyers had forgotten to take into account the time difference between the United States and South East Asia, and so the contract had to be amended and signed again. They'd promised to have the contract sent out before the next day, and so Ryker hadn't had a choice but to come into the office.

But now it was done, and he could rush back to August and Dylan to have fun with them. He texted August that he was on his way, exiting the elevator and walking through the parking garage to find August's SUV.

Climbing behind the wheel and tossing his coat in the passenger side seat, Ryker backed out of the parking space with a chuckle.

He'd been so worked up, excited for his evening with Dylan and his mate, that he'd had to resort to Dylan's trick of holding his folded coat over his arm to hide his bulge. While Ryker didn't mind being seen with a little bulge by people in a dimly lit restaurant, his coworkers in a brightly lit office space were another matter entirely.

Thankfully, no one had noticed anything but his annoyance at having to come in and fix a stupid mistake.

Ryker drove the short distance from his office to the tower where Austin's clinic was located, stopping in the no-parking

zone on the curb and calling August.

“I’m emptying him out, it’s going to be five minutes,” August said, the sound of heavy breathing in the background.

Ryker’s cock swelled to full hardness, his gut tingling as he imagined all the things that could have made Dylan heave for breath like that.

“I’ll circle the block,” Ryker said, pulling away from the curb. His cock was rock hard, pushing against his suit almost as hard as it had been when he fed Dylan his scallops. “Call me when you’re in the elevator.”

Ryker still couldn’t believe he hadn’t come in his pants when Dylan licked his fingers.

“I will.” August sounded distracted, and Dylan’s breathing had calmed down to the point where Ryker could no longer hear it over the phone.

“Is he blowing you?” Ryker asked, putting his hand on his bulge and giving it a squeeze.

“No.” August laughed. “He wanted to, but I said we were waiting for you. I was sitting on his face.”

Ryker snorted, because of course August had gone right to face-sitting. If Dylan ended up being a permanent thing, the boy would have to get used to August’s love of using his weight to smother his partners.

It wasn’t so bad for Ryker – he could handle August’s weight just fine – though he didn’t let him sit on his face. With him, August had to settle for lying on top of him when the two of them were in bed, and the occasional time when August ambushed him when he was on the couch.

“Give him the phone.” Ryker stopped the SUV, waiting at a red light. “I want to talk to him.”

“Sure.” August handed the phone to Dylan.

“Hey, Dylan,” Ryker said, letting his voice dip into a deeper register. “Are you having fun?”

“Yes. August stepped on me, and he sat on my face. He’s so heavy!”

Dylan sounded dazed and a little out of it, but the enthusiasm sounded real.

August really had struck gold with Dylan. Cute, submissive, and willing to let August and Ryker double team him – he was like a sexual unicorn.

“He is,” Ryker agreed. “Very heavy. Did he clean out your hole for us?”

Dylan let out a sigh. “Yeah. He rinsed me out three times, but I was already clean because I douched.”

Ryker grinned. Dylan was so cute he couldn’t stand it. It made him want to wrap him up in a blanket and fuck him until he cried.

“Good boy. When you’re done, I’ll be down by the curb waiting for you.”

“Okay,” Dylan said, suddenly sounding shy. “I’ll see you soon, Ryker.”

August lifted the phone back to his ear and said, “He tried to jerk off, so I tied his hands behind his back. In case you wanted a reason to spank him.”

Ryker chuckled at the gasp he heard in the background.

“Make sure you untie him before you bring him down to the car.”

“I already did,” August said. From the sound of it he was doing something to tease Dylan, but Ryker couldn’t tell what. “We’re almost done up here, I think. A minute or two at most.”

“All right, I’m almost back on your street. I’ll just idle by the curb and wait for you.”

“See you in a bit.”

Ryker drove back to the front of the building where August had his clinic and pulled up to the curb, glancing around to

make sure there were no parking guards or cops nearby. Though he wouldn't mind if Steve made an appearance.

It would be fun to tease him a little, and even more so to drive away with Dylan after doing so.

But no one came by to protest Ryker's illegal parking, and after a few minutes August and Dylan were coming out of the lobby and walking toward him.

Ryker exited the driver's seat and climbed into the back, leaving the door open for Dylan.

"Hi," Dylan said, climbing into the back of the SUV and sitting down. He put on his seatbelt, shooting nervous little smiles at Ryker. "Did you fix your work thing?"

Ryker nodded. He'd put on his seatbelt out of habit, but now he unbuckled it and slid over to Dylan.

"I did. It was just some paperwork that needed to be fixed." He put his hand on Dylan's thigh. "What's this I hear about you needing a spanking?"

Dylan's breath hitched, his eyes going wide and pleading as he looked up at him.

"I don't!"

August chuckled from the driver's seat, sparing them a glance in the mirror as he pulled away from the curb.

"He's a little liar. He touched himself without permission."

Dylan shook his head. "You didn't say I needed permission. I didn't know!"

"You should have."

August's voice was a gruff warning, and even Ryker shuddered a bit at the dominant energy his mate was giving off.

He lifted his hand to Dylan's hair, stroking through the boy's messy locks.

Dylan was acting very different to how he'd been at the restaurant. Whatever August had done, it seemed to have

gotten him into a very submissive headspace. He was expressive and a little bratty, like the walls of embarrassment that usually kept him from acting how he really wanted to act had thinned.

Ryker liked it.

“It’s okay,” Ryker said, sliding his hand down and cupping the back of his neck. “We’re not going to punish you for not knowing the rules.”

“He’s agreed that you can give him a hickey,” August said, sounding very pleased with himself.

Ryker’s cock twitched, pre-come leaking from his cock at the news. He leaned down and put his mouth on Dylan’s throat, pressing his lips against his jugular.

“Is that true?” he asked, halfway to a growl. He leaned on Dylan, resting his weight on the boy’s thigh as he nuzzled his throat.

Dylan was breathing fast, his chest rising and falling with rapid speed.

“You can give me one like August did,” Dylan said, which sounded like a conditional sort of consent.

Ryker didn’t care. August’s mark was more suction than bite, but the end result was what mattered. Ryker wanted to leave a bruise.

“That’s a good boy,” Ryker rumbled, rubbing his nose down the side of Dylan’s neck, trying to decide where he wanted to bite him. His wolf was rumbling in his chest, and Ryker had a hard time keeping his claws and teeth from sharpening as he picked out the perfect place for Dylan to wear his mark.

“Not too hard,” Dylan panted, his breaths coming fast like he was running a sprint. He grabbed Ryker’s arm, clutching his shirt as he waited to be mauled.

Rather than answer, Ryker put his mouth over the junction between Dylan’s neck and shoulder and bit down as gently as

he could. Skin between his teeth, Ryker shuddered as he sucked and lavished the flesh of Dylan's neck with his tongue.

Judging by Dylan's hiss, he wasn't being as gentle as he'd intended. He released his bite, licking over the area he'd put his teeth in apology.

Lifting his head, Ryker studied his work. There was an oval splotch of red at the base of Dylan's neck, right at the collar of his shirt, and Ryker's teeth had left a perfect oval of white imprints, a few of which were bleeding.

Ryker wiped his thumb over the spit-slick skin, his balls feeling full and heavy as he watched Dylan tremble at his touch.

"That's better," Ryker rumbled, rather than apologize for biting too hard.

"And you call me an animal," August said from the front, watching them in the rear-view mirror.

Ryker sat back down, slouching back in his seat with the satisfaction of a job well done. He reached over and tousled Dylan's hair, cupping the back of his neck and pressing the tip of his finger down on the indent of his teeth.

"Did you like that?" he asked, scratching behind Dylan's ears.

Dylan swallowed and took a deep breath, his hands resting suspiciously close to his bulge. He glanced over at Ryker and nodded.

"You bit me." The words were halfway between a question and an accusation. He reached up and touched his throat, tracing the area where his skin had changed color.

"Just a little," Ryker agreed, sliding his hand up and giving his hair a tug. "Maybe next time you'll let me bite you for real."

He caught August's gaze in the mirror, seeing his own want reflected there. There was a big difference between giving someone a bruise and claiming them with a real

claiming bite, but they could both tell that that was where they were headed.

They'd get to know Dylan first, of course, and they'd wine and dine him properly, but there was something about him that just fit.

Ryker's grandmother would have said that they'd found their mate, and Ryker was starting to believe that maybe she hadn't been as naively superstitious as he'd thought. He didn't believe that Dylan was destined for them, but that didn't mean he couldn't put in the effort and make it work.

August shifted his gaze back to the road, and Ryker closed his eyes. He kept his hand on Dylan's neck, resting it there, enjoying the way his skin prickled beneath his palm.

It didn't take them long to reach the apartment. August pulled into the parking garage under their building, and when Dylan climbed out of the SUV, Ryker was there to scoop him up and carry him.

This time he tossed him over his shoulder, smacking his ass and groping it before pressing down on his thighs to secure him in place. Dylan dangled over his shoulder, looking down at his ass, and Ryker could feel his hard little cock digging into his collarbone.

They took the elevator up to the penthouse, and as Ryker carried his hostage into the apartment, Dylan gasped.

"You have an elevator that opens right into your apartment?" He lifted his head, wriggling as he tried to look around. "How rich are you guys?"

August snorted. "Rich enough. Ryker joined his company back when they were a startup and got paid in shares. It sucked back then, but it paid off big time."

Ryker grinned, stroking Dylan's ass. He'd been lucky with his stock, and he'd been lucky with when he sold his stock and diversified his portfolio. He and August now led a very comfortable life.

"Do you want a tour?" Ryker kept Dylan tossed over his shoulder.

“Sure,” Dylan said, still moving and looking around as Ryker carried him to the living room.

“So this is where we have our living room and dining room.” He turned around so that Dylan could see the sofa area and get a look out the floor to ceiling windows. “And through there is the kitchen.”

“It’s so big,” Dylan said, sounding awed.

Ryker grinned, squeezing Dylan’s butt and heading back into the hall. “Let me show you the master bedroom.”

Walking into the bedroom, August following a few paces behind, Ryker did a spin so that Dylan could have a look at the ridiculously large bed and the rest of the furnishings. There was a sitting area by the fireplace larger than most people’s living rooms.

He decided against showing Dylan the bathroom and walk-in closet, wanting to get to the good part of the tour. He turned toward the door and caught August’s eye.

“Show him the playroom next?”

August grinned, licking his lips and nodding.

“Lead the way.”

Ryker carried Dylan back into the hall and toward the playroom. When they walked inside, August hot on his heels and closing the door behind them, Ryker finally set Dylan down on the floor.

He gave him a little shove, sending him stumbling into the room.

Dylan looked around, dazed and intimidated by the sight of August and Ryker’s collection of toys, roleplaying gear, and bondage furniture.

It was a room that didn’t get nearly enough use, considering how much stuff they had. Seeing Dylan standing there, gaze flitting from the bondage bench to the St. Andrews Cross, his eyes widening as he looked at the collection of whips, paddles and floggers hanging on the wall, Ryker felt a bone-deep satisfaction. He and August had built the playroom

hoping to one day use it with a submissive that they could make theirs, and Ryker couldn't help but think that Dylan fit the bill.

“You said you were very flexible, right?” August said, walking past Ryker and standing in front of Dylan. He moved in close, invading Dylan's personal space, and when Dylan tried to take a step back, he yanked him back in with a hand on his shoulder.

Ryker reached down and squeezed his bulge, the sight of Dylan crashing face first into August's pecs making his cock throb with heated pleasure. August's leather jacket hung open, exposing his magnificent chest and abs, but when he wrapped his arm around Dylan's back the boy seemed to disappear into the jacket.

“Yes,” Dylan mumbled, voice muffled by having his face pressed against August's pecs.

August turned his face toward Ryker, grinning. “I have something I want to try. Do you mind?”

Ryker did not mind. He was eager to see what his devious mate had planned. It was bound to be good.

“Be my guest.”

“Dylan, I want you naked.”

August released Dylan from his pecs, giving him a light shove that nearly had him falling on his ass.

Dylan righted himself and then looked at August with a nervous expression.

“You want me to take my clothes off?”

August nodded, reaching up to his chest and swiping a gloved finger over his nipple as he waited for Dylan to comply.

“Sure,” Dylan swallowed, folding the coat he was still carrying over his arm and putting it on the floor. “I can do that.”

He removed his shirt, looking very self-conscious, and then unbuckled his belt and pulled down his pants. He forgot to take his shoes off first, which resulted in an awkward movement where he had to sit down with his pants and underwear around his ankles to take off his shoes.

Unlike August, Ryker had no desire to be dressed in any kind of outfit when he fucked Dylan – at least not tonight – so while Dylan undressed, he toed off his shoes and took off his suit, folding it in a pile and leaving it by the door.

Considering how much pre-come he'd leaked on the inside of the right thigh, he knew there was no question about having to send it to the dry cleaner.

Standing up, naked with his cock at attention, Dylan looked over and seemed surprised to see that Ryker had taken his clothes off. He stared at Ryker's cock, mouth slack and eyes wide, looking like he was trying to figure out how something like that had been inside of him.

Ryker gave his hips a little shake, making his hard cock and heavy balls swing from side to side, the bead of pre-come on his slit dropping down in a long string and falling in an arc to the floor. He smirked at Dylan's indrawn breath, taking himself in hand and giving his hard cock a few pumps.

Toe curling pleasure raced up his spine, and Ryker let go. He wondered if he'd have to drop a load in Dylan's mouth before knotting him, otherwise he wasn't going to last more than a few minutes fucking his hole.

"That's good, Dylan." August walked up to Dylan and grabbed him by the neck, steering him toward the bondage bench. "I want you up here on your back."

August grabbed Dylan under his arms, his gloved hands making Dylan's torso look tiny, and lifted him up on the padded leather surface. He laid him down on his back, holding his legs and positioning him so that his ass was right at the edge of the bench with several inches of room over his head.

"Need a hand?" Ryker asked, walking up to the bench to Dylan's right. He looked down at the nervous human, flashing

his teeth in a grin that wasn't intended to be menacing, but which might have had a little too much teeth to be nice.

“Sure, could you grab some cuffs for his ankles?”

August lifted Dylan's legs up, pushing his knees back until they were folded over his chest. The position exposed Dylan's hole, and Ryker's mouth watered.

“Yeah, of course.”

August walked over to the armoire – an antique monstrosity made from varnished walnut that fit in nicely with the dark wood floors, polished bondage furniture, and heavy burgundy drapes that dominated the playroom– and found the ankle cuffs. He also grabbed a wide leather collar in supple black leather, and a pair of restrictive bondage mittens.

When he turned around, he froze at the position August had twisted Dylan into. The boy was still on his back, but his feet had been pushed up and tucked behind his head, his ankles crossed, his legs forming a diamond shape over his torso.

He looked like a human pretzel.

“Give me the ankle cuffs,” August said, holding on to both of Dylan's ankles. “I want to lock him into position.”

Ryker chuckled, amused and incredibly turned on, and walked over and handed August the cuffs. He put the mittens and collar on the floor for later.

“How long can you stay like this?” he asked, placing his hand on Dylan's ass. It was pointing straight up, his spread legs exposing his hole and rendering it completely at his and August's mercy.

“I usually do about twenty minutes,” Dylan said, wriggling as August shifted his leg to put the ankle cuff on him. “I haven't tried much longer than that.”

Ryker stroked his hand over Dylan's thigh, feeling the stretched muscle and marveling at his flexibility. Dylan's ass and shoulders were both off the bench, his weight resting on

the center of his spine. If Ryker pushed his ass down, he'd rock like a rocking chair.

“Is it uncomfortable?”

Dylan's tongue poked out to wet his lip. He shook his head, the movement restricted by his tight position. “No, not really.”

“Let us know if it starts to hurt,” August spoke up, finished cuffing Dylan's ankles and securing them together behind his neck. He gave his ankles a little shake, making Dylan's whole body move from side to side. “Can you get out of that?”

Dylan wriggled, tucking his chin down and lifting his ass higher, but he wasn't able to lift his feet over his head.

His cock did get right up into his face, and Ryker realized that he hadn't been kidding when he told August he could suck his own dick.

Giving up, Dylan relaxed as much as he was able and let out a long breath. He looked up at both of them with wide eyes. “I'm stuck.”

Ryker and August grinned at each other.

“I brought the collar and mittens,” Ryker said, crouching down and picking them up off the floor. “Do you want to put the collar on him?”

He held the collar out to August.

“Fuck yes,” August said. He wrapped the collar around Dylan's neck, pulling it tight and buckling it at his throat. He struggled a bit with the buckle, his thick gloves making it hard to maneuver everything into place, but it wasn't long before Dylan's throat was encircled by a wide band of glossy black leather.

“Fucking look at him.” August sounded on the verge of going feral. His voice was tinged with a rough growl and Ryker could see his fingers flexing like he wanted to let his claws out.

Ryker understood the feeling.

Grabbing Dylan's hands one by one, Ryker folded them into fists and tucked them into the tight mittens. He laced them up and secured the built in cuffs over his wrists, and used a carabiner to fasten them to the front of his collar.

Dylan tugged on his wrists, but he was completely stuck.

"How does that feel?" August asked, pushing his finger under the collar next to Dylan's Adam's apple. It barely fit.

"Okay," Dylan mumbled, sounding choked. August grinned and removed his finger, rubbing his palm over Dylan's face and grabbing his chin.

Ryker would never get over how huge August's hands looked on Dylan. When he spread his fingers, they covered the boy's entire face, the tips of his thumb and index fingers stretching from ear to ear.

"That's what I like to hear." Ryker gave Dylan's cheek a gentle slap.

August and Ryker stood back and examined their work. Dylan's contortion was obscene, and with his ankles and hands tied, he looked like a sacrifice to some evil bondage god.

It was incredibly hot, though maybe not the best position for having sex. His ass was pointed up, meaning Ryker would have to climb up on the bench and piledrive him if he wanted to fuck him, and his mouth was likewise inconveniently located.

Ryker turned to August.

"What's your plan?"

August walked over to Dylan and traced a gloved finger over his twitching hole, giving it a little tap. He bit his lip and shot a little grin in Ryker's direction. "I figured we could open him up like this and then bend him over the bench like normal when he's nice and loose."

That was a plan Ryker could get behind. He walked over to the top of the bench, standing behind Dylan's bound body and leaning forward to look down at his face. Dylan shifted his gaze from August and looked up at him.

“Hi,” Dylan said, face red and expression a little glazed.

“Hello,” Ryker said, grinning. “Does that sound like fun? Letting August open you up and get you ready for our cocks?”

Dylan hesitated, but then he nodded. Ryker grinned, bending down and giving him a quick kiss.

“Good. When he’s doing that, I have a job for you.” Ryker looked up and caught August’s eye. His mate was watching him with an expectant grin, and Ryker couldn’t wait to see his reaction to his plan.

“A job?” A slight furrow formed on Dylan’s brow.

“Yes.” Ryker grabbed Dylan by his ears and tipped him back a little. “I’m going to straddle you and push my ass into your face, and you’re going to lick my hole. Doesn’t that sound fun?”

“You want me to lick your ass?” Dylan’s voice lowered into an embarrassed whisper. He glanced at August, like he wanted to see his reaction to Ryker’s suggestion.

August looked thrilled at the idea of Dylan’s face shoved between Ryker’s muscular cheeks.

Ryker tugged on Dylan’s ear, directing his attention back to him. “I do. Are you ready?”

Dylan didn’t answer, but after a few seconds he nodded cautiously.

“Good boy.” Ryker let go of his ears. “Let me lower the bench a little.”

Finding the buttons on the underside of the bench, Ryker started lowering it down. He held the button in until the bondage bench was low enough that he could straddle it - and Dylan - comfortably.

“That’s better,” Ryker said, measuring the bench against his thigh. It was maybe too low, but he could fix that once he’d gotten into position.

He took a step back and reconsidered the feasibility of fucking Dylan while he was twisted up in the contorted

position. With the bench this low, it wouldn't be hard to piledrive him, and with a little crouching it wouldn't be that hard to fuck his face, either.

He considered it, but decided that he'd rather get his ass eaten out instead.

"What?" August asked, giving him a look. He was still in front of the bench, his hands massaging Dylan's butt, thumbs circling his hole and driving the boy wild.

"Nothing." Ryker ran his hand through his hair, grinning. "I'm just thinking how I'm going to do this."

August snorted. "It's not that hard. You straddle the bench and put your ass down on his face. Not much planning involved."

"You're such a dick," Ryker grumbled. He moved next to the bench and lifted his leg, swinging his thigh over Dylan's body and straddling the bench. Planting his feet firmly on the floor, he put his ass right over Dylan's face.

"Could you lift the table a little?" he asked August, his mate watching him with an amused expression.

"Sure." August walked around to the controls and pushed the button to lift the bench. "Let me know when to stop."

The bench lifted, and with his head caught by his bound legs, Dylan's face had nowhere to go but right into Ryker's muscular butt.

"Stop." Ryker gave the signal when he felt Dylan's nose pushing into his crack. It took a second more for the bench to stop moving, and when it did, Dylan's face was squished into Ryker's muscular bubble butt.

"That's perfect," Ryker said, wriggling his ass to get Dylan's nose deeper. He lowered his weight, pushing Dylan's head and feet down onto the padded bench.

The lowering of Dylan's upper body caused his lower half to lift up, like a rocking chair tipped all the way back.

"Not the best angle for me," August commented, grabbing Dylan's cheeks and massaging them. His hole, which just a

second ago had been pointing straight up, was now tilted toward Ryker.

“You can figure it out.” Ryker bit his lip, reaching down and spreading his ass so that Dylan could get his mouth pressed right up against his hole. He wriggled his butt, smothering Dylan’s face and grinding him down into the bench.

He didn’t get off on sitting on Dylan like August did, but it felt really nice to have his hole stimulated.

“Come on, sit down all the way,” August said, touching the tips of his index and middle fingers over Dylan’s rim.

“No thanks, that’s your thing,” Ryker said, palming his cock and milking a string of pre-come onto Dylan’s chest. “I don’t want him to suffocate. I just want him to lick my hole a little.” Ryker lowered his butt with a cruel little bounce. “Which he’s *not* doing. Start licking, Dylan, or I’m going to make August happy and smother you.”

Dylan’s tongue shot out of his mouth, pushing against Ryker’s tight rim and sending sparks dancing up his spine.

“Good boy. *Fuck*. Keep licking me like that.”

Ryker pushed his ass back on Dylan’s face, chasing the feeling of his tongue probing at his hole. Dylan was breathing hard, breath warm in Ryker’s crack, and as he kept licking he got more and more eager.

Trusting that Dylan wouldn’t slack, Ryker lifted up and gave Dylan room to move. Knees bent, ass pushed back, he presented his muscular ass for Dylan to worship.

Dylan did not disappoint. He leaned in, licking the whole time, grunting and moaning as he swiped his tongue up Ryker’s crack, tasting his sweaty taint and tight hole.

“Eager,” August commented, smacking Dylan’s ass and stepping away. “Is he any good?”

Ryker laughed at the breathless pause that August’s question provoked. Dylan quickly realized that he’d stopped

licking, but Ryker could feel his attentiveness as he waited for the answer.

“Very good.”

Dylan let out a happy little noise. Ryker grinned, reaching down and pinching his nipple.

August walked over to the toy chest, crouching down and gathering a handful of plugs and dildos which he brought back to the bondage bench. He dropped the pile of toys on Dylan’s stomach, the heavy rubber and silicone toys landing with a thud, and then turned back to get the lube.

Ryker picked up a purple dildo, slapping it down in his hand like a wobbly baton. About fourteen inches long, the rubber cock delivered a satisfying smack when it landed in his palm. Ryker studied it, palming the fake cock-head and smirking.

The veins running up and down the shaft were a nice touch, as were the massive balls at the base.

“I think this is a good endpoint for stretching him,” Ryker said when August came back with the lube. He held out the dildo for August’s inspection. “We’re both thicker, but we don’t want him too loose.”

Ryker put the dildo back down on Dylan’s stomach, putting his hand back on his shaft and palming the head of his cock. The intense burst of pleasure made his thighs twitch, forcing him to let go and stop rubbing unless he wanted to come right there.

“Maybe.” August gave it a look like he was considering it. He lifted the lube and poured it on Dylan’s upturned ass, letting the viscous gel drip down over his hole. “We’ll see where we end up.”

The drip of lube caught Dylan by surprise. He jerked, the cold no doubt startling, and made an inquisitive noise between licks.

“It’s just lube,” Ryker explained, grinding his ass down on Dylan’s face. “Keep licking my hole. Don’t focus on anything else.”

Dylan increased his efforts, and Ryker shuddered. He jerked his cock with slow, edging strokes, enjoying Dylan's tongue and the sight of his mate prodding a leather-clad finger against the boy's rim.

"Tight," August commented, pushing inside.

Dylan hissed, the intrusion making him tense up. August shoved his finger deeper, his motorcycle glove looking obscene as it slipped into the pink ring of muscle guarding Dylan's rectum. Once he'd pushed the whole finger inside, he left it there and let Dylan get used to the feeling.

Eventually, Dylan relaxed enough that August could start fingering him.

"I want you to relax and open up for me, okay?" August said, adding another finger and making Dylan whimper.

"Keep licking," Ryker growled, reaching back and giving his hair a tug.

August's fingers looked enormous in Dylan's hole, his armored motorcycle gloves making his fingers even thicker than usual, and Ryker wished he had his phone so that he could take a picture.

Dylan resumed licking, but Ryker could feel that his heart wasn't in it. He was too focused on August's fingers in his ass.

"That's it," August growled, pumping his fingers in and out of Dylan's hole. He added more lube, spreading his fingers apart to dribble it directly into Dylan's hole, making Dylan grunt as his anal ring was stretched even further. When he resumed fingering him, he must have hit Dylan's prostate, because Dylan let out a sudden moan that had August smirking like the cat that ate the canary. "Yeah, you like that, eager little slut. I think you're ready for more. Do you want me to shove a nice little toy up your ass?"

August pulled his fingers out of Dylan's ass and reached for a medium-sized plug. He coated it in lube, making the black rubber glisten.

When he didn't get an answer, August smacked Dylan's ass. "I asked you a question, Dylan."

“Yes, please,” Dylan mumbled, voice muffled by Ryker’s muscular ass. He stopped licking for a second. “How big is it?”

Ryker was blocking Dylan’s view, and so he wouldn’t be able to anticipate what August was going to shove inside of him. In Ryker’s opinion, that was a good thing. Dylan didn’t need to know what August was going to do. He just had to take it.

“What did I tell you?” he growled, letting a little aggression bleed into his voice. “You focus on me and my ass. That’s it.”

Dylan went back to licking, fast strokes that stabbed at Ryker’s hole, his tongue lapping with intimidated obedience.

“It’s not a big one,” August said, rolling his eyes at Ryker’s glare. “Now relax your hole, it’s going in.”

Dylan relaxed, but he may have underestimated what August considered not a big one. He took the first inch of the plug without resistance, but when the circumference exceeded the width of two of August’s fingers he started to clench down and resist.

“You can take it,” August said, applying steady pressure and sinking the plug deeper. Dylan’s rim stretched around the black rubber, making him whimper as the black rubber forced his hole to open wider and wider, but Ryker knew from experience that he could take much thicker without tearing.

“You’re not licking,” Ryker warned, watching as Dylan’s rim was held open by the thickest part of the plug. August kept it there, rocking it in place, before pushing it deeper and letting Dylan’s hole clamp down on the flared base.

Dylan let out a breath of relief, breathing fast as August prodded at the base of the plug. He still wasn’t licking Ryker’s hole.

“August, could you grab me one of the riding crops from the wall?”

August looked up from Dylan’s ass, eyes crinkled with mirth. “Sure. Is he being bad?”

Dylan seemed to realize his mistake and pushed his tongue back into Ryker's taint, but Ryker was in the mood to teach him a lesson.

"He needs a little reminder, that's all."

August walked over and grabbed a crop, handing it to Ryker. It was a slim braided leather rod with a sturdy little flap on the end, and it would deliver just the right amount of sting for what Ryker had in mind.

"Dylan, what did I tell you to focus on?"

"Your ass," Dylan mumbled between licks.

"And what were you focusing on just now?"

Dylan's breath caught. He paused his licking and then swiped his tongue over Ryker's hole in apology. "My ass."

Ryker brought the crop down on Dylan's cheek, right next to the plug, making him jerk and cry out in surprise.

"Do better," Ryker growled, smacking him again. The crop left a lovely red welt, a much brighter red than the fading handprints from where August must have spanked him earlier.

"I think we'll do this one next." August traced the marks where the crop had hit Dylan's ass before reaching down to pick up a flesh-colored dildo. It was about seven inches and moderately thick, and it would be a nice midway point between the smaller plug and the purple monster.

He lubed it up, not caring that he was getting lube all over his gloves, and yanked the plug out of Dylan's hole.

The removal of the plug caught Dylan by surprise, and he stopped licking and let out a hiss of pain. Ryker brought the crop down on his ass, smacking him hard until he resumed licking.

Satisfied, Ryker placed the tip of the crop on Dylan's balls in a warning of what would happen if he lapsed again. Dylan shuddered, his efforts increasing exponentially.

August gave Ryker a look, warning him that slapping Dylan's balls would be a step too far. Ryker rolled his eyes. He

wasn't going to introduce cock and ball torture without talking it over and setting up proper safewords in advance.

"This one should feel pretty nice," August said, shifting his attention to Dylan. He placed the tip of the dildo against Dylan's rim and shoved the head inside. "Relax for me, baby. You can take it."

August must have decided that Dylan had loosened enough that he could be a little rough, because he shoved the dildo into his hole in one hard push.

Dylan yelped, but he didn't pause licking Ryker's ass even for a second.

Ryker stroked his cock very slowly, edging himself and keeping himself at the edge of orgasm, but he was getting too close to the edge to hold back. He swung his leg off the bench and lifted his hand off his cock, taking a few steps back and chuckling at the dazed look on Dylan's face as he tried to process where Ryker's ass had disappeared to.

Ruffling his hair, Ryker wiped Dylan's mouth and leaned down for a kiss. He plunged into his mouth, the taste of his own musky sweat bursting on his tongue.

Lifting up and looking down at Dylan's face, he grinned. "Having fun?"

Dylan swallowed, looking more dazed than ever, but then he nodded. His mouth curved up at the corners. "Your butt is so hard."

Ryker and August both laughed.

"I do a lot of squats," Ryker said, leaning down for another kiss.

"I think we can move up a size," August said, unceremoniously yanking the toy out of Dylan's hole and dropping it on the floor. He grabbed the purple dildo Ryker had held up earlier and lubed it up.

"Maybe we should send that one home with you," Ryker commented, crouching down next to the bench and putting

himself a little above Dylan's line of sight. "Give you something to practice on."

Dylan watched August lube up the dildo with breathless anticipation, his hole twitching and struggling to close all the way after August's rough dildo-fucking.

Ryker couldn't wait to see how much he'd be gaping when he and August had both fucked and knotted him for real.

"Maybe," Dylan mumbled, non-committal. He took a deep breath when August placed the dildo against his opening, bracing for the big purple head to breach his hole.

August met Ryker's gaze, a small smirk on his face before he rammed the dildo into Dylan's hole.

Dylan squealed, his abs contracting and his bound body jerking against the cuffs holding him in place as the first third of the thick rubber toy pushed into his rectum.

"Too much?" Ryker asked, pinching Dylan's right nipple and playing with it as August started pushing the dildo deeper.

"It's big," Dylan said through gritted teeth. He was sweating, his face red and splotchy, and his breaths were labored.

"Not as big as me or August." Ryker pinched down on Dylan's nipple and tugged. "Do you need a break?"

August stopped pushing, about half the length of the dildo buried in Dylan's ass, and waited to hear the boy's answer.

Dylan shook his head. "No, I can take it." He licked his lips and confessed, "It feels good."

Ryker and August looked at each other, sharing a moment of wonder at how absolutely perfect Dylan was for them, before August resumed fucking the dildo deeper into Dylan's hole and Ryker crouched down deeper for another kiss.

When August had gotten about ten inches of the dildo into Dylan's ass, he pulled it completely out and rammed it back in with a brutal shove. Before Dylan could even squeal, August had yanked the dildo out and pushed it in again, setting up a

punishing rhythm that mimicked the kind of long-dicking that August most enjoyed.

There would be almost no resistance in Dylan's hole when they fucked him now, and Ryker was a little disappointed. Fucking an ass and pushing past the resistance when you got about five or six inches deep – feeling the internal walls of someone's guts being rearranged by his massive cock – was one of the best aspects of fucking a really tight hole.

But watching August's face as he pumped the dildo in and out of Dylan's hole was pretty nice as well. His mate had an intent, intimidatingly feral look on his face, and coupled with his menacing leather outfit he looked absolutely savage.

“Okay, pause,” Dylan cried, grimacing. “I need a break.”

August stopped immediately, the dildo buried to the hilt in Dylan's hole.

“Do you want me to take it out?” he asked, his gruff tone at odds with the respectful way he asked the question.

“Yeah,” Dylan said, gritting his teeth.

August pulled the dildo out of his hole, going slowly and giving Ryker a really nice view of the way Dylan's stretched rim clung to the slick rubber.

It would probably have been easier for Dylan if August had just yanked it out like he'd been doing before, rather than stretching it out and making him feel every second of the obviously excruciating exit.

“Untie his ankles, would you?” August asked, letting the dildo fall to the floor. He nodded his chin toward Dylan's legs. “I'll get his hands.”

Dylan looked both relieved and a little disappointed to be released from his bondage. Ryker unhooked the carabiner holding his legs together, pushing his legs away from his head and making him grimace at the change in position.

August unclipped the bondage mittens from Dylan's collar and slipped them off his hands, taking his palms into his fingers and rubbing into them with his thumbs.

Dylan's legs dangled over the end of the bondage bench, awkward and flailing, and so Ryker lifted his torso up and helped him sit. He put his hands on Dylan's shoulders and gave them a squeeze.

"Better?"

Dylan grimaced, shifting from side to side as he struggled not to put any weight on his abused hole.

"Yeah. I just felt like I was going to get a cramp in my leg."

August took the words as a cue. He crouched down in front of the bench by Dylan's legs, taking his thigh in his hands and glancing up at him. "Which leg?"

Dylan froze, looking surprised to see August crouching down in front of him. He swallowed, his gaze fixing on August's hands on his thigh.

"The left one."

August shifted his grip to Dylan's left thigh and started massaging the muscle with firm strokes of his gloved hand.

Dylan sat there, staring down at August with reverent worship radiating from his expression.

"We don't want you to cramp," August said, wrapping his hand around the back of Dylan's thigh and leaning in to place a gentle kiss behind his knee. "Only the good kind of hurt for our boy."

Dylan's skin prickled, spreading from his neck and down his upper arms, and Ryker smirked. He reached out and brushed the pad of his index finger down Dylan's shoulder, making him shudder as he smoothed out the tiny bumps.

"Do you want to continue?" Ryker asked, keeping his hand on Dylan's shoulder and leaning down to kiss the top of his head.

Dylan closed his eyes, his breathing still a little fast, and nodded. When he opened his eyes, he looked over his shoulder and met Ryker's gaze.

“Can we move things to the bedroom?” He bit his lip and swallowed. “And just have normal sex, this time?”

Staring into Dylan’s big eyes as the boy begged to be taken to bed and fucked, Ryker just about melted.

“Of course. Right, August?”

August, mouth still pressing kisses to Dylan’s inner thigh and behind his knee, chuckled.

“Of course.”

AUGUST

Monday morning found August riding the elevator up to his clinic with a wide grin on his face.

He and Ryker had been on two more dates with Dylan since their first official outing, cooking him dinner at their apartment on Friday night and taking him to the movies and then back to their apartment on Sunday, and both evenings had gone swimmingly.

Dylan was adorably shy – his real-life personality a far cry from the rather forward way he'd presented himself online – but August liked the real-life version of Dylan much better than his online persona. He might not have as much kink experience as he'd claimed – or *any* kink experience – but he was eager to try things out, and he was good at letting August and Ryker know when something was too much for him.

To August's consternation, he was still refusing to budge on wearing the chastity cage. August had pushed the issue on their Friday night date – going so far as to bring the cage with him to the bedroom and taking it out when he was knot deep in Dylan's hole – but Dylan had balked and now Ryker had forbidden him from bringing it up again.

August had been tempted to just put the boy into the cage when he was fucked out and blissfully unaware of his surroundings, but Ryker had given him a look that promised violence if he so much as attempted it.

It was crazy how Ryker always seemed to know what he was thinking. Like on Sunday night, when without even

discussing it they'd looked at each other across the dinner table and decided that they were putting Dylan in a straitjacket and spit-roasting him while Ryker smacked his ass with his favorite riding crop.

August had never met someone who bruised as prettily as Dylan.

Seeing him strapped into the restrictive straitjacket, his little six-inch cock hard and straining as Ryker teased his balls with the crop, had been so hot that August had lost control and blasted his load into Dylan's unsuspecting mouth far sooner than he'd intended.

He wished he had it on camera. Dylan had coughed and sputtered, his face a mess of spit and come, and the way he'd pouted was the cutest thing August had ever seen.

"You're looking happy today, Dr. Schaffer. Did you have a nice weekend?"

August beamed at Cynthia, the clinic receptionist, as he stepped out of the elevator and tugged off his gloves. He shoved them, in his pockets and removed his coat, folding it over his arm to be put away in his office.

"I did, thank you. It was really fantastic. How about you?"

"Not as good as yours apparently, but nice enough." Cynthia chuckled. "Mark and I took Samantha to the park."

"That sounds nice. Did you have fun?"

August walked toward his office, Cynthia falling into step next to him.

"We did. It was cold, but there was an interactive art installation that Samantha really enjoyed." Cynthia gave him a curious look. "What about you?"

"I went on two dates with my beautiful husband and a very pretty boy." August smirked, making no attempt to hide how happy he was. "We really like this one."

August had known Cynthia for about four years, and she knew all about his and Ryker's attempts to find a third. She didn't know the details of what they wanted to *do* with their

third – she’d probably faint if she saw their playroom – but she was as supportive as a work friend who was also an employee could be.

“Good for you.” Cynthia stood next to his desk while August booted up his computer. “I hope it works out for you.”

“Thank you.” August was determined to make things work with Dylan, even if that meant not pushing him into chastity no matter how much August wanted to lock away his cock. “So what’s on the agenda this morning? Any changes to the schedule?”

Cynthia nodded. “Yes. Mrs. Scalia canceled her appointment, so you don’t have any patients before nine. Dr. Walker is in room two with a patient, but she wants a meeting before lunch.”

“All right,” August said. “Do you know what it’s about?”

Cynthia shrugged. “Something about the equipment in room three. I don’t know what.”

August suppressed a wince. He didn’t want any questions from Mary about what he’d been up to in there. It had to be something else. August had put the colonic machine and gynecological examination chair back exactly as he’d found them

Hadn’t he?

“Let her know I’ll find her before lunch.”

“Will do.” Cynthia stepped away from his desk. “I’ll be at the reception if you need me.”

Cynthia left, and August logged on to his computer and worked through the lab results that had come in over the weekend. There was a histology report on Dylan’s mole, which he clicked on first, and as he’d expected there was nothing wrong. He made a note in Dylan’s chart and sent him a quick text message to let him know that his results were in and that there was nothing to worry about.

Ten seconds later, Dylan reacted to the message with a smiley face. August stared at the little emoji, grinning like a

fool and feeling all warm and happy in his chest.

He hoped Dylan was having the same happy feelings about him and Ryker.

Once August was finished with the lab results, he still had some time before his first patient of the day. He left his office and went to the staff room to make himself a cup of coffee.

Angela, one of two nurses who worked at the clinic, was standing by the coffee machine.

“Is there enough for me?”

August stayed by the door, not wanting to startle Angela. She’d only been with them for a month, working part time, and she was still a little intimidated by him.

“Oh, Dr. Schaffer. I didn’t see you there.” Angela shot him a nervous smile. “Of course. Shall I pour you a cup?”

August walked into the room and grabbed his favorite mug from the cupboard. “No, that’s all right. I don’t mind. Did you have a nice weekend?”

“Yes, very nice.” Angela took her cup and stepped back from the machine. She dithered a bit before taking a seat on the little couch by the window. “How about you?”

“Very nice.”

August wasn’t going to be telling Angela anything about him and Ryker dating a pretty boy. She’d be scarred for life.

Before August and Angela could be forced to continue their awkward chatting, his business partner Mary barged into the room.

She and August had gone to medical school together, and when Ryker got sick of August working too much and offered to bankroll a new clinic for him, she’d jumped at the chance to join in on the venture.

It had taken a few years to become profitable, but they were now firmly in the red and slowly but surely paying Ryker back what he’d invested.

“Good morning,” August said, taking a sip of his coffee.

Mary made a shooing motion with her hand, batting away his attempt at morning small talk, and crossed her arms. She looked up at him with a stern expression. At just under five feet, she didn't reach higher than August's abs, but she didn't let that stop her from meeting his gaze.

“Have you been using exam room three?”

August really wasn't about to be confronted about using the room for roleplaying purposes in front of their new nurse, was he?

“Maybe.” He tilted his head. “Why? Did I not pick up after myself?”

Mary sighed. “August, we're not getting another shipment of equipment for the colonic machine until Friday. I can't just send Cynthia out to buy hoses that fit our machine – they have to be special ordered.” She rubbed the bridge of her nose and made an irritated sound. “Why are you even giving your patients colonics, anyway?”

August tried to come up with an excuse on the spot, but there really was no way he'd give any of his patients a colonic. His opinion was that colonics were a fad with no scientific backing, and he'd made that opinion clear to Mary when she acquired the machine for the clinic.

Mary's opinion was that if her rich patients wanted colonics, she would provide them and charge accordingly.

“I didn't,” August blurted out. It was the truth, sort of. Dylan wasn't really a patient, even though he was in their system and August had treated his mole. “I needed the hoses for my aquarium. I'm really sorry, it didn't occur to me that they had to be special ordered.”

“It didn't occur to you.” Mary gave him a look like she was trying to figure out where his brain had run off to. “And since when do you have fish?”

“I won't do it again.” August held his coffee cup over his chest like a shield. “And since a while ago? They're pretty to look at.”

He'd have to get a fish tank now. He wondered where he'd put it. Ryker's office, maybe?

Mary threw up her hands. "I can't believe you. Fine. Apology accepted, but don't touch my stuff again without asking."

"I won't." August fought to suppress an amused smile. "Was that what you wanted to meet me about before lunch?"

"Yes. You're lucky I have just enough hoses to last me until Friday." Mary poked him. "Or this conversation would have been far less pleasant."

August couldn't hold back his smile. "Noted."

Mary rolled her eyes and left the room without saying goodbye. August glanced over to Angela, who'd watched the encounter with wide eyes.

"She sure told me, huh?" he joked, making her crack a smile.

"Yeah." Angela cleared her throat. "She's pretty great."

It took her a second to realize how that might sound, the mortified expression on her face making August laugh.

"I just meant that—"

"I know what you meant," August said, still grinning. "And I agree. Mary is pretty awesome."



The rest of August's morning went by quickly, his leisurely morning turning hectic when one of his patients came to the clinic without an appointment because of an unusual bout of shortness of breath. August had sent her straight to the hospital, though it took quite a bit of convincing to make her understand that he couldn't just give her a pill and let her go home.

By the time lunch rolled around and he was back on schedule, August was in desperate need of a walk and some

fresh air. He put on his coat, scarf, and leather gloves and made his way down the elevator and outside.

He headed toward the large park located a few blocks from his office, grabbing a delicious Korean wrap with fried chicken from a food truck on the way and eating it as he walked.

Meandering through the park, August made quick work of his wrap and wondered if he should give in to his need to move and go for a quick run. If he didn't push himself, he wouldn't sweat enough that he'd have to take a shower.

He decided to risk it and started jogging down the path.

He got quite a few looks – most people didn't go jogging in business attire – but August was used to weird looks and well-practiced in ignoring them.

Jogging in the park wasn't quite as good as going for a run in the woods, but it was still nice. If there was one good thing about winter, it was that the cold air made the city smell far less offensive than it did during summer. When he was in the park like this, with the trees all around him, he could almost forget that he was in the middle of a large city.

The background noise of honking cars, sirens and construction work disrupted the illusion, but not so much that August let it bother him.

The fact that he could go home to an apartment that had been soundproofed to werewolf standards made a big difference in his ability to deal with noise when he was away from home.

Feeling himself starting to get a little warm, August slowed down and stopped jogging. He took off his scarf and gloves and shoved them in his pocket, unzipping his coat down past his chest and letting the cold winter air cool him down.

A woman pushing an old-fashioned stroller nearly careened off the path ogling him, her face turning beet red as she glanced away and rushed past him.

August wished he could strip naked and go for a real run. Maybe, if Ryker had time, they could head up to the preserve later that night and get rid of some of their excess energy. He shot off a quick text to his mate suggesting it.

August was just putting his phone back in his pocket when he spotted a familiar figure coming toward him.

It was Steve, Ryker's new best friend, and from the looks of it he was out for a jog. Unlike August, he was dressed for the occasion, looking annoyingly good in head-to-toe compression gear.

It was quite the look.

At least he was wearing an athletic cup, August noted, judging his fellow werewolf for putting himself on display. He wasn't wearing any shorts, the smooth bulge of his athletic cup jutting out an obscene amount, the nylon and spandex fabric showing off every twitch of his powerful muscles.

When Ryker went jogging, he at least had the decency to wear shorts over his compression tights.

Then again, Ryker didn't wear a cup, and the shorts didn't do much to hide his very obvious bulge— which unlike Steve's rounded mound — was very recognizably cock-shaped.

Steve was looking at him, a wary, not at all friendly expression on his face, and as he jogged closer, he slowed down to a walk.

August stood rooted to the spot, letting Steve approach him.

He'd tussled with Steve many times during full moons, but he'd never interacted with him in the city.

He hadn't realized that Steve was several inches taller than him.

One more thing to the list of things that were irritating about the younger man.

“August.” Steve crossed his arms, his biceps pressing against his pecs in a clash of muscle, and furrowed his brow. “How are you?”

The contrast between the friendly question and Steve's hostile body language was hilarious.

“Considering the fact that I've knotted your friend Dylan three times in the past week, I'd say I'm pretty good. How are you?”

August ducked just in time to miss Steve's swing at his face, the other alpha's roar of anger really quite impressive in its ferocity.

“Did you know he can put his feet behind his head?” August taunted, stepping closer and delivering an uppercut to Steve's solar plexus. The blow sent Steve flying back, landing him on his ass. August smirked. “Like all the way back, with his knees under his shoulders and his ass just on display. You should have seen it.”

Steve jumped to his feet and charged, ducking his head and hitting August with his shoulders and knocking them both to the ground.

Ryker had described Steve as an easy take-down, but as August wrestled the taller man, it was a frustratingly even match.

Steve was strong, and he was obviously an experienced wrestler. It took August a good three minutes to get him pinned, by which time he'd torn both his shirt and pants and lost his jacket completely.

August had Steve in a headlock, using his knee to press the taller man into the ground.

Finally, after trying to shake him off, Steve went limp with submission.

August let go and jumped to his feet, holding out his hand to help Steve get up. Steve narrowed his eyes, glaring at August's fingers like they might bite him, but after a second he reached up and accepted the hand.

“We're lucky no one saw that,” Steve said, brushing dirt and dust off his front. His compression shirt had ridden up, exposing his ripped abs. “Fucking idiots, fighting in public like a pair of teenagers.”

“You attacked me, remember?” August crossed his arms.

Steve wrinkled his nose and rolled his eyes. “You provoked me, asshole.”

Steve had lost one of his shoes in the tussle, and August walked over to where it was lying and picked it up. He tossed it at Steve with a bit more force than necessary.

“Great defense,” August mocked. “I can tell you’re an officer of the law. You must have passed your three-week course with flying colors.”

Steve looked murderous, but then just as quickly his anger seemed to melt away and he was rolling his eyes.

“What?” August demanded.

“You’re a fucking douchebag, you know that?” Steve bent down to put on his shoe, tying the laces tight.

“Only to people who deserve it.” August crossed his arms again. “And you fucking deserve it, you yappy little shit.”

“Fuck off, August.” Steve rose up and rolled his shoulders. Then, as if their confrontation was over, he jogged away.

August followed, incensed. He caught up to Steve and ran next to him.

“Don’t walk away from me when I’m talking to you!”

Steve glanced at him, unimpressed. “I’m *jogging* away from you. Are you coming along for the run?”

August was perversely tempted to say yes, but then he realized that he was being ridiculous and stopped.

Steve, ignoring him completely, kept going, turning the corner up ahead and disappearing from sight. August could still hear him, the steady beat of his feet hitting the frozen dirt path getting progressively further away the longer he stood there.

Feeling very unsatisfied with his victory, August turned around and went back to pick up his coat. His scarf and his gloves had fallen out of his pockets sometime during the fight, each item landing a few feet away from each other. The gloves

were fine, but his scarf had been stepped on and looked dirty no matter how much August tried to brush it clean.

Winning against Steve didn't feel as good as he'd expected it to, and unlike Ryker, his victory didn't leave him with any feelings of fond benevolence.

Steve was still an annoying little shit.

A pair of joggers turned the bend, slowing down at the sight of him and giving him worried looks. August quickly put on his coat and zipped it up, pushing his dirty scarf into his pocket and tugging on his gloves. He ran his fingers through his hair, smoothing it down, and then brushed off his dirty pants. The pants were torn above the knee – ripped at the seam when Steve had grabbed him and tried to pull him off when he'd had him pinned – and he was showing off several inches of thigh.

Luckily, August had a spare set of clothes in his office. Unluckily, to get them he'd have to walk through the reception and waiting room where Cynthia and his patients would see him.

Since he didn't want to explain to anyone why he looked like he'd been in a fight, August decided to go buy a new pair of pants before heading back to the office. And since he was going shopping anyway, he could see if he found something nice to wear for his next date with Ryker and Dylan.

Mood lifted by his excellent plan, August turned around and left the park in a hurry. If he was quick, he could get his shopping done and be back at the office in time to see his next patient with no one being the wiser.

STEVE

Steve couldn't believe it. He'd lost to *August Schaffer*.

At least he hadn't made it easy for him. Ryker had put him on his knees and made it feel impossible to fight back – his dominance unquestionable – but with August, Steve had felt like he stood a chance.

It was fucking annoying to have lost. If he'd just grabbed August's leg when he had the chance, right after they both went down, he could have flipped them over and gotten on top.

Then again, if he'd gone for August's leg, August could have snapped his arm in half and left him in much worse shape than he had. A few scrapes on his knees and a tear in his compression shirt wasn't too bad for going up against an older and more experienced alpha. Especially one who, though Steve was loath to admit it, was more dominant than him.

Cutting his jog short, Steve detoured from his usual route and headed back to his apartment.

When he got home, Steve kicked off his shoes and locked the door, a feeling of safety and security coming over him. The apartment wasn't the greatest werewolf den – the walls were too thin and there were too many neighbors – but it was *his*.

The apartment was also a sign from his father that, when he'd finished up his rebellion, he would be welcome back home to his pack.

Steve never would have been able to afford a one-bedroom apartment in the city center on a rookie cop's salary. He'd been surprised, when he'd first moved to the city, to see that he still had access to his trust fund.

The conspicuously unchanged account was the only sign from his father that he wasn't excommunicated.

Though Steve didn't like the fact that he was still dependent on his pack, he couldn't deny that it helped his inner wolf feel at peace. He didn't want to go home, at least not yet, but it was nice to know he could if he wanted to.

Crossing through his living room, Steve made his way to the bathroom and stripped off his tight compression gear. He put his shirt aside to be mended later and turned on the shower, adjusting the dial to make the water a little hotter than his usual preference, and stepped back while he waited for the water to get hot.

While he waited, Steve finished getting naked. He pushed his jockstrap down over his meaty thighs and kicked it loose, bending down to grab the cup out of the pouch and give it a quick rinse before setting the cup aside to dry next to the sink.

Steve used a cup in his jockstrap to keep his dick from showing through his tights when he worked out and went jogging. It wasn't something he'd felt the need for back home, but it had taken just one jog after he'd moved before he went and bought one.

People in the city *stared*.

Even though it was necessary, Steve hated the way the cup felt. His cock and balls got all smushed, the cramped cup hot and uncomfortably sweaty, and even though the actual shape of his cock wasn't visible, people still looked at his crotch.

It was the same when he wore his uniform. Unless he used a cup in his underwear, the shape of his dick was clearly visible, and that was not something his superiors would approve of.

On the whole, it was a very unsatisfactory situation.

Putting his hand under the spray, Steve tested the water to make sure it was warm before stepping into the shower.

He let out a shuddering breath, a feeling of bliss spreading through his body. Hot water pounded down on his back, massaging between his shoulder blades, while steam filled the air and turned his breath moist.

Steve closed his eyes, ducking his chin and letting the water run over the back of his head, standing still and letting himself enjoy the heat and pressure.

He moved back and forth, letting the water massage his back, groaning when it hit the tight muscle at the top of his neck.

As he stood there, steam clouding the air in front of him, Steve couldn't stop thinking about his encounter with August.

The asshole had knotted Dylan three times in the last week.

The thought lingered at the forefront of Steve's mind, intrusive and unwelcome and *disgustingly* hot.

He couldn't help but picture it. August, with his fancy hair and cocky attitude, pounding his massive cock into Dylan's hole, plugging him tight and filling him up with his fat knot. They'd both be sweating and moaning, Dylan's breath stuttering from the incredible stretch, while August would smirk in that obnoxious way of his, telling Dylan to be a good boy and take it.

Ryker would be there, too, Steve imagined, maybe straddling Dylan's face and letting him lick his balls.

He seemed like the kind of guy who'd want his balls licked.

Before he knew what he was doing, Steve's hand was around his cock, pumping his hard shaft as he fantasized about his two least favorite alphas railing his most favorite human.

The images kept playing out in his head. He pictured Ryker and August manhandling Dylan, tossing him back and

forth to be knotted and spanked, smacking him with their dicks and making him lick their taints and muscles.

No matter how much Steve tried to shift the fantasy to where it was *him* having his way with Dylan, Ryker and August kept popping up next to him, taking over the fantasy like the assholes they were.

Steve shot his load to the mental picture of himself balls deep in Dylan's ass, August standing next to him and smiling that irritatingly cocky smirk of his, Ryker with his back turned and fucking Dylan's face.

It was the most intense orgasm of his life.

Steve blasted the shower wall with come, his balls pulling tight and his gut clenching as his load hit the white tile with an audible splat, the creamy blobs dripping down to the floor where they mixed with the water from the shower and disappeared down the drain.

It seemed to go on forever. Rope after rope of come shot out of Steve's cock, his thick shaft throbbing with each release, the scent of sex in the air so thick that Steve felt like he was about to choke on it.

When he was done coming, his cock sore and his balls feeling nicely empty, Steve leaned a hand against the wall and tried to grapple with the fact that he'd just jerked off to thoughts about two alphas.

He decided never to think of it again. It was like watching porn. Just because he'd pictured Dylan getting fucked by someone else, that didn't mean he liked them. Dylan was the focus of the fantasy, while August and Ryker's appearance could be chalked up to their recent confrontations.

It meant nothing.

Grabbing the showerhead, Steve sprayed the wall clean of come and picked up the soap. When he'd finished washing his body, he rinsed off and turned off the shower.

There was so much steam filling the small bathroom that Steve couldn't even see the mirror

Heading into the bedroom, dripping water all over the floor, Steve dried off and put on a comfortable pair of jeans and a black t-shirt. The bedroom was freezing compared to the steamy bathroom, the chilly hardwood floor freezing his feet, and so he put on a pair of thick woolen socks to keep his toes nice and toasty.

He wandered into the living room, grabbing a miniature sewing kit he'd picked up in a hotel amenity kit and his ripped compression shirt on the way, and took a seat on the couch.

It couldn't be that hard to fix a small tear in a simple shirt.

Thirty minutes later, Steve had used up all the black thread in his hotel sewing kit. He looked down at the mended tear in his shirt, frowning at the thick seam and the way that the fabric seemed to bunch up around it.

When his younger brother mended his clothes, it didn't look anything like this. Steve might have overestimated his abilities just a little. He stripped off his t-shirt and pulled on the mended compression shirt, jumping off the couch and heading to the hallway to check out the fix in the mirror.

He angled his body toward the mirror, studying his reflection. The fix was good enough, he decided. The stitches weren't as neat as they could have been, and the thread was a little itchy, but it wasn't a terrible job.

Happy with his efforts, Steve took the shirt off and added it to the laundry basket in the bedroom to be cleaned later.

Going back into the living room and putting his clean shirt back on, Steve sat down on the couch and drummed his fingers on the armrest.

He didn't really know what to do with himself. He'd originally planned to go for a long run and then head to the gym, his usual go-to when he was bored, but his confrontation with August had killed his mood for working out.

If he was back home, Steve would have called up one of his friends or siblings and hung out with them. They'd go skiing, fishing, or just hang out at someone's house and do nothing. There were many nights he'd ended up in a puppy

pile ten people deep, falling asleep with his pack around him and feeling like everything was right with the world.

Steve missed them. He missed his siblings, and his friends, and even his dad – despite the fact that he'd basically kicked him out of the pack.

Rubbing his face, feeling himself starting to get maudlin, Steve tried to think of something to do to take his mind off the fact that he was all alone and that his most significant social interactions lately were with a pair of douchebag alphas who acted like they owned everything.

It wouldn't be so bad going home, Steve thought. His fight with his dad had been bad, but if he gave in and took on the role his father wanted him to take, he'd be allowed home in a heartbeat.

Steve's dad was the alpha of their pack, and he expected all his kids to fold themselves neatly into the pack hierarchy.

For Steve's older brother Marcus, it was easy. He was the kind of alpha destined to lead, and everyone knew that one day he'd be taking over the pack. He'd have to fight their dad to do it – to prove that his wolf was ready to be pack alpha – but no one doubted that as Marcus got stronger and their dad got older that he'd be able to take him.

Steve's younger brother William, on the other hand, was not an alpha. He gave his submission eagerly and without any qualms, slotting into the pack without ever feeling like he didn't fit in.

Steve did not have it so easy. Despite being an alpha, he wasn't nearly as dominant as Marcus or their dad. There was no question of him ever trying to be pack alpha, or even a deputy of one of their territories, but he was still expected to fall into line and help his brother's run the pack.

His dad had believed that the reason Steve got his bachelor in criminal justice was so that he'd be prepared for the job. When he'd realized that Steve had no intention of being his brother's assistant – that he wanted to work in human law enforcement – he'd told him to either fall in line or get out.

Angry, Steve had gotten on a flight and done just that. He'd stayed at a hotel until he found his apartment, applied for a job at the police department, and started making a life for himself. The fact that it was a sad lonely life where he didn't have any friends or people to run with on the full moon was something he didn't like thinking about.

It would get better, eventually. Steve would get used to living on his own, and maybe with time his dad would be okay with him coming to visit.

Marcus hadn't held it against him that he didn't want to be his glorified assistant. He'd always known that Steve wanted to make his own way, and he was okay with that.

Feeling shitty, Steve chastised himself for wallowing. Nothing good would come of it.

With a burst of determination, Steve rose from the couch and walked into the hallway. He put on his boots and jacket, grabbed his keys, riding gloves, and helmet, and walked outside to his bike.

A nice ride on his motorcycle would cheer him up.

The temperature was below freezing, but there hadn't been any rain recently and so the road shouldn't be icy.

Mounting his bike and leaning forward to grab the handlebars, Steve already felt better. There was nothing quite as exhilarating as riding his bike. The feel of the powerful motor vibrating between his legs, the speed, the way the whole bike dipped when he took a sharp turn – Steve loved every second of it.

He kicked the bike into gear and took off, speeding down the street with a roar of his engine that he knew he'd be getting complaints about later.

This was exactly what he needed.



Three hours later, returning to the city after going upstate and circling around some of the smaller towns, Steve was in a much better mood. He re-entered the city near the university, and if he slowed down more than necessary as he drove past the coffee shop where he'd last seen Dylan, that was no one's business but his own.

The road had been a little icier than Steve had expected – it had rained upstate earlier in the day – but he'd been careful and he hadn't come close to having an accident.

Despite taking the circuitous route through Dylan's territory, Steve was still surprised when he spotted Dylan sitting inside the coffee shop in the same chair by the window that he'd been in last time.

Warmth curled in his lower stomach, seeping down into his cock and making his shaft twitch.

Steve decided he might as well say hello. He wouldn't try to poach the boy from August and Ryker – not after they'd both kicked his ass – but he could still check in and make sure he was doing okay.

If August had knotted him three times, that meant that Ryker had probably done the same, and that was a lot of knots for one little hole to take.

Steve was just doing his civic duty, he told himself, checking on a member of his community and making sure August and Ryker weren't giving werewolves a bad name.

Parking his bike next to the curb, Steve jogged down the sidewalk to the coffee shop. He shoved his gloves into his helmet, tucking the helmet under his arm and pushing open the door to the coffee shop and walking inside.

He could smell Dylan as soon as he opened the door. His unique scent filled Steve's nose, pushing into his lungs and making his whole body feel warm and happy.

His cock thickened against his thigh, his balls feeling full and heavy.

Skippping the counter entirely, Steve walked right up to Dylan and put on his best grin.

“Working on your thesis again?”

Dylan jumped, startled, and looked up. His eyes widened, a flash of something that Steve hoped was desire darkening his eyes, and then he smiled.

“Steve, hello. I’m not, actually. This is an assignment for class.” He sat up a little straighter, the tip of his tongue poking out to wet his lips. “Did you want to sit down?”

Steve’s big grin widened. “If you don’t mind?”

Dylan shook his head. “No, not at all.”

Steve put his helmet down on the table between them and took a seat. He stretched out his legs and let his big boots bracket Dylan’s feet, careful not to let them touch, enjoying the way the position showed off his thighs and bulge.

“So how are things going with the sugar daddies?”

Dylan blushed, the color so red that Steve had to hold back a snort.

“They’re not my sugar daddies,” Dylan mumbled, rubbing his face and taking a quick sip of his coffee. “But things are good. I like them.”

Steve had expected as much, but it was still disappointing to hear.

“They’re not too much for you?” Steve asked, resting his hand on his thigh. “Because if they are, you could easily downgrade to a one-werewolf plan.”

He winked, and Dylan rolled his eyes.

“A downgrade, really? That’s how you’re describing yourself.” Dylan gave him a look of mock concern. “You should be nicer to yourself.”

Steve smirked. “Who said I was talking about me? That’s a little presumptuous of you, don’t you think? Assuming that I want to date you?”

Dylan put down his cup and narrowed his eyes, but he was smiling. “It’s not presumptuous when you’ve literally asked me on a date.”

Steve sighed and exaggerated a pout. “I guess it’s not. So, what do you say? Will you ditch the old guys and go out with me?”

“No, sorry. Not while I’m dating August and Ryker.” Dylan laughed.

Steve sighed. “That’s too bad.”

Dylan looked at him with a strange expression, like he wasn’t sure whether or not Steve was kidding.

Steve wondered if maybe Dylan wasn’t the one who should be nicer to himself. It was only natural that people should want to date him. He was cute as fuck.

“Do you like them?”

Steve didn’t understand what Dylan was asking.

“Like who?”

Dylan licked his lips. “August and Ryker?”

Steve scoffed, the question absurd. The sudden memory of his earlier jack-off session had his face feeling hot. He shook his head and tried not to think about the fact that he’d jerked off to fantasies that involved the two alphas.

“No, of course not. They’re assholes.” Remembering who he was talking to, he quickly tacked on, “No offense.”

Dylan chuckled. “None taken.” He tilted his head and gave Steve a long look. “Ryker likes you. He said he wants you to join them on the next full moon.”

Steve couldn’t explain the sudden feeling in his stomach. It was hot and excited, riling his wolf, and for a second it was all he could do not to get up and *run*.

If he’d had a tail, it would be wagging.

“What?” Steve forced himself to sound disbelieving. Dylan was a human, and he must have misunderstood what Ryker had said. The prissy asshole had probably meant that he and August were going to gang up on Steve again and beat him up and throw him in the river on the next full moon.

“I think they want to be friends with you.”

The statement was absurd. Werewolf alphas did not make friends with other alphas who weren't part of their packs. That just wasn't how they worked.

The idea that Ryker could be thinking of inviting Steve into his little pack was something Steve didn't let himself think about.

His father would never allow it.

“I ran into August a few hours ago and he kicked my ass, so I sincerely doubt that.” Steve didn't let any of his weirdly conflicted feelings show in his voice. “You must have misunderstood.”

Dylan sat up, leaning forward and looking worried. “He did? Are you okay? Is August okay? Why would he do that?”

Steve held up his hand, amused and touched by Dylan's concern.

“I started it. He was bragging about how many times he's knotted you and I got jealous and lost my temper. We're both fine. He put me on the ground and then I walked away. It's no big deal.”

Dylan's face went red, and Steve suppressed a smirk. He might have lost the fight, but he could still expose August's asshole behavior. Dylan did not seem like the kind of guy who would appreciate people bragging about how many times they'd fucked him.

“It wasn't that many times,” Dylan mumbled, grabbing his coffee and staring into the cup. His blush, rather than fade, was getting redder.

“If you were dating me, I wouldn't be going around bragging about how many times I'd knotted you.” Steve leaned forward, closing his feet in so that his boots touched Dylan's sneakers. “I would be a gentleman.”

Dylan laughed, looking a little less embarrassed. He raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure?”

Steve grimaced, thinking about it. If his and August's positions were reversed, he'd probably be bragging, too.

"I wouldn't be an asshole about it."

Judging by the look on his face, Dylan didn't believe that for one second.

Steve leaned back into his chair, relaxing his legs so that his feet were no longer touching Dylan's. He looked over toward the counter, staring up at the blackboard with the coffee shop menu written on it.

He debated with himself whether he was in the mood for a coffee or not, or more accurately, if he wanted to leave Dylan for the time it would take to order it.

Before he could make up his mind, Dylan looked at his watch and gave a little start.

"Fuck, I'm late for meeting my friend." He packed up his bag, downed the rest of his coffee with a grimace, and rose. "It was nice seeing you again, Steve. I'll tell Ryker you said hi."

Steve grinned, the teasing tone of Dylan's voice going right to his cock.

"You do that and I'll put you over my knee and spank the living daylights out of you." Steve rose, enjoying the way he towered over Dylan as he closed the distance between them. He put his hand on Dylan's shoulder and gave it a squeeze, feeling the boy tremble beneath his palm. "Or maybe not. You seem like you'd be a little too into it." Steve released Dylan's shoulder, smirking in satisfaction at the effect he had on the boy. "Take care, Dylan. I'll see you around."

Dylan stepped back, nearly tripping over the chair behind him and trying to look like nothing had happened. He rubbed the back of his neck.

"You too."

Steve gave him one last knowing look before he left, loving the fact that the only thing keeping Dylan from climbing him like a tree was the fact that he didn't want to be disloyal to August and Ryker.

He grabbed his helmet from the table and headed out the door. When he walked past the window, Dylan was still standing where he'd left him, looking overwhelmed and deliciously horny.

Their eyes met through the glass, and Dylan was back to blushing. He jerked, yanking his gaze away from Steve's face, and bent down to pick up his bag.

Steve kept moving, mounting his bike and grinding his bulge into the leather seat. The pressure on his cock had him gritting his teeth with pleasure, sparks shooting up and down his spine.

He needed to come so bad.

Kicking his bike into gear, Steve pulled away from the curb and roared down the street. The sooner he got back to his apartment, the sooner he could jerk off to the fantasy of Dylan bent over his lap, ass in the air, cheeks bruised from the force of Steve's palm smacking down on them.

RYKER

Ryker leaned back against the headboard of his marital bed, his laptop balanced on his thighs, and watched his mate pace back and forth in front of him.

August was ranting about Steve, his voice an angry mumble, complaining about the younger alpha in a way that was starting to get a little tedious.

“August, you won the fight. Now stop being a sore winner and come to bed.” Ryker closed his laptop and put it on the floor.

“I’m not tired.”

Ryker rolled his eyes, exasperated. August’s reaction had been cute at first – huffy and indignant looked good on him – but it had quickly gotten boring.

“If you stop whining, I’ll give you a blowjob.”

August rounded on him with fury. “I’m not fucking *whining*. That annoying little shit attacks me on the street, and then when I kick his ass, he has the audacity to walk away like he was the one who beat me? I mean, what the fuck?”

“I thought you said he jogged away.”

August grabbed a pillow and threw it at him. “He’s so annoying!”

Ryker pushed away from the headboard and crawled down to the end of the bed. Before August could move back, he grabbed him by his shirt and yanked him down, wrestling him

onto the bed and rolling them over so that he had August on top of him.

It was an awkward position – their legs were hanging over the edge of the mattress – but it let Ryker wrap his arms around August’s head and hug him against his chest. He pushed his mouth down into August’s hair, smelling his shampoo and the underlying scent of mate.

“I need you to stop, okay?”

“But he’s-”

“You provoked him into attacking you, and then you beat him. The fact that he put on a front and walked away with as much of his dignity intact as he could muster is not something you should be getting this upset over.”

August slumped.

“I know,” he mumbled, voice muffled by the way his mouth was pressed into the t-shirt stretched tight over Ryker’s pecs.

“You wanted him to roll over and show you his belly, and when he didn’t, you got offended.” Ryker stroked his back. “I understand.”

“I did not get offended. I just think he’s a little shit.”

August jerked against Ryker’s hold, trying to lift his head, but Ryker didn’t let him.

“I know you do. We can make friends with him on the full moon this weekend, and then he can be *our* little shit. I’m sure he’ll be happy when we invite him to run with us.”

August took a deep breath and slumped. “We’re still doing that?”

The pouting tone made Ryker chuckle. “Yes, we are. I like him, and so do you. It will be nice to have someone new to run with.”

August might not want to admit it, but they both knew that their full moons were not as fun as they should be. They had

each other – and that was great – but it wasn't enough to get any real games going or to make a puppy pile.

Ryker missed puppy piles.

“Can we bring Dylan?”

Ryker barked out a laugh. He released August and scooted back on the bed, sitting up and resting his back against the headboard. August lay between his legs, propping himself up on his elbow and looking expectant.

“Not only are we not bringing Dylan with us on the full moon, we're not going to see him at all in the three days before and after it.”

Ryker did not want Dylan to see them when they were high on the energy of the full moon, and that high tended to last a while. Three days was on the cautious side, but Ryker wasn't going to risk scaring Dylan off because he and August got carried away by their inner wolves.

“Three days?” August frowned, sounding outraged. “You mean we're not going to see him for a whole week?”

“We don't have enough control as it is.” Ryker held up a hand to forestall August's objection. “Around the full moon we'll be even worse. You don't want us to hurt him, do you?”

“We wouldn't,” August grumbled.

“We might,” Ryker shot back. “We wouldn't mean to, but things could very easily get out of hand. We don't have the greatest track record for controlling our impulses with Dylan, and the full moon is only going to make it worse.”

Ryker knew himself well enough to know that the moon would lower his inhibitions to a dangerous degree. He wouldn't think he was doing anything wrong or hurting Dylan in the moment, but some of his darker impulses were things that should only be explored while he was completely sober.

“So tomorrow is our last chance to see him for a whole week?” August flopped over onto his back, scooting up the bed until his head was on Ryker's lap. He nuzzled the back of

his head into Ryker's thigh and looked up at him. "That's so long."

Ryker frowned. He'd thought that Wednesday was their last day to see Dylan, but counting it out in his head he realized that August was right. The full moon was on Saturday, so if they were sticking to the three-day rule, Tuesday was their last night to have fun with Dylan until Wednesday next week.

"We can invite him over to the apartment for dinner and a movie tomorrow."

Ryker had worked late, but now he regretted not shifting his schedule around and asking Dylan to have dinner with them tonight as well.

"I'll text him." August jumped off the bed and grabbed his phone from the dresser. His thumbs flew across the screen, his face a study of concentration as he texted. When he was finished, he looked up with a grin. "Done. I invited him over at four."

Ryker rolled his eyes, but he didn't object to the absurdly early time. He was just as eager as August to spend as much time with their little human as possible, and the earlier they had dinner, the more time they would have for other activities.

He wondered when they could ask him to move in. The thought of spending every night cuddling up to Dylan, August holding the boy from his other side, had Ryker's chest filling with warmth.

They'd have to get through a few full moons before living together was an option. They needed time to get used to the way he roused their instincts, and more importantly, they needed to learn how to control those instincts.

August's phone pinged, and Ryker sat up a little straighter and watched as he unlocked his phone and read the message. Judging by the unhappy frown on August's face, he knew the message was nothing good.

"What?" Ryker asked.

“He’s got a lab tomorrow night.” August blew out a frustrated breath. “And on Wednesday. He wants to know if we can get together on Thursday.”

Well, that wouldn’t work. Ryker and August looked at each other, mirrored expressions of dissatisfaction on their faces.

“Should we ask him over now?” Ryker asked, checking his watch. “It’s only a little after eight.”

August didn’t need any convincing. He fired off another text, taking a seat on the edge of the mattress. Ryker scooted over and sat next to him, staring down at the screen as they both waited for an answer.

Looking at August’s screen, Ryker chuckled at the thirst traps August had interspersed with the messages. He hadn’t realized that August was sending Dylan pictures. Looking closer, he realized that one of them was of him.

Taking the phone, August making an indignant sound of protest which Ryker ignored, he scrolled up and looked through the photos.

August was certainly showing them from their best angle. There was a picture of Ryker that must have been taken last week when he got home from work. He was in the bedroom, in the process of getting undressed, and if he hadn’t known better Ryker would have thought the picture was staged. August had caught him just as he was pulling off his shirt, in the midst of a sentence, and everything about him – from his disheveled hair to his unbuttoned pants – looked hot.

Ryker knew that he was a good-looking man, but August made him look like some kind of model.

Scrolling further, Ryker found more candid pictures, none of which he’d known August was taking.

“I didn’t realize you were such a photographer,” Ryker said, grinning as he handed the phone back.

The blush on August’s face was delightful.

“Shut up, it’s not my fault you’re hot.”

Before Ryker could reply, August's phone pinged. Ryker watched as August scrolled down to the new message, his cock twitching in his underwear at the thought of Dylan coming over.

Sorry, I'm hanging out with my friend Annie tonight. Are you free Thursday? Or Friday? Or any time this weekend? x

They both stared at the message, neither one of them speaking.

"Well, that sucks," August finally said.

"Yeah." Ryker rose from the bed and walked over to the bathroom to get his toothbrush. Maybe it was for the best, he mused. Things were going pretty fast by human standards, and a little break might work out to their benefit in the end. He went to the doorway and looked at August. "Ask him if he can do Tuesday next week."

"Not Wednesday?"

August's voice was teasing.

"We should be mostly back to normal by Tuesday night." Ryker started brushing his teeth. He raised his brow, the toothbrush sticking out of the corner of his mouth. "Unless you think that's too soon?"

August started typing out a message in all haste, shaking his head. "Nope, not too soon at all. I'm asking him now."

"Tell him it's because of the full moon." Ryker resumed brushing. "We don't want him to think we're not interested."

"Of course."

Ryker walked over to see what August had written, leaning over him and reading over his shoulder. August's thumb hovered over the 'send' button, waiting for Ryker to approve the message.

"That's fine," Ryker said, nodding and walking back to the bathroom. When he turned his back, he heard the sound of a camera shutter, making him turn around. August was grinning, looking at the picture he'd just taken.

“Your ass looks so good in those briefs.”

The sound of a message being sent let Ryker know that August had sent Dylan the picture.

Ryker snorted, his lips curving up in a pleased smirk. When he walked into the bathroom he rinsed his mouth, put away his toothbrush and turned to look at his ass in the mirror. It did look nice. Hopefully, Dylan would be inspired to ditch his friend and come over to get fucked, though Ryker doubted it.

Dylan wasn't the type to ditch plans with his friends for a knot, and Ryker liked that about him.

Walking back to the doorway, Ryker pulled off his shirt and shot his mate a grin.

“I'm going to take a shower. Do you want to join me and collect on that blowjob I promised you?”

August jumped off the bed with a grin, practically tackling Ryker back and pushing him into the shower. They both laughed, and Ryker grabbed August's neck to pull him in for a kiss.

“August?”

“Yes?” August nipped at the corner of Ryker's jaw, leaning against him and pushing him up against the shower wall.

Ryker pushed him back and gave him a quick kiss.

“If we're going to shower, we should probably take our clothes off.”

DYLAN

It had been almost a week since Dylan had seen August and Ryker, and the flurry of days they'd spent together was beginning to feel more and more like a distant fever dream. Everything had been so intense – like the world had shifted into vivid technicolor the second August and Ryker burst into his life – and now that he was back to his old routine of lectures, lab and hanging out with his friends, everything seemed drab and boring in comparison.

It was a bizarre feeling.

If someone had told him three weeks ago that he'd be frustrated to go a week without sex, Dylan would have pointed to his excruciatingly long dry spell and laughed. But that was then. Now, he wanted to get fucked. He wanted August and Ryker to sandwich him between them and stuff him so full of cock that he wouldn't be able to walk right for a week.

Dylan couldn't close his eyes without picturing a massive werewolf cock, the shaft veiny and the slit dripping with pre-come. He wanted it like a physical need, like a hollow feeling in his stomach, the craving unlike anything he'd ever experienced.

The strength of his yearning was honestly concerning.

“Okay, what is going on with you?”

Annie's voice jerked Dylan out of his longing for August and Ryker's massive cocks. He wiped his chin – horrified to realize he'd been drooling – and put down his menu. He

grinned, doing his best to pretend that he hadn't just been acting like a horned-up lunatic.

“Nothing. I was just thinking about what to order.” He glanced down, picking the first thing he saw. “I think I’m going to get the tacos.”

He and Annie were out for dinner. They were seated at a table that was much too large for the two of them, waiting for their friends Caleb and Coco to join them. They’d been waiting for a good twenty minutes, and their waitress was starting to give them impatient looks every time she walked past their table.

“Since when does thinking about tacos make you drool like a horny K-pop fan at a Monsta X concert?”

“I don’t know what that means,” Dylan said, picking his menu back up and fanning himself. “But for your information, I am very hungry and thinking about tacos has my mouth watering. Stop judging me.”

Annie squinted at him, not buying the taco story for even a second. “Since we’re on the subject, how are things with the werewolves? Still tall?”

“We were not on the subject,” Dylan protested. “And they’re good, I think. We’ve been texting a little, but they’re busy this week because of the full moon.”

He resolutely ignored her comment on their height.

“The whole week?”

Dylan nodded. He didn’t quite understand why the moon being full that weekend meant that August and Ryker couldn’t hang out, but they were very obviously busy. If it hadn’t been for the barrage of thirst traps they were sending him, he might have thought they were losing interest.

“They’re going up to the preserve tonight. Ryker sent me a picture from the car.”

Dylan pulled up the selfie Ryker had sent him and showed Annie his screen. Ryker was dressed in a white t-shirt and a flannel jacket with a sherpa lining – completely at odds with

the slick businessman suits Dylan had seen him in so far – his blond hair lacking product and pushed haphazardly back over his ears.

The smirk on his face showed that he knew exactly how good he looked.

“To run around and howl at the moon?” Annie leaned in, whistling at the picture. “Oh, look at that. Now that’s what you call a hunk. Jesus.”

Dylan blushed and pulled his phone back, sliding it in his pocket.

“He’s pretty handsome,” he agreed.

“So have they told you what they do on full moons?” Annie asked, still leaning toward him. “Do they get naked?”

Dylan shrugged, blushing at the idea of Ryker and August being naked outside in the wilderness.

“I don’t think they howl at the moon,” he said, not able to picture August and Ryker acting so silly. “And I don’t think they get naked.”

“Have they told you *anything* about what they’re going to do?”

Annie sounded a little disappointed at the lack of information. She was obviously curious, but Dylan didn’t have much to tell her.

He scrambled for something to say.

“Do you remember that werewolf cop I told you about?” he asked. “Steve?”

Annie nodded.

“Well, I think they’re going to ask him to spend the full moon with them. It’s a pretty big deal, apparently.”

Dylan had told Annie about meeting Steve – any werewolf encounter was notable and worth sharing – but not about being asked out by him.

“Like a full moon playdate?” Annie asked.

Dylan nodded. “Or the werewolf version of it.”

“Wait, really?” Annie giggled and made a squealing sound. “That’s so cute! I wish you were there so that you could film them and send it to me.”

Dylan very much doubted that anything August, Ryker or Steve got up to would be considered cute. It was far more likely that they were beating each other up and calling it fun. At least that was the impression he’d gotten from how August and Steve talked about their previous full moon encounters.

“I don’t think that’s going to happen any time soon, but who knows.”

“I was just kidding,” Annie said, patting his arm. “And you don’t have to tell me anything you don’t want to. Unless they do something shitty, in which case I’ll find some way to fuck them up.”

Dylan laughed. He wasn’t sure what Annie would be able to do against two uber-wealthy werewolves, but he didn’t doubt that she’d be able to pull off something if she put her mind to it.

He didn’t think it would ever come to that, though.

“I’m sure you will.”

At that moment, Coco and Caleb walked into the restaurant, looked around, and rushed over to the table.

“I’m so sorry we’re late!” Coco said, putting her purse on the table and setting a whole bunch of shopping bags down on the floor. “The line at Victoria’s Secret was so long, and I’d found this perfect bra that I just had to buy, and then we ran into Samantha and she had this whole rant about her work, and then-” Coco cut herself off and shook her head. “Never mind. I’m sorry we’re late. Have you ordered?”

Annie snorted, amused at Coco’s chaotic energy. “No, we just got drinks. We were waiting for you.”

“Sorry,” Caleb piped up, picking up the menu. “I’ll have the tacos.”

“Me too,” Coco said, not even looking at the menu. She turned to Dylan. “So, Annie tells us you’ve been hooking up with a werewolf? Tell me everything.”

Dylan shot Annie a betrayed look, blushing a little as he shrugged.

“I’ve just gone on a few dates with them. It’s nothing serious.”

“Wait, for real?” Caleb asked, looking shocked. “I thought Annie was joking.”

Coco slapped his arm. “She wouldn’t joke about something like that – at least not about Dylan.”

Caleb whistled. “Two werewolves.” He furrowed his brow and leaned toward Dylan. “Like actual werewolves? With the height and the muscles and everything?”

Dylan’s blush turned crimson. He nodded, not able to look Caleb in the eye.

“They’re pretty tall, I guess,” he said, taking a hasty sip of his water just so that he’d have something to do with his hands.

“He’s got pictures,” Annie said. She was an evil traitor.

“Really?” Coco grabbed Dylan’s arm. “Can we see?”

Dylan hesitated, but there was a part of him that desperately wanted to show off just how handsome August and Ryker were. He couldn’t help but feel flattered that someone like them was interested in someone like him.

He took out his phone and angled the screen away from Coco, scrolling through his camera roll to find a picture of August and Ryker that didn’t feature the two men shamelessly showing off their bulges.

“Don’t scroll,” he warned, handing Coco his phone. Caleb leaned in to look as well, and both of them let out an appreciative noise of approval.

“Nice,” Coco said, zooming in on their faces. “How old are they?”

“In their thirties,” Dylan said, suddenly self-conscious about the age gap. He looked at the picture, the strange hollow feeling in his stomach getting worse. The picture was a selfie that August had taken of him and Ryker in a mirror, showing them both dressed for work. Ryker wore a suit that looked like it cost more than Dylan spent on rent in a year, while August was in a white shirt and tight black chinos that made his thighs look fantastic.

He wished they were here now so that he could sneak off to the bathroom with them and suck their cocks.

The sudden thought surprised him, mostly because the urge was so intense. He blushed, glancing around to see if anyone at the table had caught him looking particularly horny, and shoved his phone back in his pocket.

Their waitress came up to the table and asked if they were ready to order. Dylan was happy for the distraction, hoping that now that his unusual dating situation had been addressed, the group would move on and talk about other things during their meal.

He did not get his wish. As soon as they’d all put in their orders, Coco and Caleb started up a barrage of questions about August and Ryker. Dylan didn’t have an answer for most of them – he didn’t know anything more about werewolf culture than the next random human – and for most of the ones he did have an answer for, he didn’t want to answer.

The final straw came halfway through the meal when Coco, who’d had four glasses of wine, asked him, “Is it true that they have weird dicks?”

“Coco,” Caleb hissed, kicking her foot under the table.

“What?” Coco whined. “I read a blog that said they have knots on the base of their dicks. You know, like d-”

“That’s enough,” Annie said, interrupting Coco with a stern voice. “You know that Dylan isn’t comfortable talking about that kind of thing. Stop being rude.”

Coco’s eyes widened and then narrowed in offense. “I’m not being rude. It’s a perfectly normal question.”

“It’s a little invasive,” Caleb mumbled.

Dylan said nothing, worried that his expression was giving away the fact that August and Ryker did in fact have knots, and that he’d had both of them inside of him.

Luckily, Annie and Coco were having a stare-off, both of them completely oblivious to Dylan and Caleb sitting next to them.

“Fine, we’ll talk about something else. Dylan, how are things going at the 3D printing lab?”

“They’re good,” Dylan said, struggling to remember what he’d been working on the previous day. “We’re testing a new composite material.”

Even as he spoke, Dylan couldn’t stop thinking about August and Ryker’s knots. They pushed to the front of his mind, pulsating and thick, making his hole clench and his whole body long for the sensation of being plugged up and filled.

Annie leaned in, nudging him. “You’re drooling.”

The words were spoken softly enough that only Dylan could hear them. He quickly wiped his chin, the back of his hand coming away wet with spit.

He’d never been so embarrassed.

“What about you?” he asked, hoping that Coco and Caleb hadn’t noticed. “How are things in the bio-chem lab?”

To his relief, the question set Coco off on a long spiel about what she was working on and the problems she was having with her thesis advisor. She talked for a good twenty minutes, after which Annie – his saint and guarding angel – shifted the focus to Caleb and how things were going at the office.

Nobody asked Dylan any questions about werewolves for the rest of the meal, a fact for which he was infinitely grateful.

He still couldn’t stop thinking about getting fucked. The craving for sex was bizarre, and unlike anything Dylan had ever experienced.

“I think I’m going to head home, I have a bit of a headache,” Dylan said after they paid the bill. The plan had been to go to the movies, but Dylan did not feel up to sitting through a two-hour movie.

“You’ve been a little out of it,” Coco agreed, rubbing his arm. “Don’t let your new boyfriends run you ragged.”

Dylan snorted and shook his head. “They’re not,” he said.

The problem was more that they weren’t running him ragged enough. It had been almost a week since he’d seen them, and it was pathetic how much he missed them.

“I’ll walk you home,” Annie said. Dylan shook his head and waved her off.

“No, go to the movies. I’ll take an Uber back to the apartment and go to bed.”

Annie studied him. “If you’re sure?”

Dylan nodded. He pulled out his phone and ordered a car, standing up and putting on his coat as he waited for the app to match him with a driver.

“I’m sure.” His phone made a noise, alerting him that his Uber was just one minute away. “And I have a car. You go and have fun at the movies and I’ll talk to you tomorrow. Caleb, Coco, it was nice to see you guys again.”

“You too,” Caleb said, Coco echoing the sentiment.

“See you later,” Dylan said, walking away from the table and out of the restaurant. A blast of cold air hit his face as he stepped out onto the sidewalk, and for a moment the sensation of cold winter air filling his lungs chased away the restless craving that had been growing steadily worse over the course of the dinner.

Looking down the street, Dylan spotted his Uber and waved. He climbed into the back of the car, the beginnings of a headache brewing behind his eyes.

Hopefully some sleep would make him feel better.



The next morning, Dylan was not feeling better. He'd had a restless night, jerking off three times to increasingly wild fantasies about Ryker and August, his sleep coming in fits and starts that left him feeling even more tired than when he'd gone to bed.

His dreams had been weird, but Dylan couldn't remember specifics – other than one really weird sequence in which he'd somehow magically been turned into a pair of boxing gloves. August had put him on and promised that this wouldn't change anything between them, and then he'd jerked off, sliding his Dylan-clad fist up and down his pulsating shaft and coming all over him.

It was by far the strangest thing Dylan had ever dreamed.

Pulling himself out of bed, Dylan trudged to the bathroom and stepped into the shower. He was even hornier than he'd been before he went to bed, but he had absolutely zero desire to jerk off. He eyed the shampoo on the shelf next to him, sizing up the slim bottle and comparing it to the size of Ryker's thick cock, and before he'd even made the conscious decision to do anything, he'd slicked the bottle up with bodywash and had the tapered end pressed against his hole.

The body wash burned as he pushed the bottle into his hole, the bottle stretching him open even wider than August or Ryker's cocks had ever done, but for the first time since he'd started feeling like shit, the empty, horrible feeling in Dylan's lower gut went away.

Shoving the bottle up his ass, the pain making him grit his teeth and close his eyes, Dylan chased the feeling of being full, relieved to finally quench the empty feeling inside of him.

Once he had the bottle in all the way to the cap, he pulled it back and started fucking it in and out of his hole.

It wasn't enough. While putting the bottle inside of him had chased away the immediate sensation of being empty, fucking himself with it didn't give him that rush of pleasure

and satisfaction that he got when August and Ryker fucked him.

Working the bottle in harder and faster, the pain making him tear up as he chased any kind of climax, Dylan finally pushed too hard and yelped as his hole swallowed the bottle.

The whole thing was inside of him.

Dylan froze, his abused hole stinging with pain, his insides feeling full in all the wrong ways.

Something was wrong with him, he realized. He liked getting fucked, sure, but not so much that he'd shove a bottle of shampoo up his ass without even a drop of real lube.

Pushing, Dylan tried to force the bottle out of his hole. Pressure suffused his face, his neck clenching, but no matter how hard he pushed, Dylan couldn't get the bottle out.

Trying to reach into his hole and get a grip on it yielded similarly poor results.

Standing there, lukewarm water beating down on his back, his guts playing host to a bottle of shampoo, Dylan was horrified to discover that the empty feeling and craving for something to fill him hadn't gone away.

Overwhelmed and scared that something was seriously wrong with him, Dylan burst into tears.

Crying didn't help his situation one bit, and after a few minutes Dylan got himself under control. He turned off the shower and dried himself off, the bottle of shampoo inside of him making every movement awkward and uncomfortable, and put on some clothes.

Once he was dry and dressed in a t-shirt and loose pair of sweatpants, Dylan tried to come up with some sort of plan.

His first thought was Annie, but he dismissed that pretty much as soon as he'd thought of it. Even if she'd probably be willing to help him, Dylan would rather have a stranger in the emergency room rummaging around his ass for the bottle than his best friend.

Annie could *never* know about this.

Dylan's second thought was to call August. He was a doctor, and he had an office full of medical supplies and weird equipment that might be useful, and even though he'd said that he was busy until Tuesday, Dylan couldn't imagine him not helping him out with his emergency. And this very much was an emergency. Dylan couldn't be going about his day with a bottle of shampoo in his rectum. He was pretty sure that would be downright dangerous.

August might even get a kick out of it, Dylan mused. He obviously liked medical roleplay, and if Dylan asked him for help, he'd probably fuck him afterwards, too.

Dylan's mouth watered and the craving for cock that had led him to fuck himself with a bottle of shampoo turned into overdrive. Before he knew it, his hand was on his cock and he was clenching down, trying to chase the feeling of having a knot inside of him.

When he realized what he was doing, Dylan let go of his cock with a cry of alarm.

This was not normal.

Before he called August and asked him for help, Dylan had to try to get the bottle out himself. In the shower he'd just pushed, but if he lay down and lifted his knees to his ears, maybe he'd be able to reach inside of himself and fish it out.

Hoping that he could get out of his predicament without having to ask for help, Dylan stripped off his sweats and lay down on the bed. He put a few pillows beneath his head and lifted his legs, bringing his ass up and bending his body until he was looking at his own taint.

Tucking his knees under his arms and thanking his lucky stars that he'd made such an effort to expand his flexibility when he was younger, Dylan probed his hole and pushed a finger inside to feel for the bottle.

Immediately, his rim protested the stretch. Without any lube to slick the way, even one finger burned like a bitch.

Dylan unbent from his pretzel-like position and jumped off the bed. He grabbed the bottle of lube he kept in his desk

drawer and got back into position, staring at the stain on the ceiling as he lifted his legs and tucked his knees back under his armpits.

Pouring a healthy dollop of lube on his hole, Dylan slicked up his finger and pushed it inside. This time, with the lube easing the way, he felt only pleasure. The bottle was pressing against his prostate, and with the added sting of his hole being gently pushed open by his finger, the combined sensation had him moaning.

His cock twitched, a drop of pre-come dripping from his slit and landing in the dip between his collar bones.

Ignoring the pleasure, Dylan pushed another finger inside and found the top of the bottle. He tried to get his fingers around it to pry it out, but when he parted his fingers all he accomplished was pushing the bottle further up his rectum.

Panting, his cock leaking from the accidental stimulation of his prostate, Dylan relaxed and let his body move the bottle back down to his anus. He tried again to get a grip on it, but once again all he accomplished was to push it deeper inside.

Maybe he could use some sort of tool?

Releasing his legs and lowering his ass back down to the mattress, Dylan got off the bed and walked over to his kitchenette. He bent over and opened one of the drawers, rummaging around until he found a set of tongs.

They were the only tool in his kitchen that might stand a chance of working.

Climbing back onto the bed, Dylan lifted his legs back into position and lubed up the tongs. The rubber coating on the end of the tongs made them grippy – making them pull on his anal rim when he pushed them inside of him – but with enough lube it worked pretty well.

Staring down at his ass and seeing the kitchen tongs his mother had given him for Christmas as part of a kitchen starter kit, Dylan had the sudden feeling that he was in a dream. The moment felt no more real than when he'd dreamt that he

turned into a boxing glove, and for a moment he wondered if maybe he was dreaming.

It would explain the hollow feeling inside of him telling him he needed to get fucked, because there was no way that feeling made sense in the real world – especially not now when he had a fucking shampoo bottle stuck inside of him.

Determined to get the bottle out of his hole, Dylan tried to open the tongs to get the individual pieces around the bottle, but he discovered that opening the tongs when they were inside of him was easier said than done. For the tongs to part, Dylan's ass needed to stretch wider than the base of the bottle, and that was proving impossible. Dylan could get them open a little bit – the rubber coated tongs acting like the world's worst speculum – but not nearly enough.

After ten minutes of trying, Dylan lowered his head back against the pillow and breathed an exhausted sigh of defeat. He was no closer to getting the bottle out, and the only thing he'd accomplished was to make himself sore and sweaty.

Worst of all, he still craved getting fucked. He kept picturing August and Ryker's cocks, big and throbbing and beautiful, and if he closed his eyes, he could almost smell them.

Reaching into his hole, trying to grasp the bottle with his finger and failing to get a grip, Dylan let out a grunt of frustrated rage and pulled his fingers out of his hole. He lowered his legs and stared up at his water damaged ceiling, panting and sore, and admitted to himself that he needed help.

He climbed off the bed, wiping the lube off his ass and thighs, and pulled on his sweatpants. He picked up his phone, debating with himself whether or not he should call August or go to the emergency room.

There were significant cons to both options.

In the end, the thought of having to explain the bill he'd invariably get if he went to the hospital to his parents decided the issue. Dylan was still on his dad's insurance, and there was

no way in hell he was explaining to them that he'd gotten a shampoo bottle stuck inside of him.

Even if August really was too busy to help him, hopefully he could get him treated without having to bill his parents' insurance.

Before he could start overthinking things, Dylan called August's number. He held his breath as it rang, his whole body on high alert, his stomach sinking when it went to voicemail.

"You've reached Dr. Schaffer. Please leave a message after the tone and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. If you're having a medical emergency, please hang up and dial nine-one-one."

The sound of August's voice had Dylan's hole clenching, his cock dripping against the crotch of his sweatpants. When the tone beeped, Dylan was caught off guard.

He hadn't planned out what he was going to say!

"Hi August, this is Dylan. I'm having a little bit of an emergency and I could really use some help. If you could call me back as soon as possible? Or if you're busy I'll go to the emergency room, but please let me know. Talk to you soon, I hope. Bye."

Dylan hung up, feeling mortified at the rambling message. He quickly redialed, leaving another voicemail.

"It's not like an *emergency* emergency. I can go to the emergency room if you don't have time to see me. It's not a problem if you're busy, I'm just a little embarrassed. Let me know if you're busy."

Hanging up, Dylan was even more mortified. He sounded like a crazy person. And what kind of person asked someone they'd been dating for a week for free medical care? Dylan called August again, regretting the two previous calls with every fiber in his being.

"Never mind. I shouldn't have bothered you. Please just ignore my message and I'll figure this out by myself. I'll talk to you soon."

Hanging up, feeling like an absolute lunatic, Dylan sent August a message asking him to delete his voicemails and not listen to any of them.

Hopefully, August would do as he asked.

Googling the nearest emergency room, Dylan tried to think of some way he could get through having the shampoo bottle removed from his ass without having to explain the bill to his parents. He didn't have to give his information if he went to the emergency room, did he? It wasn't like they would turn him away if he showed up without his ID or insurance information. He could just make up a name, get the bottle out of his ass, and then make a run for it.

His parents never had to know.

Relieved that he had a plan, though not entirely confident that it would work, Dylan got dressed, grabbed his keys and his phone, and walked bow-legged out of his apartment.

AUGUST

August came awake to birds chirping, fresh air in his lungs, and two firm bodies lying beneath him on the forest floor. Yawning, the cold on his back more than offset by the heat beneath him, August stretched out his legs and nuzzled into Ryker's throat.

It had been a surprisingly fun full moon. They'd set up camp early – erecting a tarp in case it snowed and putting down a pile of blankets for when they wanted to lie down and rest – and then they'd set off in search of Steve.

August hadn't been particularly enthusiastic, but Ryker had been determined to find the younger alpha and invite him to run with them. They'd caught Steve as he drove into the preserve, flagging down his car and getting him to park it near their SUV.

Steve had been wary at first, assuming that August and Ryker were playing some sort of trick on him, but Ryker had assured him that the offer was sincere.

August wasn't sure whether Steve believed him, but whatever he truly believed, he took a chance and accepted the offer. They'd all jogged back to the camp that August and Ryker had set up, the setting sun giving way to the cold light of the full moon, and stripped down to their underwear.

Steve had a very nice body, with wide shoulders, big arms, and thighs that looked like they could crush boulders, and a big cock that filled the pouch of his jockstrap to bursting.

“Sizing up the competition?” Steve had teased, flexing his pecs and making them dance. His expression was confident and there was a hint of a challenge in his voice.

August had rolled his eyes, but Steve had pretty much hit the nail on the head. He was so happy that he and Ryker had gotten to Dylan first – and even more so that Dylan was the faithful and loyal type.

Steve was a stud, and August had no problem admitting it.

“You look good,” August had answered, and to his delight, the compliment had made Steve pause his flexing and blush.

That had pretty much set the mood for the evening. They jogged around the perimeter of their territory, August and Steve racing each other and daring each other to lift boulders and break the trunks of fallen trees, with Ryker taking the lead and guiding their path.

Once the sun had fully set, the three of them had shifted into their wolf forms and let loose completely. They’d run, played, and hunted enough rabbits to stuff their bellies, and then curled up together under the tarp August and Ryker had set up and gone to sleep.

Ryker had been right, August mused as he lay on top of his mate. Inviting the younger alpha to run with them had been a good idea, and if it hadn’t been for the fact that Dylan would never be able to handle the sexual attention of three alpha werewolves, August might have been open to the possibility of adding him to their relationship and welcoming him into their pack for real.

“You look happy,” Ryker said, lifting his hand and placing it on August’s back. He scratched his claws in little circles, showing off sharp fangs as he smiled.

August probed his teeth with his tongue to see if he was similarly wolfed out, not surprised to find that his canines were just as sharp and pointed as Ryker’s.

They didn’t usually stay wolfed out this late into the morning, but then again, his wolf wasn’t usually this content after the full moon.

It felt like they'd run with a pack.

"I am," August said, leaning up and kissing under Ryker's jaw. "Last night was fun."

His cock hardened, his leaking shaft pushing into Ryker's hip, and he couldn't help but lift his hips a little and grind his crotch down onto his mate's stomach.

The fact that he was still resting his hand on Steve's chest, one of his thighs pressed close to the younger man's legs, was something he was both excruciatingly aware of and also not letting himself think too closely about.

August continued rutting against Ryker's hip, his mate's cock pressing into his lower stomach, Steve's chest rising and falling softly as he slept next to them.

The moment Steve's breathing changed, his body twitching as he woke up, August stopped rolling his hips and lay still on top of Ryker.

With the air smelling like sex and arousal, there was no hiding what he and Ryker had just been doing.

"Guys, that's so rude," Steve complained, turning over and burying his face in Ryker's shoulder. "I'm right here. You couldn't wait until I went off to piss or something?"

Ryker opened his mouth, and August just knew that he was about to issue an invitation that he shouldn't, and so he spoke first.

"Sorry, you know how it is with morning wood."

Steve rolled over onto his back and glanced down at his cock, studying it for a second, and then nodded like he was conceding the point. It took everything August had not to turn his head and look at the younger man's erection.

He bet it was enormous.

"Good point," Steve said, stretching and scratching his chest. He sat up and yawned, running his hand through his hair and looking around. He snorted. "This camp is shit."

August scowled at him.

“That’s a fucked-up thing to say when you’re our guest.”

Steve grinned, looking happy. “I’m not saying I don’t like it.” He reached up and touched the tarp above them. “But you couldn’t have brought some steaks to roast on the fire, and maybe a few beers? You wouldn’t even need a cooler.”

Ryker laughed, pushing August off his chest and sitting up. “We’re not really purists, but I guess our pack is kind of traditional. I’m taking it yours wasn’t?”

Steve shook his head. “No, we had cabins set up for when we ran on the full moon, and we’d stock them with meat and snacks. We’d still hunt, but mostly for fun. I haven’t eaten a rabbit since I was a teenager.”

Still miffed, August sat up and crossed his arms. “And that was what, last year?”

Steve rolled his eyes, not taking August’s bait.

“Something like that.” He nudged August with his shoulder. “I’m just saying, being werewolves doesn’t mean we can’t be comfortable.”

August was about to protest, but Ryker nodded along like that made sense. He shot his mate a betrayed glare, but Ryker ignored him.

“That’s true. We just do things this way because it’s how we grew up doing it. If you want to bring a couple of steaks and some beers next month, we won’t mind.”

August very much would mind. He liked eating rabbits when he was in his wolf form. They were delicious. Still, if Steve wanted to bring some supplies, he supposed that wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world.

Steve’s response to Ryker’s offer was a blinding grin. He was visibly trying not to smile quite so wide – lifting his hand over his mouth and looking down – but the invitation to spend another full moon with them was obviously well received.

“I’ll bring enough to share.”

Steve’s shy happiness sparked a tingle of warmth in August’s chest, chasing away his annoyance and making him

realize that he was on dangerous ground. He knew this feeling, and he knew what this feeling led to.

“That sounds nice.”

The words came out gruff and a little reluctant, but both Steve and Ryker reacted with pleased little grins.

“All right, let’s pack up and head back into the city. My mouth tastes like rabbit and I want a shower.” Ryker rose to his feet, his heavy cock and low-hanging balls swinging between his legs. He bent down and picked up his underwear. “Steve, do you want to come have breakfast with us?”

Steve went from looking disappointed that their time together was coming to an end to looking thrilled.

“Yeah, that sounds good. I’m starving.”

August reached over for his clothes, pulling on his jeans before he rose to his feet and bent down to put on his boots. Now that they were no longer huddling for warmth, the cold winter morning was starting to bite. He put on his jacket and zipped it up, Steve following his lead and getting dressed, too.

“We usually go to this little diner close to our building.” August started taking down the tarp, rolling it up and tucking it under his arm. “They make great steak and eggs.”

Ryker nodded, kicking the pile of dirt they’d dug up when they dug the fire pit over the remains of last night’s fire. “Their waffles are also pretty good. They use real whipped cream and fresh berries.”

Steve licked his lips, his stomach rumbling. “Love eggs and waffles.”

Dressed and ready to go, their rudimentary camp dismantled, Ryker took the lead and the three of them walked back to the road where they’d left their cars.

“I’ll text you the address of the diner in case we get separated on the road,” August said, reaching into the SUV and grabbing his phone from the center console. He unlocked it, and was about to ask Steve for his number when he saw that

he had three missed calls from Dylan, along with a single text message.

He read the message first, his brows furrowing at the cryptic request to delete the voicemails Dylan had left him.

“What is it?” Ryker asked, walking over to him and looking at his screen. August tilted it toward him, letting him read the message.

“That’s weird,” Ryker mumbled, squinting down at the screen. “But you should probably do what he asks.”

At Steve’s curious look, August explained, “Dylan called me three times like thirty minutes ago and left me some voicemails, and then he sent a message asking me not to listen and to delete them.”

The three of them stood there, next to the deserted road, waiting for someone to suggest listening to the messages anyway.

“You could call him,” Ryker suggested. It was clear that none of them was going to suggest going against Dylan’s wishes.

August sighed and nodded, deleting the voicemails. He was intensely curious about what Dylan had said, but his curiosity would just have to go unanswered. Once the messages were deleted, he called Dylan’s number.

Dylan picked up right away.

“Hello?”

Dylan’s voice sounded strained, and August was immediately on high alert. His wolf, previously calm and content from a night of frolicking, raised its hackles and rose up to the front of his mind.

“Hi Dylan, I got your message. I deleted the voicemails without listening to them, but you have us all feeling pretty curious. Are you okay?”

Dylan took way too long to respond. In the background, August could hear noises and voices that sounded suspiciously

like a hospital. Judging by the concerned looks on Ryker and Steve's faces, they heard it, too.

"Dylan?" August prompted.

"I'm okay. It's just... I got something stuck, you know, up there." Dylan's voice was a low whisper. "I'm at the emergency room to get help getting it out."

August froze, his first thought that the only person who should be rummaging around in Dylan's rectum was him. He pushed down the possessive instinct and tried to keep his voice normal when he spoke.

"Which hospital? Have they seen you yet?"

"St. Mary's, and no, I'm still in the waiting room. They said that it might be a few hours before a doctor could see me."

August looked at Ryker, waiting for his nod of permission before he spoke next.

"That's just a few blocks from my clinic. Why don't you take a taxi there and I can be there in an hour to help you myself."

He held his breath. His wolf stirred, restless and angry at the idea of someone touching their human. The fact that it would be a medical professional made little difference – it would still be an unacceptable trespass.

"Are you sure? I'm already here, and I'm sure that it won't be that long of a wait."

August huffed, relieved that Dylan wasn't saying no. "Yes, I'm sure. I'll call ahead and tell the lobby front desk that I'm sending over a patient and that they should let you go up."

"Thank you." Dylan hesitated, and August started to get worried again.

"Was there something else?"

"No, nothing else," Dylan said. He let out a trembling breath. "I just missed you guys this week."

The words put a smile on August's face.

“We missed you, too,” he said, grinning into the receiver. “And don’t worry. We’ll get you sorted out in no time.” Curious, but also wanting to know what he was dealing with, he asked, “What was it that got stuck?”

Dylan hesitated before answering, and when he did, he sounded mortified.

“A shampoo bottle.”

Ryker snorted, and August chuckled.

“Really?”

“A small one!” Dylan defended himself. “And I didn’t mean to push it all the way in. My fingers just slipped and I-”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” August cut him off. “We’ll get you sorted, don’t worry.”

Dylan said nothing, his humiliation palpable. August felt a little bad for enjoying it as much as he did.

“We’re getting into the SUV now,” he said, changing the subject. “I’ll call and let you know our ETA when we get into the city.”

“Okay. I’ll talk to you later.”

They said goodbye and hung up, and August opened the door to the SUV and climbed into the passenger seat. He dropped the key-fob into the cupholder and scrolled through his contacts for the front desk at his building so that he could let them know Dylan was coming.

“So I take it that breakfast is canceled?” Steve asked, looking disappointed. August looked over, surprised to see that Ryker was still standing next to Steve and not rushing into the driver’s seat.

They were in a hurry!

“Not necessarily,” Ryker said, glancing at August. “It shouldn’t take that long to get him fixed up, right? We can have breakfast after and just bring Dylan along.”

August frowned, not at all on board with Ryker’s plan. Now that he was allowed to see Dylan, he wanted to spend the

rest of the day with him.

“It shouldn’t take long, no.” He put down his phone. “Though Dylan might not want to go out. I think we should take him home and make sure he’s okay.”

Steve rolled his eyes, and August resisted the impulse to jump out of the SUV and sock him in the jaw. He looked at Ryker, willing him to be on the same page as him.

Ryker looked tempted, but in the end he shook his head. “No, we’re sticking to the plan. You’ll help him out, keeping it strictly professional, and then we’ll go out for breakfast. After that, we’ll send him home and wait until Tuesday as planned.”

August knew when Ryker could be moved, and this was not one of those times. He sighed in defeat.

“Fine.” He reached for the door. “Get in the car, we’re wasting time.”

“I’ll follow you guys,” Steve said, reaching into his pocket for his keys.

“If we get separated, meet us at The Blue Man Diner on Apple Street,” Ryker instructed. “Ask for a booth at the back.”

Steve nodded, grinning wide. “Will do.” He rushed back to his car and climbed behind the wheel.

“We’re in a hurry,” August said, irritated when Ryker just watched him instead of getting into the driver’s seat.

“I know,” Ryker said, not bothered by August’s tone. He jogged around to the other side of the SUV, climbing behind the wheel and starting the engine, and finally they got going.

Steve, like an eager puppy, followed right behind.

As they sped down the deserted road, Ryker glanced at him and smirked. August ignored him, focusing instead on calling the lobby at his building and letting them know that they should let Dylan up to the clinic. When he hung up, Ryker was still looking at him out of the corner of his eye.

“What?” August glared at him.

Ryker's smirk turned into a full grin. He took his eyes off the road and turned his face toward him. "You like him."

August scowled, looking away. "Of course I like him. He's basically us ten years ago. We still don't have room for him in our pack."

Ryker lifted his shoulder, shrugging noncommittally and turning his attention back to the road.

"We'll see how it goes."

STEVE

“Guys, wait up,” Steve called, jogging down the sidewalk to catch up to August and Ryker. He’d managed to follow them all the way to the financial district, but he’d lost them when it came time to find a parking space. There hadn’t been any available slots on the street where Ryker had parked, forcing him to circle around the block until he found an available space.

Luckily, he knew roughly which building August worked in and he’d been able to catch up to the two alphas.

“There you are,” Ryker said, taking a step to the side so that Steve could walk between him and August. “Do you want to come up and wait in the waiting room while August helps Dylan?”

“Absolutely,” Steve said, brushing his hand through his hair and trying not to smile too wide. “Is he doing okay?”

It was August who answered.

“He’s doing fine, he’s just a little uncomfortable.” August put his hands into the pockets of his jacket and chuckled. “He seems more embarrassed than anything.”

Steve nodded. He could absolutely understand why Dylan would be embarrassed.

“Is getting the shampoo bottle out of him going to be hard?”

Steve couldn’t quite wrap his mind around the idea that something could get stuck in your ass. In his mind, if you

could push it in, it should be just as easy to push it out.

Obviously not.

“No, I just have to stretch his hole wide enough to reach in and pull it out. If he were a real patient, I’d put him under anesthesia, but unless he’s experimented with a family-sized bottle I think we should manage without having to resort to that. He’s not bleeding or hurt, so it’s just a matter of stretching him and getting a good grip on it.”

Steve’s cock throbbed inside the pouch of his briefs at the mental image of August stretching Dylan’s hole open. He cleared his throat, trying to think non-sexy thoughts before Ryker or August could smell his arousal.

Steve hadn’t kept his attraction to Dylan a secret, but he didn’t want to rub it in Ryker or August’s faces after they’d been nice enough to spend the full moon with him. He’d had more fun than he’d had in ages, and he was still brimming with happiness that they wanted to do it again on the next full moon.

“Is it going to hurt?”

August looked at him, his lip curved in a smirk. “It’s nothing he can’t handle.”

Ryker chuckled, the noise one of agreement, and Steve was suddenly intensely curious exactly what the two alphas had put Dylan through. He knew that they liked the cute little human, but that chuckle from Ryker was downright evil.

“Does he like it rough?” Steve couldn’t help but ask. His cock was now well on its way to being hard, straining against the front of his jeans and feeling tight.

Ryker and August both grinned, sharing a cocky look, but neither one of them answered the question.

The smug grins on their faces was answer enough.

“Fuck,” Steve whined, wishing that he’d managed to beat them to the punch and ask Dylan out first. “You guys are so lucky.”

Ryker bumped their shoulders together. “We are.”

Steve didn't say anything more, and a minute later they arrived at the building where August worked. He looked up at the tall tower, glass and steel sparkling in the morning sun, and scrunched his nose at the unnecessary design. The glass he understood – windows equaled daylight – but the huge sheets of steel just looked tacky. The building looked like a giant toddler had tried and failed to wrap a Christmas present.

August led them into the lobby, scanning a keycard and leading them past the barricade and toward the elevators.

“I'll go into the examination room with you,” Ryker said, making August pause as he scanned his keycard on the elevator control panel. August's brow furrowed, the elevator panel letting out a small ding as it registered the keycard.

“You don't trust me?” he asked, tucking the card into his pocket. He stared at Ryker's reflection in the mirrored door, looking angry.

Ryker huffed. “With Dylan, this close to the full moon? Not even a little bit.”

August looked annoyed, but not angry, which Steve supposed meant that Ryker was right not to trust him.

While Steve was affected by the full moon, he didn't worry about losing control in the way that August and Ryker appeared to. They seemed to take it for granted that if they let loose their inhibitions, that Dylan would end up getting hurt.

The lack of trust the two alphas had in their other halves was a little sad, though Steve would never say so to their faces.

The elevator doors opened, and Steve was hit with a blast of scent that had his cock going hard as a rock. Dylan smelled even better than he remembered, his scent laced with an arousal that felt downright hungry.

It was like his scent was calling out to anyone and everyone who would listen that he needed to be fucked.

Ryker and August stepped out of the elevator, Steve following right behind, the two alphas marching right up to where Dylan was standing and crowding up against him. They

put the boy between them, sandwiching him between their muscular bodies, standing too close and breathing hard as they looked down on their delectable human.

“How are you feeling?” August asked, his voice an octave lower than the last time Steve heard him speak. “Does it hurt?”

August reached down to Dylan’s ass, cupping his hand around his pert butt and feeling between his cheeks.

Dylan jumped and shook his head, startled and blushing red. He tried to squirm away from August’s groping hand, but Ryker held him in place and he quickly gave up and allowed himself to be groped.

“No, it’s just uncomfortable. Can you get it out now, please?”

August nodded, his eyes dark. He stopped fondling Dylan’s ass and lifted his hand, clamping it down on the boy’s neck and making him shudder.

Steve stared at August’s hand, the long fingers and wide palm wrapped around more than half the circumference of Dylan’s neck, and wished that it were his own.

Dylan looked like the kind of boy who’d enjoy getting choked.

“Let’s go back to my office.”

Dylan nodded, looking relieved. He then glanced over at Steve, his eyes widening in surprise.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

Steve’s cock was rock hard, bulging against the front of his jeans, and when Dylan’s eyes moved down to his crotch, Steve couldn’t help but reach down and give it a languid squeeze.

“Your alphas invited me.”

Dylan’s breath caught, and Steve’s balls pulled tight at the reaction.

“For breakfast,” August clarified, sounding amused. “He’s going to wait out here for now.”

It was not the reaction Steve had expected. He met August's gaze, the older alpha looking at him with a heated sort of amusement that had Steve flashing back to his fantasy about sharing Dylan with him and Ryker.

Steve licked his bottom lip, turning his gaze from August to Dylan.

“Unless you're inviting me to come back with you and watch?”

Dylan turned beet red, and there was a second before he started shaking his head no where he looked like he'd considered granting Steve's implied request.

“Maybe next time,” Ryker said, startling Dylan and making August roll his eyes. He winked at Steve, expression filled with promise, and Steve had no idea what to think. “Come on you two, let's get this over with so that we can go eat. I'm starving.”

Ryker put his hand on Dylan's upper back and pushed him toward the door into the clinic, Dylan following along in a daze before he abruptly looked up and demanded, “What do you mean, next time? Do you think I'm going to do this again?”

He sounded outraged, and Ryker laughed.

“Maybe. It would give August an excuse to do a medical roleplay scenario.”

They walked out of the reception area, Dylan looking thoughtful. The door was just closing behind them when Steve heard the little human ask, “Could we turn *this* into a medical roleplay scenario?”

The door closed, though Steve could still hear Ryker's amused chuckle and August's sharply indrawn breath.

He listened with half an ear as Ryker shot down Dylan's suggestion, the alpha telling Dylan that it was too close to the full moon for them to be doing roleplay scenarios. He walked over to the chairs on the other side of the room, taking a seat as he strained his ears to listen to what was going on down the hall.

It wasn't much use. August's clinic had much better soundproofing than most modern buildings, and once they left the hallway and went into the examination room, Steve could no longer hear what was going on.

Leaning back into the chair, Steve put his hand on his bulge and wondered what Ryker had meant with his statement. Had he been teasing, the words 'maybe next time' intended to be sarcastic, or was he actually implying that Steve might be invited to join more than just full moon runs?

Steve pushed down the surge of hope and want that rose up inside of him. He was pretty sure that Ryker and August were going to invite him into their pack in some way – there was no other explanation for the full moon invitation – and asking for more than that would be greedy, and worse, lead to terrible disappointment if he didn't get it.

It wasn't unusual for Ryker and August to want to expand their pack. As alphas, it was in their natures, and though it would be difficult to attract betas, it wouldn't be impossible.

Steve kneaded his bulge, working his cock through his jeans as he pondered the predicament Ryker and August's potential offer to join their pack put him in. He stretched his legs out in front of him, leaning back into his chair and letting out a sigh as he fondled himself.

His father would never accept him joining another pack. It was bad enough that he'd spurned him and gone off to live in neutral territory, but if another pack tried to claim him, his father would hunt him down and drag him all the way back to Fairbanks by his ear.

The only exception would be if Steve took over the pack he was joining, but judging by his performance against Ryker and August individually, he had zero chance of taking over their pack through force – nor did he want to.

The realization that he'd have to decline any official overture to join August and Ryker's pack was a bitter pill to swallow, but he couldn't see any way around it.

Then again, when August and Ryker realized that his father was the alpha of the Northwestern pack, any invitation to join them would probably be withdrawn. August and Ryker were both unusually dominant alphas, but they didn't hold a candle to Steve's father or older brother, and Steve was sure that they knew it.

Steve's father had a reputation.

Any relationship he had with August and Ryker would have to be unofficial, at least until his father died and his brother took over – which was not something Steve wanted to happen.

He might have a lot of conflict with his dad, but he still loved him and dreaded the thought of something happening to him.

Standing up, pushing his chair back and accidentally slamming it into the wall, Steve decided that he was being silly. He didn't even know that Ryker and August wanted anything more from him than a friend to spend time with on the full moon. He could be getting completely ahead of himself and freaking himself out over nothing.

The idea that they would let him join in on their thing with Dylan was even more preposterous. Ryker had just been joking, and Steve, hopped up on good vibes from the full moon, had read way too much into it.

No wonder, given how happy his wolf was. He hadn't realized how lonely he'd been since moving away from home, nor how much his wolf had suffered.

Steve gave himself a mental shake. He needed to stop worrying and just go with the flow. He'd made some new friends, that was it. There was nothing to be getting worked up over.

Feeling better, Steve looked around the fancy waiting room. Everything, from the soft lighting to the gleaming hardwood floor, screamed money.

Some doctors chose their profession because they wanted to help people, but judging by the look of August's clinic, he

was not one of those people. Walking over to the reception desk, Steve trailed his finger over the back of a sleek iMac computer that looked like it cost more than his rent.

Dylan – or more likely his parents – must have really good insurance if this was the kind of doctor’s office he went to. Furrowing his brow, Steve looked around again. The furniture was designer, the glass door fridge against the wall was stocked with water that cost four dollars a bottle, and he was pretty sure that the building they were in was one of the most expensive locations in the city.

The vibe of the place suited August’s cocky rich-boy vibe perfectly, but it didn’t seem like the kind of place Dylan would go to for medical care.

His curiosity of what was going on with Dylan prompted Steve to walk over to the door leading into the clinic and carefully push it open. He stood there in the doorway, once again able to hear Dylan and his two alphas in one of the rooms down the hall.

From what Steve could hear, Dylan was trying to get Ryker to let him blow him while August stretched him open to get the bottle out of him.

“I told you no,” Ryker growled, the sound sending a shiver down Steve’s spine.

His cock throbbed, and he admired Ryker’s ability to stay the course and deny Dylan his request.

If it had been him, Steve would have whipped out his cock the second Dylan requested it and shoved it into his mouth with enthusiastic glee.

“It would distract me,” Dylan bargained, sounding strained and just barely cowed by Ryker’s stern voice.

“If you ask me again, I’ll put you over my knee and spank you, and not in a fun way.”

Steve closed his eyes, the mental image of Ryker angrily spanking Dylan making his cock throb. His jeans felt tight, and his underwear was slick with come where the head of his cock rested against the fabric.

“That’s so unfair,” Dylan complained, sounding distressed. Steve swallowed, wondering how Ryker was able to resist whipping out his cock and using it to stop Dylan’s pleading.

It was taking considerable effort for Steve to not barge in there and offer up his cock instead.

“Deal with it.”

Ryker’s voice was calm, but even at a distance and through the door, Steve could hear that strain in it.

“Just fuck him already,” Steve said, low enough that Dylan wouldn’t hear it, but sure that the two werewolves with him would. “I’ll come in and interrupt you if you start getting carried away.”

In addition to being an outrageous offer, the situation between the two alphas and the human being none of his business, Steve was outing the fact that he was listening in on the goings on in the examination room like a creep.

“We can trust him,” August said, his voice low and rough.

“Yes, you can!” Dylan said, thinking that August was talking about him. “I’ll be so good. I just want to suck the head a little so that I don’t have to think about... you know.”

Dylan gasped, presumably from August stretching the rim of his hole wider, and Steve had to bite his knuckles to keep from moaning.

“What did I tell you would happen if you asked again?” Ryker asked, his voice pitched low and seductive.

Steve held his breath, his cock throbbing to the beat of his pulse as he waited for Dylan’s answer.

“That you’d spank me?”

Dylan sounded more hopeful than anything.

For a few seconds there was no sound from the room, but then the silence was punctured by the sound of skin meeting skin and Dylan letting out a yowl of pain.

“That hurt!”

He sounded shocked, but not displeased.

“That’s because I meant it to.”

Ryker spanked Dylan again, and this time he didn’t stop after the first blow. He rained down ten hard smacks on Dylan’s ass, and it wasn’t until the noise stopped and there was nothing but the sound of panting coming from the room that Steve realized that he’d pulled out his cock and was jerking off.

“Now, what do you have to say for yourself?” Ryker asked. He was out of breath, his voice cocky and rough. Steve wished he could see him.

“I still want to suck your cock.”

Steve grinned, hoping that Ryker would dish out one more spank for the cheeky remark.

“So you haven’t learned your lesson, huh? Do you like it when I spank you?”

Ryker delivered another blow, resulting in a noise from Dylan that was halfway between a cry of pain and a moan.

“Okay, this isn’t distracting him, this is taking over and getting in my way,” August interrupted, making his voice heard for the first time since Ryker started spanking Dylan. “Move back and hand me that speculum.”

Steve was disappointed that the fun was coming to an end. He was about to tuck himself back into his jeans when he heard Ryker growl, “Open up.”

What followed had to be the sloppiest, most ruthless throat-fuck Steve had ever heard. Dylan gagged and choked, coughing and gasping for air between thrusts, Ryker feeding him his cock with all the care of a wolf devouring a chicken.

“That’s it, hold it down your throat,” Ryker growled, Dylan suspiciously quiet. “Oh no you don’t, stay on it. You breathe when I say you breathe.”

Steve held his breath, his hand moving up and down his cock at furious speed. He was leaking like a faucet, slick pre-come lubing his cock and making a wet noise every time he

fucked into his hand, the sound of Ryker choking Dylan with his cock making his balls pull tight.

Ryker kept his cock down Dylan's throat for a disturbingly long time, and Steve was debating whether he should step in and put an end to things when he heard Dylan gasping for air.

There was a wet slapping sound, and Steve realized that Ryker was smacking Dylan's face with his cock.

"Do you like that?" Ryker asked, voice cocky and sounding almost drunk. "Fuck, take it back into your mouth. I'm going to come."

Dylan made a sound like that was the best news he'd heard in a year. He started sucking on Ryker's cock, noisy and slurping, and in that moment Steve would have given anything to see it.

"Fuck, I want to knot his mouth," Ryker grunted.

Steve was moving before Ryker had even finished speaking, but before he reached the door August made his intervention unnecessary.

"Not happening."

Ryker chuckled, the sound rueful.

"I know, I just said I wanted to. I wouldn't do that without prepping him first."

"I don't mind," Dylan piped up, sounding hungry. "If you want, you can knot my mouth."

Steve shuddered, his hand going back to his shaft and squeezing down.

He should have grabbed Dylan when he had the chance. The second he caught his scent, he should have grabbed him and taken him back to his pack where he could claim him properly and live happily ever after.

"Fuck," Ryker said, like it had been punched out of him. "Dylan, no. That's not safe. Maybe-"

Whatever Ryker was about to say was cut off when he gasped. Judging by the wet sucking sound, Dylan had taken

the initiative and sucked his cock back into his mouth.

“Fuck!” Ryker growled, his breaths coming in labored gasps.

He was coming, and from the sound of it, Dylan was drinking down his load like it was manna from heaven.

“He’s not missing a drop,” August commented, sounding awed.

Steve closed his eyes, hand working his cock like a machine as he leaned back against the wall and listened to Dylan drink down Ryker’s come.

“Yeah, he’s licking my slit,” Ryker said, voice rough. “Fuck, yes. Squeeze my balls like that.”

Steve came, his orgasm taking him off guard and shooting out of his balls like a rocket. It blasted out of his cock, his hand moving even faster as he worked his shaft, the thick rope of come shooting into the air and hitting the wall across from him.

Not in any state of mind to be worrying about clean-up, Steve milked his cock through his orgasm, wishing that he’d been the one to spank Dylan and feed him his cock.

“Steve is in the hall,” Ryker said, his voice pitched low and sounding amused. “He just came listening to us.”

“He did?” Dylan asked. He sounded intrigued and embarrassed, but not upset at Steve’s creeper behavior.

“He did.”

“And now I’m the only one who hasn’t come,” August broke in, sounding annoyed. “I think we’re ready to get this thing out of you. Ryker, hand me those clamps.”

Steve hadn’t realized that Dylan had come as well. The combination of August working his hole and Ryker fucking his throat must have pushed him over the edge.

“Those look very big.”

Dylan’s voice sounded nervous.

“Don’t worry, I’ve stretched you enough that it should just be a little uncomfortable,” August said. “Why don’t you let Ryker distract you by putting his balls on your face.”

Steve smirked, looking around for something to clean up the mess he’d made of the wall and floor as he listened to August finally start the process of removing the shampoo bottle from Dylan’s ass.

He found a box of tissues under the desk in the reception, but the box was only half-full and he only managed to clean up the worst of the mess on the wall. A bathroom a few doors down yielded better results. Steve found a roll of paper towels which he used to wipe up the rest of his mess, though the hallway still smelled like come when he was done.

Hopefully the smell would clear up by Monday morning when people came into the clinic for work.

While he’d been working, August finally managed to get the bottle of shampoo out of Dylan’s ass.

It sounded like a painful process, and Steve still couldn’t understand why something that Dylan had been able to push into his ass without any problems would be so difficult to get out.

Dylan was breathing hard, August muttering encouragement and telling him what a good boy he was.

Steve walked back to the bathroom with his pile of come-stained tissues and paper towels, shoving them into the bin next to the sink. He emerged just as August and Ryker came out of the examination room, Dylan standing between them with a relieved, happy look on his face.

When Dylan spotted him, his face turned red and he quickly looked away.

“You cleaned up after yourself,” Ryker said, looking at the wall where Steve had sprayed it with come.

“I figured I should,” Steve said, not particularly embarrassed. He actually kind of liked how the hallway smelled like he’d marked his territory.

“You missed a spot,” Ryker said, nodding towards Steve’s boots. Steve looked down, and sure enough, a few splatters of come stained the leather.

“I guess I did.”

Hooking his thumbs in his jacket pockets, he wondered where Ryker was going with this. There was no way he was going to bend down and wipe his boots clean.

“They’re nice boots,” Ryker commented, biting his lip and looking playful. He put his hand on Dylan’s neck and gave him a small push forward. “Dylan, don’t you think you should help Steve out so that he doesn’t ruin his nice boots?”

Dylan frowned, looking confused, but Steve immediately got it. His cock surged back to life, pressing against his jeans like he hadn’t just come harder than he had since he was a teenager.

Dylan looked up at Ryker with a scrunched-up brow, looking adorable. “What do you mean?”

“Seriously?” August asked, sounding resigned but not objecting. Ryker grinned, pushing Dylan ahead of him and putting both hands on his shoulders. He squeezed down, applying pressure and forcing Dylan to strain not to bend his knees.

“You’re the reason he made a mess. I think you should help him get clean.”

Dylan hesitated, still resisting Ryker’s hands on his shoulders, not taking the hint that he should be getting on his knees.

He looked at Steve, gaze flitting from his face to his boots and back, and then over his shoulder at Ryker.

“Do you have a tissue or something I could use?”

Ryker chuckled, sounding wolfish as he pushed Dylan another step forward and forced him down. “You don’t need a tissue, you have your tongue, don’t you? Get down on your knees and lick Steve’s boots clean.”

Instead of gracefully sinking to his knees, the force on Dylan's shoulders had him falling back and landing on his ass between Ryker's legs. He looked up at the three werewolves surrounding him, his face red and his eyes blown wide open.

"You don't have to," August said, his voice gruff. "It's your choice."

Steve looked at him, surprised. He wasn't surprised that August was giving Dylan an out, but rather that he seemed reluctant to do so.

"Of course, it's your choice," Ryker said, crouching down and grabbing Dylan's waist. He lifted him up and put him down on his knees, making him cry out in surprise, giving him a push toward Steve. "But it would be really hot if you did."

Dylan swallowed, and Steve watched with bated breath as he crawled tentatively toward him. His movements were slow, and he stopped twice to look back at August and Ryker for reassurance. When he reached Steve's boot, he looked up with an embarrassed expression.

"Do you want me to...?" He couldn't seem to finish the question, but Steve knew what he was asking.

Feeling like he was rooted to the spot, his cock throbbing to the beat of his pulse, Steve swallowed the saliva threatening to escape down his chin and nodded.

"Do it."

Dylan took a deep breath and lowered his face to Steve's foot, placing his mouth over one of the droplets of Steve's load and licking it into his mouth.

The stiff leather of Steve's boot meant that he barely felt the movement of Dylan's tongue, but that didn't matter. Seeing the boy on his knees in front of him, licking his boot and eating his come, was a million times better than listening to him get his face fucked in the other room.

Moving his face across Steve's boots, Dylan licked up the last remnants of Steve's load with careful swipes of his tongue.

“You like the taste of that, don’t you?” Ryker growled, kneading his bulge as he walked up behind Dylan and nudged between his legs with his foot. “Come and leather. You should be thanking Steve for giving you such a treat.”

Dylan moaned, mumbling a whispered, “thank you,” as he licked along the side of Steve’s ankle.

It was the moan that pushed Steve over the edge. Even though he wasn’t touching his cock, his balls pulled tight and he came hard enough that his abs contracted and he had to lean back against the wall for support.

Dylan stopped licking, looking up at Steve’s crotch from between his legs and staring at the wet spot slowly spreading against his thigh. The pungent scent of spunk filled the air, rich and musky, Steve’s cock spurting out load after load of come and making a complete mess of his jeans.

Dylan licked his lips, looking at Steve’s crotch with a longing that had Steve clenching his teeth and resisting the impulse to grab the boy by his hair and grind his face into his bulge. He’d never seen someone look so hungry for his load.

“I have some spare jeans you can borrow,” August said, turning and walking back to his office. The words jerked Steve out of his trance, making him look away from Dylan’s hungry expression. When August opened the door and walked into his office, he turned to Steve and rolled his eyes. “Are you coming?”

Before Steve had time to move, Dylan piped up, “I think he just did.”

The joke cut through the burgeoning tension, making August and Ryker both laugh. Steve lifted his hand to his face, stroking his chin and letting out an amused huff.

“I did.” He palmed his bulge, acutely aware of how close Dylan’s face was to his crotch, and gave it a squeeze. Pleasure shot up his spine when he touched his sensitive cock-head through the denim.

“Steve,” August said his name like a warning, and Steve gave himself a mental shake. He looked up and met August’s

gaze.

“Yeah, I’m coming.”

He reached out and ruffled Dylan’s hair and then reluctantly walked away and into August’s office.

August reached past him, closing the door and walking over to the closet where he pulled out a pair of jeans. He held the jeans out, but when Steve reached out to accept them, he yanked them back.

“This doesn’t mean you get to fuck him.”

August sounded like he was trying to convince himself more than he was laying down the law to Steve.

Steve tilted his head, enjoying the fact that he was both taller and wider than August. He straightened his spine, using his size to loom over the other alpha. “It doesn’t?”

Dylan was technically available. Ryker and August hadn’t marked him with the bite that would cement their claim and make him truly off limits.

August was not intimidated. He narrowed his eyes. “Not unless we give you permission.”

Steve licked his lips, studying August’s expression and trying to gauge what he was thinking. “Shouldn’t that be Dylan’s decision?”

August took a step closer, forcing Steve to take an unconscious step back. All at once he felt silly for trying to use his size to intimidate the other man.

They both knew which one of them was more dominant, and it wasn’t Steve.

“It is,” August confirmed, crossing his arms. “But not only his.”

“Does Dylan know that?”

August grinned, flashing his canines and taking another step closer. This time, Steve didn’t step back, though his wolf was whining at him that he should stop posturing and show his belly.

He'd taken this confrontation far enough.

“Do you think he doesn't?” August reached up and traced the edge of Steve's jacket, the back of his hand stroking over the swell of Steve's pecs. “Do you think he's confused about what sort of relationship he's getting into?”

Steve shook his head, shuddering at the sensation of August's fingers against his chest. August and Ryker weren't exactly subtle, and there was no way Dylan had missed how possessive they were. In fact, Dylan seemed to enjoy that aspect of them.

August stepped back, no longer showing his fangs. “Don't worry. If Dylan wants to leave us and choose you, we'd let him. We're not total barbarians. But until he makes that choice, you follow our rules. Agreed?”

Steve nodded, submitting to August's authority.

“Agreed.”

August tossed the jeans at him. “Good. Now let's get breakfast.”

He left the room, giving Steve privacy to change and collect his thoughts.

Looking at the door, listening to Ryker on the other side telling Dylan about the diner they were going to, Steve kicked off his freshly licked boots and stripped out of his soiled jeans and underwear and wondered what August and Ryker had planned.

Probably nothing, he mused, stepping into August's jeans and pulling them up over his thighs. August and Ryker seemed to be playing things by ear, the full moon lowering their inhibitions and making them act on impulses they normally wouldn't indulge, and not following any sort of plan.

Buttoning his jeans, reaching down the front to adjust his cock, Steve zipped up his fly and bent down to put his boots back on.

He paused halfway down, August's jeans threatening to split when the move caused the fabric to pull tight over his ass.

Rising back up, not wanting to risk tearing the borrowed jeans, Steve toed his feet into his boots and lifted his legs one by one to push his feet properly inside.

He was glad August and the rest of them didn't witness his clumsy maneuvering. It would have ruined the cool alpha vibe he was trying to pull off.

When he'd finished putting on his boots, Steve looked down at his legs and wrinkled his nose. His legs looked like overstuffed sausages. His thighs bulged against the denim, the fabric not nearly stretchy enough to be comfortable, and there wasn't nearly enough room for his balls.

The line of his cock was clearly visible against his thigh, looking like he'd pushed a salami down the front of his jeans, the veins on his shaft and the head of his cock all showing through the denim.

He sighed. It was better than wearing his own pair, drenched as they were in come, but he'd have to carry something in front of his crotch to avoid committing an act of public indecency. Giving his legs one last dissatisfied look, he walked back into the hall, carrying his dirty laundry and asking August if he had a plastic bag he could store them in.

"Sure," August said, reaching up and giving Dylan's neck a squeeze before heading back into his office. "I'll get it for you while you guys call the elevator."

"Thanks."

Steve followed Ryker and Dylan out of the hall and into the waiting room, Dylan sneaking glances behind him and staring at Steve's crotch and then pretending that he'd merely been looking around at the décor.

All of a sudden, Steve didn't mind the uncomfortable jeans one bit.

"Are you feeling better now?" Steve asked, walking next to Dylan as Ryker pressed the button to call the elevator.

"So much better," Dylan said, his mouth pulling up in a happy little grin as he glanced up at Steve. After a beat of

silence, he asked, “How about you? Did you have a good full moon?”

Ryker looked over, waiting for Steve’s answer and taking up position on Dylan’s other side.

“I did!” Steve said, thinking back to his incredulity when Dylan had told him that August and Ryker were going to ask him to run with them on the full moon. He beamed. “I ate a rabbit.”

Dylan lifted his brow, looking like he didn’t know what to say to that.

“It was delicious,” Steve added, remembering how good it had felt to chase the sneaky little things out of their burrows and hunt them with Ryker and August. The poor rabbits hadn’t stood a chance.

“That’s nice,” Dylan said, sounding a little squeamish.

“It was,” Ryker said, making Steve’s stomach feel all tingly. “Steve is a good fit for us.”

Steve’s chest puffed up with pride, warmth swelling behind his ribs.

“I am,” he agreed, making Dylan snort.

Steve pinched his ear in retaliation, making Dylan jerk and then blush prettily. The reaction was unexpected, and Steve’s cock struggled to get hard inside its denim prison. He looked over, catching Ryker’s eye.

Ryker grinned, a shared moment of appreciation passing between them.

Steve turned his attention back to Dylan, only to see that the boy was staring at his crotch. Dylan’s mouth was slack, his eyes glazed, and he looked like he wanted nothing more than to sink down and nuzzle Steve’s bulge until he came again.

Realizing that he’d been caught staring, Dylan violently tore his gaze away and blushed.

“It’s okay, you can look,” Ryker said, putting his hand on the back of Dylan’s neck. “I’m sure Steve doesn’t mind.”

August walked up behind them and snorted. “Of course he doesn’t.” He handed Steve a plastic bag. “Here you go.”

Steve took the bag, shoving his dirty jeans and underwear inside and tying it shut. “Thanks.”

The elevator doors opened and the four of them stepped inside, Ryker hitting the button for the lobby.

As the doors closed, Steve watched their reflection in the doors. He, August and Ryker were standing behind Dylan, looming over him and making him look like a lost little lamb surrounded by the big bad wolves.

Steve hoped that when it came time for the carnage, he would be invited to join in.

RYKER

As soon as the waitress had taken their order and walked away, Dylan turned to August and asked if he could suck his cock under the table.

Ryker choked on his coffee, the earnest tone of Dylan's voice completely at odds with the lewdness of his request.

"Excuse me?" August asked, his tongue poking out to lick his lips while he looked to Ryker with a *what the fuck* expression.

Dylan swallowed, looking suddenly self-conscious and unsure. He was sitting next to August, cuddled up under his arm, Steve and Ryker seated across the table in a booth at the very back of the diner. At the shocked looks he was getting, he pulled away from August's side and tried to explain himself.

"Well, you didn't get to come back at the clinic, and I just thought it would be nice, since you helped me out and everything."

Ryker wrinkled his brow, wondering what was going through Dylan's head.

"You don't owe me anything for that," August said. He grinned down at Dylan and ruffled his hair. "I can survive not having an orgasm in the morning."

Dylan looked crushingly disappointed, the expression so pitiful that Ryker almost told August to stop being mean and let Dylan crawl under the table and blow him. It was the

intensity of Dylan's disappointment that sparked an alarming suspicion in the back of Ryker's mind.

He decided to test his half-formed theory, dread pooling in his stomach as he leaned forward and hoped he was just being paranoid.

"You can have his cock if you let us all piss in your mouth first. Deal?"

Dylan's eyes widened, a betrayed, horrified look on his face, but then he took a deep breath and nodded.

"Okay, I can do that. Should we go to the bathroom, or-"

"I was just fucking with you," Ryker interrupted, forcing a grin and leaning forward like he'd been teasing. "I know you don't like pee. You never have to do anything you don't like. Didn't we tell you that?"

Dylan blinked, his lip wobbling. August and Steve were both staring between the two of them with confused, wary glances.

"That was kind of fucked up, Ryker."

August sounded more disapproving than Ryker had ever heard him.

"I know. I thought it would be funny, but I guess I miscalculated." He chuckled, the sound not very convincing, and turned his gaze on Dylan. "You can't suck him off under the table, because someone might see you. But if you want, August can take you to the bathroom and you can blow him there."

"He can?" August asked.

"If he wants," Ryker said, trying to communicate that August should go along with his idea.

"I mean, yeah, he can."

Dylan grinned, looking like Christmas had come early. He scooted out of the booth, tripping with excitement as he waited for August to follow him.

"I won't use any teeth, I promise!"

“I’m sure you won’t,” August said, more befuddled than turned on. He let Dylan lead him toward the bathroom, looking back at Ryker with a searching gaze.

“I’ll tell you later,” Ryker said, when Dylan was out of hearing. “Just go easy on him. Nothing rough.”

August nodded and then turned his attention fully on Dylan. They walked down the hallway toward the bathrooms, disappearing from view.

“Want to tell me what that was all about?” Steve asked, putting an elbow on the table and leaning his back against the wall.

Ryker blew out a long breath. “Not really.”

Steve studied him, gaze moving from his face to the other side of the diner where Dylan and August had disappeared into the bathroom. A look of understanding suddenly flashed across his face.

“Wait, is he turning omega?”

Ryker winced, the word *omega* making a confused mess of feelings well up inside of him. Shame, that he’d missed the early warning signs, regret, at what this meant for Dylan, and most of all, a curling, wicked sort of satisfaction that made him feel like the worst sort of person.

“I’m really trying not to jump to that conclusion.” Ryker leaned forward on his elbows and buried his head in his hands. He glanced at Steve out of the corner of his eyes. “Maybe he was just horny?”

Steve sucked a breath in through his teeth. “Horny enough to drink piss when it’s not something he’s into?”

Ryker slumped down, furious with himself. Dylan smelling so good should have tipped him off that this could happen. It was rare for humans to turn omega – the odds right up there with winning the lottery or getting struck by lightning – but he should have considered the possibility.

Humans only turned omega when they were having sex with more than one alpha, and Ryker should have kept in mind

the possibility when he and August started fucking him like rabbits.

“Do you think there’s still time to wean him off it?” he asked, lifting his head and looking to Steve for answers.

“I don’t know,” Steve said, turning in his seat. He mirrored Ryker’s pose, leaning forward on his elbows. “I mean... If he’s craving sex, the process must be pretty far along. I’ve never heard of anyone reversing it.”

Ryker resisted the urge to slam his fist down on the table.

“Are you going to tell him?” Steve asked, his voice careful.

Ryker barked out an angry laugh. “I think he’s going to notice the fact that he’s addicted to our come, so yeah, I’ll probably have to mention it.”

“Right.”

Steve nudged him with his shoulder. “It’s not like you did this on purpose, and you haven’t given him a claiming bite. All the stories I’ve heard about making omegas say that you have to bite the human you’re trying to turn for it to work.”

Ryker had forgotten that detail, but it didn’t make him feel better. It didn’t change anything about what was happening to Dylan.

“You think it might be something else?” He leaned back, keeping one hand on the table. He drummed his fingers against the side of his glass as he waited for Steve to answer.

“Maybe?” Steve leaned back as well, their shoulders touching. “I mean, could it be a bonding thing?”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, you’re well on your way to claiming him, right? Could this be happening because you haven’t finished the process and given him a claiming bite?”

Hope flared in Ryker’s chest. “Have you heard of that happening?”

The hope in Ryker's chest deflated like a popped balloon when Steve shook his head.

"No, but you never know."

"Steve," Ryker turned and faced the younger alpha head on.

"Yes?"

"Please stop helping."

Steve slumped, looking like a kicked puppy. "Sorry."

Ryker felt like an asshole. He nudged Steve's shoulder in a silent apology, and the younger alpha stopped looking so pathetic.

They sat in silence. After about five minutes, their waitress brought their drinks out, shooting a questioning glance at the empty booth on the other side of the table from Ryker and Steve.

"They'll be back soon," Ryker said, picking up his coffee and taking a long sip.

Their waitress, a tall, thin woman in her fifties with a weathered face and kind eyes, smiled. "That's all right. Your food will be out in just a minute, sweetheart."

"Sounds good," Ryker said.

The waitress rushed off, and a minute later August and Dylan were walking toward them and sliding into the other side of the booth.

August had his typical post orgasm glow, a smile playing on his lips and his body relaxed, while Dylan looked like he'd just come back from a rejuvenating spa-vacation at an expensive resort in the Alps.

The difference from just a few minutes ago was startling.

"Feeling better?" Ryker asked, studying Dylan's expression carefully.

Dylan nodded, a sheepish expression flitting across his face. "A lot better." He glanced over at August, a light blush

spreading across his cheeks.

August didn't say anything, but judging by his expression, it was clear he had questions about what was going on.

"How have you been feeling leading up to today?" Ryker asked.

"What do you mean?"

Ryker lifted his coffee cup and held it up, ready to drink. "I mean, have you been feeling okay? You seemed a little off, earlier, other than the shampoo bottle I mean."

Dylan shrugged, looking down at the table. "I just missed you guys, that's all. I wasn't sick or anything."

August caught Ryker's eye, his brows scrunched and his expression very confused.

"I'm just asking, because sometimes, when two or more alphas have sex with a human, the human can develop something of an addiction to their... well, their sperm, basically."

Dylan looked at him, his eyes wide. "You have addictive come?"

Ryker winced. "It's extremely rare. August and I have had sex with... well, let's just say that it's been a lot of humans, and it's never happened before."

"But you think it's happening to me?"

Ryker shrugged, deeply uncomfortable. He looked at August, his mate looking dumbfounded, before turning back to Dylan.

"I think that asking to crawl under the table so that you could give August a blowjob was a little out of character, and it made me worried."

Dylan turned to Steve. "Is this something you knew could happen?"

Steve looked caught off guard to be addressed. He sat up a little straighter, gaze flickering between Ryker and August before he looked at Dylan.

“I mean, I’ve heard of it, but it’s kind of like finding out that your partner is allergic to sperm. It’s something that’s technically possible, but not something you’d think about before having sex with someone.”

Dylan looked relieved. Ryker frowned, wondering if he’d thought they’d gotten him addicted to their sperm on purpose.

“Have you been feeling weird?” August asked, speaking up for the first time. He’d pulled away from Dylan, leaving a space between them where they sat next to each other.

Dylan swallowed, wringing his hands in his lap.

“Maybe?” He glanced down, teeth worrying at his lower lip. “I mean. I’ve been pretty horny these past few days, but I figured that was just because I was missing you guys. This morning was pretty bad, though.”

“Bad how?” Ryker asked.

It took Dylan a while to answer. His face was red, his shoulders hunched with embarrassment.

“I was just really horny, but like in a bad way?” he said, swallowing loudly. He glanced up. “Like I was empty, you know?”

Ryker did not know. The closest he’d ever felt to empty was hungry, but he didn’t think that hunger was the sensation Dylan was describing.

“Empty in a way that you thought a shampoo bottle would fix?” August asked, the question not at all teasing.

Dylan nodded. “I wasn’t really thinking.”

No one said anything for a minute, everyone processing, the silence finally broken by their waitress coming up to their table with a tray stacked full of food.

“Here you go, enjoy, guys,” she said, putting down plates with practiced speed. “Do you need anything else?”

“No, thank you, we’re good,” August said, shooting her a polite smile.

“All right. I’ll be back with refills for your coffee in a bit, but if you need anything before then just holler.”

“Will do,” August said.

When she’d left, Ryker picked up his knife and fork and started eating. Steve and August followed his lead, but Dylan just sat there and stared at his food.

“If I am addicted to your... you know, then what does that mean? How do we fix it?”

“We can’t,” August said, shoving two strips of bacon into his mouth. Ryker glared at him, not appreciating his bluntness.

“What do you mean?”

“It’s not an addiction in the medical sense,” August explained. “You can’t go cold turkey or wean yourself off it.”

Judging from the look on his face, Ryker could tell that was not an acceptable answer.

“What happens if I try?”

August hesitated, and so Ryker answered the question.

“You’ll get sick, and if we leave it long enough, you’ll die.”

Dylan stared at him, mouth slack. He gave himself a shake and laughed.

“Okay, that isn’t funny.”

Ryker looked at him, while August and Steve looked down at their food with cowardly avoidance.

“No, it isn’t.” Ryker sighed and brushed his hand through his hair. “And I’m really sorry.”

“Just because this has happened doesn’t mean you have to be with us,” August said.

At Dylan’s blank look, he elaborated. “You just need our sperm. If you don’t want to be with us, we can jack off into a condom and send it to you in the mail or something. You wouldn’t even have to see us. You could mix it into a protein shake or insert it into your rectum with a turkey baster. My

point is, we're not going to use this to trap you into being with us."

Ryker's wolf rumbled with disapproval at the suggestion, and he was impressed that August had been able to subdue his own wolf enough to make the offer.

Dylan rubbed the bridge of his nose, ignoring August's declaration. "If it's an addiction, there must be a way to get sober."

Ryker shook his head. "I'm sorry, but no. It's not a medical addiction."

"Then what is it?" Dylan sounded angry. He looked around the table, frustrated and glaring.

Ryker huffed, bleakly amused. "I don't know. The same thing that lets me sprout claws and teeth on the full moon?"

Dylan looked extremely dissatisfied with that explanation.

"So it's werewolf bullshit, is that what you're telling me?"

Ryker nodded.

"We might be getting ahead of ourselves," August said, trying to ease the tension. "You might not be turning into an omega. You could just have been regular horny. We don't know for sure."

Dylan shook his head. "No, there was something wrong with me. It freaked me out so much I started crying in the shower. It was not normal." He furrowed his brow and turned to August. "Is that what you call someone this happens to? An omega?"

August nodded.

"Okay. Fine." Dylan took a deep breath, picking up his knife and fork and cutting up his pancakes. "So I'm an omega. Great. I can deal with that."

He shoved a big piece of pancake dripping with butter into his mouth, chewing aggressively.

"You can?" Ryker asked.

“Do I have a choice?” Dylan asked, mouth full of food. There was a wild, trapped look in his eyes.

Ryker flinched and shook his head.

“Then I guess I’ll just have to.” Dylan picked up his glass of water and took a deep sip. He stared at Ryker over the rim of his glass, and when he’d finished swallowing, he asked, “Is it going to get worse?”

“Not from what I’ve heard.” Ryker glanced at Steve to see if he’d heard anything different from his pack, but he didn’t offer up a contradiction. He turned his gaze back to Dylan. “It’s supposed to be pretty predictable.”

Dylan nodded, visibly calming himself down. He put down his glass and fiddled with his knife and fork. “So if this past week was any indication, I can go about six days before I start feeling sick. That’s not too bad.”

Ryker wished there was something he could do to make Dylan stop looking so trapped.

“I’m a werewolf come addict,” Dylan mumbled, speaking to himself, and for a second it looked like he was about to have a panic attack. “*Fuck.*”

Ryker watched him, trying to think of something he could do to help, but Dylan brought himself under control.

“Let’s eat,” Dylan said, spearing another piece of pancake onto his fork and shoving it into his mouth.

Ryker followed his lead and picked up his fork. He kept his gaze on Dylan, watching him surreptitiously as he ate.

Halfway through lifting a piece of bacon to his mouth, Dylan suddenly put down his knife and fork and scooted off the bench. Ryker saw August’s hand jerk, like he’d wanted to drag Dylan back into the booth next to him, but thankfully his mate managed to resist the impulse.

Dylan turned toward them, looking awkward and sorry.

“I need some time to think, okay?” he said, grabbing his jacket and putting it on. His movements were rushed, and he struggled to do up his zipper. “Can we meet up later?”

Ryker nodded, his stomach sinking. “Of course. Take as much time as you need.”

“I’ll call you later. Thanks for... thanks for telling me, I guess. I’m glad you didn’t try to hide it.”

“That would have been a shitty thing to do,” Ryker said.

Dylan chuckled, not sounding amused. “Yeah, it would have.” He took his hands out of his pockets, giving them a half-hearted wave and turning around. “I’ll talk to you later.”

Ryker watched him walk quickly across the diner floor and out the door, slumping back in his seat when he disappeared from sight.

“Well, that could have gone worse,” August said.

Ryker looked at him to see if he was kidding.

“It could have! He didn’t freak out or think that we did this to him on purpose.”

“That’s a pretty low bar.”

“He didn’t seem angry with you,” Steve added, his tone thoughtful. When neither Ryker or August protested him voicing an opinion, he continued, “I think he just needs some time to process what you told him.”

Ryker sighed, hands resting in his lap. He’d only finished about half his food, but he wasn’t in the mood to eat any more. His appetite was gone, which for the morning after a full moon was unheard of. He turned to Steve, studying the younger man. He was still eating, hunched over his plate and shoveling food into his mouth like a machine.

“You think?” he asked.

Steve turned toward him. “I mean, things were going really well, right? He likes you a lot. This is a shock, that’s all. He’ll get used to the idea and things will be fine.”

Ryker hoped he was right.

“I’m sorry you got dragged into it.”

Steve put down his fork, his expression sheepish. “I’m not.”

“No?” Ryker asked, mood lightening. Even if the situation with Dylan was less than ideal, at least things had gone according to plan with Steve.

“No.”

Last night’s full moon had been one of their best ever – Steve slotting into place like they’d known each other for years – and if it hadn’t been for the trainwreck that was Dylan turning into an omega, Ryker was pretty sure he’d be pushing for them to have a conversation about the younger alpha right about now.

Ryker liked Steve, and spending a full moon with him had only made him like him more.

“We should do it again, before the next full moon,” August said, making both Ryker and Steve look at him. “Head out to the preserve, I mean.”

August still had a worried look about him, but it seemed that Steve’s words had helped a little.

“I’d be up for that,” Ryker said.

“Me too,” Steve said, looking like he was trying not to grin. He sounded thrilled. “I have to work next weekend, but the weekend after that I’m off.”

He was practically bouncing in his seat.

“All right, it’s a date,” Ryker said, enjoying the way his choice of words made Steve blush. He looked at August, wondering if he’d be annoyed that he was using the word *date*, but August just rolled his eyes at him.

DYLAN

When Dylan got home from the diner, still reeling from the discovery that he was a werewolf come addict, he crawled into bed and hid under the covers.

He was in way over his head.

Every time he tried to process the fact that he was tied to August and Ryker for the rest of his life, his heart started beating fast and his chest felt like someone was sitting on it – and not in the fun way like when August planted his ass on his chest and sat there slapping his dick down on his face.

Dylan groaned, his cock twitching at the memory of August's massive member smacking his cheeks. He didn't understand how he could be turned on by the memory of August's playful domination and still feel this anxious. The two feelings should be incompatible, and the fact that they existed at the same time made Dylan worry that his arousal was a manifestation of being an omega.

Except it wasn't. Dylan liked when August sat on him, his big butt pushing him down into the mattress and making it hard to get enough air into his lungs, his pretty cock leaking a steady stream of pre-come all over his face. It was fun.

It wasn't even a real addiction, Dylan fumed. Addictions were a disease that could be managed. This was more like having kidney disease and needing to get dialysis every week – except instead of getting hooked up to a machine to have his blood cleaned, Dylan needed to get fucked full of come.

Remembering how empty and desperate he'd felt – how the hollow feeling inside of him had seemed to grow and grow until he'd felt like he was going to go crazy – terrified him.

Having sex with August and Ryker wasn't scary – he'd enjoyed every single encounter he'd had with the two alphas – but depending on them not to feel that horrible yearning empty feeling, that terrified him.

Thinking about it – about how August and Ryker could use his dependency like a weapon if they ever got into a fight – had his pulse ratcheting into overdrive and his stomach feeling like he was going to throw up.

They wouldn't do that, Dylan told himself. Even if they were fighting, August and Ryker weren't the kind of people who'd resort to torturing him just because they were mad.

Calming down, Dylan pushed the cover down and stared up at the ceiling. He traced the contours of the stain from the water damage after the leak in the apartment above his, wondering absently if it had gotten bigger or if it was just his imagination.

He decided to send a notice to the building manager, just in case.

Crawling out from beneath his comforter, anxiety simmering in his stomach like milk in a hot pan threatening to boil over, Dylan grabbed his laptop and propped himself up against the wall. He typed out a quick email, taking a picture of the ceiling and uploading it as an attachment, and sent it off.

He was about to close his laptop and burrow back under his covers when he decided he might as well try to do a little research. Anxiety creeping in his stomach, he opened his browser and typed in the word *omega*. He hit search, holding his breath as the results loaded.

The whole first page of results was for the watchmaker brand. Since Dylan was not in the market for a new watch, he went back to the search box and added the word *werewolf*.

This time the results were slightly more relevant, though not by much. Dylan scanned the articles and websites listed on

the first two pages of search results, but there was nothing that looked like it talked about human omegas. All the information was about the hierarchy of natural wolves and how that hierarchy compared to the ones found in werewolf packs, comparing the two and pointing out that werewolves didn't organize their packs the same way real wolves did.

Amending his search to include the words *sperm* and *addiction* did nothing but bring up links to werewolf porn. Dylan hit the back button and decided to dig deeper into the results from his previous search.

He clicked on a video from a man who'd befriended a wolf pack of the non-werewolf kind, mostly because the wolves in the thumbnail were adorable. His opinion on the wolves' adorableness changed when he saw the video. It was all about the omega of the pack, and how the other wolves picked on him during the mating season.

That sent Dylan down a research spiral on wolves and their pack dynamics, and the information he found did nothing to comfort him. In wolf packs omegas were the most subordinate member of the pack, and some of the videos he saw showed some truly alarming behavior.

That werewolves had given the title of omega to the humans who became addicted to them was not a good sign.

Closing the lid on his laptop, Dylan pushed his computer away and huddled back under his covers. He burrowed his face into his pillow, closing his eyes and flashing back to the day before when he'd accepted Ryker's offer to suck August's cock in exchange for drinking their piss.

He hadn't even considered saying no.

The memory terrified him. He'd *needed* August's cock, so much so that he would have let Ryker demean and humiliate him however he liked if it only meant he got to taste August's cock. Anything would have been worth it to feel August's rock-hard length sliding over his tongue.

He would have done anything they asked.

Lifting his knees up to his chest and hugging himself tight, Dylan couldn't help but think about all the things August and Ryker might inadvertently pressure him into trying.

He remembered Ryker smacking his ass with the riding crop, dragging the leather flap over his skin and nudging at his balls, August's warning that Ryker was into cock and ball torture ringing in his ears. It had felt so soft, the leather cool against his sac, but he'd known instinctually how much even a gentle tap would hurt.

There was no way Dylan could handle getting his balls whipped, and yet he knew without a doubt that if Ryker had come to him yesterday morning before his mishap in the shower, promising to fuck him if he got to spank his balls, he would have said yes.

In a heartbeat.

Dylan was startled out of his worries by a sharp knock on his door. He froze, pushing the covers down over his face and staring at the door with his breath caught in his chest.

What if it was August or Ryker? Dylan wasn't ready to face either of them. He stayed still, waiting for them to go away.

"Dylan, are you in there?" Annie called from the other side of the door, sounding worried. "Are you feeling okay?"

Dylan slumped back, relieved that he wouldn't have to face August and Ryker. He got out of bed and pulled on a pair of sweatpants and opened the door.

"Hi, what's up?" he said, brushing his hand through his hair.

Annie glared at him.

"You stood me up, that's what up. Did you forget we were getting lunch today?"

Dylan winced. With everything that had happened that morning, he'd completely forgotten that he was supposed to meet Annie for lunch.

“Sorry. I had kind of a crazy morning and I forgot.” Dylan walked back to his desk and grabbed his phone, Annie following him into the apartment. He glanced at the screen, and sure enough, he had several missed calls and messages from Annie, along with a message from Ryker telling him to call or text if he needed anything at all. He turned back toward Annie. “My phone was on silent.”

Annie rolled her eyes. “Yes, I figured. So what’s going on that was so crazy?” She took a seat on his bed and scooted back, leaning against the wall. “Is it werewolf related?”

A sharp laugh burst out of Dylan’s mouth. He put his phone down and wondered whether or not he should explain to Annie that he was a werewolf come addict.

“That’s a yes,” Annie said, looking concerned. “Did they... end things?”

Dylan sighed, walking over to the bed and taking a seat next to her. He decided to tell her a modified version of the truth.

“Kind of the opposite.”

“Opposite how?” Annie sounded confused.

“Opposite as in we’re stuck with each other – or at least I am with them.” Dylan fiddled with his hands, turning to Annie and finding her watching him with a worried expression. “It’s all werewolf mumbo jumbo, but basically I get sick if I’m away from them for too long.”

Annie’s eyebrows scrunched together. “What do you mean, you get sick?”

She sounded outraged.

“I don’t know.” Dylan bit his lip and shrugged. “I just feel bad, and then if I don’t see them, it gets worse. That’s what was wrong with me last night, and this morning I felt so bad I called August.”

“Because you knew not seeing him – them, I mean – was the reason you felt sick?”

Annie sounded skeptical and Dylan chuckled.

“No, because he’s a doctor. He was on his way home from the preserve and told me to meet him at his clinic.”

“And then when you saw him you felt better?”

Dylan nodded, not mentioning that the feeling better had only happened after he’d guzzled both Ryker and August’s cocks with the desperation of a crack addict.

“There’s no way to fix it,” he said, before Annie could ask. “At least not that August, Ryker or Steve have heard of.”

Annie closed her mouth, confirming that she’d been about to ask just that. She bit her lip and looked out over Dylan’s tiny apartment.

“How do August and Ryker feel about this?” she asked, giving him a careful look. “I mean, how did they seem when they told you what was going on?”

Dylan bit his lip and didn’t answer right away. That was a question that he’d been avoiding. On the one hand, he didn’t think that August and Ryker were upset about being tied to him specifically, but they hadn’t seemed happy about it, either.

Then again, it would have been pretty shitty of them to get visibly excited at having trapped Dylan into becoming addicted to their come.

“I don’t know,” he said, voice small.

Annie nudged their shoulders together, silently comforting him.

“They like me,” he said, swallowing. “At least I think they do.”

“They do,” Annie said, stating it as a fact. “They wouldn’t have magically bonded you to them unless they were seriously into you – even if it happened on a subconscious level.”

August and Ryker had presented becoming an omega as something that happened randomly, and Dylan hadn’t thought to question that.

“You don’t think it was random?”

Annie snorted. “Random? Fuck no.”

Dylan thought about it, wondering what could have made August and Ryker want to put a magical leash and collar on him – even if it was subconscious.

“Maybe it’s because they had competition?” he theorized. Annie looked confused, so he elaborated. “Steve has been pretty clear about how much he wants me to ditch August and Ryker and date him instead – and August and Ryker know all about it. Maybe that could have prompted this?”

Annie nodded. “That makes more sense than it being something that just happened for no reason.”

“You think?”

“Yes. Their wolfy instincts probably told them that you were way too good for them, and that they needed to lock you down before you realized it.”

Dylan laughed. He didn’t like being magically tied to August and Ryker’s cocks, but if he could choose between it being a random occurrence and something triggered by August and Ryker wanting him so badly that they unintentionally got him addicted to their come, he’d prefer the latter.

At least then he’d know that he wasn’t a burden.

“So how long can you go before you need to spend time with them?” Annie sounded like she was in problem solving mode. “You spent last weekend with them, and you started feeling bad on Friday, so that’s what, five days?”

Dylan nodded. “More like six. I didn’t start feeling bad until last night, and it wasn’t too bad until I woke up this morning.”

“Okay, so not even a week. How long after you met up with them did you start to feel better, and did it require physical touch, or was it enough just to see them?”

Dylan blushed, his face feeling hot.

Annie narrowed his eyes at him, her gaze searching. “Dylan, what aren’t you telling me?”

“Nothing!” Dylan exclaimed, looking away. “I felt better once we were in the same room.”

Annie kept looking at him.

“Seriously!” Dylan looked at her. “I felt better, and then I was just happy to see them, so we... you know. Then we went out for breakfast, they explained everything, and I came home.”

Annie stopped looking at him like she suspected him of hiding something, a faint blush rising in her cheeks.

“Okay, so a week.”

“I think it might be pheromones,” Dylan lied. “They said that if I needed to spend time away from them that they could send me something they’d worn and that would keep me from getting sick. Like a workout shirt or something.”

Annie brightened. “That’s good news, right?”

Dylan nodded. “They said that if I didn’t want to be with them they would send me stuff in the mail so that I wouldn’t get sick or have to interact with them unless I wanted to.”

“That’s a good sign.” Annie leaned against him. “Do you think you’ll take them up on that?”

Dylan shook his head. “No, not unless they ask me to.”

“Ask you to, as in break up with you?”

Dylan nodded.

“Do you think that they’re going to break up with you?”

Dylan shook his head. “No. Not now, at least. In the future, who knows?”

Annie scooted forward and jumped off the bed. “Okay, let’s go to lunch. I’m starving.”

Dylan looked at her, amused and feeling much better than he had just a few minutes ago. His situation was weird, and there were plenty of ways things could go wrong, but at the end of the day he believed that August and Ryker were nice guys who wouldn’t take advantage of him.

He had to believe that.

“We’re done dealing with my freakout?” he asked, getting up.

“Finished,” Annie confirmed. “You’ve been magically bonded to two of the hottest guys I’ve ever seen. I don’t even feel a little bit sorry for you.”

Dylan laughed, grabbing his phone and putting on his jacket. He sat down on his bed to put on his shoes.

“I guess that’s fair.”

“I’m going to go get my coat,” Annie said, opening the door and turning toward him. She still looked a little worried, but she was doing a good job of trying to hide it. “I’ll meet you downstairs?”

Dylan nodded. “See you in a minute.”

Annie left, and Dylan finished putting on his shoes. He grabbed his phone and stared at the message from Ryker. After a minute of indecision, he texted back a simple thank you.

AUGUST

August left his office and headed home, climbing behind the wheel of his car and sending off a message to Ryker that he was on his way home.

It had been three days since August last saw his favorite human, and though they'd exchanged a few messages since, they hadn't seen each other in person.

August wondered if he was feeling the effects of his new dietary requirement yet.

Feeling antsy, almost like he was the one with an addiction, the first thing August did when he arrived back at the penthouse was seek out his mate in the living room. He sat down next to Ryker on the sofa, close enough that their shoulders touched, and put his feet up on the coffee table.

“I want to call him.”

“Dylan?” Ryker asked. He was still dressed from work, wearing a well-tailored gray suit, though he'd removed his jacket and tie and unbuttoned the top button on his shirt. He was reading the news on his iPad.

“Who else?” August said, impatient.

“Steve?” Ryker suggested, grinning. He put down his iPad and wrapped his arm over his shoulder. “We could see if he wants to come over for dinner?”

“I want Dylan.”

August knew that he sounded petulant, but he couldn't help it. He missed Dylan, but more than that, he wanted to see for himself how he was doing. He kept remembering the trapped look in Dylan's eyes when they'd told him he was an omega, and it was making him feel so *guilty*.

"You don't think we should give him some more time?"

Ryker sounded so reasonable, it was infuriating.

"I think we can ask him and he can decide for himself if he needs more time."

"All right."

August blinked, surprised at the capitulation.

"It is?"

"You're right, it should be Dylan's choice." Ryker grinned. "We can invite both of them."

"Steve too?"

Ryker nodded. "I want to see how he and Dylan get along."

August turned his head, narrowing his eyes at Ryker and shooting him a suspicious look.

"We know how they get along. They're *friends*."

"How they get along when you and I are there, too." Ryker reached over and put his hand on August's lap, stroking up and down over the relaxed muscle.

"You still want that?"

August was surprised. He'd have thought that with Dylan turning omega, Ryker would let up on his desire to add Steve to their relationship.

He should have known better.

"Don't you?" Ryker moved his hand up and cupped August's bulge, squeezing his shaft through the denim.

August didn't say anything, enjoying Ryker's hand on his package, but then he sighed. "Fine. We can invite Officer Puppy."

Ryker grinned, kneading his bulge harder.

“We should get Thai food.”

Dylan had mentioned that Thai food was his favorite.

“Fine by me.” Ryker sounded pleased to be getting his way. He shifted his grip, his thumb finding the tip of August’s cock and rubbing it.

“Fuck.” August’s breath hitched when Ryker lifted his hand and pushed it down the front of his pants. He felt his mate’s hand wrap around his cock, the sensation making his cock throb and balls pull tight.

Ryker leaned in, his breath ghosting across the skin of August’s neck before he kissed it. Wet and messy, August closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation of his mate sucking on his neck while he milked his cock.

Teeth scraped over his jugular, the sharp pain of Ryker’s elongated canines against his skin just the push August needed to get over the edge.

He came, spilling into Ryker’s hand and whimpering when Ryker reached up and twisted his nipple through his shirt.

By the time he finished shooting, the inside of August’s underwear was a mess, and his jeans looked like he’d pissed himself.

He felt deliciously dirty.

Ryker got to his feet with a satisfied grin. He wiped his hand off on August’s shirt, leaning down and kissing his forehead as August enjoyed the comedown from his orgasm, and pulled his phone out of his pocket. “I’ll invite Dylan, you call Steve.”

It took August a few seconds to process the instruction, and when he did, he pouted. “I want to call Dylan.”

“And I want you to call Steve.” Ryker looked down at him, big and looming and impossibly sexy. He licked a bead of come off the back of his thumb and smirked. “He’ll be happy if you invite him.”



After going to the bathroom and giving himself a quick wash and changing his jeans and underwear, August called Steve. Just as Ryker had predicted, the younger alpha was delighted by the invitation and promised to be there in half an hour or less.

“Take your time,” August said, moving his phone to his other ear. He walked back to the living room and sat down on the couch, crossing his bare feet on the coffee table. The scent of come lingered in the air, and August wondered if he should offer Ryker a blowjob before their guests came over. “We’re ordering takeout and it will take at least an hour to get here.”

“I can pick it up on my way,” Steve offered. Judging by the rustling and movement in the background, he was rushing to get dressed. “I’m heading out the door now.”

August chuckled. “That works. I’ll text you the address of the restaurant. We’re getting Thai. Any requests?”

“No, I’ll eat whatever,” Steve said. “Can I park my bike in your garage?”

“Sure, I’ll text you the guest parking code.” Glancing out the window, August frowned. “Be careful. It’s starting to get slippery out there.”

“I will be,” Steve said, sounding glowingly happy.

“Good. I’ll see you soon.”

August hung up, Steve’s eagerness to hang out making him grin down at his phone. He still thought that three alphas was one too many for Dylan to handle, but he could admit that Steve was a good fit.

They’d have to take things slow, to the point of inertia, and make sure not to make any promises to the younger alpha. It would be unfair to lead him on – or to lead him on more than they already were.

Steve was joining their pack, not their relationship.

August texted Steve the restaurant information and then went online to order. He didn't know what Dylan liked, so he erred on the side of ordering too much. It would be fine. He and Ryker would finish off whatever they didn't eat for lunch and dinner the next day.

As he was entering his payment information, Ryker walked back into the living room. He looked smug.

"You talked to Dylan?" August asked, eyeing the bulge in Ryker's pants and unconsciously licking his lips.

"He's coming over in an hour and a half. He just needs to finish up at the lab." Ryker dropped down next to him and draped his arm over the back of August's shoulders. "Make sure you order enough food."

August's stomach swooped, a warm fluttery feeling filling his chest. "Don't worry, I ordered enough. Steve is picking it up on his way."

Ryker lifted his hand and threaded his fingers through August's hair, scratching over his scalp in soothing moments. He leaned in and kissed the side of his head.

August closed his eyes, goosebumps on his arms. He loved when Ryker petted him like this.

"Want some help with that?" he asked, eyes closed as he reached over and felt his way up Ryker's thigh. His mate's erection filled his grip, covered by the silky soft wool of his suit trousers.

"What are we talking about?" Ryker asked, spreading his legs and scooting forward so that he sat on the edge of the couch.

"I want to blow you." August opened his eyes and shot his mate a lazy blink. He bit his lip, grinning at Ryker's heated expression.

"I wouldn't mind that."

"No?" August gave Ryker's bulge a squeeze. He moved his feet off the coffee table and sank to his knees on the floor, shuffling between his mate's legs, and nuzzled into Ryker's

crotch with a heady sniff. He pushed his face into the bulge, rubbing his cheek against the hard length before looking up at Ryker and placing an open-mouthed kiss on his suited balls.

Ryker was biting his lip, breaths coming fast, his hands clenched by his side as he struggled not to grab August by the hair and take control.

“Take it out.”

Ryker’s voice was tinged with a growl, and August’s arms prickled with goosebumps at the sheer power his mate was holding back.

He couldn’t take Ryker in a fight, but his mate still kept himself in check and allowed August to set the pace.

“Sure,” August said, reaching up and unzipping Ryker’s pants. He pushed his nose into the opening, finding Ryker’s balls and breathing in the musky scent while he kept rubbing Ryker’s cock where it lay trapped against his thigh.

“*August.*”

Ryker’s voice was a warning.

“All right,” August laughed, reaching into Ryker’s pants and freeing his cock. He had to undo the button at Ryker’s waist to make it happen, but pretty soon he had the thick monster free, the throbbing monster leaking a steady stream of pre-come and pointing right at him. He leaned forward and took it in his mouth.

“Fuck!”

Ryker grabbed him by the hair, fingers clenching down and pulling, but before August could make a noise of complaint, he let go.

The taste of Ryker’s cock was exquisite. It filled his mouth, pushing down on his tongue with a heaviness that felt deliberate, slick with pre-come and tasting like faint sweat and musk. August spent a moment pushing his tongue under Ryker’s foreskin, rubbing it around the bulbous head, enjoying the way his mate bucked and shuddered at his ministrations.

When he could tell Ryker was about to grab his hair again, his frustration reaching a breaking point, he wrapped his fingers over the base of Ryker's shaft where his knot was already forming, and went to work.

Sloppy and drooling, August sucked Ryker's cock like his life depended on it.

"Fuck!" Ryker grunted, his abs contracting and making his balls pull up. August smirked around the thick cock in his mouth and took the length deeper, squeezing and jerking Ryker's knot with the ease of years of experience.

It didn't take long before Ryker was grabbing one of the pillows next to him and biting into it as he exploded into August's mouth.

Instead of trying to swallow the massive amounts of come gushing into his mouth, August expertly let it gather on his tongue and run down the length of Ryker's shaft, mixing with his spit and making an absolute mess of the front of Ryker's pants and the leather sofa cushion beneath him.

"This is why my dry cleaner hates me," Ryker huffed, satisfied and grinning as he petted August's hair. He spread his legs wider and moved back on the couch, slouching.

August just grinned, licking the tip of Ryker's cock, squeezing his knot one final time. He swallowed Ryker's last little spurt of come with a happy noise of contentment and leaned back, sitting on his haunches, and grinned.

"And you don't care," Ryker said, smiling. He reached out and traced a drop of come off August's chin and licked it off his thumb.

"No," August said, chuckling. He wiped his mouth and rose to his feet, looking down at his debauched mate with the heated satisfaction of a job well done.

Ryker watched him back, cock hanging out of his pants, half hard and sticky with come and spit, his muscular body relaxed and lazy. August reached for his phone and snapped a picture, adding it to his enormous collection of pictures he had of his mate naked and looking like a porn star.

“Should I take my shirt off?”

Ryker was joking, but August wasn't going to say no to an offer like that. He nodded.

“And put one of your hands behind your neck. I want your armpit in the frame.”

Ryker snorted, but he stripped off his shirt and struck the asked for pose. He raised his brow, the expression daring August to request another pose.

August grinned and shook his head. “No, I think I have what I need.”

His phone pinged with a message from Steve, alerting him that he'd picked up the food and was on his way. He relayed the message to Ryker.

“That was fast,” Ryker said, rising from the couch. He gave August a quick kiss on his cheek and tucked himself back into his pants. “I'm going to shower before he gets here.”

“Sounds good,” August said, watching Ryker leave the room in all his shirtless glory.

He reached up and scratched his chest, realizing as he did so that he'd made a bit of a mess of his shirt. The cotton was slick with a mix of spit and come, the cooling mixture clinging to his skin uncomfortably. He took off his shirt and used it to wipe his face and then balled it up and wiped up the worst of the mess on the couch.

STEVE

Steve rode the elevator to August and Ryker's apartment, eight plastic bags filled with take-out containers dangling off the fingers of his right hand, and two more on his left.

August had ordered *a lot* of food. Steve had been forced to leave his bike near the restaurant and take an Uber in order to transport it all. He would have been annoyed at the lack of warning, except that he should have predicted that August would order a lot when he was feeding three alpha werewolves and a human.

The elevator doors opened up on a small hallway, the scent of sweat and sex blasting Steve in the face and making him stagger.

"Hello?" Steve stepped into the apartment, eyeing the shoes on the shelf next to him. He tugged off his boots and kicked them up against the wall, next to the shelf. "Food's here!"

"Perfect!" Ryker came around the corner, grinning and looking fresh out of the shower. His hair was wet, a drop of water running down the side of his neck, the clean scent of his body wash contrasting with the stink of sex lingering in the air. When he saw Steve's haul, he whistled. "That's a lot of food."

Steve held back a comment about having to take an Uber. He didn't want to start the evening off with a whiny complaint.

"It is," he said, grinning. "Where should I put it?"

“Kitchen,” Ryker said, beckoning for him to follow. “Right through here.”

Steve followed Ryker down the hall and into a spacious kitchen. He deposited the bags on the island counter, making sure all the boxes inside were upright before he took a step back and unzipped his coat.

“I’ll take that,” Ryker said, holding out his hand. Steve handed over his coat and rubbed the back of his neck.

“This is a nice place.”

He followed Ryker into the hall, watching him hang his coat in the closet next to the elevator doors.

“Thanks, I’ll give you the tour.” Ryker walked up to him and pulled him into an unexpected hug. “I’m glad you could make it.”

Steve’s stomach swooped, the casual intimacy reminding him of how lonely he’d been. Being held by Ryker felt wonderful, and Steve was reminded of how much he’d missed casual intimacy since moving away from home.

“Thanks for inviting me.”

“It’s our pleasure.” Ryker slapped his back and released him, gesturing for him to follow him back into the apartment. “Now let me give you the tour. Dylan should be here in about half an hour, so we can eat when he gets here.”

Steve perked up. “Dylan is coming?”

Ryker led him into a huge living room, wall to ceiling windows showing the glittering city below.

“He is.” Ryker shot him a look. “I thought it would be nice if the four of us could spend some time together.”

Steve blushed, his chest warming at the way Ryker said *the four of us*, like they were a pack. Then he remembered what a bad idea joining Ryker’s pack was, and the warm feeling went away.

His father would never allow him to join another pack, and if he tried, he would only bring trouble down on August and

Ryker.

“What’s with the face?”

Ryker’s question jerked Steve out of his brooding thoughts.

“Nothing,” he lied, walking over to the couch. The scent of sex intensified, and sure enough, the leather seat cushion was dirty with what looked like a mix of drying come and saliva.

“Fuck, I thought August had cleaned that up,” Ryker said, looking a little red around the ears as he surveyed the mess. He jogged out of the room and came back a second later carrying a damp towel, which he used to wipe the sofa clean. He shot Steve a rueful grin. “We decided to take the edge off before you and Dylan came over.”

Steve’s cock stiffened, pushing against the front of his jeans at the mental image of August and Ryker blowing each other.

“Makes sense,” Steve said, not sure what else to say when Ryker kept looking at him. He turned toward the window, adjusting his bulge and trying to tamp down his burgeoning erection as he looked out at the city landscape.

Ryker walked next to him, standing close so that their shoulders were touching and placing his hand on his back.

“I was thinking we could have a little fun tonight,” Ryker said, his voice pitched low. “You, me, August and Dylan. Would you like that?”

Steve’s mouth went dry, and the sensation of Ryker’s hand rubbing up and down his lower back sent shudders up his spine.

“That sounds...” Steve cleared his throat. “I’d like that.”

“Yeah?” Ryker slid his hand lower, the tips of his little and ring finger edging over the waistband of his jeans. “Tell me what kind of fun you’d like us to have.”

Steve’s face burned, and he was glad that they were standing next to each other so that he didn’t have to look Ryker in the face.

“I don’t know,” he mumbled, his heart speeding up as Ryker’s hand slid down and cupped his ass. Ryker squeezed, hand gripping Steve’s muscular cheek, taking his time and groping Steve’s ass like he was feeling a ripe peach.

“You don’t?” Ryker sounded calm. “Are you sure?”

Steve closed his eyes. “Maybe I could-”

Steve gasped, cutting himself off when Ryker stepped behind him and wrapped him up in a hug. Strong arms pushed around his waist, pulling him flush against Ryker’s body, soft lips pressing into the space behind his ear.

“Maybe you could, what?” Ryker asked, his voice so close that Steve could feel his breath against his skin. Ryker’s hand moved up the front of his shirt, slow and confident in his exploration, and rubbed over his pecs before squeezing his nipple with a cruel little tug. “Tell me.”

“I could watch you spank him.”

Goosebumps rose on Steve’s arms at the pleased chuckle that rumbled in Ryker’s chest.

“You don’t want to do it yourself?” Ryker asked. He reached down and found Steve’s cock, squeezing him through his jeans. “Put him over your lap and paint his ass red?”

“If you’d let me,” Steve said, feeling like he was going to come just from the gentle kneading of Ryker’s hand on his cock.

“Such a good boy,” Ryker said, letting go of Steve’s cock and patting his bulge. The gentle tap landed on his balls, causing a dull sort of pain that only served to heighten Steve’s arousal.

“Am I interrupting?”

Steve jumped at the new voice, taking a startled step away from Ryker and turning to see August standing in the doorway.

“No, we were just-”

“Steve here wants to give our boy a spanking,” Ryker said. He grabbed Steve and pulled him back so that they were once

again standing next to each other, though this time he put his hand on the back of Steve's neck and held him firm. He looked at Steve, a playful grin on his face. "Isn't that right?"

Steve nodded, blushing and feeling on display.

"We're not letting him fuck him," August said, crossing his arms. He looked stern and forbidding, but the bulge in his jeans betrayed his arousal.

"Not tonight," Ryker agreed.

"Or get a blow job."

"Not from Dylan, no."

August narrowed his eyes, looking caught between wanting to argue and just wanting.

It took Steve a second to get the implication of Ryker's phrasing, but when he did, his balls pulled tight and his mouth filled with drool. He swallowed, staring at August's mouth and wondering what it would feel like on his cock.

August caught him looking, his brows drawing up in outrage.

"I'm sure he'd return the favor, wouldn't you?" Ryker asked. He rubbed Steve's neck, massaging him.

Steve nodded.

August huffed out a breath and rolled his eyes. "Fine. We'll see how it goes."

"Then we have a plan," Ryker said, letting go of Steve's neck and clapping his hands together. He looked pleased, like everything was coming together exactly the way he wanted it to. "Steve will give Dylan a spanking, and then Dylan will sit on my knot while we watch the two of you roll around on the floor and sixty-nine each other."

"That is not what I agreed to!" August said, though to Steve it sounded very much like a token protest.

"I don't mind that plan," Steve said, making Ryker grin and August look at him like he wanted to waterboard him.

It would be kind of like wrestling, Steve thought. It would be fun, especially if he could manage to pin August on his back and put him in his place a little.

“It’s decided,” Ryker said. He let go of Steve’s neck and walked over to August, grabbing him by the front of his shirt and pulling him into a kiss.

“I’m going to put him on his back and fuck his face,” August grumbled, making Ryker grin as he leaned down and captured his mouth in a kiss.

“He might give you a run for your money.”

August made a noise of pure outrage. “I can take him!”

Ryker laughed, kissing him again. “I look forward to seeing it.”

They made out, and if he hadn’t been so caught up in watching them, Steve would have felt like an intruder.

“You really want us to bring him into our pack, don’t you?” August mumbled, almost too low for Steve to hear even with his werewolf hearing.

Ryker nodded, looking happy and welcoming and making Steve feel like the worst sort of pretender.

The only reason the two alphas were including Steve in the evening’s activities was that they expected to make him part of their pack.

Steve needed to come clean. Clearing his throat, he caught August and Ryker’s attention.

“I, ah...” Steve licked his lips, his palms getting sweaty as Ryker and August looked at him. “I have to tell you that I can’t, actually, because of my old pack, because my dad would... I can’t join your pack.”

Ryker’s brow furrowed, his expression stern and forbidding.

“Explain.”

“I’m not allowed to.”

Ryker narrowed his eyes and just looked at him. Steve squirmed, but he wasn't sure what else to say. His father had given him an ultimatum that led to him leaving Alaska, but after spending a few months on his own, Steve was beginning to realize that his father was absolutely sure he would come crawling back with his tail between his legs.

Joining a different pack would throw a wrench in his father's plans that the alpha of the Northwestern territory absolutely would not accept.

"Come sit, and start from the beginning." Ryker walked over to the dining room table on the other side of the room, taking a seat with his back to the window. August sat next to him, crossing his arms and looking caught between pissed off and confused.

Steve joined them, taking a seat across from them and feeling like a naughty student being called before the principal and superintendent.

"Okay, so last year when I finished up my degree in criminal justice, I wanted to go into law enforcement and get a job with the Anchorage Police Department. I-

"Wait, Anchorage, as in Anchorage, Alaska?" Ryker asked, the furrow in his brow finally disappearing. A confused expression took its place.

Steve nodded, not expecting to be interrupted so soon. "Yes."

"How did you expect to swing that?" August asked. He sounded genuinely perplexed.

"I knew that my dad wouldn't be happy about it, but I didn't think he'd object," Steve said, feeling defensive.

"No, what he means is, how did you think that you would be able to join the Northwestern pack?" Ryker clarified. "They don't accept new members."

"Yes, we do," Steve said, confused. "You just have to be recommended by someone we trust."

Ryker and August stared at him with matching looks of confusion.

“What do you mean, we?” August finally asked, sounding pained.

Steve flushed. He hadn’t talked to anyone about his pack since he moved, and he’d forgotten that it was no longer *we*. Now it was them.

“Sorry, force of habit. I mean, yes, they accept new members if they come recommended by a trusted ally.”

Ryker pinched the bridge of his nose, closed his eyes, and breathed in. When he opened his eyes, he leveled Steve with a serious look.

“Steve. Who was your old pack?”

Steve blinked. “The Northwestern pack.”

Ryker shook his head. “Your paperwork when you moved here said you were from New York.”

Steve realized the confusion. The New York pack had sponsored his application to live in neutral territory, part of their treaty with the Northwestern pack, but his home pack had been clearly listed.

Ryker must not have read his paperwork very carefully.

“They sponsored me, but they’re not my pack.”

“So you’re from Alaska?” August asked, sounding too calm.

Steve nodded.

“Okay, we didn’t realize that. We thought you were from New York.” Ryker cleared his throat. “Go on, you wanted to join the Anchorage P.D.?”

Both Ryker and August were giving him strangely blank looks. Steve knew that his pack had a bit of a reputation, but he didn’t think it was *that* bad.

“I did, but my dad wanted me to work exclusively for the pack. He thought I was getting my degree so that I’d be

equipped to help my brother when he takes over as pack alpha, but when he realized that I wanted to go to work for human law enforcement he gave me an ultimatum. I called his bluff and got a job here.”

“I see,” Ryker said, looking down at the table. He drummed his fingers on the varnished oak, expression inscrutable.

“I don’t think that my dad expects me to last on my own.” Steve put his hands in his lap, lowering his gaze. “He’s probably expecting me to cave and come home any day now.”

“But if you join another pack, you foil his plan.” Ryker sounded matter of fact.

Steve looked up, meeting the older alpha’s gaze and nodding. “He’d be furious.”

August let out a giggle that did not match his expression in the slightest. Ryker glanced at him, eyebrows set in a stern line, and August giggled again.

“We’re trying to poach the son of the alpha of the Northwestern pack,” August said, explaining himself.

Steve winced. When August put it like that, it sounded bad. Steve’s father did not tolerate people stealing his people.

“So you see why I can’t technically join your pack?” Steve said. Watching the two alphas across from him, Steve could practically see the future they could have had together slipping through his fingers.

“Yes.” Ryker rubbed his eyes. He took a deep breath. “Yes, I see why that would be a bad idea.”

“I didn’t realize that you thought I was from New York. I didn’t mean to keep it from you.”

Steve hadn’t thought it odd how Ryker and August treated him – it was similar to how his brother’s friends would have treated him back home – but maybe it should have set off some alarm bells that they didn’t know who he was.

Not many people – even established alphas with large packs to back them – would ever risk pissing off Steve’s

father.

“We’re not accusing you of that,” August said, no longer giggling. He looked tired. “We know you’re not the kind of guy who would try to trick us. This is just a misunderstanding.”

Steve nodded, relieved that they didn’t think he’d mislead them, but not really able to be happy about it.

“So where does this leave us?” Steve asked, dreading the answer.

Ryker’s answering smile was tight, but his eyes were kind. He leaned forward. “We still want to be your friends-” before Steve could get his hopes up, Ryker held up his hand and continued “-but before we take it any further than that, you need to talk to your father and sort out where you stand and what his expectations are.”

“And make it clear that we won’t accept you into our pack without his explicit permission and approval,” August added.

Their conditions laid out, Ryker and August watched him with matching looks of regret.

It was pretty much what Steve had expected.

“I’ll do that,” he lied. He knew exactly how a conversation like that would go and it was no use. As long as his father was alive, Steve wouldn’t be able to join another pack.

They sat in silence for about twenty seconds, no one quite sure what to say, until Ryker’s phone made a vibrating noise in his pocket. Ryker pulled it out and looked at the message.

“Dylan will be here in a few minutes,” he said, smiling. The skin around his eyes crinkled, making Steve’s stomach flutter. “He’s taking the bus.

“I’ll go get plates and set out the food,” August said, standing up. He clapped Ryker on his shoulder as he walked by. “Do you guys want to find a movie or something we can watch?”

Steve didn’t have to ask if the previous plan for spanking and mutual blow jobs was canceled.

“Sure, Steve and I can do that,” Ryker said. He rose, looking at Steve. “Right?”

Steve had been thinking about going home, but given the chance to hang around he wasn't going to say no. He'd been thinking that they would politely ask him to leave and not resume contact until he'd resolved things with his dad – which wouldn't have been unreasonable – but if they still wanted to be friends, Steve would happily take it.

“Yeah, we can probably find something to watch.”

DYLAN

When Dylan arrived at August and Ryker's apartment, he was in high spirits. He'd had a breakthrough in the lab – finally nailing a polycarbonate mix that satisfied all the requirements for the specialized 3D printing machines used by the company funding his grant – and he'd managed to go three whole days without feeling any ill effects from his new status as an omega.

He was still horny every time he so much as thought of his two strapping alphas, but that was only natural. It was miles away from the awful empty feeling that had driven him to fuck himself with a bottle of shampoo.

“Hello?” Dylan called, kicking off his shoes and putting down his backpack. He'd picked up a bottle of wine on his way from the lab, but looking at it now, standing in a penthouse that cost more money than he'd make in a lifetime, he was having second thoughts.

August and Ryker probably didn't drink grocery store wine.

Fuck it, Dylan decided, taking the wine out of his bag. It was a bottle he'd bought before and knew that he liked, and if it wasn't up to August and Ryker's standard, they could drink something else.

“There you are.” Ryker walked into the hallway, a fond smile on his face. He was dressed in comfy-looking jeans and a t-shirt, looking relaxed and homey. “I'm glad you could make it.”

The way his pecs strained the front of his shirt made Dylan want to bury his face into the mounds of muscle and smother his face. He had his chance when Ryker pulled him into a hug, strong arms wrapping around him and pushing his face into his pecs and squeezing him.

“How are you feeling?”

Ryker’s voice was a deep rumble, his voice pitched meaningfully as he asked the question into Dylan’s hair. They both knew what he was referring to.

“I’ve been fine,” Dylan said, the scent of Ryker’s body filling his nose. He surreptitiously rubbed his face along the cleft between Ryker’s pecs. “Nothing like how I was last Saturday, at least not yet.”

“Do you want to give it another day or two?” Ryker asked, grabbing him by his shoulders and pushing him back a little. He stared down into his eyes, expression serious and caring. “See what your limits are?”

Dylan’s immediate reaction was a visceral *no*. He’d felt fine all day – caught up in his work and hanging out with Annie for lunch – but now that he was in Ryker’s arms, the idea that he might not get split open and stuffed full of cock was a travesty.

“No, I don’t think we need to do that now.”

Ryker chuckled and pulled Dylan back into his arms.

“Then we won’t.”

Ryker cupped the back of his neck and pushed his face back into his chest, holding him there and letting him enjoy himself. Dylan’s nose was squashed flat, his face nestled into the cleft between Ryker’s pecs, and Ryker seemed content to leave him like that until his lungs started to burn and he gently tapped the alpha’s side to be let go.

Ryker released him, bouncing his pecs playfully, and Dylan gasped for breath. His face was hot, and his nose was sore from how Ryker had crushed it into his body.

He was still holding his grocery store bottle of wine, his grip on the neck clammy. He held it out, offering it to Ryker with a mumbled, "I thought I should bring something."

Ryker took the bottle and glanced at the label. "Thank you, Dylan. You didn't have to do that." He turned around and gestured for Dylan to follow him. "Steve is here, too. We ordered Thai and he picked it up on the way. August and I thought it would be fun to watch a movie together, just the four of us."

Dylan's pulse spiked, his mind flashing back to the last time he'd seen Steve. The memory didn't feel quite real because it was just so nasty. *He'd licked the man's come off his boot.* Just thinking about it made Dylan flush, his mouth echoing with the flavor of leather and spunk.

He swallowed, wondering if Ryker and August intended to take things further between the three of them and Steve.

They walked out of the hallway. Ryker draped his arm around Dylan's shoulders and pulled him close, leaning down and speaking softly. "I'd originally planned on having some fun with Steve tonight, but that's off, okay?"

Dylan was surprised, both that there had been plans to begin with and that they'd been canceled.

"Why?" he asked.

Ryker's arm tightened, curling around his neck as the alpha leaned down to kiss the top of his head.

"I'll explain it properly later, but the gist of it is that he can't join our pack because of his family. We still want to be friends with him, but at this point, sex or anything beyond friendship is a bad idea."

Ryker steered him into the spacious living room where August and Steve were sitting on the couch. The two of them were talking quietly, but at Dylan's arrival, August rose up and approached him with a wide grin on his face.

"There you are," he said, the happy grin turning a little careful. He studied Dylan's face for any sign of unhappiness or discontent. "Everything all right?"

Dylan met his look of concern with a smile, feeling happy at the obvious care August had toward his wellbeing. “Everything is great,” he said. “How are things with you?”

August’s grin turned cocky. He stepped into Dylan’s personal bubble, looking him up and down with a heated expression. “I’m doing very well, thank you.”

He took a step closer and Dylan had to bend his neck back to maintain eye contact. Ryker let out a little huff, stepping away from Dylan’s side and walking over to the couch where he sat down next to Steve.

Dylan watched him go, but he was quickly distracted when August reached up and grabbed his face, holding his head still and leaning down and pressing their lips together.

Dylan opened his mouth, and August’s tongue pushed inside. The alpha licked into his mouth with an aggressive fervor that left Dylan feeling breathless.

August pulled away, still holding Dylan’s face between his hands, a strand of spit connecting their mouths. It hung between them like the thread of a spiderweb, glistening and a little disgusting, before it broke off and landed on Dylan’s chin. August grinned, his thumbs rubbing over Dylan’s cheeks as he held him captive and leaned back down to lick his lips.

“It’s good to see you, Dylan.”

August’s voice was low, the rumbling sending shudders running down the length of Dylan’s spine.

“You too.”

Unlike August, Dylan’s voice was high and breathless, making him feel like a squeaky teenager.

“Okay you guys, break it up,” Ryker said, sounding amused. “The food is getting cold.”

August let go of Dylan’s face and stepped away, though he put his hand on Dylan’s back as he guided him over to the sofa.

“Hi, Steve,” Dylan said, feeling awkward at having put on such a show.

Steve was watching him with an intent expression, his pupils blown wide open. When Dylan spoke to him, he visibly startled and the intent expression was replaced by a friendly smile. He rubbed the back of his neck, drawing Dylan's attention to his bulging bicep and the width of his shoulders.

"Hi, Dylan, it's nice to see you again."

Dylan swallowed, wondering what would happen if he sat down next to Steve and just pushed his face under the man's arm and burrowed into his pit. The desire to feel Steve's body – to smell him and feel his heat – was unexpected in its intensity.

"You too," Dylan said, mortified at his raging libido. With Steve, he didn't even have the excuse of addictive werewolf sperm to account for his craving.

"You can sit between me and Ryker," August said, pushing Dylan down onto the couch and taking a seat next to him. Steve was forced to scoot over, and Dylan didn't think he imagined the brief look of disappointment on the alpha's face.

Dylan sat between August and Ryker, their arms brushing against his shoulders, and stared at the food laid out on the coffee table.

"I hope you're hungry," Ryker said, scooting over and giving Dylan a bit more room. "August went a bit overboard."

August made a noise of protest. "I did not. This isn't going to last us past tomorrow, and you know it."

"It looks really good," Steve said, leaning forward and putting his hands on his knees to survey the table.

"Help yourself." August leaned forward, too, reaching for the plates and handing one to Dylan.

Dylan's family had never been the type to eat in front of the TV. He helped himself to a serving of rice, green curry and spring rolls.

"I'll get drinks," Ryker announced, putting his plate down and standing up. "What do you guys want?"

Dylan asked for a beer, and August and Steve asked for the same.

“Do you want a grilled pork skewer?” August asked, reaching for the container they were in and holding one up for Dylan’s inspection. “They’re delicious.”

“Sure,” Dylan said, holding out his plate. “Thanks.”

August looked pleased. He scooted back, leaning his back against the seat rest and balancing his plate on his left thigh. He grabbed one of the skewers off his plate and tore the meat off the stick.

Dylan watched him chew, transfixed by the way his sharply defined jaw moved up and down with each powerful bite. August caught him staring, winking at him as he picked up another skewer.

“Your food is getting cold.”

Dylan blushed, picking up his spoon and helping himself to a mouthful of curry. For a minute, Dylan forgot all about August and his weirdly sexy chewing. The curry was the best he’d ever tasted. Perfectly spiced, the flavors of lemongrass and ginger balanced out the mellow coconut, and Dylan couldn’t help closing his eyes and moaning in delight.

When he opened his eyes, both August and Steve were staring at him. Dylan swallowed, self-conscious at the attention, and took another bite. “It’s very good,” he defended himself.

Thankfully, Ryker chose that moment to come back with the drinks. He set the bottles of Stella down on the table and took a seat, picking up his plate and looking between August and Dylan with a quizzical expression.

“Why do I feel like I just walked in on something?”

“It’s nothing,” Dylan said, leaning forward and grabbing his beer. He took a quick drink, determined not to make any more sounds no matter how good the food was.

“Dylan likes the food,” August offered as an explanation, winking at Dylan when Ryker wasn’t looking.

“It’s pretty good,” Ryker agreed.

Dylan was almost offended. This was the best Thai food he’d ever had, and Ryker just thought it was *pretty good*? He put his beer down and took another bite of curry, just to confirm to himself that it really was as good as the first bite suggested.

It was.

“So, are we watching a movie?” August asked, leaning back and spreading his thighs a little wider. The move pushed his thigh flush against Dylan’s, making Dylan’s stomach flutter.

“Steve and I found one,” Ryker said, reaching for the remote and turning on the TV. “It’s number three on Netflix.”

Dylan watched the screen, perking up when Ryker selected an action movie that had come out a few weeks ago that he’d been wanting to see. The main character was played by a werewolf.

“Look okay?” he asked.

“I vote yes,” Dylan said. He liked action movies, and watching Brock Heeler doing stunts and looking like a badass was never a waste of time.

The fact that he appeared to spend a significant chunk of the movie shirtless – at least according to the trailer – only added to the movie’s appeal.

“I’m fine with it,” August said. He got a thoughtful look on his face, turning to Steve. “Isn’t Brock Heeler a member of your pack?”

Dylan rounded on Steve with wide eyes. He’d had a poster of Brock Heeler on his wall since he was thirteen, and he’d jerked off to it more times than he could count.

“He is,” Steve said. He sounded amused. “He’s my cousin.”

Dylan was starstruck by association. He swallowed, looking at Steve and noticing that there was quite a bit of

resemblance between him and the man gracing the poster on the TV.

He'd picked the wrong werewolf. If he'd picked Steve, the alpha could have introduced him to his famous relative.

Noticing Dylan's expression, Steve chuckled. "He's not as cool as you think."

Dylan was sure that wasn't true.

"He's not. His only hobbies are working out and playing video games."

"Video games are cool," Dylan objected. He didn't play them himself – he'd never had the patience to get past the tutorial of any game he'd ever tried to play – but that didn't mean they weren't cool.

"All right, video games are cool and Brock Heeler isn't a loser," August said, before Steve could further besmirch the character of Dylan's first celebrity crush. "Now let's watch."

He hit play, and Dylan shot Steve one final glare before he turned his attention to the screen.



Two hours later, Dylan was feeling stuffed to the gills. He was leaning against August's side, nestled comfortably under his muscular arm, resting his cheek on the mound of the alpha's firm pectoral muscle.

The movie was better than Dylan had expected it to be. The action was excellently done – the stunts riveting and spectacular – and the story had just enough meat to hold it all together. Brock Heeler had been as enticing to look at as ever. There had been a scene half way through the movie where he'd donned a tight-fitting military getup – with black tactical pants, big black boots and an armored vest – and Dylan had spent way too much time wondering if August and Ryker would be willing to dress up like that for him.

It was a thought he never would have had before meeting the two alphas. He'd never been into roleplay, and though he'd always enjoyed a man in uniform, it wouldn't have occurred to him to do anything with that in the bedroom.

The outfit had included a pair of rough looking tactical gloves. Given how much August and Ryker seemed to like wearing gloves, the outfit would do a nice job of hitting both Dylan's appreciation of a muscular man in uniform and August and Ryker's enjoyment of wearing gloves when they were having sex.

It would be a win-win.

"I think I'm going to head home."

Dylan lifted his head and glanced over at Steve, wondering once again exactly what was going on with him. He'd been unusually quiet both before and after the movie, and unlike August and Ryker, he hadn't had many comments on the realism of the various stunts Brock Heeler's character pulled off.

"You're welcome to stay," August said, stroking Dylan's shoulder with an absentminded brush of his fingers that felt very nice. "We could fire up the PlayStation or something."

Steve rose up, stretching his back and shaking his head. "Thanks, but I really should get going. I have an early shift tomorrow and I'd like to get some sleep. Thanks for inviting me, though. I had fun."

He took a few steps back, holding up his hand in a little wave goodbye.

"We'll see you around, yeah?" August said. Steve hesitated, but then he nodded. He looked wistful.

Ryker rose to his feet, the sudden movement jostling Dylan as the couch bounced back from carrying the muscular alpha's weight. "I'll walk you to the door."

"See you later, Steve," Dylan said.

"Not if I see you first," Steve replied, making everyone groan. Dylan's stomach swooped at how cute he was.

“So what’s going on with his old pack?” Dylan asked as soon as Steve and Ryker were out the door, keeping his voice low and hoping that he’d waited long enough for them to be out of hearing range.

August held up his finger, signaling that he needed to wait a bit longer. He tilted his head and listened, and after a silent beat, took a deep breath and met Dylan’s gaze.

“Remember we told you about the Alaska pack?”

Dylan nodded. He was still surprised that he’d grown up in the territory of one of the scariest packs in the country. He’d never even seen a werewolf until he moved away for college.

August ran his hand through his hair, his expression turning faintly incredulous. He huffed out a disbelieving laugh. “Well, their alpha is Steve’s father. Steve had a fight with him about what he was going to do after getting his degree. He ended up moving here, but he thinks that his dad expects him to come back home eventually. If he joins another pack in the meantime, his dad would probably take it personally and come down here to take him back.

Given what August and Ryker had told him about the Alaska pack, that did not sound like something they wanted to happen.

“That’s surprising,” Dylan said, not sure how to feel. Did this mean that Steve was some kind of werewolf prince? He asked, and August let out a guffawing laugh.

“No, but he is important. From what I’ve heard his brother is the clear contender to take over the pack, and he’ll want Steve there to help him out.”

Dylan felt bad for Steve. He’d looked so happy when he told him that August and Ryker wanted to be his friends.

“Do you think he’ll move back to Alaska?”

Before August could answer, Ryker came back into the room. He was carrying three bottles of beer in one hand, and as he set them down on the table and took a seat, he answered Dylan’s question.

“No question. His dad is letting him cool off and get a sense for living on his own, but he’s one hundred percent counting on Steve caving in and coming home.”

Dylan wondered how he could be so sure.

“So that thing where he jerked off while we were in the other room, stuff like that is off the table?”

Ryker sighed, looking wistful. “Completely. We still want to be his friends, but we can’t get too attached without risking trouble with his dad.”

“That’s too bad,” Dylan said, nodding when Ryker held up one of the beers for him with a questioning lift of his brow.

“It is,” August agreed. “We were going to let him spank you, and then he and I were going to sixty-nine while you sat on Ryker’s knot and watched.”

Dylan choked, snorting beer out of his nose. August reached for one of the napkins on the table and handed it to him with a smirk.

“You can’t just say things like that!” Dylan cried, coughing and wiping his face with the napkin. He felt like his face was going to explode from the force of his blush. “You’re the worst.”

“I’ll spank you,” Ryker said, pulling him under his arm and almost making him spill the beer still clutched in his hand. He pushed his mouth into Dylan’s hair. “If you want me to?”

“Maybe later,” Dylan mumbled, shifting his body and trying to get comfortable. Ryker’s arm around his neck was tight, and it took shifting almost into Ryker’s lap to relieve the pressure.

“Come here,” Ryker said, releasing him just long enough to pull him onto his lap. He moved Dylan’s legs on either side of his thighs, arranging him so that they sat chest to chest, and held him tight. He nuzzled into his throat and growled, “That’s better.”

Dylan sat still, boneless and compliant, letting Ryker arrange him as he pleased. It was ridiculously hot, the ease

with which Ryker lifted and moved him. It made him feel lighter than air. He rested his face on the swell of Ryker's pecs and closed his eyes.

There was movement on the couch next to them, and a second later Dylan felt August grab him by his waist and push his face into the dip of his lower back. He turned his neck, looking down to see that August had crawled off the couch and was now kneeling on the floor behind him.

"What are you doing?" he mumbled, August's grip pushing him into Ryker's body.

"Nothing," August mumbled, sliding his hands down and framing Dylan's ass. He pushed him up, tilting him forward and exposing his butt. Dylan clutched at Ryker's shirt, fingers pulling at the sleek cotton, a startled moan escaping his mouth when August pushed his face into his ass and breathed into his crack.

"It's not noth-"

Dylan's protest was cut off at the sensation of August's fingertips sharpening, claws digging into his cheeks and making him freeze. August moved his thumbs, finding the top of Dylan's crack through his jeans, all the while he mouthed at Dylan's jean-clad butt.

He realized what August was about to do a second too late to stop him. The sound of ripping denim filled the room, and Dylan let out a whine of protest as his most comfortable jeans that still looked nice enough to wear in public were ruined.

August's mouth on his hole, tongue pushing into his ass with aggressive thrusts, turned Dylan's whine into a moan of pleasure. He pushed his face into Ryker's pecs, writhing and trying to move his ass back into August's mouth, but the two alphas held him immobile between them. There was nothing he could do but take it, the pleasure building as August's ministrations got sloppier.

Ryker grabbed him by his hair, yanking his head back and bending down to kiss him. Ryker's tongue filled his mouth, pushing past his teeth and laying claim to his mouth, stealing

his breath and making him feel invaded and dominated as the two werewolves spit-roasted him with their tongues.

Things only got better when August lifted one of his hands and brought it down hard on Dylan's partially exposed cheek. The pain was a sharp contrast to the pleasure of being eaten out, coming out of nowhere and making Dylan feel like a wanton whore at the way it made him moan and arch his back for more.

August delivered, the sound of his palm smacking down on Dylan's ass mingling harshly with the grunting, sloppy noises of the two alphas tongue fucking his ass and mouth.

Dylan's cock was rock hard, pushing into Ryker's lower stomach, trapped in his jeans and pulsating with every thrust of August's tongue on his hole.

"Greedy boy," August mumbled, appreciation filling his voice. He pulled back and delivered his harshest spank yet, making Dylan cry out around Ryker's tongue in his mouth. He followed the slap up with a harking spit, the wet lump of saliva hitting the top of Dylan's crack and sliding down to his hole where August pushed it into his ass with the pad of his thumb.

The penetration sent shudders down Dylan's spine, his ass trembling with arousal as August's thumb slid inside of him.

August's thumb was removed, the alpha immediately replacing them with another wad of spit and his pointer and index fingers. The two digits were significantly thicker than his thumb, the penetration bringing with it the barest hint of pain.

Spitting again, August pumped his fingers in and out of Dylan's hole until the pain disappeared and nothing but pleasure remained.

Dylan was incredibly relieved that he'd cleaned himself out thoroughly before coming over. It had been totally worth the detour home after leaving the lab.

August added a third finger, the stretch making Dylan wince and almost bite down on Ryker's tongue in his mouth. He turned his head, breaking away from Ryker's mouth and

holding his breath as he tried to get used to the increased width.

“Look at that pretty little hole,” August growled, spitting again and curling his fingers to rub against Dylan’s prostate. He attacked the sensitive gland with the tip of his fingers, and if he kept it up, Dylan was going to come in his pants. “Come on, open up for me.”

August added a fourth finger, and with nothing but spit smoothing the way, the stretch was intense. Dylan clenched his eyes shut and pushed his face into Ryker’s chest while the alpha stroked his hair.

“There’s lube in the cabinet,” Ryker said, making the words an order.

August pulled his fingers out of Dylan’s ass and jumped to his feet, though Dylan didn’t get any rest for his hole. Ryker reached down and pushed two fingers into his ass, pumping them in and out and tugging at Dylan’s rim much more cruelly than August had.

It hurt, but there was enough pleasure that Dylan didn’t want him to stop. Before it could become too much, August returned and slapped Ryker’s hand away. Dylan listened to the sound of the lube being uncapped, and then a second later he was startled by the sensation of August’s slicked up cock pushing at his hole.

He’d expected fingers! Dylan had no time to adjust his expectations before August pushed inside of him, his thick cock forcing his hole to stretch wide open and accept the intrusion.

August buried his cock in one stroke, and when he pushed his mouth into the back of Dylan’s neck, he could feel the sensation of sharp teeth scraping along his skin.

Moving his hips back, August pulled out a few inches from Dylan’s ass before slamming his hips forward, the force of his thrust pushing Dylan into Ryker’s body. Dylan tried to move his hands down to his crotch – to reach his trapped cock – but

there was no space. All he managed was to paw at Ryker's waist.

Giving up, Dylan tried to move his hips instead, but there wasn't enough room to do that either. It was fine. Every time August fucked into him, the force of his thrust pushed Dylan into Ryker's body, and once he started up a rhythm, the stimulation was more than up to Dylan's satisfaction.

"Is he tight?" Ryker asked, grabbing at Dylan's ass and pulling his cheeks apart for August's cock to have easier access.

"So fucking tight," August grunted, fucking harder. "Feels amazing."

August increased the speed of his thrusts again, his cock sliding over Dylan's prostate and filling him up just right, and then the next thing Dylan knew, the two alphas were locked in a kiss right over his head. He lay wedged between them, head caught in a trap of their bulging pecs, ignored and used in equal measure as the two alphas made out and grunted words of encouragement to each other.

"Fuck, I'm going to come," August snarled, pulling away from Ryker's mouth and grabbing Dylan by his waist.

Ryker leaned back, holding Dylan against his chest and playing with the shell of his ear as August's thrusts grew harder, faster and more erratic.

"Come on, give him your knot," Ryker growled, the finger on Dylan's ear growing sharp. Dylan tilted his head and looked up, his stomach clenching with hot arousal at the sight of fangs poking at Ryker's bottom lip.

Seeing Ryker and August when they let go and let their wolfy attributes show was so much hotter than Dylan would have expected it to be.

August growled, his grip on Dylan's waist turning painful, and slammed his hips forward so that the length of his cock was buried in Dylan's ass. His knot had been teasing at Dylan's rim for a while now, making each thrust slightly more

uncomfortable than the last, but when he came, it expanded and filled him up for real.

Dylan would never get used to being knotted. It felt both overwhelming and wonderful, the pressure on his insides and against his prostate transcendent.

August lowered his mouth onto the junction between Dylan's neck and shoulder, and before Dylan could protest, he bit down hard enough to make Dylan jolt and cry out in confused alarm.

Dylan was sure he'd broken his skin.

Being bitten that hard shouldn't feel good, but somehow it did. The pain was as sharp and intense as it was orgasmic.

"August," Ryker said, exasperated and fond. He stroked August's hair. "We didn't talk about this."

"What?" Dylan mumbled. He was way more out of it than he'd thought. He felt sleepy, and if it hadn't been for how much he wanted to come, he could have drifted off to sleep.

Ryker's pecs made a very good pillow.

"He's claiming you," Ryker said, tucking his chin down so that he could make eye contact. "Is that okay?"

Dylan had no idea if it was okay, but he was enjoying it. The pain had faded, a strange sort of pleasure emanating from the point where August's teeth were biting him.

"Yeah," he mumbled, trying to thrust his crotch into Ryker's body. He was so close to coming!

"Can I claim you, too?"

Ryker's voice was darkly serious, his deep voice pitched even lower than usual and making the little hairs on Dylan's neck stand up.

In that moment, Dylan couldn't have denied him anything. He nodded. "Okay."

Ryker sat up, the move abrupt and forcing all three of them back. He bent his neck and curved his back, putting his mouth

on the other side of Dylan's neck from where August was now licking him, and bit down.

The pain was intense, Ryker's teeth sinking into him with a violence that was far worse than August's careful bite.

On top of the pain, Dylan felt pleasure that was better than any orgasm he'd ever had. His whole body felt electrified, his nerves sizzling, every inch of his skin hypersensitive and alight with pleasure.

Dylan didn't know when he'd started coming, but by the time he got himself under control, his cock was spurting into his underwear with the force of a water cannon. It lasted for what felt like an eternity. When he finally stopped shooting, he slumped back and let the two werewolves support his weight between them.

August was the first to let go of his neck. He lifted his head and nuzzled into Dylan's ear, sounding very happy as he mumbled, "You're ours, now."

Dylan had never heard anything more possessive. August sounded smug about it, like he'd won something, and Dylan couldn't help but feel pleased.

He wished he could bite them back and claim them in the same way they'd claimed him.

August continued nuzzling Dylan's ear and kissing into his hair until Ryker let go of his neck. Ryker leaned back, smirking as he lifted his hands behind his head and rested against the back of the couch. He looked lazy and indulgent, his satisfied expression telling of a job well done.

It was intimidating how hot he was.

"You came in your pants," Ryker commented, lowering his arm and stroking Dylan's lip. His thumb prodded at Dylan's teeth, and Dylan opened his mouth in an invitation for entry.

"I did," Dylan confirmed.

"And August's knot is in your ass."

Again, Dylan nodded. He was beginning to see where Ryker was going with this. Out of the three of them, he was

the only one who hadn't come.

“What should we do about that?” Ryker pushed his thumb into Dylan's mouth, making it very obvious what he wanted.

Before Dylan could answer, August let out a happy laugh. He rose up, Dylan still attached to his knot and coming along for the ride, and sank down so that he was sitting on his haunches.

The position had Dylan sitting on August's lap, on his knot, on the floor between Ryker's legs.

He stared at Ryker's bulge, his mouth watering.

August reached around him, reaching for the waistband of Ryker's jeans, pushing him forward in the process and forcing him to rest his hands on Ryker's thighs. The muscular limbs twitched in response to Dylan's touch, and Dylan marveled at the sheer power contained in Ryker's tree-trunk thighs. He moved his hands up and down, caressing them through the tight denim while August worked on unbuttoning Ryker's fly.

“Do you want it?” August asked, rubbing the thick line of Ryker's cock through his jeans after he'd gotten his fly open.

“Yes, please,” Dylan said, lowering his chin down so that his face was squarely between Ryker's thighs. He pushed forward, nuzzling into the mound of his cock.

“You can have it as much as you want,” Ryker promised, reaching down and pulling his cock free.

Dylan stared at it and felt his mouth water. Veiny, big and gorgeous, Ryker had the kind of cock that was made for sucking.

August grabbed the thick shaft by the base and aimed it at Dylan's mouth.

“Suck it,” he said, looming behind Dylan and guiding him down toward Ryker's cock with a firm hand on the back of his head. Dylan opened his mouth wide, resisting the pressure on the back of his head once he'd let the bulbous head slide over his tongue.

He wanted to enjoy Ryker's cockhead for a while, before he tried deepthroating it. He wanted to slide his tongue along the crown under his foreskin and probe at his slit while it filled his mouth with slick pre-come.

His enthusiastic sucking made August pause, both alphas content to let him enjoy himself before they got rough. And Dylan was sure they would get rough. Knowing his alphas, they'd be holding him down and skull-fucking him in no time.

That would be fun, too.

"Fuck," Ryker growled, hand moving to Dylan's head and curling in his hair. He tightened his fist, pulling on Dylan's scalp and getting a good grip. "Fuck, that feels good. Slide your tongue around, just like that. Get under there."

Dylan grinned around the cock filling his mouth, swirling his tongue under Ryker's foreskin and pushing it down with his tongue to explore the head of his cock.

Without any warning, Ryker pushed him down. Dylan gagged, Ryker's cock stalled at the entrance to his throat, but that only made Ryker adjust his hips and push him down harder.

Dylan surrendered, letting his jaw go lax and focusing on breathing when he could as Ryker started pushing into his esophagus. He choked and drooled, Ryker moving him up and down on his cock like he was jerking off with a pocket pussy.

"Take a deep breath," Ryker warned, pulling Dylan up until just the head of his cock filled his mouth. Dylan obeyed, gasping for breath and filling his lungs in preparation for Ryker's cock to deepthroat him.

Ryker pushed him down, forcing him to take every inch of his massive cock, and then held him there.

Dylan blinked, staring at Ryker's lower stomach. His t-shirt had ridden up, exposing his rippling abs.

They were shiny, glistening with sweat, and if he hadn't been stuffed to the gills full of cock, Dylan would have licked them.

His nose buried in Ryker's pubic hair, the scent of sweat and alpha musk filling his nose, Dylan jerked in surprise when August reached up and wrapped his hand over his throat.

At first Dylan thought he was just going to hold him there, but then August squeezed.

"You asshole," Ryker laughed, pushing Dylan down and grinding him into his crotch. Dylan was choking wildly, August jerking Ryker off through his throat, but the choking only made Ryker grunt and let out a moan of pleasure.

Dylan didn't know how long he stayed like that, August's knot filling his hole and Ryker abusing his throat, but one minute he was blacking out and feeling like he was floating as Ryker pushed him down on his growing knot, and the next he was sitting on Ryker's lap, come leaking out of his fluttering hole and his jaw aching something fierce.

"You with us?" Ryker asked, stroking his back.

Dylan clenched his hole, trying to stop August's come from leaking out of him.

There was come all over his face and coating the inside of his mouth, and Dylan realized he'd missed Ryker's orgasm.

It almost made him want to cry. He'd wanted to see Ryker come. There were few things as wondrous as watching Ryker or August shooting their massive loads, and the way the powerful spurts felt when they hit his face was unparalleled.

He couldn't believe he'd missed it.

"Yeah," he mumbled, feeling exhausted. He wiped his eyes, his stomach doing a little flip when he realized that his lashes were wet with Ryker's come.

"You passed out," August said, crouching down behind him. He rubbed Dylan's back, his broad hand hot against Dylan's clammy skin.

Dylan took a deep breath, still feeling a little out of it. He really should have a talk with Ryker about his habit of choking him into unconsciousness, but then again, he enjoyed it immensely.

“You bit me,” he said, his own words catching him off guard. He reached up and touched his neck, hissing at the tender feeling.

They’d really sunk their teeth into him.

“We claimed you,” Ryker said, his voice a pleased rumble. “You’re officially part of our pack.”

“Ours,” August agreed, kissing his mark on Dylan’s neck and making him jump at the tender, raw feeling.

Dylan knew he should be a little freaked out by the fact that he was basically werewolf married, but he felt too boneless and satisfied to be worried. Besides, he was already tied to August and Ryker as their omega. Being claimed didn’t make him any more dependent on them. In fact, being claimed was better. It meant that he was wanted.

August and Ryker kept kissing him, mouthing at his neck, lapping their tongues over their respective marks and making Dylan’s spent cock twitch.

He was about to suggest they go to bed for the night when Ryker lifted his head and grinned at him.

“Want to take this to the playroom?”

The playroom? Dylan was exhausted, his jaw and ass both aching, and it was all he could do not to fall asleep.

“I’m tired.”

The words came out more petulant than he’d intended, and Ryker’s grin sharpened.

“You won’t have to do anything, baby.” He stroked Dylan’s cheek and cupped the side of his face, brushing his thumb over his jaw. “We’ll do all the work.”

Dylan shot him a look that told him just how much he believed that. Ryker laughed, sliding his hand down and taking Dylan’s chin between his fingers. The grip was firm, Ryker’s fingers pinching him hard enough that there was a twinge of pain, which to Dylan’s chagrin really did it for him.

“I want to tie you up and play with your balls.”

Ryker sounded deadly serious, the cocky curve of his lip notwithstanding, and Dylan's balls pulled tight in alarm.

He remembered August telling him that Ryker had a thing for cock and ball torture, and he was in no state of mind to navigate that tonight.

Dylan meant to tell Ryker that he could go fuck himself, but instead the words that slipped through his lips were, "Play with them how?"

Ryker bit his lower lip, fangs glinting and looking sharp as he leaned his face closer.

"Nothing scary. I want to tug on them a little, and maybe see how you like it when I squeeze them or give them a little smack."

Before Dylan could reply that there would be no smacking or squeezing his balls, August lifted his mouth from Dylan's neck and hooked his chin on his shoulder. He placed a wet kiss on Dylan's cheek and rumbled, "I want to tie you up."

Dylan's breath hitched, his pulse spiking at the idea of August putting him in bondage.

He liked bondage. Unlike cock and ball torture, bondage didn't hurt a bit, and the feeling of being completely helpless and at August's mercy was fantastic.

"Okay."

The capitulation was easy, but it wasn't until Ryker's triumphant look that Dylan realized how he'd interpreted it.

He'd said okay to the bondage, not the ball torture!

"I meant-"

Ryker shut him up with a kiss, sloppily licking into his mouth, and the next thing he knew the alpha was standing up and tossing Dylan over his shoulder.

"I meant okay to the tying me up, not the ball stuff!" Dylan said, looking down at Ryker's glorious bubble butt.

"If you say so," Ryker said, carrying him out of the living room. Dylan lifted his head, meeting August's gaze as he

walked out of the room behind them.

August winked, but Dylan was not reassured.

Ryker had better not think he was allowed to start spanking his balls or he'd have another thing coming.

The spark of adrenaline from Ryker's threat to his testicles had woken him right up, and he no longer wanted to go to sleep. Staring down at Ryker's ass, he wondered if maybe instead of doing evil things to his balls, he'd agree to sit on Dylan's face.

He decided to ask him once they were in the playroom.

RYKER

Ryker stood with his back against the wall, fondling the tip of his favorite crop as he watched August stand behind their little mate, looming over his lean frame and whispering sweetly into his as he tried to convince the boy that he should let them put him in a muzzle.

Dylan was staring down at the supple leather in August's fingers, held just below his chin and ready to go on, his expression tinged with just the right amount of trepidation to make Ryker's cock twitch.

He didn't want Dylan to be scared – he should enjoy everything they did together – but a little nervousness was fun.

“You'll still be able to safeword,” August said, lifting the muzzle up to Dylan's chin. It was made to wrap around the lower part of Dylan's face, with straps under his jaw and around his head that would keep it firmly in place. August lifted his hand, nestling Dylan's chin into the muzzle and smoothing it up over his mouth and under his jaw. He leaned in and kissed Dylan's ear. “Doesn't that feel nice?”

Despite his apparent nerves, Dylan's cock was rock hard, his eyes glazed over with lust.

“What do you say, Dylan?” August pinched his nipple, playing with it and making Dylan moan.

Dylan threw his head back, August holding the muzzle over the lower part of his face, baring his throat and unconsciously putting his new claiming bites on display.

Ryker stared at his mark, which despite being only an hour or so old already looked mostly healed.

His claim – and August’s – had taken beautifully. Dylan was indisputably and irrevocably *pack*.

“You’ll like it, I promise.”

August kept trying to convince Dylan to wear the muzzle.

“Okay,” Dylan finally mumbled, his voice muffled by the muzzle and August’s hand holding it in place.

Ryker’s cock twitched at the look of satisfaction on August’s face. His mate made quick work of buckling the muzzle into place, pulling the straps tight and adjusting them until the buttery soft leather was hugging the lower part of Dylan’s face tight enough that he could see the outline of his lips.

Dylan’s eyes widened when August pulled the strap under his chin tight, preventing him from opening his jaw, but he relaxed when August leaned in and instructed him to practice using his safe-sound.

“Ah-ah, ah-ah,” Dylan said, shaking his head for good measure.

“Good boy.” August hugged Dylan tight against his chest and pinched both his nipples, rolling them around and tugging on them. “You make that noise, and everything stops.”

Dylan hummed his agreement, leaning back against August’s chest and closing his eyes.

As he worked Dylan’s nipples, August got progressively more rough. His nostrils flared, his gaze lifting to meet Ryker’s and seeking his approval. Having an idea of what he wanted, Ryker nodded.

“Let’s practice,” August growled, turning his attention back to Dylan. “Safeword when you don’t like it anymore.”

Dylan made a confused noise, which turned into a startled cry when August pinched down hard on his nipples and twisted them with a vicious twist. Ryker watched, cock

dripping and balls throbbing, as August rubbed, pinched and twisted Dylan's nipples with deliberate cruelty.

It didn't take Dylan long to make his safe-noise. The sound burst out of his mouth, the noise loud and insistent.

August stopped immediately and hugged him tight. He rubbed his hands over Dylan's belly and nuzzled into his throat, kissing his claiming bite and mumbling praise.

"That's a good boy," he said, voice rumbling and rough. "Being so good for alpha and telling him when it's too much."

He grabbed Dylan's cock, pumping it with slow, teasing strokes as he rubbed his belly and kept on kissing his neck. Dylan looked like he was in heaven.

Ryker pushed away from the wall, no longer content to watch. He stood in front of Dylan, the boy sandwiched between him and August, and dragged the tip of the crop down the boy's flank and over his hip.

Dylan jerked, surprised to find Ryker suddenly standing right in front of him, his muscles tensing at every light touch of the crop.

Ryker wasn't going to push him – Dylan was tired and he wouldn't be able to handle more than a short scene – but he wanted to give Dylan a very light taste of what it felt like to have his balls played with.

"Spread your legs," he instructed, crouching down and running the crop up the inside of Dylan's thigh. When Dylan did little more than shuffle his feet half an inch apart, Ryker smacked his inner thigh. "Wider."

Dylan rushed to obey, and Ryker reached out to admire the red mark he'd made on Dylan's skin. He really did mark up beautifully.

"That's more like it," Ryker said. He looked up at August, who peered down at him over Dylan's shoulder. "What do you think, the padded cuffs or should we go for rope?"

"Cuffs," August said. He released Dylan from his embrace, stepping away and leaving Dylan looking unsteady on his feet.

Ryker reached out and held his hand on the boy's thigh.

"Are you having fun?" Ryker asked, stroking his crop up the inside of Dylan's legs and nudging lightly at his balls.

Feeling the flap of the crop on his sac, Dylan froze.

"Well?" Ryker demanded, nudging Dylan's balls with the crop and making them swing back and forth.

Dylan made a cautious noise of affirmation.

"Good." Ryker reached for Dylan's balls, wrapping his thumb and index finger around the base of his sac and moving down, trapping his little balls and forcing his scrotum to pull tight around them. He ran the flap of his crop over the smooth skin, caressing Dylan's balls. "I want you to have fun."

He tapped Dylan's balls with the tip of the crop, as gentle a hit as he could manage, but Dylan still made a sound like he'd been punched in the gut.

Ryker rubbed his thumb over Dylan's trapped balls, pushing down on the tender orbs and making Dylan whimper.

"That's a good boy," Ryker rumbled, lifting his thumb when Dylan's cock started to go soft. He kept his grip on Dylan's balls in place, pulling them down and out of the way as he leaned in and took Dylan's flagging cock in his mouth.

It didn't take long before Dylan was raging hard and dripping, at which point Ryker released his cock with wet plop and smacked the crop down on his balls with a whack. He repeated the blow before Dylan could react and then leaned down to take his cock into his mouth.

Dylan cried out, the noise turning into a grunt when Ryker swallowed his cock to the base and depthroated him.

Ryker grinned around the cock in his mouth. He loved August's massive monster, but the advantage of Dylan's smaller shaft was that it was so much easier to give him a blowjob.

"Is Ryker hitting your poor little balls?" August asked, coming back up behind Dylan and hugging him against his front.

Dylan made a woeful noise of confirmation.

Ryker chuckled. “You seemed to enjoy it, from what I could tell.”

Dylan made an outraged noise, which Ryker responded to by taking a break from blowing him to deliver another smack to his trapped balls.

“Ouch,” August said, his voice teasing as he rubbed his hand roughly over Dylan’s muzzle. “He’s such a meanie.”

Ryker rubbed his thumb down on Dylan’s balls, pressing down just hard enough to hurt before letting go completely. He slid his hand under Dylan’s taint, pushing up his crack and rubbing over his hole.

It still hadn’t closed all the way from August knotting him a while ago, and when Ryker pushed his finger inside, he could feel the squelch of his mate’s come. He added another finger, pumping them in and out of Dylan’s sore hole before curving them and finding his prostate.

Dylan cried out, and this time there was nothing but bliss and satisfaction in the noise. Ryker grinned, lifting up so that he could focus on the head of Dylan’s cock, working his glans and his prostate with equal vigor until Dylan was trembling with pleasure and built-up lust.

Ryker would leave Dylan’s balls alone for the rest of the night, he decided. He’d given him a tiny taste of ballbusting, and that was more than enough for now. He didn’t want to take things too far and turn Dylan against the idea of exploring it further.

Continuing his sloppy blowjob and aggressive probing of Dylan’s prostate, Ryker pulled his fingers out of Dylan’s ass and let go of his cock when he felt the boy approaching his orgasm.

“Not yet, you don’t,” he said, rising up and giving his own cock a few tugs. He tossed the crop away, leaning down to kiss him over his muzzle. He licked the leather, tracing the outline of Dylan’s lips before moving up and giving his nose a playful lick.

He was about to lean back to deliver a wad of spit to Dylan's face when he remembered that that was off limits.

Instead of spitting on Dylan's face, Ryker turned to August. His mate had found a nice selection of wrist and ankle restraints, and Ryker was eager to see them in use.

August wasted no time. He grabbed Dylan's wrists and tightened the cuffs around them, tossing the remaining restraints to Ryker so that he could crouch down and put them on Dylan's ankles. As he bent down, Ryker placed a trail of kisses down Dylan's hip and thigh, ignoring his dripping cock and letting out a laugh when Dylan swung the hard length right into his face.

"I'll get you for that."

He locked the cuffs around Dylan's ankles and then decided that instead of just locking them together he'd fasten them to a spreader bar. Jumping up, he retrieved a pair of spreader bars from the cabinet over by the wall and tossed one to August.

"Good idea," August said, locking Dylan's wrists to the bar. He glanced down as Ryker did the same to his ankles. "Hang him from the ceiling?"

Ryker nodded, while Dylan made a sound like he couldn't decide if that was the best or worst idea ever.

August grabbed the bar connecting Dylan's wrists, and without any effort at all, lifted Dylan off his feet and let him dangle off the floor. He swung him from side to side, laughing as Dylan tried to kick his feet to regain some sense of balance.

Ryker grabbed two pieces of rope and made a couple of loops, tossing them over one of the hooks in the ceiling and securing them in place. He gestured for August to bring Dylan over, and once the boy was within his grasp, he secured the ropes to either side of the bar and tied them in place.

"Let him go," Ryker ordered, grinning when August released his grip on the bar and Dylan was left dangling from the ceiling, slowly spinning as he twitched his legs and tried to get used to the feeling.

“Should we lift his legs up?” August asked, demonstrating what he meant by crouching down and grabbing the bar between Dylan’s feet and lifting his ankles up to his wrists.

Dylan cried out in surprise, grunting as August folded him in half and treated him like a ragdoll.

The position put Dylan’s ass on full display, and his spread legs meant that Ryker and August would have full access to his rock-hard cock and sensitive inner thighs.

“Good idea,” Ryker said, grabbing another pair of ropes and tying Dylan’s legs into place. He stroked Dylan’s ass, tracing over his fluttering hole and shoving two fingers inside of him. The sudden penetration caught Dylan off guard. He pumped his fingers in and out, loving the way Dylan’s insides clung to his fingers and the sounds the boy made when he scissored them apart.

“He’s still so tight.”

Removing his fingers, Ryker grabbed Dylan by his cheeks and pushed his face into the boy’s ass, licking into him with greedy, broad swipes of his tongue.

“I’ll be right back,” August said, petting Dylan’s hair and kissing his brow before leaving the room.

Ryker was curious where August was going, but not so much that he stopped eating out Dylan’s hole.

A few minutes later, August stepped back into the playroom. Ryker lifted his mouth off Dylan’s hole, taking in the sight of his mate, and grinned.

Before heading to the playroom the three of them had stripped naked, but August had evidently not been satisfied with that state of affairs. He’d put on a pair of glossy, knee-high boots, a leather chest harness, and a pair of tight leather gloves. The harness hugged and framed August’s meaty pecs and wide shoulders, while the gloves emphasized his big hands. The way the leather clung to his fingers and pulled tight over his knuckles was practically obscene.

“Nice,” Ryker said, licking his lips. He wiped his chin, his hand coming away wet with a mess of spit, sweat and

August's come.

"I know, right?" August said, flexing his chest and coming to stand next to him. "The boots are new."

August reached out and groped Dylan's butt, squeezing it hard before smacking his hand down and making Dylan yelp in surprise.

"I love his ass," August said, smacking his hand down again. "It's so fucking *fuckable*."

Ryker laughed. He reached up, stroking and squeezing Dylan's other cheek.

"It's amazing how tight he still is."

August pushed a leather-clad finger into the hole in question, twisting it around and tugging on his rim.

"Feels pretty loose."

Dylan made a noise of protest, his eyes accusing and making August laugh.

"Sure, but you just fucked him," Ryker said. "By tomorrow, he'll be right back to normal."

"You're probably right." August removed his finger from Dylan's ass, wiping it clean on his thigh before turning to Ryker with a grin. "You want to get this show on the road?"

Ryker clapped him on his back and nodded. "I'm ready." He turned to Dylan. "Are you?"

Dylan looked between them, expression unsure but intrigued, and nodded.

August grinned, and before Dylan had finished nodding, he spun him around and grabbed him by the hair, pulling his head back and tucking it under his arm.

"I'll hold him steady while you have fun on that end," August said, shifting his grip and pushing Dylan's face deeper into his pit. He clamped his arm down, trapping Dylan's head against his body, flexing his bicep and making Dylan grunt.

Ryker stepped back, and for a minute he just enjoyed the sight of August forcing Dylan to breathe in the pungent scent of his sweaty pit. August was like a beast, his muscular body glistening with a fine sheen of sweat, and Dylan looked about as helpless next to him as it was possible for a human to be.

They were both perfect.

Since Dylan was too high up for Ryker to reach his ass with his cock, Ryker decided that he might as well resume eating him out. To make it a little more interesting, however, he decided to add some toys to the proceedings.

He wanted to see how close they were to doubling up on Dylan's ass, and this was as good a time as any to gauge their progress on that goal.

As he collected the toys he thought Dylan would be able to handle, Ryker was struck again by the realization that Dylan was his mate.

They'd claimed him. It felt unreal, especially since they hadn't talked about it or planned it before August essentially lost control and let his wolf make the decision for him.

Once August had made his claim, it was impossible for Ryker to not do the same.

Gathering up a nice little dildo, two butt-plugs, and a string of rubber beads that ranged in size from a large marble to a tennis ball, Ryker couldn't bring himself to regret what had happened.

It felt too good to have his place in Dylan's life made official.

Turning back to his mates, Ryker dropped the toys down onto Dylan's stomach and rubbed his flank.

"I'm going to play with your hole," he said, tracing the edge of Dylan's hole with his thumb. "And I don't want you to come without permission. Understand?"

Ryker pushed his thumb past Dylan's rim, holding it there without moving until Dylan made a noise of agreement from under August's beefy arm.

“That’s what I like to hear.” Ryker leaned down and kissed Dylan’s hole, tugging his thumb down to open him up so that he could fuck him with his tongue. “You’re a good boy.”

Ryker grabbed the dildo, grabbing a bottle of lube from the floor next to him and slicking it up before pushing it into Dylan’s hole.

“Want to take off his muzzle, let him lick your pit?” Ryker asked, fucking the dildo in and out a few times before tossing it away and reaching for the beads.

He wanted to see how many Dylan could fit.

“No, I like him in the muzzle,” August said, reaching down and tugging on Dylan’s nipple. He twisted it, making Dylan release a muffled cry into the space under his arm. “I want him to keep it on.”

Ryker huffed out a laugh, pushing the next smallest bead into Dylan’s hole with just a sliver of resistance.

“Suit yourself.”

He worked another bead into Dylan’s ass, this one slightly larger than a golf ball, his cock jolting and releasing a spurt of pre-come when Dylan’s hole stretched around the rubber and swallowed it up.

Dylan’s anal ring twitched, winking at him as it worked to keep the rubber bead inside.

Ryker leaned down, kissing Dylan’s rim and probing at the rubber string sticking out of his ass. He pushed another bead inside, taking himself in hand and jerking off as he forced Dylan’s hole to take it.

This wasn’t the traditional celebration of claiming a mate, Ryker thought as he lifted his mouth and gave Dylan’s balls a messy kiss, sucking them into his mouth and rolling them over his tongue, but he couldn’t think of a way that would have suited them better.

It was a shame that Steve couldn’t be there to share it with them.

DYLAN

Dylan stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. Ryker held him with an arm wrapped across his chest, keeping him up and off the floor, immobilizing him as he carried him around on his knot. They stood in front of the sink, Ryker leaning forward and crushing Dylan against the countertop as he reached for his toothbrush, his blond hair matted with sweat and an easy grin on his face.

“Look at us,” Ryker said, stepping back and relieving the pressure on Dylan’s stomach. He bent his neck to kiss Dylan’s head. “We’re a good-looking pair!”

Dylan was still wearing the muzzle August had put him in, the inside of the smooth leather slick and clammy with sweat, and meeting his own gaze in the reflection, Dylan was struck by the bizarre turn his life had taken.

“He’s looking a little worse for wear,” August said, walking into the bathroom and nudging Ryker away from the sink. “We should get that thing off him and get him ready for bed.”

Dylan shot August a relieved look, exhaustion beginning to overtake him. He’d come twice since the two alphas had taken him to the playroom – first when Ryker was stretching his ass, stuffing him full to bursting, and once when he finally fucked him – leaving him utterly wrung out and feeling like he could sleep for at least ten hours.

“He’s fine,” Ryker said, stroking Dylan’s face with the same hand he held his toothbrush. The back of his knuckles

brushed over Dylan's cheek, the touch gentle and fond. He met Dylan's gaze in the mirror. "Aren't you, Dylan?"

Dylan said nothing, though he found himself leaning into Ryker's hand and enjoying the touch.

"He's done," August said, nudging Ryker to turn around so that they were face to face. The position left Dylan trapped between the two alphas, making him feel even more crowded and trapped than before. August stepped even closer, reaching up and unbuckling the muzzle from around Dylan's jaw and sliding it off. "There you go. That's better."

Opening his mouth, Dylan worked his jaw and yawned. August stroked his hair, grinning down at him and wiping his chin. Dylan had thought the clammy wetness inside the muzzle was all sweat, but he realized now that he'd drooled a bit, too.

With the muzzle off, Dylan felt a bit like the porn-filter that August and Ryker sometimes seemed able to generate over reality faded. The uncomfortable full feeling of Ryker's knot went from being a source of pleasure against his too-sensitive prostate to being just plain uncomfortable, and his general state of sweaty griminess went from feeling sexy to feeling like he needed a shower.

Dylan had had enough. He wanted to sleep – preferably cuddled between August and Ryker – and he wanted Ryker's knot out of his ass.

Sensing his change in mood, Ryker leaned down and mumbled into his ear, "Relax your hole, sweetheart. I'll lift you off my knot, nice and easy, and then you can take a shower and brush your teeth. Okay?"

"Great," Dylan mumbled, trying to stop his aching rim from clamping down on the base of Ryker's cock. He didn't quite succeed, but Ryker nonetheless lifted him up and pulled him off his knot.

Dylan winced, come dripping down his inner thighs as his overly stretched hole refused to close up. Ryker lowered him carefully down to the floor, walking him over to the shower

while Dylan kept his thighs pressed together in an effort to contain his leaking.

“Think we should put a plug in him?” August asked, making Dylan snap his head around to glare at him. August had just finished saying that Dylan was done and needed a rest, and now he was talking about shoving another toy inside of him?

Dylan would not allow it.

Confronted with Dylan’s furious glare, August laughed and held up his hands. “Never mind, I just thought it would be hot if we made sure our come stayed inside of you.”

Dylan almost waffled but then shifted and remembered how much his ass hurt. He needed a rest, and that was final.

“It’s okay,” Ryker said, rubbing his shoulder and moving him into the corner of the shower where the initial spray of cold water wouldn’t hit him. “You’ve been so good for us. We’re so happy with you.”

As he spoke, Ryker stroked the skin where he’d placed his claiming bite. Dylan shuddered, his skin prickling with goosebumps at the way the tooth-shaped scar felt when Ryker touched it. He couldn’t think of anything he’d felt before that matched the sensation. The closest thing he could compare it to was the tingle he got when he watched ASMR videos, but a thousand times better.

Glancing down, he marveled at the healed skin. He’d been bitten only a few hours ago, but the skin where Ryker had placed his bite looked like it had healed months ago.

Annie was going to have a fit when he showed her.

Ryker turned on the shower, his broad back blocking Dylan from getting splashed other than at his feet. When the water heated up, steam filling the enclosed space, Ryker nudged Dylan under the spray and reached for the soap.

“Make room,” August said, joining them in the enclosed space. The shower was huge, but with all three of them inside of it, there wasn’t much space left over. Dylan stood sandwiched between the two werewolves, their muscular pecs

and wide shoulders blocking him in and obstructing his vision as hot water rained down on his head.

He could feel both their cocks, half hard and jutting out from between their legs, poking him in the back and stomach. He glanced down, taking in August's insatiable monster of a cock.

It was infuriatingly pretty. The bulbous head rested against Dylan's stomach, right over his belly button, the thick length just begging for Dylan to kneel down and suck it.

"Let's get you clean," Ryker said, squirting a big dollop of body wash into his palm and handing the bottle to August. He brought his hands together to spread the soap all over them. "August, you take his front."

"With pleasure," August said, taking the bottle.

Dylan spent the next ten minutes being languidly groped and squeezed all over his body, August and Ryker's hands sliding over his soap slick skin and making him feel like he was floating on a cloud of sleepy pleasure. August took his face between his hands, massaging his sore jaw and kissing his forehead, while Ryker knelt down behind him and used two soapy fingers to gently clean the inside of his rim.

The unscented body wash stung when it came into contact with his abused hole, but when Ryker was done, Dylan felt blissfully clean.

After the shower, Ryker towed Dylan off and steered him over to the sink so that he could brush his teeth.

"Do you have to be up early tomorrow?" August asked. He was still naked from the shower, his cock hanging thick and heavy between his thighs.

Even when they'd been touching him and cleaning him off, neither August or Ryker had gotten fully hard.

Dylan had to think before he answered. The real world seemed very far away, and it was a struggle to remember what he was doing in the morning.

“No, but I need to work on my thesis.” Dylan pulled his toothbrush out of his mouth, rinsed it off, and spit into the sink. He glanced at August in the mirror. “Do you?”

Ryker answered for him. “We both do, but you can sleep in as long as you want.”

August nodded his agreement. “Make yourself at home.”

Dylan blushed. August and Ryker seemed to take it for granted that he would spend the night – which made sense, given how late it was – but he was curious what they intended in the long term. He touched the mark on his neck where August had bitten him, wondering if they expected him to move in with them.

They were werewolf married, so surely that was the normal thing to do?

Dylan didn’t want to ask. He wasn’t sure he *wanted* to move in with them. They were fun to hang out with, and the sex was mind-blowing, but they were *a lot*. Dylan didn’t know if he could handle them full time.

Then again, they might calm down and be a little bit more domestic if they actually lived together.

When they’d all finished brushing their teeth, Ryker led the way back into the bedroom. He pulled the sheets back and gestured for Dylan to climb onto the mattress. He did, the smooth cotton feeling like silk against his freshly washed skin.

“If we get too clingy, just push us off,” August said, coming around the bed and climbing in next to him.

“And don’t be afraid to climb over us if you have to get up to go to the bathroom, Ryker added, getting in on his other side. “We’re heavy sleepers, so you won’t have to worry about waking us up.”

“Okay,” Dylan said, a little amused. It wasn’t the first night they’d spent together, but Ryker and August seemed to be treating it as something special.

If this was their version of the wedding night, they’d certainly made it an interesting one.

Lying down on his stomach, Dylan spent a minute fluffing his pillow while August and Ryker arranged themselves around him. August seemed to want nothing more than to lie down on top of him, but thankfully Ryker pushed him back and grunted at him to knock it off.

August contented himself with lifting his thigh over Dylan's legs and hugging him against his side like a teddy bear. This essentially pulled Dylan onto his side, though he didn't mind playing little spoon to August's big one.

Ryker lay down on his back, his arm brushing against Dylan's hand their only point of contact.

"Good night," Dylan mumbled, knowing that the second he closed his eyes he'd drift off to sleep.

"Good night," August and Ryker both murmured back. They both sounded just as tired and ready to sleep as Dylan felt.

Closing his eyes, Dylan snuggled back into August's embrace and let himself drift off.



The next morning when Dylan woke up, he was alone in the apartment. There was a message from Ryker on his phone letting him know that he should grab whatever he wanted from the fridge for breakfast and that he should make himself comfortable for as long as he liked.

It wasn't quite an invitation to move in, but it came pretty close.

Grabbing his clothes, Dylan pulled on his shirt and underwear, but when he reached for his jeans, there was a massive hole ripped into the back of them. Dylan examined the tear, scowling at the damage to his favorite jeans.

There was no way he could wear them out in public.

Unless...

Dylan pulled the jeans on and buttoned them up, after which he went to Ryker and August's walk-in closet in search of something he could tie around his waist to cover his exposed ass. He rummaged around the drawers, deciding on a compression shirt that looked way too small to fit either of his shockingly large werewolves.

He tied the shirt around his waist and checked himself in the mirror, turning this way and that to make sure that his ass wasn't on display.

With his ripped jeans situation somewhat sorted – at least to the point that he could get an Uber home and put on some clean, undamaged clothes – Dylan spent some time snooping in Ryker and August's closet.

It wasn't nearly as interesting as he'd expected it to be. Considering some of the outfits he'd seen the two alphas wearing, he'd thought the shelves would be full of leather and borderline bondage gear, but they obviously kept that stuff somewhere else.

It was probably stored somewhere in the playroom, but Dylan was not about to go exploring in there.

Exiting the walk-in closet, Dylan grabbed his phone, checked that his keys were in his pocket, and headed for the elevator. He wasn't really hungry, and so he decided to skip breakfast and ask Annie if she wanted to meet up for an early lunch instead.

An hour later – after a quick trip home to change his clothes and grab his laptop charger – he was sitting in his favorite coffee shop, working on his thesis and listening to his favorite tunes. Annie had texted him back that she'd meet him for lunch after her morning classes, and so Dylan was snacking on a blueberry muffin to take the edge off his hunger while he waited.

It was a little dry, but since he'd paid six dollars for it, he was determined to eat the whole thing and enjoy it.

A large leather-clad foot nudged his shin, startling Dylan and almost making him spill his coffee all over his laptop

keyboard. He put his cup down, took out his earbuds and looked up.

Steve was standing next to his chair, looking illegally handsome in his tight police uniform and knee-high leather boots. He had his helmet tucked under his arm, his leather jacket unzipped to reveal his bulky pecs and trim waist.

“Sorry about that,” Steve said, his lips curving in a rueful grin. “Mind if I sit, or are you busy?”

Dylan wasn’t surprised to see the werewolf officer. The coffee shop was obviously on Steve’s beat, and Dylan enjoyed it when he stopped by to say hello.

“No, I’m just working on my thesis,” Dylan closed the lid on his laptop, gesturing for Steve to take a seat in the chair across from him. “You know how it is. Are you on your break?”

Steve sat down, putting his helmet on the table next to Dylan’s cup. He lifted his right foot and rested it on his knee, putting his boot on display and making Dylan flash back to the last time he’d been this close to one of Steve’s boots.

His mouth watered.

“No, not really. I just saw you through the window again and wanted to say hi.” Steve leaned back, visibly relaxing into the comfortable chair. He grinned, tugging off his gloves and tossing them on the table. “I hope you don’t mind? I can only stay a few minutes.”

Dylan shook his head. “Not at all. We’re friends, right?”

Steve nodded, his grin widening. His teeth were perfect. “I’d like to think so.”

“Me too.”

Went unsaid was the fact that before last night, they could potentially have been more than friends.

“So how is your day going?” Dylan asked.

He put his laptop down and reached for his drink.

Steve rested his palm on his knee, drumming his fingers as he shrugged. "It's cold, but so far so good. I helped a kitten out of a tree this morning, so that was fun."

"How?" Dylan hadn't really pictured Steve as the kitten rescuing type.

"I climbed up. It got a little spooked and tried to jump, but I managed to catch it." Steve grinned, rolling up his sleeve. "It scratched me good. See, it still hasn't healed."

Dylan looked at the perfectly smooth skin on Steve's wrist and then up at the werewolf's face. Steve glanced down at his arm and flushed. "Well, it hadn't healed thirty minutes ago. But you can see the blood on my shirt." He tugged on his sleeve, pulling it out from underneath his leather jacket.

Dylan nodded at the specks of dark on Steve's shirt, amused by this side of Steve. He really was adorable – which was quite the feat for a man who looked like he could beat up a whole team of professional wrestlers by himself.

"I believe you." Dylan grinned, taking a sip of his coffee. "So what did you do with the cat, after rescuing it and getting injured?"

"I gave it to the old man who called it in. Apparently it belonged to his sister." Steve pushed his sleeve back down and shrugged. He looked over at the menu over the counter, like he was thinking about getting a drink, but then the radio on his hip crackled to life and pushed to his feet.

"I need to get that," he said, grabbing his gloves and helmet. He zipped up his coat before putting them on. "But it was nice to see you."

He was about to turn around when Dylan spoke, stopping him in his tracks.

"I'm having lunch with my friend Annie at one, in the café across the street from the bicycle store on Humbert Street. If you have your lunch break around then, maybe you'd like to join us?"

Steve lifted his hands, smoothing his gloves down over his fingers as his eyebrows lifted in surprise. It looked like a

nervous gesture, and Dylan found himself wanting to put him at ease.

“Your friend won’t mind?” Steve asked.

Dylan shook his head. “No, I’ve talked about you, and I’m sure she’d love to meet you in person.”

Steve let his hands fall back down to his sides. “If you’re sure it’s okay, yeah. I can take my break at one.”

“So I’ll see you there?”

Steve nodded, a slow grin tugging at his lips. “For sure.”

Dylan smiled back. “Nice. See you later.”

Steve turned around, Dylan staring at his ridiculously broad back, and exited the coffee shop. He waved at Dylan through the window as he walked to his motorcycle, still grinning. Dylan watched him mount the bike, unabashedly staring at his ass as he swung his leg over the powerful machine.

It wasn’t like he was cheating. If Ryker or August were present, they would have sat there and ogled right along with him.

“Was that your boyfriend?”

Dylan jumped, startled by the proximity of the voice. He looked away from the window, turning his head to see a woman dressed in a chic blazer and the kind of chunky jewelry that Dylan associated with people who worked at art galleries standing next to him. She looked to be about the same age as his mom, or maybe a few years older, and she was watching him with an openly curious expression.

Dylan blushed, glancing out the window just in time to catch Steve driving his motorcycle around the corner. “Oh, no. He’s just a friend.”

“But you’d like him to be more?” the woman prompted.

Dylan blinked, the invasive question taking him off guard. He shook his head, holding back a protest when the woman took the seat that Steve had just vacated.

“No, he’s just a friend,” Dylan said, making his voice firm. “I’m very happy in my current relationship.”

The woman leaned in conspiratorially. “I’m sure that’s true. But then again, it’s not every day that a *werewolf* looks at you like that nice policeman just did.”

Dylan wanted to say something along the lines of, “maybe not for you,” or, “you’d be surprised,” but he held his tongue and shrugged.

“Like I said, he’s just a friend.”

“If you say so.” The woman sounded like she didn’t believe him.

“I do,” Dylan confirmed, annoyed.

Who did this lady think she was?

“Then you have a good day, and congratulations on your relationship. It must be pretty great to let a man like that slip through your fingers.”

“It is,” Dylan said, gritting his teeth. Who even was this lady?

The woman rose up and walked away, leaving Dylan feeling befuddled and grumpy at the interaction. He grabbed his laptop from his bag, putting the encounter out of his mind as he resumed work on his thesis.

STEVE

It was a little after one when Steve ducked into the café where he was meeting Dylan and his friend. He'd taken off his gloves and helmet, storing the former in the latter, and ran a quick hand through his hair in an attempt to tame his helmet hair. He looked around, his gaze landing on Dylan almost immediately. The boy was sitting at a small table, a pretty young woman next to him, the two of them talking animatedly to each other.

Dylan caught sight of him, his expression brightening as he lifted his hand and waved him over.

“Hi, Steve, I’m glad you could make it,” Dylan said, standing up and giving Steve a hug. Steve returned the embrace with a quick squeeze before taking a seat and trying to ignore the way his cock had twitched at the contact.

Dylan wasn’t his to get excited over, and he needed to remember that.

“Annie, this is my friend Steve.” Dylan gestured toward Steve, presenting him to his friend. “And Steve, this is my friend Annie. I’ve told you both about each other.”

“Only good things,” Annie said, reaching across the table to shake his hand. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“You too,” Steve said. He shrugged off his jacket and draped it over the back of his chair, trying not to notice the way Dylan stared at his arms as he twisted around in his seat.

“So,” Dylan said, a faint blush visible on his cheeks. “What do you guys want to eat? I can go up and order for everyone.”

Steve glanced at the menu, choosing a steak sandwich with fries, while Annie went for a salad. Dylan rose to order, leaving Steve and Annie to talk to each other.

“So you’re a werewolf from Alaska, huh?” Annie said, her tone friendly. She glanced over at Dylan. “Are you from Anchorage, too?”

“Too?” Steve asked. “And no, I’m from Fairbanks, though I went to college in Anchorage.”

“Didn’t Dylan tell you he grew up in Anchorage?”

Steve leaned back in surprise. Dylan had *not* mentioned that. To think he could have met Dylan when they were both teenagers. Steve might not have grown up in Anchorage, but he’d visited the city many times.

He couldn’t believe that he’d had the home field advantage, and he’d still lost out to a pair of city wolves from Arizona.

“No, he never mentioned it. I wish I’d met him back then.”

Annie studied him. There was clearly something she wanted to ask, but she was holding herself back.

“Yes?” Steve prompted.

“I’m just wondering why Dylan is getting so much werewolf attention all of a sudden?” Annie lifted her hand. “I’m happy for him, as long as he’s happy, but it’s kind of weird.”

“He smells really good,” Steve said, settling for the truth. “The first time I met him on the street, I almost lifted him up and carried him back to my apartment. That, and once you get to know him, he’s really nice.”

Annie bit her lip. “He is very nice. As long as no one takes advantage of that, I’m all for anything that makes him happy.”

This was the shovel talk, Steve realized. He grinned, rueful.

“August and Ryker seem to make him happy,” Steve said.

“Are they nice?” Annie asked, both of them glancing over at Dylan who was still waiting in line. He waved at them and they both smiled and waved back.

Nice wasn't exactly how Steve would describe August and Ryker. They were a pair of extremely dominant alphas who were used to getting their way. There was a reason he'd despised them so much before they invited him into the fold.

“They're nice to Dylan.”

Annie studied him, and Steve started to sweat at the intensity of her expression.

“Well, I guess that's okay then,” Annie said, sighing. Her expression was worried. “When he told me about his pheromone addiction, I was pretty worried, and I can't say I was happy to hear that they bit him. But he seems happy.”

The pheromone thing had to be Dylan's cover story for his come addiction, Steve reasoned. The biting, on the other hand, was news to him.

“They bit him?” he asked, his stomach squirming unhappily.

Annie narrowed her eyes. “He didn't tell you?”

Steve shook his head.

“Last night, on either side of his neck,” she said. “Though it looks like it happened months ago.”

Claiming bites.

Steve frowned, realizing that Dylan was well and truly out of reach now that August and Ryker had formalized their claim. The only way he'd get in on the action was to join August and Ryker's pack, and that was impossible.

“So I guess that's it,” he said, blowing out a breath. “August and Ryker win.”

“You’re not friends with them?” Annie asked.

“Friends with who?” Dylan asked, appearing next to them and putting down three cans of Diet Coke. He sat down, planting a little flag on their table to alert the server where to bring their food.

“I was asking if Steve was friends with August and Ryker,” Annie clarified.

“He is!” Dylan said, looking at Steve and waiting for him to nod in affirmation. Steve did.

“I am,” Steve confirmed. “Though it took a while. When I first met them, I thought they were annoying as fuck.”

“Because...?” Annie prompted.

Dylan lowered his voice, leaning forward and doing a fairly inaccurate impression of Steve’s frequent rant. “They hogged the north part of the preserve, even though the preserve is neutral territory and everyone is allowed to run there!”

“Pretty much,” Steve said, laughing at the mock scowl on Dylan’s face. Rather than look intimidating, he looked adorable. “But now that they’ve invited me to hang out with them, I don’t mind.”

Annie nodded. “Oh, so you’re a hypocrite.”

Steve’s eyebrows drew down in offense, but he was cut off from replying by Dylan’s laugh.

“Oh, he totally is. The minute they invited him to run with them, he forgot all about it being neutral territory.”

Steve scowled, a flush creeping up his neck. It was true. As soon as he’d been invited to the cool kid’s table, he’d stopped minding that they weren’t technically following the rules. If anyone tried to intrude on August and Ryker’s territory now, he’d probably be right there along with them tossing the interloper into the river to teach them a lesson.

“Whatever,” Steve said, deciding that he was allowed to be a hypocrite if he wanted to. It was no one’s business but his

own. He looked at Annie. “But enough about me. What about you? Are you in the same master’s program as Dylan?”

Annie narrowed her eyes at him, but she allowed him to change the subject. Steve listened as she explained that she was not taking the same master’s degree as Dylan, but that they had a number of classes together anyway.

Steve liked her. She wasn’t someone he’d be friends with on his own, but he could see why Dylan had gravitated toward her.

Their food arrived, and as they ate, Steve mostly sat back and listened while Dylan and Annie talked about school. They did a good job of trying to include him, but it was very obvious that Steve’s day to day life as a police officer had little in common with their life as students.

“Do you like being a cop?” Annie asked. They were done eating, and Steve’s break was almost over.

“Not really,” Steve said, honestly. “I want to be a detective, and I have to work my way up. What I’m doing right now is mostly boring drudge work.”

Annie looked a little taken aback by his answer. She leaned her elbow on the table and asked, “Does it help your career prospects that you’re a werewolf?”

“Not down here, no, but back in Alaska it would have been a huge help.” At Dylan’s curious look, Steve elaborated, “I would have been a representative for my pack. That’s pretty attractive to most police departments. Now I’m a free agent, which makes me politically pretty useless.”

Steve’s plan of becoming detective would have come to fruition much faster if he’d been on his home turf.

“What about joining August and Ryker’s pack?” Annie asked. “Dylan mentioned something about that. Would that help?”

Steve laughed. Of all the reasons he’d liked to have joined Ryker and August’s pack, his career prospects hadn’t entered the picture.

“No, they’re just two people. It wouldn’t have helped.” He glanced at Dylan. “And even if it would have helped, I’m not in a position where I can join a new pack.”

Annie nodded, looking curious but picking up on his tone that it wasn’t something he wanted to talk about. She smiled at him. “Well, in that case, good luck enduring the drudgery until you get what you want. As a graduate student, I can relate.”

She lifted her Diet Coke in a toast.

Steve laughed, lifting his can to meet hers and clinking them together.

“To enduring drudgery.” Steve checked his watch, realizing that his break had ended five minutes ago. “And speaking about drudgery, I need to get back to work.”

He rose up, grabbing his jacket off the back of his chair and pulling it on as he smiled at the two humans.

“It was nice meeting you, Annie.” He turned to Dylan. “Thanks for the invite. I’ll see you around?”

Dylan nodded. “Absolutely.”

Steve grinned, grabbing his helmet and tucking it under his arm as he gave the two humans a little wave goodbye and walked toward the exit. He was just about to head out the door when he spotted a familiar face sitting at a small table next to the wall.

That was Betty Wiltshire, one of the humans who worked for his dad. She’d toned down her jewelry, and she’d foregone her usual curls, but it was undeniably her.

Steve wouldn’t have seen her face if he hadn’t caught her reflection in the mirror by the counter when she turned her head. She was looking at her phone, seemingly minding her own business, but Steve knew better.

There was no way her presence in the same city that he’d run off to was a coincidence. He debated going over to her and making a scene, but since she didn’t seem to have noticed him noticing her, he decided not to.

Besides, confronting Betty would gain him nothing. He knew she was there to report back on him to his dad, and that she in all probability resented the job. From what Steve remembered, she had been something of a homebody. She ran a quirky little store in Fairbanks, selling knitting supplies, pottery, and sweaters her sister made for her store.

She was the last person Steve would have thought would take up spying – which was probably why his dad chose her. Despite her quirky fashion sense, Betty was easily overlooked in a crowd.

He wondered how long she'd been in town, and whether or not she was the only person his dad had sent to keep track of him.

As both a werewolf and a police officer, it would be hugely embarrassing for Steve if he'd been under observation and not noticed it. If his dad ever asked, Steve would insist that he'd noticed his stalker – or stalkers – and simply chosen to ignore them. If he was lucky, his dad would play along with the lie and let him salvage some of his dignity.

Exiting the store, Steve made his way to the street where he'd parked his motorcycle. He looked around, studying the faces of the humans who passed him by to see if he recognized any of them.

He did not.

As he mounted his bike, Steve sat back and was struck by the realization that he wasn't actually upset. He was annoyed that he hadn't noticed that he was being watched, but not by the underlying invasion of privacy. Instead, Steve actually felt settled. This was one more way in which his father was showing him that, despite his harsh words and the ultimatum that had chased him off, Steve was still a part of his pack to be watched over and cared for.

Of course, that didn't mean that Steve intended to go back to Alaska. The reasons for his standoff with his dad remained the same, and until he caved – or at least compromised – Steve was staying put.

It still made him feel nice to know that he cared.

AUGUST

It was a busy day at the clinic, but despite the stress of four unexpected consultations – one of which was a home visit – August was in a fantastic mood.

He and Ryker had claimed Dylan. The thought fluttered around his head, warming his chest and making his stomach tingle with happy butterflies, making him grin to himself every time he remembered the sight of the twin scars on either side of Dylan's neck.

The boy was theirs, and no human or werewolf authority could contest the claim.

It felt fantastic.

“Okay, why are you smiling like that? It's creepy.”

August looked away from the coffee pot in the breakroom and turned toward the voice coming from the door. Mary was standing there, arms crossed and glaring at him suspiciously.

“Ryker and I made it official with the guy we've been dating,” August said, turning the coffee machine on and leaning against the counter. “I'm happy.”

The suspicious look vanished from Mary's face. She walked into the room. “Congratulations. Is this the guy you've been wasting all my colonic tubes on?”

August froze, an embarrassed flush creeping over his face. He swallowed, the sound feeling loud and conspicuous in the small break room.

“What are you talking about?”

Mary narrowed her eyes at him. “You know what I’m talking about.” She poked him in the chest, not at all intimidated by the fact that he was over a foot taller than her and outweighed her by a hundred pounds. “And if you ever use my examination room for kinky sex games again, I’ll make you pay. Do you understand?”

August nodded. Mary could be remarkably inventive when it came to getting revenge on the people who wronged her. They’d had one particularly sexist professor in their second year of medical school who had told her that women were unsuited for a career in cardiology and that he’d lowered her grade accordingly, to which Mary had responded by framing him for making fake nine-one-one calls on his neighbor.

August didn’t know how she’d done it, but their professor had been arrested and ended up getting fired from the university.

He was not going to mess with her.

“How did you know?” he asked, keeping his voice low and making sure that there was no one else coming into the break room.

Mary gave him a pitying stare. “You don’t have fish, August, and you would never get fish. You wouldn’t know what to do with them.” She scrunched up her face. “And really? Colonics? What in the world could be attractive about watching someone’s insides being rinsed out?”

August grinned, deciding not to be embarrassed any more. He’d keep out of Mary’s examination room in the future, but now that the initial shock of being discovered was over, he wasn’t inclined to act like he had anything to be ashamed of.

“I like how uncomfortable it is for him when his stomach gets all hard and he starts to cramp, and I like that he’s willing to endure it for me.”

Mary looked at him for a second, and then she rolled her eyes. “Of course you do. Jesus, I could have gone my whole life without knowing that. Why did I ask?”

“Because you were curious,” August said. “But using your examination room was inappropriate. I won’t do it again.”

“Using the *clinic* is inappropriate,” Mary corrected.

“I won’t use your examination room or equipment again,” August countered. He wasn’t going to promise not to bring Dylan back to his office for another round of playing doctor.

“Fine, but never when there are patients in the building.”

“I can agree to that.”

Mary shook her head. “I have a consultation I need to prepare for.”

She turned around and left the room, very much done with the conversation now that she’d said her piece.

“Thanks for the talk!” August called after her, laughing when she flipped him off behind her back.



When he was nearing the end of his day, August sent Dylan a text asking him if he’d like to come over to the apartment for dinner again. He and Ryker hadn’t talked about asking Dylan to move in with them officially, but they’d come to an unspoken agreement to get Dylan to spend as many nights at their place as they could.

If they played their cards right, Dylan wouldn’t even notice that he’d moved until it came time to deal with his lease.

August was just finishing up a referral for a lung consult when Dylan texted him back that he’d love to come over, he just had to swing by his apartment and grab the charger for his phone and laptop first.

August decided to call him.

“I can come by your campus and pick you up,” he offered, logging off his computer and pushing back from his desk. He let his hand rest on his bulge, giving it a quick knead as he

thought about the night ahead. “We can swing by your apartment on the way. You can pack your toiletries and maybe a small suitcase with all your things in it.”

Dylan snorted, and August held his breath, hoping his not at all joking offer for Dylan to move out of his apartment was accepted. He should have known that playing it cool and subtly getting Dylan to move wasn't within his skillset.

He wanted Dylan to come home with him, and he wanted it to be for good.

If Dylan said no, Ryker was going to kill him.

“Are you asking you to move in with you?”

August grinned, the cheerfully teasing way Dylan asked the question boding well. If the question had been panicked or disbelieving, August would have backed off, but since Dylan was taking it rather well, he barreled on.

“Ryker and I claimed you, Dylan. That's a bigger commitment than marrying you.” August grinned. “Yes, I'm asking you to move in with us.”

Dylan was quiet.

“If I fuck this up and you say no, Ryker is going to lock me in that cage in our playroom and not let me out for a month.”

Dylan laughed. “Well, that might not be so bad. I think you'd look good all caged up.”

August had a sudden mental picture of himself tied up and gagged, locked in the cage in the corner of their playroom.

He shuddered in distaste.

“Not as good as you,” he said.

Dylan chuckled and then fell silent. August was just about to break the silence when Dylan spoke again.

“Are you actually serious?” He took a quick breath. “About me moving in?”

“One hundred percent,” August said.

“I’ll think about it.”

August would take that. He decided to move the conversation along.

“So that’s a yes, right, on me picking you up and swinging by your apartment?” He rose from his chair and walked over to grab his coat from the closet. Before Dylan could answer in the negative, he asked, “Where should I pick you up?”

“Sure,” Dylan said, laughing at August’s obvious ploy. “Can you pick me up at the north side of the library? I’ll text you the address.”

“Sure. I’m heading out now. Meet you there in twenty?”

“Okay, sounds good,” Dylan said. He sounded happy, and August couldn’t wait to see him. “I’ll see you there.”



August arrived at the agreed upon pickup point first, and as he stood next to his car and waited for Dylan to show up, he wished he’d pulled a trick from Steve’s hat and taken his motorcycle.

It was a little cold for it, but it would have been worth it to have Dylan clinging to his back and hugging him tight as they drove home. He could have worn his leather racing suit, which he was sure Dylan would have appreciated greatly.

Then again, if he’d taken the bike, Dylan wouldn’t be able to bring a suitcase with him from his studio to August and Ryker’s place. August decided that the cons of the motorcycle in this case outweighed the pros, and he changed his mind about wishing he’d taken his bike that morning. He would have to content himself with a big hug when Dylan showed up, and then maybe Dylan would want to give him a blowjob when they stopped by his apartment.

August pushed his hands into his pockets, the winter chill making him regret his decision to forgo gloves that morning. He was debating going back into the car to wait there when he saw Dylan bounding down the sidewalk towards him.

“There you are,” August said, yanking Dylan into a tight hug the second he was in reach. He pushed his face into Dylan’s wool hat and mumbled, “I missed you.”

Dylan laughed and hugged him back. “I missed you, too. Are you ready to go?”

August released him, wrapping an arm over his shoulder as he steered him toward the passenger front seat.

“Absolutely.” He held the door open for Dylan and then walked around to the driver’s side door and climbed behind the wheel. “Seatbelt on?”

Dylan nodded, and August pulled away from the curb and started the drive to Dylan’s apartment.

“Have you had a good day?” August asked, reaching over and putting his hand on Dylan’s thigh. He squeezed, enjoying the way Dylan trembled at his touch.

“I did,” Dylan said. He shifted, and August slid his hand up so that he could squeeze his inner thigh. “I met Steve, and he came to lunch with me and Annie at a café over by the campus. It was nice.”

August felt a pang of annoyance that Officer Puppy had gotten to have lunch with Dylan and he hadn’t even been invited. He could have found the time.

“That’s nice. How was he?”

Dylan shrugged. “He seemed okay. A little bummed out that he can’t join your pack, maybe.”

“Our pack,” August corrected. He couldn’t quite hide how smug it made him feel to say it.

“Our pack,” Dylan agreed, smiling to himself.

“I’m sorry we couldn’t be there this morning,” August said. He regretted not calling in sick. He was the boss – no one would have challenged him on it and his appointments could have been shifted around or handed over to Mary. “Did you get breakfast?”

“No, I wasn’t hungry.” Dylan leaned down, reaching for his backpack and pulling it into his lap. He opened it up and pulled out a piece of black spandex. “I did steal one of your workout shirts, though. Or Ryker’s, I’m not sure. I needed something to tie around my waist to hide the fact that you ripped a huge hole in my favorite jeans.” He glared at August, as if he’d just remembered what he’d done. “You owe me for that, by the way.”

“I’ll take you shopping,” August promised. He wasn’t sorry in the least for ripping Dylan’s jeans, and even less so if it meant he got to have an input on Dylan’s wardrobe.

He would look amazing in butt-hugging chinos, or maybe even a pair of leather pants.

“You don’t have to do that. I already ordered a replacement pair online.”

August frowned, his plan foiled. Then he brightened, remembering that he didn’t need an excuse to take Dylan shopping and spoil him rotten. He could just do it.

“All right, I’ll pay you back when we get home.” August lifted his hand off Dylan’s thigh and ruffled his hair. “But I’m still taking you shopping. I want to dress you up for our next date.”

He slid his hand down to Dylan’s neck, squeezing suggestively and making Dylan duck his head and blush beet red.

“Can you call Ryker, see when he’s coming home?” August asked, deciding to have mercy on Dylan and lifting his hand. They were almost at the boy’s apartment, anyway. “Tell him we’re on our way home.”

Dylan nodded, grabbing his phone from his backpack and making the call. Ryker picked up on the second ring, and August listened quietly as his two mates talked.

Ryker was still at work, but once he heard that Dylan was on his way to the apartment, he promised to wrap things up and head home.

August parked his car on the curb outside of Dylan's apartment.

"I'll be right back," Dylan said, unbuckling his seatbelt and reaching for the door.

"I'll come with you." August turned off the engine and shot Dylan a grin. "I can help you pack."

Dylan rolled his eyes, but he didn't protest when August exited the car with him and fell into step next to him as he made his way up the steps to the front door.

"I'm not officially moving in with you guys before you meet my parents," Dylan said, opening the door to the depressingly dingy corridor on the second floor where his tiny studio was located.

"Unofficially it is," August confirmed, clapping him on the back.

The idea of meeting Dylan's parents was more intimidating than August had thought it would be. How was he supposed to look them in the eyes after all the things he'd done to their son?

Dylan unlocked the door to his apartment, pushing it open and then stopping in his tracks. August walked up behind him and looked over his shoulder, wincing at the interior of Dylan's little studio.

The roof had fallen down. August pushed Dylan aside and walked into the room, examining the damage. It wasn't the whole roof, but rather a section of it in the corner over the kitchen nook. From what he could tell, there must have been water damage that weakened the plaster over time, until finally a whole chunk of it had come falling down.

"Fuck," Dylan said, sounding like he was about to cry.

August was relieved that he was there with him. If he hadn't been, Dylan might have tried to do something stupid like rummage around while the ceiling threatened to cave the rest of the way in, or even worse, make a deal to stay with Annie or some other friend while his studio was repaired.

“Don’t come inside,” August said, holding up his hand when Dylan looked like he was about to walk into the studio. “The rest of the ceiling could come down any second.”

Dylan paused, but he did not look happy. “I don’t think so. It’s just the section where the stain was located that’s fallen down.”

August knew better than to ask why Dylan hadn’t reported the water damage. He bet he had, and that his cheap building manager hadn’t followed up on it properly.

“I have a roll of extra-large garbage bags in the back of my car. You go get that, and then we can pack up all your stuff and bring it back to the apartment so that it doesn’t get damaged while the ceiling gets fixed.” August saw Dylan’s suitcase under the bed. He grabbed it and opened it up on the floor. “I’ll get started with this.”

He tossed Dylan the keys to his car.

“All right,” Dylan said, clutching the keys. He turned around and jogged down the hall, while August got to work packing.

It didn’t take long. Dylan didn’t have a lot of stuff, and once he’d packed up everything on the desk and the clothes in the closet, there wasn’t much left.

“It looks like the only things that were damaged were the dishes you had in the sink,” August said when Dylan came back. He’d tossed the broken glasses and the cracked bowl in the trash. “Everything else looks good.”

He put the suitcase into the hall, grabbing a trash bag and shoving the rest of Dylan’s clothes and his down comforter into the black plastic.

“I think that’s it,” he said, handing the bag to Dylan. “Am I missing anything?”

Dylan bit his lip, looking around the room from his position in the doorway. “Did you get the stuff in the bathroom?”

August had not. He grabbed a new bag and went into the bathroom, packing Dylan's toothbrush into his toiletry bag and then dumping everything but the toilet brush and shower curtain into the new bag.

"I think that's it," Dylan said, taking the bags while August grabbed the suitcase. "Thanks for the help."

"Of course," August said, giving his neck a squeeze. "I'm just glad you weren't at home when the ceiling collapsed."

Dylan snorted. "It was just some wet plaster. Worst case scenario, I would have gotten a concussion."

August held back a growl. Dylan getting a concussion was unacceptable. He and Ryker should have realized that Dylan was living in a deathtrap, and they would not be so careless with his safety in the future.

"Ryker and I will make sure nothing like this happens again."

It was a promise August intended to keep.

RYKER

Ryker watched the buildup of annoyance on Dylan's face reach a breaking point.

“Okay, can you stop?” Dylan said, cutting off Ryker's rant. “You guys are acting like my building collapsed while I was inside of it. It was just a piece of plaster that fell from the ceiling, now knock it off.”

Dylan's voice was angry, but Ryker couldn't bring himself to retract his rant that he would sue the owner of Dylan's building and then kidnap him so that he could hunt him for sport on the full moon.

His mate – his very fragile, human mate – could have been seriously injured, and he wasn't taking it seriously enough.

“We're sorry,” August said, sitting down and pulling Dylan into his lap. The three of them were in the living room, with August and Dylan on the sofa, and Ryker pacing restlessly while he tried and failed to rein in his temper. “We're just a little rattled. Give us a minute to calm down, okay?”

He squeezed Dylan against his front, kissing his cheek and nuzzling into his neck.

Ryker held back a growl. He wasn't sorry in the least. In fact, he had every intention of making sure that Dylan never risked that kind of injury again, even if it meant the boy had to stay in his sight every hour of the day until they were both old and gray.

“I think we need to relax,” August mumbled, rubbing Dylan’s stomach. He’d pushed one hand down between Dylan’s legs, casually groping him and feeling his cock through his jeans.

Ryker’s cock twitched, and for a second he forgot to be worried.

“Ryker needs to relax,” Dylan mumbled.

Ryker made an effort to do just that. He was upset, but alienating Dylan would only make him more upset, and so the first thing he needed to do was calm down. His plan to keep Dylan safe wouldn’t work if Dylan thought he was acting unhinged.

“How about we do a little roleplay?” August suggested. He pushed his hand under Dylan’s shirt, caressing his stomach and giving his nipple a pinch. “Remember that one scenario we chatted about, way back in the beginning, about a geeky nerd going to the gym and getting fucked by two of the personal trainers? We could reserve the gym on the third floor tonight and act it out.”

Ryker’s cock twitched, the idea of working up a sweat and then fucking Dylan senseless appealing in the extreme. He was about to second the suggestion when he noticed the look of utter befuddlement on Dylan’s face.

“You don’t like that idea?” he asked, dropping down onto the couch next to August and kicking his feet up on the coffee table.

Dylan licked his lips, still sporting the same look of confusion. “No, I mean, it sounds like a fun idea, it’s just... What do you mean, we chatted about it? I’ve never talked to you about roleplaying in the gym.”

August, unable to see that Dylan looked genuinely confused, laughed and gave him a squeeze.

“Yes, you did,” he said. “Don’t you remember? It was right after I sent you that picture of me in the gym showing off my sweaty pit.”

Dylan jumped out of August's lap and stood up, turning around and facing them.

"You've never sent me a picture like that."

August chuckled, but now he was sounding confused, too. "Yes, I did. It was a few days after we talked about what our biggest kinks and fetishes were."

Dylan just stared at him, like he was speaking a foreign language. After a while he took a deep breath and said, "You and I have never talked about our kinks or fetishes. You just spring stuff on me and assume that I'll like it."

August frowned. He sat up, leaning forward aggressively. "That's not true."

"It is!" Dylan said, raising his voice. "You and I have not once had an actual conversation about any of the stuff we do in the bedroom."

"We have!" August growled, standing up and looming over Dylan. Dylan took a step back, the back of his legs hitting the coffee table, and if August hadn't caught him, he would have fallen over.

"We did a whole fucking questionnaire!" August growled. "It's not my fault that you chickened out and deleted our whole message history. Those conversations still happened."

"What fucking message history?" Dylan growled right back, not at all intimidated by the way August held him by the front of his shirt. "I haven't deleted shit!"

"You-"

Ryker could tell that August was about to lose his temper, and none of them wanted that. He rose, and before August could say whatever he was going to say, put his hand on his mate's shoulder and pulled him back.

"Dylan, tell me about how you and August first got to know each other."

At one point Ryker had harbored suspicions that Dylan was out to con him and August somehow, and though he didn't

believe that now, he wondered if something worse might have happened.

“He knows how we-”

“Sit down,” Ryker instructed, cutting August off and nudging him to sit. “Don’t talk until I tell you to.”

It wasn’t often that Ryker acted as August’s alpha, but when he did, August obeyed.

Dylan was back to looking confused. He licked his lips, staring between August and Ryker like he was waiting for them to make sense.

“In your own words,” Ryker instructed, pushing Dylan to take a seat on the coffee table while he sat down next to August. They faced each other, and when Dylan hesitated, Ryker nodded at him to speak.

“I met August for the first time at his clinic. I-”

August interrupted him. “Not where we met, how we got to know-”

Ryker popped his claws, letting them stab into August’s thigh through his jeans. August hissed, but he got the message and shut up.

“Please continue,” Ryker said.

“I had a mole I wanted removed, and the university clinic set up an appointment for me at August’s clinic. I went, and, well... you know the rest. We had sex, and then I met you and we had sex, and then the three of us started going out.”

Ryker nodded, his expression calm even while his mind was racing. “Can I see the email you got from your school? The one about your appointment with August?”

Dylan frowned, but he slipped his phone out of his pocket and spent a minute searching for the email. He showed it to Ryker, holding his phone out so that he and August could read it.

“That’s not my clinic,” August said, finally having caught on. His voice was flat, though Ryker knew he was probably on

the verge of a panic attack.

“What?” Dylan turned his phone back around and read the message. “What do you mean it’s not your clinic?”

“I’m in building one-two-zero. Your appointment was in building two-one-zero. You went to the wrong place.”

Dylan frowned, staring at his phone like the numbers would change if he just looked at them hard enough.

“But you had my appointment in the system,” he said, still sounding confused. “You had my *name*. How could it be the wrong clinic?”

August rubbed his brow. “I didn’t have your name. I had your first name. And the reason I had you in my system was because I’d set up a roleplay with a guy I’d been chatting with online who told me his name was Dylan *Lander*.”

Dylan’s eyes widened, his mouth hanging open in shock.

“I crashed your roleplay scenario?” he asked.

August leaned forward and put his head between his knees. “Fuck. Shit, fuck, shit. Holy fuck, you thought it was a normal fucking appointment to look at a mole. Fuck!”

Ryker winced, putting a calming hand on August’s back and rubbing it.

“I mean, I had a lot of fun?” Dylan said, hesitant. It seemed that his feelings on finding out that he’d committed inadvertent sexual identity fraud were being overshadowed by his reaction to August’s freakout.

August kept his head between his knees, making a low keening sound in the back of his throat. He sank his head lower and spoke at the floor, “I asked you to have sex with me in exchange for medical care.”

The words were despondent, like he was the worst kind of villain.

Dylan met Ryker’s eye, shaking his head like he disagreed with that assessment of their encounter.

“No, you didn’t. You propositioned me during my appointment, and though I thought it was wildly inappropriate, I was very happy to accept. I never thought that you would refuse to treat me if I didn’t let you fuck me. Besides, I’m the one who crashed your date. It’s my fault-”

“Getting an address wrong doesn’t mean you should expect to be tied up and fucked by your doctor!” August lifted his head, his eyes red and looking on the verge of tears. “I thought we’d talked about stuff! I’ve been tying you up and *doing* stuff to you, and I don’t even know if you like it.”

Ryker was pretty sure that Dylan had liked everything they’d done together – though he and August might have pushed him to discover a few things about himself that he wouldn’t otherwise have discovered.

A lot of Dylan’s careful reactions to things made a lot more sense, with this new information.

“I sat on your face until you almost passed out. I muzzled you. I spanked your hole until you *cried*.”

Dylan swallowed, his expression firming with resolve. “Yes, and I enjoyed all of those things, and when you did things I didn’t like, like spit in my mouth or piss on me, you stopped after I asked you to.”

“I never peed on you,” August said, frowning.

“Because I told you I wouldn’t like it.” Dylan looked at Ryker. “Right? You told me to tell you when I didn’t like something, and I have.”

Ryker nodded. He cupped the back of August’s neck and rubbed his back. “He’s right. We’ve been operating on some false assumptions, but he’s been very good about letting us know when he doesn’t like something.”

“Exactly,” Dylan said, crossing his arms. “Now stop freaking out. It’s my turn.”

“Your turn?” August asked. He no longer looked on the verge of crying.

“Do you even like me?” Dylan asked. At first Ryker thought he was kidding – trying to lighten the mood – but then he realized he was serious.

“Of course we like you,” he said.

“But I’m not who you thought I was,” Dylan said, looking between them. “You thought I was someone else, and it’s pretty obvious that I’ve been a disappointment compared to that person.”

“You have not,” Ryker said.

“You haven’t,” August agreed. “You’re way hotter than him, and you’re much more fun to talk to. I thought you’d reverse catfished me.”

The compliment on his appearance made Dylan flush, and Ryker seized his advantage.

“Trust me. The guy August was talking to was just intended to be a casual hookup – one that I wasn’t even involved in. It wasn’t until we met you in person that we actually liked you.”

August nodded along. “It’s true. I don’t know anything about Dylan Lander, except that he likes to chat about kinky sex with werewolves, but doesn’t have the courage to follow through. When I thought you were him, I was surprised by how much better you were in real life than on the internet.”

Dylan swallowed. “You’re not just saying that because you bit me and now you’re stuck with me?”

Ryker laughed. “Dylan, we never would have bit you if we didn’t like you. You, the person that we know and who we’ve invited to spend his life with us. You’re the furthest thing from a disappointment.”

Dylan was quiet for a beat, studying them carefully. After a moment, he asked, “Even though I don’t have a leather glove fetish?”

August burst out laughing. Ryker closed his eyes, grinning in pained amusement.

“Did I really wear gloves the first time we had sex for no reason?” he asked, leaning back on the sofa and shaking his head.

“I’ve grown to like it,” Dylan assured him. He licked his lips, a considering expression on his face. “Or it might be a Pavlovian response because I now associate you wearing gloves and having sex.”

Ryker huffed out a laugh. Then, with the mood a little lighter, he pulled Dylan off the coffee table and nudged him into place between him and August. He draped his arm over the back of the couch and faced his little mate.

“So, Dylan *Landry*.” He grinned, turning on the charm. “Tell me, what do you like, if not leather gloves?”

The question was intended to lighten the mood, but it was also serious. It was clear that the three of them needed to have a serious discussion about kinks, limits and what they liked in the bedroom, and he might as well get that conversation started now.

If they waited until later, things might get awkward and the conversation would never get off the ground.

“I like you guys,” Dylan said, blushing beet red. “How you look, I mean. I like how big and muscular you are, and how you squeeze and manhandle me.”

“Like when I let you worship my body?” Ryker asked, making Dylan’s blush turn crimson.

“Yes. Like that.”

“What else?” August asked. He was still upset to learn that he’d bamboozled Dylan into having sex with him the first time they met – Ryker knew him well enough to know that it would take him a long time to get over that – but he was making an effort to make Dylan feel comfortable and welcome in their relationship.

“I guess I might have a thing for you guys in leather?” Dylan couldn’t face either of them as he spoke the words, and his face looked like it was going to explode, it was so red.

“Yeah?” August prompted, stroking Dylan’s cheek. “Which outfits? Be specific.”

Dylan put his hands over his face, like this was all too much for him, but Ryker was pretty sure he was having fun.

“Come on, tell us,” Ryker instructed.

“The biker suit,” Dylan said, still hiding his face. “And the pants August wore on our first date.”

August preened. He’d worn those specifically because he’d thought Dylan would like them, and it turned out he’d gotten lucky.

“Tell us something you want to try that we haven’t done yet,” Ryker instructed, deciding that he’d add a few leather pieces to his own wardrobe in the future.

“Like what?” Dylan asked. He lowered his hands and looked at them.

“Anything,” Ryker said.

Dylan thought it over.

“Maybe sounding?” he said, throwing Ryker for the biggest loop. He furrowed his brow, wondering if he’d heard Dylan correctly.

“Excuse me?”

Dylan swallowed. “You know, that thing where you put a steel rod down your urethra. I saw a video one time where they did that, and it looked interesting.”

If Ryker hadn’t already claimed Dylan, he would have bitten him right there. It wasn’t quite asking to be punched in the balls – which he was pretty sure Dylan would never want – but it was a close second.

“I would love to help you explore sounding,” Ryker promised.

August let out a little snort, but Ryker ignored him.

“What about roleplay?” August asked. “Any scenarios you’ve always wanted to act out with a couple of

werewolves?”

Dylan shrugged, clasp ing his hands over his lap and blushing. “Maybe...” he hedged.

“What?” August asked.

“The gym thing sounded hot,” Dylan said, looking at his lap like it pained him to vocalize his desires. It was okay. Ryker and August would train him out of that type of discomfort in no time.

“But?” August prompted.

“Instead of personal trainers, you could be hockey players?”

Ryker was on board. He could think of at least eight different things he could do with a hockey stick that would have Dylan screaming in pleasure.

“We’ll rent out a rink and make it happen,” Ryker promised.

Dylan smiled, glancing up with a pleased little sparkle in his eye that made Ryker want to pick him up and squeeze him.

“Anything else?”

“Maybe a home invasion scene?” Dylan suggested, obliterating any notion that he had a single vanilla bone in his body. “You guys could wear masks and dress up in black clothes and break in while I was sleeping and have your way with me?”

Ryker’s cock twitched. There weren’t many ways for a home invasion scene to play out that didn’t involve the use of force, and he wasn’t sure that Dylan was ready to explore consensual non-consent.

Play like that could turn ugly fast. They’d have to communicate very clearly in advance what was going to happen.

“It sounds like we’re on the right track already,” Ryker said, just to vocalize the situation as it was now. They could talk specifics later. “Or am I wrong?”

Dylan shook his head. “No, you’re not wrong.”

“So no more freaking out?” Ryker asked his two mates, looking between them. They both shook their heads.

“Good. Then let’s order dinner. I’m starving, and the sooner we eat, the sooner we can cuddle up and watch something fun on TV.”

After the day’s revelations, Ryker thought some cuddling in a puppy pile would do them good.

Judging by the way Dylan’s shoulders relaxed, he agreed completely.

DYLAN

Dylan was on the subway, heading to the university campus and looking forward to having a nice, normal day where he didn't have to think about the fact that he'd blundered into August and Ryker's life by hijacking a roleplay scenario.

So many things suddenly made sense. The way August had touched and groped him during his appointment, the assumptions about what Dylan liked in the bedroom, and even the gloves the two alphas kept putting on before they fucked him. All of it was based on a kink checklist filled out by a stranger on the internet.

Dylan stared down at his phone, and for the millionth time since Ryker had pointed it out last night, stared at the email from his university telling him where to go for his free appointment.

How had he not noticed?

Embarrassment made his hands clammy and his heart start beating fast. August had acted like a character out of a sleazy porno, and he'd just gone along with it.

Who did that?

Dylan, obviously.

Exiting the message, Dylan saw that he had a new email from August in his inbox. The message consisted of a winky face and a link with the words kink compatibility checklist in the address.

Dylan opened the link and then blushed and tilted his phone up so that the people sitting next to him couldn't see his screen. There was a picture of a cartoon angel holding a whip, grinning devilishly as she held the leash of a very happy-looking devil.

Dr. S and Alpha have invited you to take the KinkMatch questionnaire. To proceed, click [here](#).

Dylan clicked, mostly just to get the kinky angel and her devil off his screen. He was in public. Thankfully, the next page didn't have any questionable art. It asked for his email and instructed him to create a username. He filled in his email and put his name down for his username, and clicked *next*.

KinkMatch is a questionnaire that allows you to live out all your sexual fantasies. A list of questions and scenarios will be presented, to which you will answer yes, no, or maybe. Your partner (or partners!) will do the same. If your preferences and kinks match, they will become apparent at the end of the session.

That sounded... pretty good, actually. Dylan clicked on the link to start the questionnaire and then spent the first few questions feeling like an experienced kinkster.

He was marking the box for yes or strong yes on pretty much everything.

As the questionnaire got more advanced, however, Dylan realized that he maybe wasn't as far into the deep end of the kink pool as he'd thought. Anything involving bodily fluids other than come and spit was a no, and the only part of the impact play section that got more than a maybe was: *spanking, hand*.

Needles, knife-play, branding and scarification were all a hard no. Just the idea of August or Ryker coming at him with a knife made his balls want to escape back into his body, and if they ever asked to brand him, he'd run screaming for the hills.

Some things that he hadn't considered, however, sounded like a lot of fun. Being wrestled into submission, stomping,

and pretty much every form of pet-play on the questionnaire had Dylan enthusiastically marking strong yes.

He'd love for August and Ryker to put a collar on him and lead him around on a leash, lavishing him with praise and petting him, and then when they were done being nice, maybe they could push him to the floor and bully him with their booted feet.

The thought made Dylan's stomach squirm with nervous arousal.

By the time he'd finished the questionnaire, Dylan looked up and realized that he'd missed his station. They were two stops past the university, and the doors were about to close. He jumped out of his seat and rushed to the exit, managing to slip out of the subway cart just in time.

He crossed to the other side of the platform and looked up at the screen. The next train was due in just two minutes, and so he should make it to class without being late.

As he waited, Dylan pulled up the questionnaire and stared at the submit button. He'd finished filling it out, but he hadn't submitted it so that it could be compared to August and Ryker's results. He debated holding off – wondering if he should go back and give his answers more thought – but he was too curious to see how his results compared to his alphas'.

He clicked submit.

Congratulations! Your results will be visible once Dr. S and Alpha complete the questionnaire.

Dylan let out a growl of frustration. How was he the first one to finish the form? He took a screenshot of the message and sent it to August and Ryker and then put his phone back in his pocket. It immediately started vibrating, and Dylan wondered which one of them was calling him.

It was Ryker.

“Hi, Ryker,” Dylan answered. “I filled out the thing August sent me.”

“I saw that,” Ryker said. His voice was stern, and Dylan’s stomach clenched happily. “I have to say, sending a screenshot and no text feels a little passive aggressive.”

Dylan swallowed, shifting his stance. “I thought you guys had already filled it out.”

Ryker laughed. “We will. Did you mark spanking as a yes, no, or maybe?”

“A yes,” Dylan said. His cheeks clenched, nervous butterflies dancing in his stomach.

Ryker chuckled, the sound darkly amused and sounding very evil. “*Good.*”

A shudder ran down Dylan’s spine.

“I’ll see you tonight,” Ryker said, hanging up before Dylan could ask what he had planned. He lowered his phone, sliding it back into his pocket as the train pulled into the station. He climbed on board, wondering if he should just ride it all the way back to August and Ryker’s place.

There was no way he’d be able to focus on his lectures when he knew that there was a spanking waiting for him at the end of the day.



A few hours later, Dylan sat in the busy undergraduate cafeteria, sharing a table with Annie and their friend Coco. Coco’s brother was an undergraduate, and he had an excess of credits left on his meal plan that he either needed to use or lose before the end of the semester. He’d swiped them in and then promptly abandoned them.

Sitting in the noisy cafeteria was weirdly nostalgic. The food was worse than what Dylan remembered from his undergrad days, but he wasn’t going to complain. He was eating for free, after all.

“So, Annie says you’re still hooking up with the werewolves,” Coco said, first thing after they’d gotten their

food and found a table. “How’s that going?”

Dylan was proud of himself for not blushing. He casually cut into his grilled chicken and said, “It’s going well. We’re getting pretty serious.”

Annie snorted. “He moved in with them.”

“Only because the ceiling in my studio fell down.” Dylan turned to Coco. “There was a leak in the apartment above me and it damaged the plaster over my kitchen nook. I wasn’t at home when it happened.”

“Well, that’s a relief,” Coco said. She turned to Annie. “Have you made sure nothing like that is going on in your unit?”

“There’s not,” Annie said, looking relieved. “We knew that there had been a leak in the apartment over Dylan’s, and he’d reported the water damage on the ceiling.”

“And they didn’t fix it when he notified them?” Coco asked. “Typical. So what are you going to do, Dylan? Stay with the werewolves until they fix your ceiling?”

“Probably longer,” Dylan admitted.

Annie’s eyes widened in surprise. “Is this because of...?”

Coco shot them both an intensely curious look.

“No. It’s not because of that. I just... I like them. I want to live with them. It’s... nice.”

“Nice,” Annie laughed. “That’s one word for it. I would also think that having two guys like that hanging off my every word was nice.”

“Can I see a picture again?” Coco asked, holding out her hand. “I need to see if they’re as hot as I remember.”

Dylan found a picture of August and Ryker on his phone where they looked semi-decent and showed it to her. Coco grabbed it and started zooming in.

“Don’t-”

“Scroll, I know,” Coco interrupted. “I’ll respect your privacy.” She handed the phone back to him. “You are a lucky, lucky boy.”

“I think so,” Dylan said, blushing. He put his phone back in his pocket.

When he’d agreed to meet Annie for lunch, he’d initially intended to tell her about the roleplay mix up, but with Coco joining him, that conversation would have to be put on hold. Though the more he thought about it, the less certain Dylan was that he wanted to tell her.

It was embarrassing, and it would reveal things about his first meeting with August that he wasn’t comfortable sharing.

“So how are things going in the lab?” Coco asked, changing the subject. “Did you figure out that thing you were working on last time?”

Dylan was happy to talk about something other than his relationship. He told Coco about his latest breakthrough and then asked her about her own work.

An hour later, the three of them had filled up on free food and were ready to head out. Checking the time on his phone, Dylan decided that instead of going to the library or the coffee shop, he’d head back to August and Ryker’s place and work there.

“I want to meet your boyfriends,” Annie said, after they’d waved Coco goodbye. “Officially, I mean. You should invite me over.”

Dylan grinned. He’d have to make sure the door to the playroom was locked, but other than that, he’d enjoy having Annie meet August and Ryker. He wasn’t sure they’d get along – Annie might find August and Ryker to be a bit boring – but it would still be nice if they knew each other.

It was introducing his parents that he was worried about.

“I’ll talk to them,” he promised, giving her a quick hug goodbye.

“See you soon.”

RYKER

Ryker kicked off his shoes and walked into the apartment, leaving his briefcase by the door to his office before he made his way to the bedroom to change out of his suit. August was still at work – he'd texted earlier that he had a patient with an emergency and that he would be late – while Dylan had been radio silent since their conversation that morning.

Changing into a pair of nylon shorts and a loose tank top, Ryker put on his sneakers and made his way to the kitchen to make himself a protein shake. He hadn't worked out in a few days and missed the burn.

On his way to the kitchen, Ryker was surprised to see Dylan in the living room. The young human sitting in an armchair by the window. He had his legs crossed, earbuds in and he was typing away on his computer. Since he was facing away from the door, he didn't see Ryker watching him.

"Dylan," Ryker called, getting no response. He grinned, walking over and tapping the boy on the shoulder to get his attention.

Dylan jumped, his laptop falling off his lap and onto the floor as he swung his head around and yanked his earbuds out of his ears.

Ryker shot him a grin. "Hello."

Dylan slumped, uncurling his legs and reaching down to grab his laptop from the floor. He laughed. "Ryker, you scared the crap out of me." He rose out of his chair and came around

to stand in front of Ryker, looking pleased to see him. “I was listening to music.”

“I figured,” Ryker said. He was happy to see that Dylan was taking their words to heart and making himself at home. “I was going to make myself a protein shake. Do you want anything from the kitchen?”

“No thanks,” Dylan said. He nodded at the seat of the chair. “I have my water bottle.”

Ryker looked, and sure enough, there was a blue water bottle lying next to the cushion.

“All right.” Ryker reached out and ruffled his hair. “Were you planning on working much longer?”

Dylan licked his lips and shook his head. “Not really. I’ve been at it for hours.”

“In that case, do you want to come down to the gym with me and get in a quick workout?”

Dylan did not look enthusiastic at the proposal. He wrinkled his nose, looking like he was about to say no, and so Ryker decided to sweeten the deal.

“I’ll let you lick my abs and suck my cock before I shower.”

Dylan’s eyes darkened, his mouth parting with desire. He licked his lips and swallowed.

“I’m not really great at the whole working out thing.”

“You can jog on the treadmill, and if you get tired, you can walk,” Ryker said, pulling Dylan into a hug and rubbing his back. When Dylan didn’t look convinced, Ryker pushed his face into his pecs and held him there.

Dylan was always a lot more malleable when he’d spent a minute or two being smothered by Ryker’s muscular chest.

“Okay,” Dylan mumbled, his breath warm against Ryker’s tank top.

“Great!” Ryker released Dylan from his embrace. “Hurry and change and meet me by the elevator. I’ll go make my

shake and meet you there.

Ten minutes later, Ryker met Dylan by the elevator, holding his protein shake in one hand, and his building access card and a pair of towels in the other. Dylan was dressed in sweats and a t-shirt, looking like he already regretted his decision to join Ryker in the gym.

Ryker would have to make sure it was a worthwhile experience. Considering all the body worship boxes Dylan had marked as a yes on the questionnaire, Ryker had a few ideas of how to make that happen.

“Ready?” Ryker asked, pressing the button to call the elevator.

“I guess,” Dylan said. When the elevator doors opened, he allowed Ryker to steer him inside and drape an arm across his shoulders.

Ryker kept Dylan pinned to his side, groping his chest with little scratches of his fingers that had Dylan’s breaths coming in speedy little pants.

Luckily, when they arrived at the gym, they were the only ones there. That wasn’t unusual – the gym was criminally underutilized by most residents in the building – but it made Ryker’s plans to show off while he worked up a sweat easier to get away with.

“Let’s stretch before we start,” Ryker said. He tossed the towels on the weightlifting bench, putting his shake down on the floor as he took a seat on one of the mats. He stretched his legs out in front of him, nodding at Dylan to do the same.

He grabbed the toe of his left sneaker, folding his body down and holding the stretch for a count of five before he let go. When he looked over, Dylan had mirrored his position, but it didn’t look like he even felt it.

Ryker had forgotten how flexible he was.

He kept stretching, moving through his usual routine while keeping an eye on Dylan. When he was done, his muscles felt primed and ready to work.

“I’m going to hit the weights,” he said, walking over to the rack of weights by the wall. “Do you need help setting up the treadmill?”

Dylan shook his head. “No, I can manage.”

“Let me know if you need help.”

Ryker decided he’d focus on his legs and shoulders. He kept an eye on Dylan as he grabbed what he needed from the rack and then went over to the bench to get started.

Dylan was facing the wall, already going at a slight jog, but the floor to ceiling mirror in front of him meant that he had a clear view of Ryker as he grabbed a pair of dumbbells and started doing lateral raises.

Being a werewolf, Ryker needed significantly heavier weights than a human would use, but that was the only difference between his regime and what a normal guy would do.

Ryker worked through his routine, pushing himself harder than he usually would and getting a tremendous ego boost from the way Dylan was watching him. By the time he reached the end of his workout and was doing his cooldown exercises, his body was drenched in sweat and his thighs and shoulders ached with a pleasant burn.

Dylan had slowed to a walk, and when he caught Ryker looking at him in the mirror, he blushed and looked away.

“Come here,” Ryker ordered, straddling the work out bench and wiping his face with his towel. When Dylan didn’t immediately obey, he lifted his brow and gave him an expectant look.

Dylan turned off his treadmill and rushed over.

“Yes?” Dylan said, standing in front of him and fidgeting. He was looking around, his gaze focused on anything except for Ryker’s sweaty body.

“I promised you that if you worked out with me, I’d let you lick my abs.” Ryker leaned back and lifted his tank top, exposing his glistening eight-pack. “So get to it.”

Dylan glanced at the door, taking a small step closer and licking his lips.

“What if someone comes in?”

Ryker grinned. “I’ll hear them and give you a warning, don’t worry.” He patted his stomach. “Now get on your knees and lick.”

Dylan sank to his knees with a thump, crawling in between Ryker’s spread legs and placing a careful kiss against Ryker’s belly button. He put his hands on Ryker’s thighs, steadying himself, and then licked his way up between Ryker’s abs, tasting his sweat and making Ryker’s cock press insistently against the pouch of his jockstrap.

Dylan moaned, moving down and licking his way back up over the ridges of Ryker’s abs, his tongue digging into the grooves between the hard muscle as Ryker’s fresh sweat coated his tongue.

“That’s it,” Ryker growled, petting the back of Dylan’s head and pushing him into his abs. “Get your tongue in there, you dirty little slut.”

Dylan had marked dirty talk as a yes on the questionnaire, and Ryker couldn’t be happier about it.

“Show my abs how much you love them.” Ryker rubbed Dylan’s face over his stomach. “Come on, keep your tongue out. You know you love it.”

Dylan shuddered, and Ryker grinned. He grabbed him by his hair and lifted him up, making him cry out, and unceremoniously shoved his face into his sweaty pit.

He pushed Dylan’s face into the space under his arm, smothering him, his cock throbbing at the sensation of Dylan’s tongue pushing out of his mouth and tasting his sweaty armpit. After a minute of not letting Dylan even breathe, Ryker yanked him back and leaned down to capture his mouth in a kiss. He tasted himself, the flavor of his own sweat filling his mouth, Dylan parting his lips and letting Ryker’s tongue probe into his mouth without resistance.

“You like licking my sweaty body?” Ryker growled, pulling away and holding Dylan still with a tight grip on his hair.

Dylan took a trembling breath, nodding as much as Ryker’s hand in his hair would allow.

“I like it so much.”

“Where else do you want to lick?” Ryker asked, pushing Dylan back down to his abs and holding them there.

He expected Dylan to go for either his pecs or his cock, so he was surprised when Dylan moaned that he wanted to lick his thighs.

“My thighs?” Ryker asked, pushing Dylan down over his bulge until his chin rested on the bench between his legs. He pulled his shorts up, exposing his meaty thighs and letting Dylan look his fill. “You like these?”

Ryker brought his thighs together, squeezing Dylan’s head between them until he was red in the face and struggling to breathe. When he relaxed his legs, Dylan leaned against his right inner thigh and lathered it with kisses.

“Kinky little fucker,” Ryker growled. “Did you like that?”

“So much,” Dylan moaned. “Please do it again. Please squeeze-”

Ryker brought his legs together, trapping Dylan’s head between his thighs a second time and squeezing even harder.

After a few seconds, Dylan reached up and tapped the outside of his leg with a hard little slap.

Ryker relaxed his thighs, leaving Dylan gasping for breath and sitting back on his ass. He rubbed his throat, and for a second Ryker was worried he’d been too rough. Then Dylan laughed, and Ryker’s gut unclenched.

“Does that count as wrestling?” Dylan asked, wiping his face. His hand came away wet with traces of Ryker’s sweat.

“Not really,” Ryker said. “Why, do you want me to wrestle you?”

Dylan bit his lower lip, running his hand through his hair. “I mean, I did mark yes for that on the questionnaire.”

Ryker didn’t think Dylan quite knew what he was asking for, but he was happy to show him.

“All right. Get on your hands and knees, facing that way.”

Dylan lumbered into position and looked over his shoulder. “Like this?”

“That’s it,” Ryker said. He rose off the bench and walked behind him, sinking down to his knees on top of him and bracketing him with his much larger body. “Now when you give me the signal that you’re ready to start, I’m going to try to pin you.”

Dylan snorted out a nervous laugh. “You’re going to *try*?”

Ryker’s grin was predatory. “Okay, fine. I’m going to pin you, but I’ll toss you around a bit first and put you in a few different wrestling holds. Tap out if you can’t handle it.”

“Okay, how-”

Ryker grabbed him around his middle and lifted him up, flipping them both on their backs and putting him in a half nelson.

“You said when I gave you the signal!” Dylan whined, grunting as Ryker tightened his thighs and squeezed Dylan’s waist.

“You said okay,” Ryker teased, enjoying Dylan’s helplessness. “Now try to get free.”

Dylan wriggled, but even if he’d been a skilled wrestler, there wasn’t much someone in his weight class could do against a six-foot-eight werewolf who weighed over two hundred and thirty pounds.

“Come on, work for it,” Ryker growled, squeezing Dylan’s arm and putting pressure on his socket. “Don’t be a little pussy.”

Dylan cried out in pain, and Ryker let him go. He pushed him off his chest and let him roll to the floor, then waited just

long enough for him to catch his breath before straddling him and lifting him up and putting him in a camel clutch.

Sitting on Dylan's back, his feet planted firmly on either side of the boy's body, Ryker pulled Dylan's arms over his thighs and cupped his chin. He leaned in, putting them cheek to cheek as he forced Dylan's torso to stretch.

Most humans Ryker had slept with would have been whimpering in agony, but Dylan was stretchy enough that he was just uncomfortable.

Ryker's cock strained against the pouch of his jockstrap, the hefty bulge in his shorts pushing into Dylan's back, his shaft pressing against the cotton with such force that it hurt.

The sound of the elevator stopping and the doors opening had Ryker freezing, his cock momentarily forgotten. He was about to let Dylan go when he recognized the sound of August's walk.

This could be fun.

"Think you could suck August's cock like this, if he were here with us?" Ryker asked, slipping two fingers into Dylan's mouth.

He heard August's gait stumble, then speed up.

"Maybe," Dylan mumbled, the word distorted by Ryker's fingers pushing down on his tongue. "Is uncomfortable."

August walked through the door. He was still in his work clothes, consisting of tailored dress pants and a button-down shirt, with his shirt unbuttoned at the collar and his sleeves rolled up.

"Let's test it out," August said, sounding eager to join in on the fun. He pulled out his cock, lifting it out of his fly along with his balls and letting it jut out of his pants. He crouched down in front of Dylan and stroked his hair.

"Wrestling, huh?" He cupped Dylan's cheek, thumb tracing over his lips as he reached down and pumped his hard cock in his fist. "Is it fun?"

"Yes," Dylan said, his voice still adorably muffled.

“Good.” August rose up from his crouch and spread his legs, bending his knees until his cock was level with Dylan’s mouth and the spongy head pressing at his lips. He traced his leaking slit along Dylan’s lips, moving over Ryker’s fingers where they still poked into Dylan’s mouth and leaving a trail of pre-come on his knuckles.

Ryker pried Dylan’s mouth open so that August’s cock could slip inside. His own cock, trapped and desperate to be free, throbbed as he watched his mate’s thick monster slide to the back of Dylan’s throat.

“Feel nice?” Ryker growled, shifting his hand from Dylan’s chin and sliding it down to his throat. He couldn’t wait to feel August’s cock make it bulge.

Dylan made a sound in the back of his throat that sounded like agreement. August shifted his hips and pushed deeper, making Dylan choke and jerk against Ryker’s hold as he slid down his throat.

“Fuck, that feels good,” August moaned, his thighs trembling from the sheer pleasure of Dylan’s esophagus hugging his shaft. “Squeeze his throat, babe. Jerk me off when I’m inside of him.”

Dylan made an alarmed noise, but Ryker laughed and obeyed his mate’s instructions. He squeezed down on Dylan’s throat, feeling the bulge of August’s cock inside and milking it gently.

The pressure on Dylan’s throat made him gag, and if Ryker hadn’t had him immobilized in a camel clutch, he would have yanked his mouth off August’s cock. As it was, he could do nothing but endure the invasion and submit to his alphas.

“That felt nice,” August said, standing up straight and letting his cock slide out of Dylan’s mouth. It came away dripping and wet, and when it was out, Dylan was gasping for breath and coughing like a madman.

Ryker took pity on him and released his arms, letting him fall flat on the mat beneath him. He stayed seated on Dylan’s

back, reaching down and rubbing his shoulders in a soothing motion.

“Feeling okay?” he asked, hoping that they hadn’t taken things too far. He didn’t think they had, but he needed to check.

“That was intense,” Dylan said, in the tone of someone who had just discovered roller coasters.

“So you can take more?”

Ryker needed to come or he was going to go insane.

Dylan nodded, and Ryker felt a surge of satisfaction. He flipped Dylan onto his back and then lowered himself down so that his bulge was in the boy’s face. Without wasting a second, Ryker pushed down his shorts and freed his cock, grabbing himself by the base of his shaft and shoving his cock into Dylan’s mouth.

When he reached the back of Dylan’s throat, Dylan tried to turn his head to escape his ten-inch monster, but Ryker moved with him, effortlessly pushing past his soft palate and burying himself in Dylan’s esophagus. He kept pushing, working his cock down Dylan’s throat until his whole rod was buried and Dylan’s nose was buried in his groin.

“Brutal,” August commented, jerking himself off with slow strokes as he watched Ryker fill Dylan’s throat.

“He likes it that way,” Ryker said, rolling his hips and grinding his weight down on Dylan’s face. “He likes to be dominated and used.”

“I know,” August said, grinning and swiping his thumb over his slit. “I read the results on our KinkMatch.”

Their eyes met, a look of relief passing between them. They had both been nervous about the results of the test, worried that Dylan would select no on some of the things they’d already subjected him to, but he hadn’t.

Dylan had proved more willing to explore rough sex and kink than they could have hoped. It was a tremendous burden off their shoulders.

That Dylan's results were skewed by the fact that they'd already bullied him into experiencing bondage and domination was something Ryker had decided not to think about.

Dylan lifted his hand and tapped Ryker's thigh, and Ryker lifted his hips and pulled his cock free of Dylan's throat. He kept the head resting on Dylan's tongue, letting him breathe around it and swallow the steady stream of pre-come leaking from his slit.

The sound of the elevator coming to a stop on their floor had both August and Ryker freezing for a second and then rushing to tuck their cocks back into their shorts.

"Someone's coming," Ryker explained at Dylan's confused look. The warning made Dylan clamber to his feet, wiping his mouth as he looked at himself in the mirror.

"Sounds like Mrs. Sunderland," August said.

"Let's go up to the apartment," Ryker said. He grabbed his towel and held it so that it covered his bulge and then picked up his now empty shake container from the floor. "We don't want another complaint."

They made their way to the door, holding it open just in time for Mrs. Sunderland to walk into the gym. They said hello, Mrs. Sunderland shooting them suspicious looks, and exited the gym without letting her get too good a look at their disheveled states.

When they were in the elevator, Ryker realized that he'd forgotten to wipe down the equipment. He'd put away the weights he'd used, but he was pretty sure the weightlifting bench sported a sweaty imprint of his ass.

The elevator stopped, and after August and Dylan had exited, Ryker pressed the button for the third floor.

"I need to go back down and wipe down the bench," he explained. August nodded, very familiar with the ruckus Mrs. Sunderland would cause if they failed to follow gym procedure.

"I'll get Dylan settled in the playroom," August said, grabbing Dylan by the back of his neck and pulling him

against his side.

“The playroom?” Dylan asked, his voice rough from the abuse it had suffered from Ryker and August’s cock.

The elevator doors started to close, and Ryker said, “I owe you a spanking, remember?”

The look on Dylan’s face was priceless.

AUGUST

“What was going through your mind when we first met and I examined you?”

August asked the question into Dylan’s hair, the boy settled on his lap as they waited for Ryker to bring them their drinks. They’d just finished up in the playroom a few minutes ago, where Ryker had spanked Dylan’s ass until his cheeks resembled a pair of plum tomatoes.

Dylan had been tied up like a human pretzel, positioned on the bondage bench with his legs pulled back behind his ears, his ass on full display and available for the palm of Ryker’s hand.

August had greatly enjoyed watching him whimper and try to squirm away from the unrelenting blows.

After Ryker had finished spanking him, they’d untied him and bent him over the bench and taken turns knotting him. Only then, after they’d both pumped him full of come, had they taken pity on his hard little cock and let him come.

“I don’t know,” Dylan mumbled exhausted from being spanked, wrestled and fucked by two alpha werewolves.

“You don’t know?” August was dubious.

Dylan shifted on his lap, embarrassed. “I wondered if I’d slipped into a porno dimension.” He turned his head, looking up at August’s face. “Mostly I just thought you were the hottest guy I’d ever seen. I was so embarrassed when I got a hard-on.”

August chuckled. “Well, I was trying my best to turn you on, so that was a losing battle. At what point did you realize that I was being inappropriate?”

Dylan blushed. “Not until you asked me to have sex.”

“Really?” August couldn’t hide his incredulousness.

“Okay, maybe when you told me I was a bottom. I thought that was weird.”

August laughed. He’d felt very proud of himself when he delivered that line. The way Dylan had blushed and stammered had been adorable.

Knowing what he now knew, he was relieved that Dylan had enjoyed his inappropriate behavior instead of reporting him. If Dylan had reacted differently, August could have ended up losing his medical license or even gone to prison.

Except, he would have picked up on it if Dylan hadn’t been into him, so when he thought about it again, that was unlikely. But it could still have been an incredibly awkward situation.

“Your beverages, sirs,” Ryker announced, drawing August and Dylan’s attention as he waltzed into the room with an honest to God tray balanced on his fingers. He walked up to them and performed a little bow, holding the tray out and letting August and Dylan reach for their drinks.

Ryker was wearing his workout shorts – this time without the jockstrap underneath – and nothing else. The sweat he’d worked up during his workout had dried, which added to the dried come crusting his cock and coating his groin left him smelling rank. August enjoyed his mate a little musky, but this was too much.

“Thanks,” he said, grabbing his can of beer off the tray after Dylan had helped himself to his sleek glass of vodka cranberry. “Now please go shower. You’re hurting my nose.”

Ryker snorted. “Dylan smells just as rank as I do.”

It was true, but August didn’t mind as long as Dylan was sitting on his lap like it was the most comfortable seat in the

world.

“Maybe we should all take a quick shower?” Dylan suggested.

August sighed. He put his beer down and then took Dylan’s vodka cranberry out of his hand so that Ryker could pick him up off his lap and cart him off to be cleaned.

Once they were in the bathroom, Ryker put Dylan down and stripped off his shorts, tossing them in the laundry bin and letting his cock hang free.

August smirked at the way Dylan stared at the thick piece of meat, his expression hungry.

“I’ll go first,” Ryker said, turning on the shower and walking under the spray as soon as it was warm. He made quick work of washing his body, and August could tell that Dylan was disappointed not to be invited inside.

He understood why Ryker didn’t start anything. They’d had their fun for the evening, and Dylan’s hole and throat had to be sore. Now that they were living together, they had to be careful not to wear him out.

Once Ryker had finished showering, August pushed Dylan under the spray and handed Ryker a towel.

Dylan was even quicker than Ryker, looking self-conscious to be showering with an audience. August could have turned around and given him his privacy, but he was having too much fun watching him.

When Dylan was done, August took his place, and as Dylan dried off, he made a show of soaping up his muscles, bending over and putting his ass on display as he washed his feet and lathered up his meaty thighs.

He was not expecting Ryker to walk up to the shower, reach inside, and slap his ass. He jumped, standing up and glaring at his mate as Ryker guffawed.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t resist,” Ryker said. While August and Dylan had been in the shower, he’d put on a pair of loose

sweats and a tight t-shirt, the worn cotton pulled tight around his biceps and over his muscular chest.

“Yeah, yeah,” August said, grabbing a towel and drying off before going to find some comfortable clothes of his own.

Dylan followed him into the closet, heading over to the shelves they’d cleared for him and pulling out a pair of pajamas.

When all three of them were dressed, they walked back to the living room to where their drinks were waiting.

“That’s better,” August said. He leaned back into the couch and took a long sip of his beer, kicking his legs up on the coffee table and draping his arm over the back of the couch. He glanced over at Ryker, smiling at him over the top of Dylan’s head.

Dylan sipped his vodka cranberry, looking like he was enjoying the taste. How that was, August had no idea. Cranberry juice was, in his opinion, absolutely disgusting.

“Do you guys want to watch some TV?” Ryker asked, reaching for the remote.

Dylan snuggled back into the couch, lifting his legs and crossing them. He rested his glass on his knee. “Sounds good to me.”

He shifted a little, grimacing.

“You okay?” August asked.

“My butt is sore,” he said, not looking like he was particularly upset at that state of affairs. He smiled and leaned into August’s side. “It’s fine. It’s the fun kind of sore.”

“Yeah?” August threaded his fingers through Dylan’s hair. It was still damp, and his fingers got wet. He wiped them on the front of Dylan’s shirt.

“Yeah,” Dylan agreed.

STEVE

When Steve left his apartment for work on Thursday morning, he kept his eyes peeled for familiar faces in the crowd. He'd spotted Betty Wiltshire one more time since he'd seen her at the café – she'd been reading a magazine across from the corner store where he'd gone for his weekly grocery run – but so far that was it.

Heading into the station, Steve made his way to the locker room to change into his uniform. He nodded hello to a couple of people he'd worked with on his way, and even had a conversation with the guy who had the locker next to his, but having made friends with Ryker and his pack had made it clear to him how lacking his social interactions had been since moving to the city.

He hadn't made any effort to make friends with any of the people he worked with, and as such he'd developed a reputation for being aloof and thinking that he was better than everyone else.

After changing into his uniform, Steve made his way to roll call and took a seat at one of the comically tiny desks.

“Miller, we need you in the financial district again. We had a mugging yesterday and the mayor has been asked to increase the police presence in the neighborhood. That will be your and Officer Johnson's beat for the foreseeable future.”

Steve bit back a groan of annoyance. He hated working the financial district. Nothing ever happened there, and as long as

he was on ornamental duty, he wouldn't be called in for anything unless it happened within a block of his location.

Carl, the guy whose locker was next to his, leaned in and muttered, "That blows, man."

Steve shot him a quick commiserating nod. Carl was on traffic duty, so that wasn't much better, but he seemed happy with his lot.

"You do what you've got to do, right?" he said.

Carl grinned, looking happy that Steve had replied to him. Steve wondered if he'd really been that much of an unapproachable douchebag that simple conversation was seen as novel.

If that was the case, he needed to shape up.

Filing out of the room, Steve made his way to the parking lot to get his bike, stopping by the locker room to pick up his jacket, helmet and gloves on the way.

The weather had gotten colder during the past few days, but they still hadn't had any snow, and the roads in the city were clear of ice.

"Have a safe one," Carl said, mounting the bike next to Steve and leaning back to fasten the strap on his helmet.

"You too," Steve said, leaning forward and kicking his bike into gear. He pulled out of the parking lot, waving goodbye to Carl as he turned onto the street.

Once he made it to the financial district, Steve parked his bike in a private lot behind the Chamber of Commerce building. He spent the morning patrolling the neighborhood on foot, and by the time lunch was nearing, he'd helped two lost tourists with directions and prevented an argument in front of a hotdog stand from devolving into a fistfight.

As he patrolled, Steve kept on the lookout for familiar faces that his dad could have sent to spy on him. He'd decided firmly not to confront anyone he saw, but he still wanted to know when he was being watched.

Steve was so focused on finding familiar human faces, that when his younger brother suddenly appeared on the sidewalk in front of him, it took his brain a second to process the fact that seeing his brother was unusual. He froze, staring at William and cataloging everything from the hopeful expression on his face to the careful stance of his body, and then ran at his little brother with a burst of energy as he scooped him up and hugged him tight.

If he'd had a tail, it would have been wagging like crazy. Steve felt like he was going to burst; he was so happy.

"Hey, Steve," William said, hugging him back. He then tried to exit the hug, but Steve only squeezed him harder.

Since William was lithe where Steve was bulky, he didn't stand a chance of getting free until Steve released him, and Steve did not want to release him. He wanted to squeeze and hug him and breathe in the scent of home and pack until his arms were too tired to hold him up any longer, and then he wanted to sink to the ground in a puppy pile of two and go to sleep with his brother still in his arms.

He'd missed him so much.

"What are you doing here?" Steve asked, reluctantly lowering William to his feet when his brother tapped him to be let go.

"I came to see you," William said, patting his arm. "You're looking terrible, by the way. Have you stopped going to the gym?"

Steve punched his arm. He'd been overdoing it at the gym, exercise being his only real hobby since he'd moved away from home, and it showed.

"What do you mean, you came to see me? How did you swing that?"

William shrugged. "I've been nagging Dad since you left. He finally agreed to let me go visit you."

Steve was impressed. Their dad was indulgent in some ways, but when it came to pack matters, he was a real hard-ass. William must have really pushed against his instincts if

he'd kept badgering his dad when he was in alpha mode and had already said no.

"I'm glad you're here," Steve said. He glanced around, taking in their location. "How did you find me?"

William grinned. "I called your station and they told me you were patrolling the financial district. I've been walking around all morning, looking for you."

Steve grinned, pulling William in for another hug. "Let's go back to my place. I can call in sick for the day and we can hang out."

"You're a werewolf, you don't get sick," William said.

"They don't know that." Steve released William, lifting his arm over his shoulder and pulling him into his side instead. "I just need to drop by the station to drop off my work bike and uniform. Did you rent a car?"

"No." William scratched the back of his neck. "I took a taxi from the airport."

"All right, my apartment is just a forty-minute walk from here. You can take a cab and meet me there, or you can walk. It's up to you."

"What's the address?" William asked, taking out his phone. Steve told him, and William entered it into his maps app. "I'll take a cab. It's so weird to be outside our territory."

William glanced around, looking uncomfortable. Steve understood exactly how he felt. There was a feeling of vulnerability that came with being outside of your territory. Steve had gotten used to it, but it had been awful when he first arrived and didn't even have his own apartment to call home.

"I know. You can catch a cab pretty much anywhere here. I'll go get my bike and meet you in about half an hour. Okay?"

William nodded. "Okay."

Steve grabbed him and hugged him again, squeezing him breathless, and then released him. "I'll see you soon, okay?"

He stepped back, waiting until William had nodded before turning around and jogging back to where he'd parked his bike. He glanced over his shoulder before he turned the corner, seeing William lifting his hand and hailing a cab. William caught him looking and shot him a grin and a wave as he climbed into the backseat of a taxi.

Steve sped up, boots loud on the concrete sidewalk as he ran to get his bike. The sooner he dropped it off at the station, the sooner he could see his little brother again.

William had come to visit him! Steve couldn't stop grinning. This was the best day ever.



An hour later, Steve was sitting on the couch with his brother, drinking a beer and feeling like he could burst with how happy he was.

“You should have claimed him when you had the chance,” William said, punching Steve in the arm after he'd finished telling him about Dylan.

“Is that what you would have done?” Steve said, his mocking tone speaking for itself.

William snorted. “No, but I'm not an uber alpha like you.”

Steve preened. He hadn't felt like much of an alpha growing up – not compared to his dad and older brother – and that inadequacy had only strengthened on meeting and losing a fight to both Ryker and August. It was easy to forget that compared to ninety-nine percent of alphas out there, he was actually pretty badass.

Alphas as dominant as Ryker or his dad were rare, and compared to most, Steve was a dominating beast.

“I wish I had,” Steve said, thinking back to the first time he'd smelled Dylan. He'd been so surprised, and he hadn't had time to think or strategize on how to get Dylan to go out with him.

Not that it mattered. He'd already been taken.

"But you're friends with him now?"

William didn't sound like he bought it, and Steve laughed.

"I am. He's a nice guy."

"And you no longer want to make sweet, sweet love to him?"

Steve punched him. William could be such an annoying little shit.

"Shut up. Of course I still want to get with him, but he's taken. That ship has sailed."

"You haven't thought of joining their pack?"

William's voice was deceptively casual, and when Steve looked at him, he refused to meet his gaze. Steve stared at him in disbelief.

"No, because I'm not an idiot. Dad would come down here and slaughter them if I tried to join their pack."

William relaxed, and Steve narrowed his eyes.

"Is that why you're here?" he accused. "Dad's spies reported that I'm friends with them, and so he sent you to make sure I don't do anything stupid?"

William's guilty silence was answer enough. Steve let his anger rumble in his stomach for a second, but then he squashed it.

"I wanted to make sure you were okay, too," William defended himself. "I've been asking Dad if I could visit you since you moved away. You didn't even say goodbye."

William sounded miserable, and Steve instantly forgave him. It wasn't William's fault that their dad was an overbearing asshole.

He pulled him in for another hug and patted his back.

"I know," he said, releasing him. "I'm glad you're here. And you can tell Dad that I'm not joining any packs."

“Would you come home if he let you take a job with the Fairbanks Police Force?”

“Is that what he’s offering?” Steve asked.

“You’d have to promise to quit when Marcus takes over as pack alpha so that he has someone he can trust helping him.”

Steve had wanted to work in Anchorage, but he could settle for Fairbanks. When Marcus was alpha, he wouldn’t keep him away from his job for longer than he actually needed him.

“I’m guessing this is one of Marcus’s plans?”

William nodded

“He came up with it and had me suggest it to Dad, and then he convinced Dad that it was a good idea,” William said. He wrinkled his nose. “They’ve been fighting a lot since you left. I think you’re the first thing they’ve ever really disagreed on.”

Steve frowned, unhappy that he’d caused strife between Marcus and their dad.

Their dad was awful when he was in a temper.

“Thanks,” Steve said, looking at William and making sure he understood just how grateful he was.

“Of course, we want you to come home.”

“I’m guessing Mom stayed out of it?” Steve asked.

“She offered to help, but Marcus said it would be better if she didn’t get involved. You know how Dad gets with her.”

Steve nodded, remembering all the fights he’d witnessed between them when he was little. Though his parents had been divorced since William was a baby, that hadn’t stopped them from going at it like cats and dogs.

“So will you come home?” William asked, hopeful.

Steve nodded. There was no other answer, and though he appreciated his new friendships with Dylan, Ryker and August, he didn’t have a future with them.

“Yeah, I think I will.” He grabbed William’s shoulder and squeezed it. “Thanks for helping Marcus and getting Dad to compromise.”

William grinned, looking away and mumbling, “You’re welcome.”

DYLAN

Dylan spent his Thursday in the lab, fixing one of the 3D printing machines. It had clogged, and now Dylan had to determine if there was an issue with his polymer mix, or if the machine was just broken.

He didn't get home until after eight, though he didn't mind since he had figured out the problem with the machine. One of the undergrads had used it, and *something* they did had fucked up the mechanism that melted the resin and caused an issue with how the melted mix was laid down on the printing platform.

Dylan was just pleased that the issue hadn't been his fault, and that he didn't have to ditch his latest mix.

"There's dinner in the fridge," Ryker said, greeting him by the door and pulling him in for a kiss. "August just got back from the gym. He's in the shower."

Ryker held Dylan by the front of his shirt, lifting him up on his toes as he laid another kiss on his mouth.

Dylan clutched at his muscular arms, opening his mouth as Ryker backed him into the wall and deepened the kiss.

"Missed you today," Ryker growled, sliding Dylan up the wall until he was off his feet and Ryker could kiss him without having to bend down. "I kept thinking how nice it would be if I had you tied up under my desk, warming my cock and humping my leg like a good little puppy."

Dylan's cock pulsed, his stomach heating at the mental picture Ryker painted. Dylan could picture it clearly. He'd sit at Ryker's feet, between his tree-trunk thighs and big dress shoes, lapping at his cock and drinking down his pre-come as he hugged his leg.

It sounded like heaven.

"Are you hungry?" Ryker asked, keeping Dylan pinned against the wall, but leaning back to study his face.

"Not really," Dylan mumbled. His stomach rumbled, revealing him to be a liar. He flushed.

"You can have my cock after you eat," Ryker said, as though he were making some magnanimous offer. "And then you can sit on my knot as we plan our weekend. August has rented out an ice rink for us on Saturday to play out your hockey fantasy."

Dylan laughed. He should have expected nothing less.

"Are you going to dress up like hockey players?" he asked.

"Of course," Ryker said, kissing his jaw. "August went shopping earlier. He bought us the full getup, skates and padding and even tape for our new hockey sticks. We figured we'd play for a bit before having fun in the locker room. Since you're from Alaska, I assume that you can play?"

Dylan nodded. He'd played hockey for a bit in middle school, but he hadn't pursued it when he went to high school. He'd still gone skating for fun, occasionally, and so he knew that he wouldn't make a complete fool of himself on the ice.

"Can you?"

Ryker shrugged. "A little. We had a rink back home, but I've never tried hockey. Who knows, maybe we'll end up joining an amateur team here in the city?"

That would probably cause quite the sensation, Dylan imagined. Werewolves weren't allowed to play in school sports, but they had their own leagues which were insanely popular. Even if they sucked at hockey, the novelty of having a

pair of werewolves on the team would garner them plenty of invitations.

Dylan's stomach rumbled again, and Ryker let him back down to his feet.

"I'll go heat up your plate," he said, walking out of the hall and leaving Dylan to take off his shoes.

Dylan stood there, lips tingling from the rough way Ryker had kissed him, grinning to himself.

Coming home to a hunky werewolf kissing him hello and feeding him dinner? Dylan could get used to that.



"Does that feel nice?"

Dylan whimpered as August twisted his nipples, the evil alpha working the overly sensitive nubs between his rough fingers and making it feel like there was a live wire running from his chest to his poor, exhausted cock.

He'd come twice in the past hour, once on Ryker's knot, and once again when August fucked him, and he was now sitting on August's knot, trying not to play into August's plans by clenching down every time he pinched down on his nipple.

He wasn't having much success. Every time August rolled his nipples between his fingers, squeezing and tugging like an evil genius, Dylan clenched down and squeezed August's knot before he could manage to stop himself.

August moaned, rolling his hips and making Dylan's rim protest at the sudden movement, his stomach feeling full to bursting.

"You're so mean," Dylan whimpered, batting at August's hands and trying to dislodge them from his poor chest. "Stop it."

"Should I play with this instead?" August asked, releasing Dylan's right nipple and reaching for his balls instead. He

rolled them around in his palm, giving them a tentative squeeze.

Dylan wasn't worried. August had no appetite for hurting his balls – that was Ryker's thing. The most August would do was squeeze him a bit, and not enough to hurt.

“Sure,” Dylan said, and August chuckled.

“Okay, you got me. How about this, if you work my knot without me having to twist your nipples, I'll leave them alone. Deal?”

Dylan considered it. Squeezing down on August's knot was a lot of work, but if August was going to make him do it anyway, he might as well squeeze without having his nipples further abused.

Then again, the way August's fingers felt on his chest was kind of nice, in an awful sort of way.

“Never mind,” August said, twisting his nipples and tugging them away from his body. Dylan let out a screech, clamping down on August's knot and making him release another spurt of come.

“Be nice,” Ryker said, sitting up on the other end of the couch. Dylan wondered why he was sitting so far away, or at least he was until Ryker lifted his legs and dropped them in his lap. He wriggled his toes.

“Am I supposed to do something with these?” Dylan asked, tracing the top of Ryker's big toe. He really had enormous feet.

“Rub them, please, and August will stop being mean to you.”

“I will?” August asked, sounding curious.

“You will,” Ryker said, voice warm and teasing. “Unless you want me to be mean to you. I could pin you down and let Dylan get his revenge on your nipples.”

“Let's do that,” Dylan said, loving the idea of getting to play with August's chest. August laughed, dropping his hands down to his sides, away from Dylan's nipples.

“I’m good.”

Dylan pouted, staring down at the massive feet resting in his lap. He took hold of Ryker’s left foot, the size of it making Dylan’s hand look tiny, and started to massage it.

Ryker let out a sigh, and Dylan increased the pressure. He loved it when he could wring those sounds out of his alphas. It made his stomach flutter with butterflies and tingles run down his spine.

After a while, Dylan’s fingers were starting to get sore, and he could feel August’s knot inside of him shrinking. It was a good thing the couch was made of leather, because he was leaking a copious amount of come. Both August’s lap and the seat cushion were going to be drenched by the time August lifted him off his lap.

“Come on, let’s get you in the shower,” August said, standing up and sending Ryker’s feet flying off his lap.

“He wasn’t done,” Ryker grumbled, lowering his feet to the floor and sitting up straight. He didn’t sound too unhappy, but it was clear he would have liked Dylan to keep rubbing his feet for longer.

Dylan wouldn’t have minded. His fingers were sore, but there was something about touching Ryker’s huge feet that did it for him.

“I say he is,” August said. His cock was softening, and as he hoisted Dylan higher, it slipped out of his hole with a wet squelch.

Dylan clamped his hole shut, but come still leaked past his gaping rim and down his legs. He would never get used to the feeling.

August kissed his cheek and reached between his legs, fingers pushing into his hole and temporarily plugging it shut.

“Let’s get you out of here before you make any more of a mess.”

Dylan’s cheeks burned with embarrassment.

“I’ll clean up the couch,” Ryker said, staying behind as August carried Dylan out of the living room and down the hall to the bathroom.

They couldn’t get to the shower fast enough.



The next morning, Dylan woke up in a cocoon of hot muscle. August was behind him, his arm and leg draped over Dylan’s body, while Ryker lay against his front, sleeping on his side with his pecs practically in Dylan’s face.

Dylan took a second to wake up, stretching his legs and turning onto his back.

It took some effort, but after a minute Dylan managed to make himself comfortable.

August and Ryker stayed fast asleep. Their breathing was slow and even, their muscular bodies heavy with sleep.

Dylan tried to move August’s arm off his chest, but he couldn’t get it to move an inch. August didn’t even twitch, not seeming to notice Dylan’s efforts.

Staring up at the ceiling, Dylan was surprised to realize that he was horny.

Or not surprised, exactly. He was in bed with two of the most impressive specimens of manhood that he’d ever seen – some horniness was natural – but he was surprised by the strength of his arousal.

He turned his head, studying the swell of Ryker’s pecs and feeling his mouth water. Acting on instinct, he wriggled down the mattress, moving under the covers and stopping when he reached their soft cocks.

August and Ryker were both sleeping on their sides, turned inward toward each other, letting Dylan compare their thick rods side by side.

Ryker’s cock was the bigger one – veiny and gorgeous, the plump head poking out from underneath his foreskin – but

August's was just as pretty.

Dylan took the head of August's cock into his mouth, tasting skin and sweat and traces of come that had him moaning in delight. He kept sucking until August was hard and throbbing, forcing him to shift his position to keep his mouth on it, lapping at the slit and drinking down the pre-come trickling out of his cock.

Missing something, not quite satisfied, Dylan wriggled around and took Ryker's cock in his mouth instead.

It tasted slightly different – saltier, and with an added depth of musk – but it was no less delicious. Dylan sucked it into his mouth, sliding his tongue under the foreskin and tracing the contours of his bulbous cockhead.

Ryker got hard faster than August, his hips moving with unconscious jabs like he was trying to fuck Dylan's mouth in his sleep.

Dylan sucked him for a few minutes, and then in a fit of dissatisfaction, he turned around and took August's throbbing cock in his mouth.

“Dylan?” August mumbled, reaching down and stroking his hair.

“Morning,” Dylan mumbled, his mouth full.

August laughed, a happy sound. He fisted his hand in Dylan's hair and pushed him down on his cock, making Dylan choke.

“This is nice,” he said, sounding sleepy.

“Mh-what?” Ryker mumbled, waking up. He reached down and palmed his hard cock, pushing it into the back of Dylan's head.

With his alphas awake, Dylan lost all control of the situation. August rolled him onto his back, moving with him and fucking into his throat and making him choke on his thick length. He pumped his cock in and out of Dylan's throat with sleepy movements, taking his time and enjoying the wet heat of Dylan's throat.

When he came, Ryker immediately grabbed Dylan by his hair and pushed him down on his cock, forcing him to take the whole length in one go and skull-fucking him right from the start.

Dylan was having fun – he liked the way it felt when Ryker held him down on his shaft and made the edges of his vision go black – but there was something missing.

When Ryker finally came, he pushed the covers aside and hoisted Dylan up so that he was seated with his back against the headboard. “That was a fun way to wake up,” he said, sliding down and rubbing his chin on Dylan’s inner thigh. He licked at his balls before taking Dylan’s cock into his mouth.

Dylan forgot all about his missing *something*, the feeling of Ryker’s tongue probing his slit driving all thoughts from his mind and leaving him floating on a cloud of bliss. He came, coating Ryker’s tongue and filling his mouth with spurts of come that felt like his whole body was flush with pleasure.

Before he could thank Ryker for the orgasm, the alpha leaned up and kissed him on the mouth, feeding him his load back to him.

Dylan moaned into the kiss, letting Ryker suck on his tongue and push into his mouth and lick over his teeth.

“You should wake us up like that every morning.”

Dylan grinned, lifting his hand and carding his fingers through Ryker’s hair.

“I don’t know if my throat could handle that.”

August sat up next to him, pulling him under his arm. He nuzzled his hair. “We won’t be so rough next time.”

“You can set the pace,” Ryker agreed, leaning in to kiss him again.

Dylan didn’t believe them for a second, but it would be fun to try.

Ryker sat down next to him, leaning back against the headboard and stretching his legs out over the covers. His cock was still wet from having been down Dylan’s throat, the half-

hard length resting against his hip, and Dylan stared at it with a funny feeling in his gut.

Something was missing. Dylan had been distracted by Ryker giving him a blowjob, but now that they were resting and basking in the afterglow, Dylan felt it even more strongly.

His stomach rumbled, the sound making August and Ryker both turn their heads and look down at his stomach.

“Would you like some breakfast?” Ryker asked, climbing off the bed. He scratched his abs, staring down at Dylan and August with a contented smile on his face. “I could make bagels with cream cheese and lox?”

“Yes, please,” Dylan said. He was hungry, and maybe the weird feeling would go away once he got some food in him.

“All right, one bagel with cream cheese and lox coming right up.” Ryker grabbed a pair of underwear and pulled them on. “Would you like coffee?”

“Only if you’re making some for yourself.”

Ryker nodded and looked at August. “You?”

“I’ll take a couple of bagels and a cup of coffee,” August said, stretching out his legs and grinning. “And maybe some juice, too.”

Ryker rolled his eyes, but he was smiling. “All right. Bagels, coffee and juice, coming right up.”

He turned and walked toward the door.

“Thank you,” Dylan said, watching his ass and broad back as he exited the room.

Hopefully, once he’d gotten some food in his belly and caffeine in his system, he would stop feeling so off kilter.

RYKER

Ryker was at work when Dylan called.

Heidi pulled him out of a meeting to tell him that there was an emergency, and Ryker politely excused himself from the conference room and jogged to his office.

Heidi ran next to him, her tight skirt forcing her to take small, tripping steps.

“It’s your new... boyfriend,” she said, hesitating, like she wasn’t sure if that was the correct term.

“Mate.” Ryker’s voice was curt. He’d told her exactly what Dylan was to him. “He’s my mate. The same as August.”

Heidi looked dubious, but Ryker wasn’t in the mood to argue the point. He needed to find out what had caused Dylan to call his office and tell Heidi that it was an emergency, and he didn’t have time to correct her misunderstandings about how werewolf relationships worked.

“Go get Mark and have him take over the meeting.”

Leaving Heidi behind, Ryker rushed into his office and picked up his phone. His cellphone was on his desk, with a notification flashing on the screen that he had three missed calls from Dylan.

“Are you okay?” Ryker asked, all sorts of horrible scenarios flashing before his mind. “Did something happen?”

He heard Dylan’s breath catch, and Ryker’s gut clenched with worry.

“Dylan, talk to me.”

“I feel weird,” Dylan finally said, his voice betraying his discomfort.

“Weird how?” Ryker asked, relieved that whatever was going on with Dylan, he hadn’t lost a limb or fallen off a roof somewhere.

He was still worried.

“Like I did last Saturday when I hadn’t seen you and August in a while.”

Ryker took a seat behind his desk, his brow furrowed.

“You’re horny?” At Dylan’s annoyed indrawn breath, he quickly specified, “In a bad way, I mean?”

He could hear Dylan swallow.

“It started this morning, when I... you know.” Dylan waited, and when Ryker made a noise of understanding, he continued, “I just... I need something. It’s like I’m empty, and the blowjobs I gave you didn’t help at all.”

Ryker suddenly had a vivid recollection of Dylan on his knees, licking Steve’s come off his boot at his behest.

That little taste couldn’t have been enough for Dylan to be tied to Steve – could it?

That would be a disaster. Steve was in no position to be bonded to Dylan – and through him – Ryker and August.

“I think you need to fuck me,” Dylan said, rushing to speak when Ryker didn’t say anything. “I feel empty. I already tried some of the dildos in your playroom, but they’re not working.”

Ryker could feel Dylan’s frustration over the phone.

“I’ll come right home, okay?” Ryker said. “Did you call August?”

“He didn’t pick up.” Dylan sounded incredibly betrayed.

“I’ll get him. We’ll both come home and figure this out. I promise, okay?”

Dylan took a deep breath. “You’re coming home right now?”

“Right now,” Ryker confirmed. “You just hang tight and wait for us. Can you do that?”

Dylan sighed. “Yes, I can wait.”

“Good. We’ll be there soon.”

Ryker hung up the phone and grabbed his jacket, putting it on as he exited his office and waved Heidi over from across the room. She jogged over and met him on his way to the elevator.

“I need to go home. Reschedule the rest of my appointments, or have Mark handle them.”

“Of course. Anything else I can do for you?”

“No, that’s it. I’ll call you tomorrow.”

Ryker pushed the button to summon the elevator and reached into his pocket for his phone, only to realize that he’d forgotten it in his office. He turned around and ran back, grabbing his phone and making it back to the elevator just in time to see the doors open.

Stepping inside, he called Steve.

If Dylan was addicted to Steve’s sperm, there was only one way to deal with it. They had to feed the addiction. It would be a mess, but hopefully they could work something out.

“Hey, Ryker, what’s up?” Steve answered after two rings. He sounded happy, and there was someone laughing in the background.

“I need a favor,” Ryker said, getting right to the point. “Can you jerk off into a container and meet me outside your apartment in fifteen minutes and hand it to me?”

Someone in the background said, “What the fuck? What kind of friends have you made here, Steve?”

Ryker could hear Steve walking away from the mystery person as he asked, “I mean, I guess? That’s kind of a weird ask, though. Why do you need it?”

“Dylan licked your come off your boot last Sunday and now he’s feeling withdrawals even though August and I have been fucking him daily. You do the math.”

“Fuck,” Steve said, sounding shocked. “You think that was enough to get him hooked? It was only a few drops.”

“I don’t know,” Ryker said. “August and I are going to go home to see if fucking him again will fix him, but if it doesn’t, I want to feed him your load to see if that helps.”

“Yeah, of course. I’ll have it ready for you. Text me when you get here and keep me updated.”

The elevator doors opened, and Ryker walked out into the underground parking garage. He jogged over to his car, climbing inside as he answered, “I will. I’m leaving work now and should be there soon.”

As he lowered his phone to hang up, he caught the mystery person with Steve exclaiming, “Bro, you know an omega? What the fuck?”

Ryker was intensely curious who Steve was with. Judging by their knowledge of omegas it had to be another werewolf, but Ryker couldn’t think of any other werewolves in town who sounded like that.

He’d have to satisfy his curiosity later. Pulling out of the parking garage and out onto the street, he used the voice assistant on his phone to call August. When the call didn’t go through, he called the reception at the clinic.

Cynthia, the clinic receptionist, answered. Ryker told her that it was an emergency, and she promised to have August call him back as soon as possible. He hung up, and five minutes later, August called him.

“What is it?”

August sounded worried, which was a normal reaction to Ryker calling and saying it was an emergency. Ryker explained what was going on, and August agreed to come right home.

Before he hung up, August asked, “Do you really think he’s bonded to Steve?”

Ryker gripped the steering wheel tighter, clenching his jaw. Before he knew about Steve’s father and the impossibility of Steve joining their pack, this wouldn’t have been a problem, but if Steve couldn’t actually be with them, then they were facing a logistical knot that Ryker didn’t know how they’d solve.

He and August had bitten Dylan and claimed him, but if Dylan was Steve’s omega – no matter the fact that he was Ryker and August’s omega as well – then that meant that Steve had a claim of his own.

“Maybe,” he answered. “We’ll find out. If he is, we’ll deal with it.”

They said goodbye, and Ryker focused on the road. He reached Steve’s building a few minutes later, the younger alpha standing on the curb waiting for him with a plastic container clutched in his grip. There was a werewolf standing next to him who, despite his slimmer frame and lighter hair, was undeniably related to Steve.

That looked like a complication that Ryker did not need right now.

He pulled up next to Steve and rolled down his window.

“Is that it?” he asked, nodding at the container in Steve’s hand. He’d been quick. Ryker didn’t know if he could have come on command in less than fifteen minutes, especially if he was stressed.

“Yes, here you go,” Steve said, handing it to him. “Do you think I should come with you? In case you need more, I mean?”

Ryker shook his head. “No, I’ll call you if I need anything else.”

Steve rubbed the back of his neck and nodded. “Right.” He glanced at the strange werewolf next to him. “This is my brother, by the way. William.”

“I’ll be in touch,” Ryker said, nodding at the younger man. He put the container with Steve’s come on the seat next to him and pulled away from the curb, rolling up the window and looking at the two men in his rearview mirror.

A brother from the pack Steve wasn’t talking to suddenly showing up could only mean one thing. Steve had had an offer to come home. Thinking about how that was supposed to work if they needed Steve’s come for Dylan was enough to give Ryker the headache of a lifetime.

He pushed it out of his mind, deciding that he’d wait to see if there was a problem to begin with before he worried about how to solve it. If they were lucky, Dylan was just feeling horny in a completely normal way and panicking because he was scared.

Ryker didn’t actually believe that that was the case, but he could hope.

Fifteen minutes later, Ryker was home. He grabbed the container with Steve’s come off the passenger side seat and ran to the elevator, sending off a message to August and Dylan that he’d arrived.

The elevator came to a stop on the ground floor, and when the doors opened, Ryker was relieved to see August standing there. He must have taken a cab and come in through the lobby.

“So, how fucked are we?” August asked, coming into the elevator and pressing the button to close the doors.

“Depends on whether or not we need this,” Ryker replied, holding up the container with Steve’s come. The thick liquid inside sloshed from side to side as he moved it around, the scent of Steve’s release filling the small space.

When the elevator doors opened and the outer hallway leading into their apartment came into view, Ryker kicked off his shoes, shrugged off his jacket and put the container with Steve’s come on the top shelf of the hallway closet.

He’d come back for it later if he needed it.

“You’re here!” Dylan exclaimed, coming around the corner at a breathless run and crashing into them. He pushed his face into Ryker’s chest, digging his nose into the space between the buttons of his dress shirt while he hugged his waist and moaned.

He wasn’t wearing any pants or underwear, his hard cock poking Ryker in the thigh as he unconsciously rutted his hips.

Ryker smoothed his hand over Dylan’s hair, grabbing him under his arms and lifting him up when he tried to sink to his knees to press his face into Ryker’s crotch.

“You’re really feeling it, huh?” August said, pressing in behind him and making him the meat in a werewolf sandwich.

Dylan shook with pent up need, his hands grabbing at Ryker’s waist and trying to slide under his shirt.

“I need it,” Dylan said, sounding more scared than aroused. “It feels like there’s a hole inside of me.”

Ryker sighed. This was textbook omega withdrawal, which considering the fact that they’d both pumped his stomach full of come less than six hours ago, meant that they had a problem. Even if fucking him was the solution and Steve could be kept out of the equation, that just meant that Dylan needed a lot more sex than they’d thought.

“We’ll fill you up,” Ryker promised. He hoisted Dylan up higher, placing a hand on his ass and carrying him into the penthouse. He took him to the bedroom and lowered him onto the mattress, flipping him over and shoving a pillow under his ass.

Dylan hadn’t been lying about the dildos. His hole was loose and gaping, his anal ring glistening with lube.

Ryker pushed two fingers inside of him and twisted them around, his other hand reaching down to free his cock. Despite his worry, Ryker had no problem getting hard. Dylan’s hole had his mouth watering, the needy squelch as he scissored his fingers into the wet space making his gut clench with arousal.

“Are you ready?” he asked, deciding that he would go first.

“Please,” Dylan mumbled, wriggling his ass and arching his back. In any other scenario, the absolute sluttiness of the move would have had Ryker grunting with appreciative lust. “Put it in me.”

Ryker rose up and aimed his cock at Dylan’s hole, pressing his bulbous head against the hot rim and pushing inside in one, hard thrust. Dylan let out a moan, his thighs trembling as he pushed his ass back to meet Ryker’s thrust.

“Fuck me,” Dylan demanded, moving his hips and fucking himself on Ryker’s cock.

Ryker didn’t have to be told twice. He grabbed Dylan by his hips, lifting him up and holding him still as he worked his hips like a jackhammer. He pounded his cock into Dylan’s hole, fast and hard, his only goal to come as soon as possible and fill Dylan with his knot.

“August,” Dylan demanded through gritted teeth, reaching blindly for their third. “Let me suck it, please.”

Ryker looked at August and shook his head. They’d filled Dylan’s stomach with come that morning, so a blowjob was not going to fix this.

“I’m not going to come,” August said, leaning in and keeping his voice low. He pulled off his pants and climbed up on the bed, kneeling down in front of Dylan and grabbing him by the hair. As Ryker fucked him, August held Dylan’s head steady as he smeared the tip of his cock all over the boy’s face, teasing him with the hard length and leaving a trail of glistening pre-come across his nose and over his lips.

When Ryker grunted and started to come, liquid heat shooting through his shaft and filling Dylan’s greedy hole, August pushed into Dylan’s mouth and held him down on his cock. Ryker’s knot filled Dylan’s rectum, plugging him tight and making sure that every spurt of come Ryker pumped inside of him stayed there.

Spit-roasted between them, Dylan calmed down once he had both a knot in his hole and the head of August’s cock in

his mouth, but after a minute he started to wriggle with dissatisfaction.

“Do you still feel empty?” August asked, pulling his cock out of Dylan’s mouth and letting Ryker lift him up and hug him close to his chest. Ryker held Dylan against his front, impaled on his cock, stroking his stomach and feeling the bulge of his cock pressing against the inside of Dylan’s abs.

“This isn’t helping,” Dylan confirmed, squirming and clenching down on Ryker’s knot.

“Let’s see if taking August’s knot helps, okay?” Ryker said, lowering Dylan back down to the mattress and pulling his hips back to remove his knot from Dylan’s hole.

He was still inflated, Dylan’s rim forced to stretch to release his big knot, but Dylan could take the stretch.

Once he was clear of Dylan’s hole, Ryker stepped aside and let August take his place. His mate was quick about it, swinging his leg over Dylan’s body and pushing inside of him before Dylan could even catch a breath.

While Ryker had held Dylan up and fucked into him while he was standing behind the bed, August lowered his body on top of Dylan’s smaller frame and pounded him like he was trying to make him a part of the mattress.

August came with a grunt, his glutes clenching as he buried his knot in Dylan’s hole and filled him up.

Ryker wiped off his cock and climbed up on the bed, sitting with his back against the headboard and his legs spread out on either side of Dylan and August.

August lifted up on his elbow, relieving the crushing pressure on Dylan’s body and letting him gasp for air.

“Is this what you need?” August asked, his voice edging on a growl.

Dylan hesitated, taking stock of how he was feeling, and then keened.

“I’m still empty.”

He sounded despondent.

Ryker didn't say anything, meeting August's eye and pushing off the bed. He retrieved Steve's come from the closet, taking off the lid and carrying it back to the bedroom.

The scent of Steve's release filled his nose, the scent pungent but not at all unpleasant.

"I have something that might help," Ryker said, making Dylan twist his head in an attempt to look over his shoulder and see what Ryker was talking about. "August, cover his eyes."

August placed his hand over Dylan's eyes, blotting out his vision. Dylan made a confused noise, which melted into a blissful moan when Ryker dipped his fingers in Steve's come and shoved them in his mouth.

Dylan sucked on Ryker's fingers, licking them with hungry moans of satisfaction and whimpering when Ryker pulled his fingers out of his mouth.

"I have more for you," Ryker promised, scooping up a handful of come and letting it trickle into Dylan's mouth.

Dylan swallowed, his throat moving before he resumed sucking on Ryker's fingers like they were the best thing he'd ever tasted.

"More," he mumbled, his voice sleepy and relaxed. Ryker obliged him, dipping his fingers back into Steve's come and wiping them off on Dylan's tongue.

Ryker had used up about half of the provided come when he removed his fingers from Dylan's mouth and stroked his hair, asking, "Do you feel better now?"

August lowered his hand from Dylan's eyes, leaving the boy blinking against the light and staring up at Ryker with wonder. He nodded, lowering his face to the mattress and making a happy noise of contentment.

"So much better."

August, knot still filling Dylan's ass, met Ryker's gaze with a worried frown.

This was going to be a problem.

DYLAN

After a quick shower, Dylan got dressed and made his way to the living room. August was on the couch while Ryker had taken up position in the armchair next to it. They were both slumped back, feet propped up on the coffee table and footrest respectively, looking pensive.

Dylan hoped he would finally get some answers. More specifically, he wanted to know what the sticky-come tasting fluid Ryker had fed him to sate his hunger actually was.

“Still feeling okay?” August asked, rising up from the couch and walking over to meet him halfway across the floor. He carded his fingers through Dylan’s wet hair and tucked him in under his arm.

“I feel normal,” Dylan said, letting August lead him over to the couch. They sat down, August pulling him close, and as he leaned his head against the side of August’s muscular chest, he let himself relax.

Ryker got up from his chair and moved over to the couch, taking up the space on his other side.

“So are you going to tell me what’s going on?” he asked, after a minute passed and neither werewolf said anything.

“Remember when you licked Steve’s come off his boot?” Ryker asked, his voice flat.

Dylan’s cock twitched, the memory still making him hot and bothered, but then he realized what Ryker was saying.

Fuck.

So that was what the come-like mixture had been. Steve's load. Ryker must have realized why he had gotten withdrawals and collected Steve's jizz on the way home from work.

Double fuck.

"So I'm addicted to three werewolves now," Dylan said, trying not to let the thought of it overwhelm him. "How fun."

At least they'd proved that he didn't actually need to get it directly from the source. Come to go was just as effective.

"I'm sorry," Ryker said, placing his hand on Dylan's thigh and rubbing it gently. "I'm the one who told you to get down on your knees and lick his boot. I shouldn't have involved him in our thing without talking to you first."

Dylan sighed, putting his hand on top of Ryker's and stroking his knuckles. It was comical how much bigger than his Ryker's hand was.

"It's not like I would have said no," he said. Steve was a stunningly attractive man, and Dylan was not immune to his charms.

"Maybe not, but--"

"And we didn't know about the omega thing at that point," Dylan cut him off. "We had no reason to think any of this would happen."

August growled. "He could have let us know from the start that he was off limits."

Dylan waited for Ryker to defend Steve, but he didn't. He sighed and nodded. "It would have been nice if we knew about his pack."

Dylan swallowed, disappointed that Ryker was agreeing with August. It wasn't like Steve had planned this. He'd been so happy to make friends. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't join their pack.

"So what happens now?" Dylan asked. "Are you going to tell Steve that you were right about why I was feeling so bad?"

“I already did,” Ryker said. “I sent him a text. He hasn’t replied.”

Dylan’s stomach sank. He bit his lip, wondering if Steve was upset that Dylan now depended on him.

What if he decided he didn’t want anything to do with him? Dylan chewed on the inside of his cheek, his worry multiplying.

“Calm down,” August said, hugging him closer and pushing his face into the side of his pec. He pushed his face into Dylan’s hair. “We’ll figure this out.”

Ryker rose from the couch and walked over to the bar in the cabinet to make himself a drink. He looked over his shoulder, “Do you guys want anything?”

Dylan and August both shook their heads. Ryker poured himself a scotch and carried it back to the couch. After he’d sat down, he took a drink and said, “Steve’s brother is visiting him.”

Dylan didn’t get the significance of the statement, but August scowled.

“Well, that’s just perfect,” he said.

“Why?” Dylan asked.

“He’s most likely being made an offer to come home. His brother wasn’t an alpha, which means that there’s no way he’s here without his father’s permission.”

Dylan stared at his lap, wondering what he’d do if Steve left. Best case scenario, Steve jerked off twice a week and shipped him his load.

How was this his life?

“The way you felt today, we’re not going to let you feel that way again,” Ryker said, putting his drink down and looking Dylan in the eye. “We’ll come to an arrangement with Steve, and it will be okay. I promise.”

Dylan nodded, the strength of Ryker’s conviction putting him at ease. This was his problem, yes, but it wasn’t his

problem to solve. Ryker and August were his alphas, and to a pair of werewolves, that meant something.

It was an enormous relief.

“I believe you,” Dylan said. He leaned back and closed his eyes, taking stock of how he was feeling.

He was surprised to realize he felt pretty good. His hole was sore, but in a nice way, and the faintest flavor of come lingering in his mouth was a nice contrast to how clean he felt after his shower.

He was hungry, though. Opening his eyes, Dylan looked up at August and asked, “Can you make me lunch?”

The question seemed to startle August, but then he grinned and pulled out his phone. “I’ll do you one better. I’ll order lunch. What are you in the mood for?”

Dylan said the first thing that popped into his mind. “Tacos.”

“Tacos it is.”

STEVE

Steve paced around his living room, trying to decide what to do. His wolf was stirring, rumbling in the back of his mind, pushing him to go claim what was his.

He wanted to hunt Dylan down and bite him – to claim his piece of the omega.

“So what are you going to do?” William asked, watching him from the couch. He’d only gotten a brief glimpse of Ryker, but it had been enough for him to pick up on the fact that Ryker was dominant enough to be a pack alpha.

“I don’t know,” Steve admitted.

Leaving Ryker, August and Dylan to go home to his pack would have been disappointing – the possibility of what they could have had always haunting him – but now it would be intolerable. Dylan was his *omega*. Steve had a responsibility as the boy’s alpha to make sure he was happy and healthy, and a vital part of that was feeding him a steady diet of come.

Steve glanced over at his little brother, wondering what he was thinking about all this. He hadn’t said anything, mostly just asking questions and getting an overview of the situation.

“What do you think I should do?”

William looked thoughtful, drumming his fingers on his leg before giving an answer.

“Dad isn’t going to let you leave the pack – not for real. That really only leaves you with one option.”

“And that is?”

“Ask Dad for permission to bring them into ours.”

Steve had to admit that he'd thought about it, but asking Ryker and August to pick up their lives and move to Alaska was a big ask. They'd already left the pack they'd grown up with because they wanted to be independent and not answerable to anyone but themselves, and Steve's dad was far more controlling with his pack than the Arizona alpha.

But maybe they'd consider it? For Dylan's sake, at least.

Steve didn't even let himself hope. It was far more likely that they'd ask him to jerk off and send Dylan his spunk in the mail. His jizz would probably end up flying down on the same planes carrying freshly caught Salmon and King Crab.

“They'd never go for that.”

“Are you sure?” William asked, frowning. “It would be the best option.”

Steve huffed. “Best for Dad, sure. Not for August and Ryker. They've built their whole lives here.”

“You should still ask them.”

“Do you think Dad will go for it? Ryker is pretty dominant. He'd give Marcus a run for his money.”

William wrinkled his nose, unwilling to believe that anyone could ever beat their oldest brother. Marcus was an absolute beast, on par with their dad, and if he was honest, Steve didn't really think that Ryker would stand a chance against him.

It would be a tougher fight than Marcus was used to, but he'd still come out on top.

“Would you like me to talk to him?” William asked, carefully neutral.

Steve thought it over and then shook his head. “No, not before I ask them. I don't want to risk him doing something crazy.”

“Like what?” William asked. He looked confused, and Steve wondered if he understood just how unhinged their dad could be, or if his dad just never showed him that part of himself.

“Like claim this area as his territory and order them to move in with me in Fairbanks.”

William laughed. “He wouldn’t do that. The council wouldn’t let him.”

“They wouldn’t give him their blessing, no, but if he just up and decided to claim this land for himself, they wouldn’t risk a war to stop him.” Steve shook his head. “Not over a neutral territory with less than ten werewolves living within its borders.”

William still didn’t look like he believed that their dad would go that far.

“So you’ll talk to them first, that’s the plan?” William said.

Steve dropped onto the couch next to him.

“Yes. Even if they won’t come to Alaska, we need to figure out the logistics of how we’re going to keep Dylan from going into withdrawals.” Steve bounced his leg, standing up just as abruptly as he’d sat down. “I’m going to get a beer. Do you want a beer?”

William nodded, looking unsettled by Steve’s mood.

“Sure.”

“Perfect.” Steve pulled out his phone, and before he could overthink it, texted Ryker that he wanted to meet up and talk. He then tossed his phone on the coffee table, walked to the kitchen and grabbed two beers, and came back to sit next to William.

“Thanks,” William mumbled.

“You’re welcome.”

AUGUST

“You’re going to work?”

August glanced at Ryker’s reflection in the mirror, fastening his belt around his waist before turning around.

“I told Cynthia she could reschedule some of my more urgent patients for this morning. I’ll be back soon.”

He walked over and pulled Ryker in for a kiss, nudging his mate’s cock with the back of his hand and feeling it twitch with interest.

“You’ll be back in time to meet up with Steve?” Ryker asked, pushing his nose along the line of his cheek.

“I will,” August said. He nudged Ryker away, leading him back into the bedroom. “If you go back to sleep, I might even be back before you wake up.”

Ryker yawned, pulling him in for another sleepy kiss before crawling back under the covers and pulling Dylan into his arms. Dylan mumbled a half-awake protest at the sudden movement, but he quickly settled.

Watching them, August’s heart swelled with a fierce protectiveness and a determination to do whatever it took to make them happy. He walked out of the apartment, putting on his coat before taking the elevator down to the lobby and catching a cab. As he sat in the back of the taxi, he read through his message history with Dylan, scoffing at his own cluelessness when he saw how his references to conversations

he'd had with the fake Dylan online had been met with complete bafflement.

He should have caught on sooner.

Arriving at work, August was surprised to see Cynthia sitting at the reception desk.

"I told you that you didn't have to come in," he said, taking off his jacket and draping it over his arm. "What are you doing here?"

Cynthia shrugged. "It's only for a few hours. Is everything all right at home?"

August couldn't hold back his sigh. "It's complicated."

"Will you be okay?"

She sounded genuinely worried. August hadn't taken many days off since he started the clinic, and taking one without any notice was highly unlike him.

August nodded. "We're not *not* okay. Do you remember that guy I told you about, the werewolf, Steve?"

Cynthia nodded.

"Well, he's formed a mystical werewolf bond with Dylan. It's a mess, and untangling it is going to be a nightmare."

Cynthia squinted, like she wasn't sure she believed him. "A mystical werewolf bond?"

August nodded. "That's pretty much what it is. We don't know how it works, except that Dylan now can't go more than a week without seeing him."

"How can you not know how it works?"

August shrugged. He wasn't lying – they really didn't know how omegas' addictions worked – though he was maybe overstating his ignorance.

"We just don't, in the same way we don't know how I can do this." He held up his hand and popped his claws, making Cynthia jump back in surprise. She put her hand on her chest, breathing fast as she shook her head.

“I forgot about that. Jesus. Okay, so mystical werewolf bond. Got it. Do you have one with him, too?”

August nodded.

“So it’s like you and Ryker and this guy have been magically joined to one human.” Cynthia rubbed her forehead. “That’s intense.”

“It is,” August agreed.

“So what are-”

The phone rang and Cynthia interrupted herself to answer it.

“Mrs. Levitt is on her way up. Do you need any time to prepare?” Cynthia asked, all business now that they had a patient to deal with.

August headed toward the door, shaking his head. “No, I just need to boot up my computer. Everything else should be ready. Just send her in.”



Three hours later, August had seen the five patients that Cynthia had rescheduled for that morning and was almost ready to go home. He just had to finish writing a referral and an insurance report.

“Good luck with your mystical werewolf connection problem,” Cynthia said, zipping up her coat as she stuck her head through the door to tell him she was leaving.

“Thank you,” August said. He looked up from his computer and shot her a grin. “Have a nice weekend.”

Cynthia left, and ten minutes later, August followed her. It was always a bit eerie to be in the clinic by himself, and he was glad that Cynthia had come in on her day off. She’d no doubt marked herself down for overtime, but August expected that. He was happy to pay her what she was worth.

As he rode the elevator down to the lobby, he called Ryker.

“I’m on my way home,” he said, nodding at the security guard as he passed the gate. “I should be there in about twenty minutes.”

“Do you want to have brunch?” Ryker asked. “It would be just the two of us. Dylan went to campus to work in the lab, but he promised to be done in time for our meeting with Steve.”

“He’s coming to that?” August asked. He didn’t mind, but they would be able to be a little bit more frank if he wasn’t there. They were basically negotiating custody, and that was the kind of thing that could leave a human feeling a bit too close to being a pet.

He walked outside, ducking his chin against the cold wind that blasted his face and looking down the street for a cab. He spotted one a bit down the road and lifted his hand.

“He should be there,” Ryker said.

“I agree,” August said. The taxi driver had seen him and was shifting lanes to reach him. “As long as he feels included. There’s no point in bringing him if we’re not going to make him part of the decision making.”

“Of course we’re going to make him part of the process.”

August climbed into the cab, lowering the phone and giving the driver his address. He brought his phone back up to his ear.

“Okay, so we’re agreed.” August shifted the phone to his other ear. “And yes, by the way. I’d like some food. Do we have leftovers from yesterday?”

Ryker told him that they did. August was about to ask him to make some extra chicken when his phone buzzed, the distinctive pattern letting him know he had a message from Dylan in the group chat.

August lowered his phone and opened the message, staring at it for a couple of seconds and trying to make it make sense.

“Is this a joke?” Ryker asked, jolting August out of his surprise. Dylan’s message was curt and to the point.

Hi, guys, my mom called and told me my dad is in the hospital. She doesn't know what's wrong, but she sent me a ticket to come visit them. She said it's serious. I'm on my way to the airport now.

“Do you want to call him or should I?” August asked.

“I’ll call him,” Ryker growled.

He was clearly thinking the same thing that August was. Anything that had Dylan disappearing to Alaska the day after Steve found out that Dylan was his omega was extremely suspicious. If Dylan’s father really was sick, of course they would move heaven and earth so that Dylan could go see him, but they needed more confirmation than a quick call from his mom and a hastily emailed ticket.

“Be nice,” August warned. “Don’t make him feel stupid.”

“I’ll be nice.” Ryker took a calming breath. “I’ll call you right back.”

DYLAN

Dylan had reached the terminal when Ryker called him. He hadn't wanted to talk to anyone after his mom called him. She had sounded rushed and worried – and there had been all sorts of scary hospital noises in the background. She'd told him that she couldn't talk, but that he needed to get there as soon as possible.

Hearing his mother sound so unlike herself had made Dylan feel extremely unsettled.

“She didn't say what was wrong?” Ryker asked, probing and making frustration well up inside of him.

Dylan didn't know anything. He just knew that his mom needed him to come home as soon as possible, which meant that whatever was wrong was serious.

“He passed out at the theater,” Dylan said, repeating what little information his mother had given him. “They took him to the hospital, but he hasn't woken up and they've been running tests.”

Ryker was quiet, and Dylan could feel his worry for him through the line. It didn't calm him down, but it made him a little less frustrated to be questioned.

He knew that Ryker meant well.

“Do you know what hospital he's in?”

“No, I don't,” Dylan said. “My mom didn't say. She wasn't supposed to be using her phone, so she had to be quick.”

Since he didn't have any luggage, Dylan was able to go straight to security. He checked his watch and then looked at the line to get through with a worried frown. His flight was boarding in five minutes, and there were about ten people ahead of him.

"What time is your flight?" Ryker asked.

"It's boarding in five minutes," Dylan said. He willed the TSA agents to check people's IDs faster. "I'm in line for security."

There were now just six people ahead of him, and Dylan relaxed just a smidge. At this rate he'd be through in a minute or two.

"Is there anyone else you could call who might have some more information?" Ryker asked. "Friends or neighbors, maybe?"

Dylan shook his head and then remembered that Ryker couldn't see him. "No, not that I can think of."

He couldn't imagine that there was anyone who would be better updated than his mom.

"Could you give me the contact information of some of their friends, maybe? I could try to figure out what's-"

Dylan reached the front of the line, and one of the TSA agents waved him forward.

"I have to go, but I'll talk to you as soon as I know more," Dylan said, hanging up and bringing up his boarding pass on his phone. He scanned it on the reader and handed the agent his license.

"Have a nice day," she said, waving the next person forward. Dylan's next stop was the x-ray machine and metal detector, but there were only two people ahead of him. He put his backpack and phone in a tray, taking out his laptop and removing his shoes before going through the metal detector.

When he grabbed his backpack and phone out of the tray, Ryker was calling him. He declined the call and looked up at

the departures screen, confirming his gate number and then setting off on a light jog to reach it.

Fifteen minutes later, Dylan was in his seat near the back of the plane, listening to the captain announce their flight time and instructing them to pay attention to the safety demonstrations.

He exhaled, relieved that he'd made it, but still bursting with anxiety over his father's condition. He reached for his phone, looking to see if he had any messages from his mom with an update. He tried calling her, but it went straight to voicemail.

As he was listening to the automated message, Ryker called him.

"I made it onto the plane," Dylan said, answering the call and getting right to it. "I reached the gate with eight minutes to spare."

"Have you heard anything from your mom or dad?" Ryker sounded stressed.

Dylan stared up at the fasten seatbelt sign and then turned his head to hide his phone when the flight attendant asked everyone to turn their cellphones to airplane mode.

"No, not yet," he said, keeping his voice low. "I just tried calling my mom again, but it went straight to voicemail. I think her phone is off. She's not very good at charging it at night, so she might be out of battery."

"His name is Christopher Landry, right?" Ryker asked. "Or does Chris stand for something else?"

Dylan bit his lip, trying to remember when he'd told Ryker his dad's name. It struck him then, that he was werewolf married to an alpha who he hadn't even told his parents about. Regret and shame filled his stomach, a looming dread that it might be too late to tell his dad about his mates building in his chest.

"No, it stands for Christopher. Why?"

“August has been calling every hospital in Anchorage to find out what’s going on, but he hasn’t been admitted anywhere he can find. Is there a private clinic or something like that that you use?”

“No, they just have regular health insurance. They’d go wherever the ambulance took him.” Dylan leaned forward, resting his head against the seat in front of him. “Are they allowed to give out information about him? I mean, aren’t there rules?”

“August says no,” Ryker said. Dylan heard August’s voice in the background, his tone angry, but he couldn’t make out what he was saying. After a beat, Ryker asked, “Do you have any idea where your dad could have been admitted?”

Dylan closed his eyes and tried to think, but he couldn’t even remember the name of any hospitals in Anchorage, let alone one his dad might have been admitted to.

“No. I don’t have a clue.”

Dylan lifted his head and leaned back, looking across the empty row and staring out the window. The plane was moving, and Dylan could see a small army of snow-plows clearing the runway next to them.

“Are you sure it was your mother you spoke to?”

Ryker’s voice was direct, like he was ripping off a Band-Aid. At first Dylan was confused what Ryker was insinuating, but then when he realized he was indignant.

He knew what his own mother sounded like.

“Yes.” Dylan was angry. He was worried sick for his dad, and now Ryker was going to suggest that this was some kind of scam? What the fuck. That didn’t make any sense. “Who else would it have been?”

“It could-”

“Why would a scammer buy me a last-minute ticket to Anchorage? What are you even talking about?”

Ryker took a deep breath, waiting until Dylan had stopped talking before he finally spoke.

“I’m not suggesting that it’s a scam, I’m worried that Steve’s dad is up to something. Can you please get off the plane and wait until we hear back from your mom before you leave?”

Dylan hung up. He put his phone in airplane mode and shoved it into the seat-pocket in front of him.

He was so angry he was shaking. What did Ryker think was going on? That Steve’s dad had somehow arranged for Dylan’s mom to lure him home on false pretenses so that he could... what? Kidnap him and keep him in Alaska?

It was ludicrous.

Dylan sat with clenched fists, seething, glaring out of the window as the plane finished taxiing to the runway.

As the aircraft started to accelerate, Dylan grabbed his phone and turned his mobile data back on. He waited for it to connect, staring at his message app and hoping that he’d get some news from his mom before he lost the signal.

The plane lifted up in the air, making Dylan’s stomach swoop. Ryker called him again, and then August, but Dylan declined both calls. A few minutes after takeoff, his phone lost the connection and Dylan slumped.

The flight didn’t have Wi-Fi, which meant that until they touched down in Anchorage, he would be in the dark.

It was a terrible feeling.



It took four hours to reach Anchorage. The second they started their descent, Dylan turned the airplane mode off on his phone and waited to get a connection.

When they were almost on the ground and he still didn’t have a signal, he toggled the airplane mode button and held his breath as he waited for his phone to connect.

They hit the ground, the plane shaking with the impact of landing, but still, Dylan didn’t get a connection. The no signal

notification on his home screen taunted him, refusing to go away even when he turned his phone off and restarted it.

Feeling anxious, Dylan kept trying to get a signal as they taxied into the gate, and as the doors opened and people were allowed to disembark. As he was seated near the very back of the plane, Dylan was one of the last people off, by which time he was racing with impatience to get to the airport Wi-Fi.

He swung his backpack over his shoulder and walked up the aisle, trying not to crowd the old lady in front of him as he turned his Wi-Fi on and off, searching desperately for the free airport internet.

Dylan was so consumed with getting a connection to the internet that he didn't notice the two men standing at the end of the jet bridge until he practically ran into them.

"Excuse me," Dylan said, eyes on his phone as he tried to step around the obstacle that had suddenly appeared in front of him.

"Mr. Landry?"

Dylan looked up and then craned his neck to look up some more as he came face to chest with what could only be a couple of werewolves. They were both close to seven feet tall, built like stacks of bricks, with the kind of sharply defined bone structure that models would die for.

Two werewolves, in Alaska, and they both knew his name and were waiting for him.

"Yes?" Dylan said, wary. Maybe Ryker had told Steve what was going on, and then Steve had called someone to take him right to his dad?

Dylan could hope.

The werewolf whose chest he'd nearly crashed into spoke.

"Your father is fine. There's nothing wrong with him and he's not sick."

Dylan's legs felt like jelly, the news feeling like a boulder had been lifted off his chest. He was so relieved.

“Can I see him?” Dylan didn’t care that he sounded like he was on the verge of tears. “Can I borrow your phone? I can’t get a signal, and I need to call my mom.”

He held up his phone, only to cry out in surprise when the second werewolf snatched it out of his grip.

“That’s mine,” Dylan said, dumbfounded.

Who just took someone’s phone?

“You can have it back later,” the first werewolf said. “My name is Bruce, and this is Cain. We’re supposed to bring you to Fairbanks. Our alpha will explain everything.”

Dylan took a step back, looking around with wild eyes. There was no one else on the jet bridge, and when he looked back, the door to the plane was shut.

“I don’t want to come with you,” Dylan said, taking another step back. “You can’t make me.”

The first werewolf paused whatever he’d been about to say, looked him up and down, and then lifted his brow.

The second werewolf reached into the inner pocket on his suit jacket and pulled out a badge.

“We can. You’re a member of the Sterling-Schaffer pack, and your presence in the Northwest territory has not been sanctioned by either your alpha or the alpha of the Northwest territory. You are subject to our jurisdiction and we have the right to detain you. We are exercising that right.”

Dylan blinked. He knew that as a member of Ryker and August’s pack that he was subject to werewolf law, but they had told him that those laws weren’t enforced for human pack members.

“You tricked me into come here,” he said, swallowing. “What did you do to my mom? She wouldn’t have agreed to lie to me like that.”

The first werewolf looked sympathetic. “We haven’t spoken to your mom. We spoofed her number and used a voice sample from a video she’d posted on Facebook to copy her voice.”

Dylan couldn't believe it. He hadn't known that was possible. It had sounded just like his mom, and if she hadn't sounded like herself, well, why would she if his dad had passed out and was in the hospital?

"Why hasn't she been picking up the phone?"

Dylan was relieved that his parents were okay, but for himself he was growing increasingly terrified.

This was insane.

"We temporarily disconnected their broadband and cell phone service. That's also why you don't have a connection."

Dylan felt like he was in a nightmare. He pinched his arm, hoping that he'd wake up and find himself sandwiched between August and Ryker's muscular bodies.

The pinch hurt, but Dylan didn't wake up.

The second werewolf put away his badge. "You're not in trouble, and no harm will come to you. Our alpha told us to make that clear to you. He also asked us to apologize on his behalf for the deception. With that said, please come with us. We're holding up the jet-bridge."

"I don't want to-"

"I will put you in handcuffs and carry you out of here. Is that what you want?"

Dylan swallowed, the threat of handcuffs and manhandling having the complete opposite effect than if it had come from August or Ryker.

"No."

"You'll be okay," the first werewolf said, stepping aside so that Dylan had a space to walk between them. "Do you like Marvel? We have all the Marvel movies on the TV in the car."

Dylan looked at him, wondering if he thought he was brain damaged or something. Marvel was not going to make him feel in any way shape or form differently about being *kidnapped*.

“No?” the first werewolf said, like he realized how stupid that had been. “We have other movies and shows as well.”

Dylan stayed rooted to the spot, but he jumped forward and started walking when the second werewolf reached down to his belt and pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

“I’m walking,” Dylan said, the idea of being put in handcuffs making his stomach churn. “You don’t need those.”

The two werewolves marched him up the jet bridge, the automatic doors opening to the gate area where a crowd of people were waiting.

They moved through the crowd, the two werewolves drawing plenty of curious glances as they exited past security and walked into the arrivals hall.

Before he knew it, Dylan was being ushered into a black van. He climbed into a seat in the very back of the van, the first werewolf moving in after him and taking the seat next to him. The van had individual seats, but the man’s knee and foot still pushed into Dylan’s space.

Dylan cringed away, not wanting to have any contact with his kidnapper.

He glanced around, looking to see if he had any avenues of escape, but the effort was halfhearted. There was no way he could get away from two werewolves unless he incapacitated them, and he wouldn’t even know where to begin trying to do that.

“I’m Bruce,” the werewolf sitting next to him said. Noticing the way Dylan was angling his body away from him, he pulled his foot back to his side of the van. “And that up there is Cain. I hope you won’t hold this against us.”

Dylan looked at him, trying to convey just how stupid that statement was.

Bruce sighed, like Dylan was being difficult, and leaned back.

Dylan buckled his seatbelt into place and stared at his lap. He jumped when Bruce suddenly reached across the space

between them, touching the monitor embedded into the back of the seat in front of him. His suit-clad arm bulged with muscle, making Dylan feel like he was being caged in.

“Movies, see?” Bruce said, tapping the screen. “There are headphones in the compartment next to you. It’s a long drive.”

Dylan said nothing, and Bruce slowly withdrew his arm.

Cain started the engine and glanced at them in his rear-view mirror. “Are you ready?”

Bruce looked at Dylan, but he refused to engage. He turned his attention back to his accomplice.

“We’re ready.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. “I’ll text alpha that we’re on our way.”

RYKER

Ryker and August huddled close, bent over the kitchen island and staring at the screen of Ryker's computer. They had been tracking Dylan's flight, waiting to be able to contact him, but he'd landed more than half an hour ago and he still hadn't made contact. All their attempts to call him were going straight to voicemail.

August still hadn't found any record of Dylan's father being admitted to the hospital. He'd called every clinic in Anchorage, as well as the military base treatment center and the clinic reserved for native people, but not one of them had a patient named Christopher Landry admitted.

Ryker was almost certain that Dylan had been tricked – that he'd been *taken*. His wolf was a snarling presence in the back of his mind, impotent rage stabbing at his concentration and making it almost impossible to maintain control.

He wasn't even trying to hold back his teeth or claws.

“Should we call Steve again?” August asked, standing up and rubbing his eyes. They'd tried calling him, but he wasn't picking up or replying to their messages. “Or go over to his place?”

Ryker wanted to. He wanted to beat down Steve's door and rip his throat out.

He and August had made every overture of friendship, welcoming Steve into their life and their pack with open arms, and the bastard had repaid them by *stealing* their mate.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” Ryker said. “If he’s pulled some sort of stunt, I might just kill him.”

“That would be bad,” August said, like he was reminding himself and his wolf why they couldn’t go beat up Steve and force him to return Dylan.

Ryker tried to call Dylan again, growling when it went straight to voicemail. He put the phone down so that he didn’t accidentally break it.

August ran his hand through his hair. “It’s not like they can keep him away from us,” he said, pacing the floor. “He *needs* us.”

“He’s leverage,” Ryker growled.

“We don’t know that Steve and his pack actually pulled something,” August said, rounding on Ryker with an intense look on his face. “Dylan could have met his mom right when he got off the flight and forgotten to turn off airplane mode on his phone. We shouldn’t spiral.”

Ryker wished he could believe that, but he didn’t. It was too much of a coincidence, and the fact that they couldn’t find Dylan’s father in any of the clinics or hospitals he would have ended up in if he’d been taken away by an ambulance only furthered the certainty that Dylan had been tricked.

“Let’s go talk to Steve,” Ryker said. It was an abrupt decision. He walked into the hall, stalking like he was on the hunt, leaving August to scramble after him.

He grabbed his keys and pushed the button to summon the elevator, a furious calm having settled over him now that he’d decided to act.

August joined him a second later, handing him a jacket and nodding down at his boots. Ryker realized he’d been about to leave the apartment in just his socks.

“Right,” he muttered, grabbing his boots and putting them on.

They rode the elevator down to the underground parking garage beneath their building. The elevator stopped once, but

Mrs. Patrick from the eighth floor took one look at them and muttered out a fearful, "I'll take the next one."

That was going to come back to bite him in the ass, Ryker knew. He couldn't bring himself to care.

The drive to Steve's building was a blur. Ryker was on the hunt, his laser-like focus turning time into a compressed haze. One minute he was pulling out of the parking garage and onto the street, and the next he was stopping in the fire-lane outside of Steve's building and jumping out of the car with the engine still running.

August turned off the engine and jogged after him, catching up by the front door. It had a metal frame, painted black, surrounding a large sheet of reinforced glass. The door was locked, forcing Ryker to press the call button to Steve's apartment.

When no one answered within three seconds, Ryker pressed the button again. He kept on pressing the button until the intercom light turned green.

"Hello?" a voice that sounded only a little like Steve answered. It had to be William, Steve's younger brother.

"I want to talk to Steve," Ryker growled, holding himself back from breaking down the door and storming the building.

"He's at work," William said. He sounded nervous. "He'll be home later."

Ryker kicked the front door, making it rattle.

"I called his station and they said he wasn't scheduled to work today." Ryker's voice was a deep, threatening rumble. "Now unlock the door and let me in."

"No. Steve is covering for someone who called in sick. He'll be home later. You can come then."

Ryker punched the door, the reinforced glass cracking under the impact. He punched it again, shattering the glass and cutting up his knuckles in the process. He reached inside and opened the door, barging into the lobby and running up the stairs to get to Steve's apartment.

August followed right behind him, almost crashing into him when Ryker came to a stop.

He had no clue which apartment belonged to Steve. He lifted his nose, catching the other alpha's scent, slowing down as he followed it up the stairs, turning right when he exited the stairwell into the hallway and following Steve's scent to the second door on the left.

He kicked the door in, a frightened yelp coming from inside the apartment. He barged inside, August hot on his heel, and looked around the cozy interior with a cold gaze.

If there had been any doubt about Steve's continued attachment to his home pack, it was dispelled by his living arrangement. A rookie cop living on his own could never in a million years have afforded the rent on a one-bedroom apartment in this neighborhood

"Steve's not here!" Steve's younger brother called from behind a door on the right side of the living room. Ryker marched over and kicked it open, advancing on Steve's younger brother as he scrambled back and pressed himself against the wall.

Ryker knew that Steve wasn't there – he would have smelled him if he was – but William would know just as well as Steve what was going on.

He'd also be a lot easier to beat up for information.

"Where's Dylan?" Ryker growled. He grabbed William by the front of his shirt and lifted him up, slamming him into the wall and punching him in the gut. He would have socked him across the jaw, but August grabbed him and pulled him back.

"I don't know, I-"

Ryker kicked him, getting him on his hip. He reached for him, wanting to grab him so that he could hit his head, but William scrambled under his arm and made a run for it.

August caught him, but when Ryker went in with both fists raised, he pulled the younger werewolf out of reach.

Ryker growled at his mate, warning him to stop working against him. He was restraining himself from using his teeth or claws, and William would heal from a few knocks and bruises in no time.

“You know something,” August said, holding William up against his chest. He had the younger man’s arms twisted behind his back, his claws on his throat. “We’re not going to hurt you – we’re not looking to start a fight with your pack – but we know that you took him. Now tell us how to get him back.”

William slumped, flinching when Ryker walked up to him, trapping him between his and August’s body and grabbing him by his chin.

“You heard him,” he growled, his claws digging into William’s cheek. “Tell us.”

“I don’t know!” William said, sounding like he was going to start crying. “I told my dad that Dylan was Steve’s omega, and all the rest of it, and he just said he’d fix everything and get Steve to come home. He didn’t tell me what his plan was.”

Ryker tightened his grip, drawing pinpricks of blood and making William whimper.

“I told him that Dylan was your mate, and that he was your omega, too. He said that was a small problem.”

“A small problem?” Ryker growled, leaning in and pressing his face right up against William’s. “What the fuck does that mean?”

“I don’t know!”

William sounded two seconds away from pissing his pants.

“Where is Steve?” Ryker demanded, letting go of William’s face and taking a step back. He wasn’t getting anywhere, and as much as it killed him, he believed William when he said he didn’t know what his dad was planning.

“He’s at work.” William sniffled. “I told you that.”

Ryker pinched the bridge of his nose. “August, let him go.”

August released William, sending him scrambling away from them and rubbing at his face where the cuts from Ryker's claws were already healing. He pressed his back against the wall, as far away from him and August as he could get.

"What do you think your dad is planning?" August asked. Somehow, he managed not to sound furious, though Ryker knew he was.

His calm tone seemed to relax William. He didn't know August well enough to pick up on the potential for violence.

"He wants Steve to come home, that's all I know. How Dylan factors into his plans I don't have a clue – he doesn't tell me that kind of stuff."

"Well, if you don't know, I think we should call your father."

Ryker's words were met with a hand on his arm, August stepping close to him and muttering, "Is that a good idea?"

"He took Dylan!" Ryker growled.

"And if we call him now, he'll think we're holding his son hostage to get him back."

Ryker gritted his teeth, but August was right. If they contacted the Northwestern pack alpha and implied that they were holding his son hostage, they'd be dead within the week.

William cleared his throat, drawing their attention. He shrank back but then gathered his courage and asked, "Are you?"

"Are we what?" Ryker asked.

"Holding me hostage to get Dylan back?"

Ryker bared his teeth and growled, "No."

William nodded. "Oh, that's good then. I just figured with the punching and the kicking, maybe I should be a little worried. But I'm glad we cleared that up."

Ryker shook with fury. "Is this funny to you?"

“No!” William shook his head furiously. “I’m just stressed. This is a very stressful situation, that’s all. I’m glad I haven’t been taken hostage. I’m sure that when Steve gets here you can all call my dad and get this all sorted out. My dad is crazy, but he isn’t *crazy*. He’s not going to keep you away from your omega.”

Ryker wasn’t so sure, and from the look on August’s face, he wasn’t either.

“I can call Steve’s supervisor, tell him there’s been an emergency and that Steve needs to come home,” William offered.

Ryker nodded. Steve would be far better to deal with. He turned to William with a suspicious glare. “Does Steve know that you reported back to your dad about him?”

William’s eyes twitched, his guilt obvious. “Maybe?”

Despite everything, that actually made Ryker feel marginally better. If Steve was ignorant of his dad’s scheming, then he hadn’t betrayed them. It was a small consolation, but a consolation all the same.

“Fine. Call Steve’s supervisor and tell him that he needs to send Steve home. We’ll wait for him here.”

STEVE

Steve was directing traffic at an intersection where the lights had malfunctioned when he got the call that he had to go home.

“Did they say why?” he asked the guy who dispatch had sent to replace him. He handed over his vest and stop sign, the older cop shooting him a look of annoyance as he put on the vest and smoothly took over directing the flow of traffic.

“No, I was just told to get down here and take over, and to tell you to go home.”

Frowning, Steve hopped on his police motorcycle and drove straight back to his apartment. He could go back to the station to change out of his uniform and get his personal bike after he'd figured out what was wrong.

He pulled up to his building just in time to see Ryker's car being towed for having been parked in the fire lane.

Resisting the impulse to chase after the tow truck to see why Ryker's car was being towed, he ran up the steps to his front door, frowning at the sight of the broken door and wondering what the fuck was going on. He raced up the stairs to his apartment, boots stomping and making a racket, his chest clenching when he reached his front door and saw that it had been kicked in. The lock was in shambles, the wood around the doorknob cracked right off.

Ryker and August's scents hung in the air, strong enough that they were either present or had left just a few seconds ago.

“William?” Steve called, rushing into his apartment. “Ryker, August, are you guys here?”

“In here,” Ryker called from his living room. His voice was ice cold, and Steve wondered what was going on.

The second he stepped into his living room, William jumped behind him, using Steve as a shield between him and Ryker and August.

Steve could smell faint traces of blood, which together with the way William was seeking his protection, made him bare his teeth and growl at Ryker.

“Do you know where Dylan is?” Ryker asked, the question catching Steve off guard. His growl died in his throat, and after studying Ryker’s expression to get a hint as to what was going on, he shook his head.

“No, should I?”

“He’s in Alaska, and I think your father tricked him there based on information your little brother gave him.”

Steve turned and looked at William, who shrank back nervously. “Dad specifically sent me here to find out what was going on. I wasn’t going to *lie* to him.”

At Steve’s glare, he shrank back further. Then he jutted out a defiant chin. “If I have to choose between pissing off you or Dad, I’m choosing you every time. No offense.”

“You couldn’t have warned me?” Steve asked. He knew it was stupid to feel betrayed – William was a beta, he would never disobey his alpha – and yet, he did.

“He called, and then after I told him everything, he told me not to tell you that I told him.”

Steve rubbed his eyes. “Of course he did.”

“So you didn’t have anything to do with this?” Ryker asked, his tone accusing.

Steve growled at him, baring his teeth again. “No, I didn’t.”

“Can you find out what is actually going on?”

Steve nodded. He took a seat on the couch and took out his phone. He'd had it on silent when he was working, and given what he now knew, he wasn't surprised to see that he had about a dozen missed calls and a barrage of angry messages.

Ignoring all of those, Steve went to his contacts and found his dad's number. The last call between them was from the summer, from before everything that had happened and Steve moving away. He didn't remember what they'd talked about, only that it had been inconsequential and easy.

Staring at his dad's number, Steve was struck by how much he missed him. He might be a crazy powerful alpha that scared everyone and their mother senseless, but he'd always just been Dad to Steve.

It wouldn't surprise him one bit if his dad had ordered someone to kidnap Dylan if he thought it would help him get Steve to come back home.

Pressing the call icon, Steve brought his phone to his ear and listened to it ring. He braced himself to hear his father's voice again – steeling himself to stand against his alpha and demand Dylan's return.

The call went to voicemail. Panicking, not wanting to leave a message, Steve hung up before the beep and stared down at the phone.

He looked up at August and Ryker, who both looked just as put out as he felt.

“Well, that was anticlimactic,” William muttered, drawing angry glares from all the alphas in the room. He shrank back. “Well, it *was*.”

Steve took a deep breath. “I'll try again in a bit. He's probably just busy with something.”

DYLAN

It was nearing midnight by the time Dylan's kidnappers turned the van onto a private road about an hour outside Fairbanks. The night outside was pitch black, the moon hidden behind a layer of heavy clouds, and it was impossible for Dylan to see where they were going.

The only reason he knew they were close to Fairbanks was because Bruce had told him.

The van slowed down, and Dylan leaned to the side so that he could see out past the windshield. They were pulling up to a steel gate, with a ten-foot barbed wire fence stretching out on either side of it.

Cain rolled down his window, an armed guard coming over to check inside the van before allowing him to pass. The guard was dressed in a military uniform, a machine gun strapped across his chest, and judging by his sharp teeth and the fact that he had to be at least seven feet tall, the man was obviously a werewolf.

"Alpha is expecting you," the guard said, his voice gruff. He looked at Dylan in the back seat, his nostrils flaring as he breathed in his scent. If he hadn't been so intimidated, Dylan would have been offended by the way he wrinkled his nose in distaste.

Dylan was obviously not his type.

"You'll radio in and let him know we're on our way?" Cain asked, his voice deferential. It was a complete opposite of the way he spoke to Dylan.

The guard nodded and stepped back, the gate swinging open. Cain gave the guard a parting nod and drove through.

Dylan didn't know what he'd expected – some kind of military installation, maybe – but it was not a gated community with veritable mansions lining the streets. Each house was set on its own plot of land, far away from the neighbors, and designed in its own unique style.

Each driveway was also, despite the fact that they were nearing the middle of winter, completely bare of snow. Underfloor heating for this many driveways – and all of them this big – had to cost a fortune.

Unlike the long stretch of highway leading out of Anchorage and the private road they'd taken to get to the gated community, the street they were on now was well lit with old fashioned street lamps, allowing Dylan to get a good look at his surroundings.

One thing was perfectly clear, and that was that the people in this neighborhood were *rich*.

“It's nice, right?” Bruce said. He pointed out the window. “My family lives in the house behind that one.”

Dylan, as he had been doing the entire drive, pointedly ignored him.

They continued driving, moving through the suburb and then turning into a downtown area. There were shops, a post office, cafés, and even a school. It was a whole town, Dylan realized.

He wondered how many werewolves lived there.

After driving through the little town center, the van took them down a long road with nothing but trees on either side of it, a massive house coming into view up ahead.

It looked like The White House and a log cabin had a baby. It was three stories tall, with an elevated wraparound porch, and multiple log-railing balconies on the second and third floors. Outside, leading up to the house, there was a circular driveway, in the middle of which stood a bronze statue of a roaring wolf.

Cain pulled up to the entrance, cutting the engine and climbing out of the van.

“Be respectful, okay?” Bruce said, drawing Dylan’s attention. He had been staring at the statue, wondering if it was life-sized. When he didn’t say anything, Bruce added, “I’m serious. Don’t give alpha the silent treatment, and don’t be rude. He won’t accept it.”

Dylan bristled. He wasn’t going to be nice and polite to the man who had organized his kidnapping.

“I have to go to the bathroom.”

“You can go after you’ve met with alpha.”

Dylan scowled. “I haven’t been to the bathroom since before I got on the plane. I need to pee.”

Bruce sighed. He opened the door and looked at Cain. Before he could say anything, Dylan leaned forward and threatened, “If I don’t pee now, I’m going to pee my pants in front of your precious alpha.”

Dylan hadn’t had anything to drink in well over ten hours, so rather than having to pee, he was actually desperately thirsty, but he needed a moment to himself to gather his thoughts, and if he could delay meeting with Steve’s dad, maybe he could formulate a plan.

Cain rolled his eyes. “There’s a bathroom just inside the house. You can go there. Now get out. We don’t have all night.”

Dylan undid his seatbelt and climbed out of the car, feeling stiff from the long drive. Bruce and Cain moved into position on either side of him, crowding him between them and leading him up to the house.

They walked inside, and Dylan looked around with the curious gaze of someone trying to formulate an escape. The front door opened into a large foyer, with a grand staircase taking center stage, and two wide hallways leading into the house on either side of it.

The door closed behind them with a solid thud, and Dylan felt a wave of hopelessness crash over him. Even if he did manage to get out of the house, he'd have a whole werewolf town to evade, and if he managed *that*, he'd still have to get over the ten-foot fence or through the gate with its armed werewolf guards, and if he managed that, he'd be in the middle of nowhere.

It was impossible. Dylan wasn't sneaky or tricky by nature, and the last time he'd tried to evade someone was when he was playing hide and seek with his six-year-old cousin. A game he had been embarrassingly bad at.

Escape was realistically not an option.

He continued to look around, hoping for some burst of inspiration, but it was halfhearted.

"This way," Cain said, walking past the staircase and taking the hall to the left. He stopped a few feet into the hall and pointed at a door leading to the space under the stairs. "You can go to the bathroom in there."

Dylan opened the door and walked into the bathroom, closing the door and locking it as quickly as he could. He didn't want to risk Bruce or Cain trying to come in and supervise him. With the door locked, Dylan turned around and examined the room he was in. The bathroom was on the larger side, with a vanity on the opposite side of the wall, and a toilet and urinal to his left.

Dylan walked over to the sink and winced at his reflection. He looked awful. Tired, with bags under his eyes, he looked exactly as bad as he felt. Looking down, avoiding his reflection, Dylan turned on the water and bent down to drink.

Crisp, clean water filled his mouth, and Dylan realized that he was even thirstier than he'd thought. He drank down mouthful after mouthful, gulping down water until his stomach felt bloated. When he was done, he rose up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, feeling at least a little better.

He glanced over at the urinal, but since he didn't really have to pee, he decided to just wash his hands.

After he'd dried his hands, Dylan stood in front of the sink and dithered until a harsh knock on the door jolted him into action. He walked over to the door, and with great reluctance, unlocked it and stepped back into the hall.

"So, you really had to piss, huh?" Cain said, his voice angry.

"We had water bottles in the car," Bruce said, sounding dejected. "I offered you one."

Dylan looked at the floor, ignoring them. It wasn't their business what he did in the bathroom.

"Whatever, come with us."

Cain grabbed his arm, yanking him back into place between him and Bruce and marching him further down the hall. They passed a wide archway leading into a homey living room, after which the two hallways from the foyer merged into one. They kept walking, turning left and going down another hallway, at the end of which they stopped in front of a set of double doors.

Cain knocked, a respectful rap of his knuckles, and a man who looked like he could have been Steve's clone opened the door. Then Dylan got a second look, and realized that the man wasn't quite as similar as he'd thought. He had the same chin and cheekbones as Steve, and the shape of their nose was identical, but the man in front of him had a heavier brow, and he was an inch or two taller.

"You must be Dylan," he said, shooting Dylan a rueful grin. He held out his hand. "My name is Marcus. I'm Steve's big brother."

"Hi," Dylan said, feeling awkward. He shook Marcus's hand.

"I'm sorry we had to meet like this," Marcus said. "But please don't be scared. You're important to Steve, so nothing bad is going to happen to you, okay?"

Dylan nodded. Marcus looked sincere, but Dylan wasn't put at ease in the slightest.

“Don’t keep him waiting at the door, for goodness sake,” a jovial baritone bellowed from the other side of the door. “Bring him inside. Bruce and Cain, you guys can go home. You did well.”

Bruce and Cain stepped back, nodding at Marcus before turning around and leaving Dylan to his fate.

“Come inside,” Marcus said, opening the door wider and gesturing for Dylan to step through. “Shoes off, please.”

Dylan hesitated, looking through the doorway and peering into what looked to be an apartment. He couldn’t see the source of the jovial baritone, and somehow that was more intimidating than if he’d been standing in plain sight.

“This way,” Marcus said, a little more firmly. Dylan stepped across the threshold, leaning his hand against the door as he kicked off his shoes. Marcus grabbed his shoulder to steady him, but he lifted his hand away when he felt Dylan flinch.

“Has my brother mentioned me?” Marcus asked, taking a step back. Dylan shook his head, too frazzled to remember whether or not Steve had mentioned anyone in his family beyond his father.

A younger brother, maybe?

“Oh.” Marcus looked disappointed, and Dylan almost felt bad. “It’s been a weird time for him, I guess. Follow me into the living room. My dad wants to speak to you.”

Dylan walked with him down the short hallway, turning right into a large living room where a man was waiting for them on the couch. He had one leg propped up on the coffee table in front of him, a laptop balanced on his thigh, his attention wholly focused on the screen.

He held up his hand. “Just one second, guys, I’m almost done.”

Dylan and Marcus stood by the door, waiting, giving Dylan the chance to study the man who had to be the alpha of the Northwestern pack.

He didn't look old enough to be Steve or Marcus's dad. There was a touch of gray in his hair and in his beard, which was clipped short to show off the shape of his jaw, and the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and on his brow were too deep for him to pass as being in his twenties, but Dylan wouldn't have guessed that he was older than his late thirties.

He didn't look that much older than Ryker, which made Dylan wonder how old Ryker and August actually were.

He'd never asked. He'd just assumed that they were in their thirties.

"Three more seconds," the man said, typing one-handed and looking very focused. Then, with a wide grin, he slammed his laptop shut and tossed it on the couch next to him, rising up and advancing on Dylan like he was his long-lost friend. His grin was wide, his arms open in welcome, and he looked every inch the welcoming host. "And I'm done. Now, let me get a look at you."

He grabbed Dylan by his shoulders, ignoring his flinch and holding him at arm's length as he looked him up and down.

Like his sons, Steve's dad was tall – standing at least six-foot-nine – and built like a stack of bricks. He was wearing jeans and a button-down shirt, and Dylan had to keep his eyes up to avoid staring at the prodigious bulge snaking its way down his thigh.

"You're just adorable, aren't you?" Steve's dad said, enthusiastic and terrifyingly sincere. He ruffled Dylan's hair. "I can see why Steve wants to keep you."

Dylan cringed, though he tried to suppress it, and Steve's father sighed.

"I know, I tricked you into coming here." He rubbed Dylan's shoulder, putting a hand on his upper back and steering him to an armchair next to the couch. He pushed him down, making him sit. "And I'm sorry about that, I really am. When William told me that Steve had an omega – and an omega he shared with two alphas who aren't in my pack – I knew that I had to act fast."

“You could have acted a little slower,” Marcus said, his tone annoyed. He shot Dylan a pained smile. “Dylan, this is my father, John Miller. He’s the alpha of the Northwestern pack. Dad, this is Dylan, the graduate student you had Bruce and Cain kidnap.”

John frowned. “I have been remiss, haven’t I? Not even introducing myself.” He held out his hand and grinned. “It’s nice to meet you, Dylan.”

Dylan stared at the offered mitt, reluctantly reaching out his fingers and placing them inside John’s grip. John’s hand was huge, wrapping around Dylan’s fingers and squeezing down gently.

“Can I go home, please?” Dylan asked, the question slipping out before he could think better of it.

John smiled. “Of course you can, once we’ve sorted everything between Steve and your other two alphas. Ryker Sterling and August Schaffer, right?”

Dylan nodded.

“They’re an impressive pair. In fact, I was quite surprised to learn that the Phoenix pack had let an alpha like that slip through their fingers. He would have been a contender to take over as pack alpha. Do you know why he decided to leave instead of staying and trying to take over?”

Dylan shook his head. Ryker and August hadn’t talked much about their pack, but they didn’t seem to have any bad feelings toward it.

“No, they never mentioned.”

“Well, I’ve done a little digging and I’ve been assured that there’s no scandal. It’s a strange situation.”

Dylan didn’t know what to say to that, so he stayed quiet.

“Let me ask you something, Dylan. Do you know why omegas are created?” John leaned in, his presence a looming thing that had Dylan shrinking back into his chair.

“I thought it was random,” Dylan said. His answer made John laugh. The alpha leaned back, lifting his foot so that it

rested on his knee. Dylan stared at the oversized boot, wondering why it was familiar and then realizing that Steve had a pair just like it.

When he glanced up at the alpha's face, the man had lifted his brow, his expression contemptuous.

"It's wolf magic," John said, cupping his palm down over his knee. "There's nothing random about it. Omegas are created to bring together alphas who otherwise might not have known they were meant for each other. They're a tool for making the pack stronger."

That was very similar to what Annie had hypothesized, though the fact that the focus of the theory was entirely on the alphas and that the omega seemed incidental was a little offensive.

"Ryker's pack?" Dylan asked, not really thinking before he threw the taunt out there. He was not expecting John to leap out of his seat and grab him by the front of his shirt and violently wrench him into the air like a sack of potatoes. Before Dylan could figure out what was going on, he was dangling off the ground with John's snarling mouth just an inch away from his face.

"I'm sorry!" he cried, clutching at John's arms and flailing his legs. He didn't understand what he'd done to warrant such an extreme reaction.

"If you weren't important to my son, I would throw you into that wall so hard that your skull caved in." John shook him, tearing his shirt and grabbing him under his arms when he was about to fall. He turned him around and showed him the wall to their right. "Do you understand, you little shit?"

Dylan nodded, his heart racing and adrenaline making him hyper aware of his body. There was wetness leaking down his leg, and Dylan realized that his earlier threat to pee in front of Steve's alpha had come true.

John tossed him back down into his seat with a disgusted snarl, the impact with the chair knocking the breath out of his lungs. As he tried to start breathing again, his mind a white

static of panic, John sat back down, lifted his boot back up to his knee, and smiled.

“Don’t be smart, okay?” he said, his voice back to being friendly. “I don’t like it.”

Dylan stared at him, eyes wide, and realized that Bruce had just been trying to be helpful when he warned him to be polite and respectful. If this was the kind of thing John’s pack had to deal with, Dylan felt sorry for them. It didn’t matter how nice your house or neighborhood was if you were ruled by a crazy tyrant.

“Okay,” he mumbled, his voice shaky. He was holding back tears, and his racing heart only seemed to be going faster the longer John sat there and smiled.

“Ryker Sterling and August Schaffer are connected to my son.” John spoke like he was listing out facts. “Now I acted foolishly when I issued my son his ultimatum, I admit that, but sending him away for a bit was for the best. It gave us all some time to think and calm down.”

John looked at Dylan like he expected some sort of response. Dylan nodded. His wet jeans and underwear were sticking to his skin, the denim getting colder and more uncomfortable by the second.

John continued as though they were having a normal conversation. “And that is where you come in. Now I’m not going to judge you for sleeping with every alpha you could get your hands on – I’m sure you’re a very nice young man – but a result of your slutty behavior is that I have two headstrong alphas that I need to incorporate into my pack, both of whom outrank my son. Do you understand what that means?”

“No, sir,” Dylan said. He didn’t have a clue what was going on.

John smiled, the expression charming and accompanied by a blankness behind his eyes that left Dylan chilled to the bone.

“Alpha.”

“What?” Dylan asked, confused.

“You don’t call me *sir*, you call me alpha.”

Dylan almost peed himself again.

“Yes, alpha.”

“Good boy. Now, I’ll tell you what it means. It means that Ryker Sterling could try to take over my pack.” John’s easy smile gave way to an expression that was cold and hard. “I don’t want Ryker Sterling in charge of my pack.”

Dylan pressed himself back into the chair, John’s gaze boring into him and making him wish the ground would open and swallow him up.

“William says that Sterling is considerably less dominant than I am,” Marcus said, his voice carefully neutral. “He’s somewhere right between me and Steve.”

Dylan was relieved when John’s attention was redirected to his son.

“William, though I love him dearly, is a beta. He doesn’t know these things. There’s no telling who will come out on top until you actually fight,” John scoffed.

Dylan didn’t think that Ryker would want to take over a pack, much less the Alaska pack. After his last comment was met with such an extreme reaction, however, he decided not to voice his opinion.

Marcus crossed his arms and met his dad’s gaze head on. “You’re being a hypocrite.”

“Really?” John looked at his son, the air between them tense. He was smiling the same smile he’d flashed at Dylan after shaking him and telling him he wanted to bash his brains in. “How so?”

“You don’t have this problem because Dylan slept with Steve. You have this problem because you had a tantrum when he didn’t want what you had planned for him. You didn’t trust yourself enough not to lash out and hurt him for defying you, and so you sent him away. If you had even an ounce of self-control, none of this would have happened. Steve would be here, we wouldn’t know that Dylan even existed, and we

wouldn't have two alphas we need to invite into our pack." He pointed an accusing finger at his father. "And you're not even a little worried that Ryker Sterling will be more dominant than I am – you know that he's not – you're worried that Steve will try to leave our pack and join his."

John sat frozen, glaring at his son. Dylan wondered if he was imagining things, or if John's teeth were growing sharper.

"He wouldn't."

"He might want to."

A roaring growl erupted from John's chest, his fury erupting as he leapt from his seat and attacked his son.

Dylan watched in horrified disbelief as John's body changed. From the moment he left the couch until he was standing, his face distorted and his body swelled to monstrous proportions. His jeans and shirt burst at the seams – his thighs, arms and shoulders stretching and growing thicker – while his boots were torn apart by his suddenly massive wolf-like feet.

Dylan didn't breathe. He pressed his body back into the armchair, trying to be invisible, and watched in shock as Marcus's body underwent a similar transformation just in time to meet his father's attack.

The two werewolves met in a snarling clash of teeth and claws, the violence unrestrained, blood spurting as they ripped into each other with base brutality. The part of Dylan's ancient lizard-brain that remembered what it was to be prey came alive, screaming at him to freeze and stay hidden at any cost.

After a minute that felt like it stretched on forever, the fight ended with the two of alphas rolling on the floor, their angry growls turning into labored grunts of effort as they each fought to get the upper hand.

Dylan sat frozen in fear, not even breathing.

John finally managed to flip Marcus onto his stomach. For a second it looked like Marcus was going to be able to flip them over again and get back on top, but then John pushed him down with a roar of effort and clamped his teeth down on the back of his neck, making him go still.

Dylan thought for a moment that he'd killed him. His heart raced, the sound of his pulse echoing on his ears, the sight of the horrific beast biting down on Marcus's neck burned into his mind and sure to give him nightmares for the rest of his life.

But Marcus wasn't dead. He let out an annoyed grunt, the sound making Dylan slump in relief, and John let go. The winning alpha rose up, wiping his mouth with the back of his clawed hand, looking down at Marcus's body with a sneer of contempt.

"You need to work on your speed."

Marcus put his palm on the ground and pushed himself to his feet, standing up and brushing off the front of his shirt.

"So do you," he said, dismissive. He looked his father up and down. "You're a mess. Why didn't you block me when I went for your kidney?"

Marcus was right, Dylan realized. Despite winning the fight, John was in far worse condition than his son. His side was torn to shreds, exposing his ribs, and his right bicep looked like it had been torn in half.

Dylan had to close his eyes to keep himself from throwing up.

"I won," John growled, defensive.

"This time."

The two wolfed out werewolves stared at each other, eight and a half feet tall and looking every inch the monsters that humans used to warn their children about in bedtime stories and fairytales, and Dylan braced himself for the fighting to resume.

It didn't. Instead, Dylan watched as John's horrific wounds healed in real-time and his skin knitted itself back together. His body shrank, monster-like proportions giving way to something more human, and his face turned back to normal.

After his father shifted back to his human form, Marcus did the same, though his transformation was far more quick.

There seemed to be some significance to that, judging by the way John grimaced.

“You were holding back?” John growled, accusing.

“I was fighting smart,” Marcus said. He turned to Dylan, showing his back to his father. “There’s a bathroom at the end of the hall. Go take a quick shower and I’ll leave a change of clothes waiting for you outside the door. When you’re done, we’ll figure out a way to get you home before this turns into an even bigger mess than it already is.”

Dylan blinked. “We will?”

“No. He’s going to-”

Marcus rounded on his dad and held up his hand, cutting him off. “Dad, you are not in the right headspace to deal with this. Let me handle it. Please?”

John’s nostrils flared, his arms tense by his sides as he glared at his son.

“I won’t let anyone else have Steve, you know that. He’s my little brother. Trust me that I know what I’m doing.”

The words seemed to get through to John. He relaxed his shoulders and stopped glaring, looking merely disgruntled instead.

“Fine. As long as Steve comes home and falls into line, we can do this your way.” He stomped toward the door leading out of the apartment. Before he turned the corner, he looked over his shoulder and narrowed his eyes. “If he doesn’t, we do it my way.”

Marcus nodded, and John disappeared around the corner. When they heard the door out of the apartment open and close, Marcus and Dylan both relaxed.

With John gone, the living room suddenly felt twice as big, and Dylan found it a lot easier to breathe. He’d never met anyone with such a menacingly oppressive aura before.

“Shower is down there,” Marcus said, sounding tired in a way he hadn’t when he was talking to his dad. He pointed at a hall leading deeper into the apartment, past a small kitchen.

Dylan hesitated. “Can I really go home?”

“Probably.” Marcus shrugged. “It depends on Steve, and on your alphas.”

“But you said-”

“I know what I said.” Marcus sat down on the couch and crossed his arms, his ripped jeans exposing his thighs and part of his thick cock. “And I think I can make that happen, but if your alphas have done something stupid, then things might get a little complicated.”

Dylan kept his gaze firmly above Marcus’s chest when he asked, “Stupid how?”

“Taken my brothers hostage to get you back, for starters, or getting the alpha council involved.” Marcus leaned back, moving his head from side to side like he was working out a kink in his neck. He spread his thighs, jolting when he looked down and realized that he was exposing himself. Acting casually, he grabbed a pillow and put it over his lap. “Barring that, we should be able to negotiate some sort of solution to this mess.”

“Can we call them?”

“Yeah.” Marcus looked down at Dylan’s soiled jeans. “That’s the plan. Do you want to shower first?”

Dylan did not. He could sit in his own piss if it meant that he could go home sooner. He shook his head.

“All right. We’ll call Steve first.” Marcus leveled a stern look at him. “Would you be willing to let Steve claim you?”

Dylan thought about it for a minute, not wanting to just say yes, but after a while he nodded. He was already Steve’s omega. That was a far more severe bond than being claimed, at least on his end.

Besides, he liked Steve, and he knew that Ryker and August liked him, too.

“Good.” Marcus reached into the pocket of his jeans and pulled out a phone, grimacing when he saw that it was bent at a thirty-degree angle and that the screen had shattered. He

tried turning it on, but nothing happened. “Military grade my ass,” he mumbled, tossing it to the other side of the couch. He held out his hand. “Give me yours.”

Dylan reached for it before he remembered that Bruce had taken it. He was about to explain when Marcus waved him off.

“I know, I know, they took your phone when they collected you at the airport.” He rose up from the couch with an annoyed grunt. “Go shower while I find a new one.”

Dylan watched as Marcus stalked out of the room, leaving him alone for the first time since he’d been kidnapped. His heart started pounding, and once again the certainty that he should be trying to escape rose up inside of him.

He pushed the feeling down. There was nowhere to go, and even if there was, he was certain that he would be hunted down within minutes and carried back in the jaws of some nine-foot monster.

Dylan wouldn’t even think about escape, he decided. Not until he heard what Steve had to say. Instead, he would do as Marcus had instructed and take a shower. He rose to his feet, his legs feeling like jelly, and made his way down the hall. He walked around the bloody section of floor where the fight had taken place, the stench of copper making him gag, and ran the last stretch to the bathroom.

He slammed the door shut and bolted the lock.

Trying not to think, Dylan stripped off his clothes and climbed into the shower. As he went through the motions of getting clean, he couldn’t stop thinking about the fight he’d witnessed. He kept flashing back to the moment when John bit down on Marcus’s neck, the image seared into his brain. The way John’s teeth had sunk into his son’s flesh, Dylan had been sure it was a killing bite.

He’d never been so scared before in his life.

A knock on the door startled him out of his thoughts. He turned and slipped, sending him crashing elbow first into the wall and landing on his ass.

“I brought you clothes,” Marcus said from the other side of the door. When he didn’t get a reply, he asked, “Are you okay in there?”

Dylan took a second to assess his body. His elbow was bruised, but he wasn’t hurt. He pushed to his feet and turned off the shower.

“I’m fine,” he called.

“Your clothes are right next to the door. We’ll talk in the kitchen when you’re done.”

Dylan stepped out of the shower and dried off. He wrapped the towel around his waist and opened the door, crouching down to snatch the clothes that had been left there for him.

To his surprise, the t-shirt and sweatpants were in his size. He put them on and then spent a minute steeling himself to leave the bathroom. His heart was still racing, and the idea of leaving the relative safety of the warm, steamy bathroom filled him with dread.

Telling himself to man up, Dylan pushed open the door and walked out of the bathroom. The hallway was chilly compared to the warm bathroom, and Dylan shuddered. He folded his arms across his chest and walked back to the kitchen.

Marcus was in front of the fridge, standing with his back to Dylan as he bent over and looked for something on the bottom shelf. He’d changed into a pair of sweatpants and tank top, the soft cotton of the sweats pulling tight across his muscular butt cheeks, and showing off the underside of his bulge.

He was wearing woolen socks that looked like they had been hand-knitted.

“I have juice, if you’d like?” Marcus said, standing up and turning around. He held out a carton with a familiar logo.

“I’m good,” Dylan said. He stayed near the door, staring at Marcus’s fingers where they wrapped around the carton.

There was blood under his fingernails.

Marcus shrugged. "Suit yourself." He lifted the jug to his mouth and proceeded to down the whole thing. When he was done, he let out a satisfied breath and wiped the back of his mouth. He put the carton down on the counter and turned to Dylan.

"Let's call my little brother and figure this out."

Dylan nodded, staying in place while Marcus took a seat at the small table next to the window. He watched as the alpha pulled out an iPhone and dialed a number. After holding the phone up to his ear, Marcus looked at Dylan and beckoned him over with a wave of his hand.

"Come sit," he said, using his foot to nudge the chair across from him away from the table.

Dylan walked over, sitting down just as the call connected. Even though the phone wasn't on speakerphone, he could hear Steve's voice when he answered.

"Hello?"

A complicated expression settled on Marcus's face.

"Hi, it's me. Can you talk?"

Steve's breath audibly hitched on the other end of the line. A second passed with no other reply, and Dylan could see Marcus opening his mouth to say something when Steve finally spoke.

"Hi." Steve sounded wary, his voice rough. "Yes, of course. What's up?"

Marcus snorted, meeting Dylan's gaze and rolling his eyes. "What's up? You're funny. Do you have Sterling and Schaffer there with you?"

Steve sighed, and Dylan wished he could see him to see what kind of expression he was making.

"Yeah, they're here. They're pretty pissed."

Dylan's stomach warmed. He knew that Ryker and August would be working to get him back, and he was pleased to be proven right.

“We kidnapped their mate,” Marcus said, sardonic. “Of course they’re pissed.”

“What was Dad thinking?” Steve asked, the question bursting out of him in a rush. He sounded more confused than angry, like he genuinely didn’t understand.

“He’s thinking that he doesn’t want to risk you deciding that you like Sterling better than him,” Marcus said. “But don’t worry. We talked and he’s decided to let me handle it. Have they done anything stupid that might make this complicated for me?”

“What do you mean, you talked?” Steve asked, sounding rightfully suspicious.

“We talked,” Marcus repeated. “He admitted that he’s a little too emotional about you to think rationally, so he’s letting me take the lead on getting you back and fixing this mess with your omega.”

Dylan thought that describing what Marcus and John had done as *talking* was the most ridiculous thing he’d ever heard.

“No, Ryker and August haven’t done anything. They just came over to see if I knew what was going on. I’ve been trying to get in touch with Dad.”

Marcus sighed. “He hasn’t been using his phone. He says he wants face to face communication only.”

“Well, that’s stupid,” Steve said.

“I know, but you know what he’s like.” Marcus tapped his fingers on the surface of the kitchen table, his expression turning grave. “He hasn’t been doing so great since you left. It rattled him, when you called his bluff.”

“He shouldn’t have-”

“I know,” Marcus said, interrupting Steve’s angry reply. “But he didn’t think you’d choose to leave.”

“He didn’t cancel my trust fund,” Steve said, tentatively. “I figured that was how he was showing me that I could come back, if I wanted.”

Marcus rubbed his eyes, leaning back in his chair with an expression like he couldn't believe his little brother was this dense. "Steve, I doubt he even remembers that you have a trust fund. I can assure you, he wasn't sending you secret messages through your finances."

"Oh." Steve sounded crushed. "Does that mean I can't come home?"

Marcus let out a slow breath.

"Steve, you were never supposed to leave in the first place. Of course you can come home."

"But Dad said not to."

Marcus looked at the ceiling like he was praying for patience.

"Steve, forget about Dad's ultimatum, okay? Do you have any idea how close you came to getting into a real fight with him?"

The question wouldn't have meant much to Dylan a few hours ago, but now it filled him with dread.

"Dad wouldn't *fight* me," Steve said, his voice dismissive. "Not for real. He knows that I'm not pack alpha material."

"You went against him," Marcus said, and Dylan drew back at the sudden fury in his voice. "He gave you an order as your alpha, and you opposed him. You're lucky he didn't rip out your throat."

"He wouldn't!" Steve exclaimed.

"In that moment, when you challenged his decision, he wanted to. I haven't seen him that close to losing control since he and Mom split up. Now I know that you don't remember that, but it was fucking bad, Steve. Our dad is not a stable and sane individual. What the fuck were you thinking, telling him that you were leaving the pack?"

"He told me to!" Steve exploded.

Marcus growled, and Dylan pushed his chair further back from the table. Marcus wasn't as scary as his dad, but he was

still terrifying when he growled. The sound was so deep that Dylan could feel it in his bones.

“He didn’t mean it,” Marcus said, like he was lecturing a small child. “Do you have any idea how many times I’ve had to provoke him in the past four months, just to get him to redirect his energy from hunting you down to dealing with me?”

“You didn’t have to do-”

“Yes, I did, you little idiot!” Marcus slammed his fist down on the table, cracking it down the middle. One half landed on Dylan’s foot, but he bit back his yelp of pain. Marcus was full on growling now. “I had to, or he would have hunted you down and dragged you home. You can’t handle him like I can.”

“If he didn’t want me to work, why did he even let me go to school?” Steve asked, belligerent and refusing to give up. “What was the point?”

“The point was that you should have come to me,” Marcus said, his voice low and furious. “I would have dealt with Dad and gotten you what you wanted. What the fuck made you think that you could get into a confrontation with him about your role in the pack? He’s our *alpha*, you braindead amoeba. You don’t challenge him. You work around him, or better yet, you let me deal with him. If you had come to me, I would have fixed everything like I did when you wanted to go to school in the first place.”

Steve’s answering silence was stubborn.

Marcus took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down. “I can still fix this, if you let me.”

“Okay,” Steve said, chastised. “What do I have to do?”

Marcus’s shoulders relaxed. He looked relieved that Steve finally seemed to understand how serious of a mistake he’d made.

“Sterling and Schaffer join our pack, and we claim the land between their territory and ours. We install Sterling as deputy

alpha of the new part of our territory and keep you down there to monitor him.”

There was a noise coming from the other end of the line, and then suddenly Dylan heard Ryker’s voice.

“Are you insane?” Ryker hissed, furious. “You want to claim half of Montana?”

Marcus looked tiredly smug. “Yes.”

“The Chicago pack will consider it an act of war.”

“I already cleared it with them. Their alpha owes me a favor, and this was me cashing in. Besides, they know that we’re not interested in Chicago. No one is challenging any of the original borders.”

“You’re insane.” Ryker sounded like he was on the verge of a panic attack. “This is neutral territory!”

“And it will continue to be so, except for the part that you already claimed and everything north of it.” Marcus licked his lips. “And where was this obsession with neutral territory when you up and declared the whole north part of the preserve as your own?”

“I didn’t-” Ryker cut himself off, flustered at the challenge to his actions. “That was just for the full moon! And I didn’t officially claim it. It’s natural for-”

“It’s natural for alphas to claim territory, yes, I agree,” Marcus interrupted him. “So here’s what I want to happen. You will come here, to Fairbanks, where you and your mate will officially join our pack. You and Schaffer will measure yourself against our hierarchy and see where you fit in. From what my sources tell me, you will rank highly enough to warrant a position as an outer territory deputy alpha. Since you’ll also be mated to my little brother, no one will question why we gave you such a favorable position. Once you and your mate have been integrated into our pack and mated to Steve, the three of you can go home with your omega and live happily ever after. Does that sound acceptable?”

“No!”

“Then I keep Steve’s omega here, Steve comes home, and you can figure out some arrangement between the four of you that doesn’t involve you or your mate violating my pack’s borders.”

Ryker didn’t say anything, but Dylan knew he was still on the line by the sound of his angry breathing.

“I went to a lot of trouble, Sterling,” Marcus said, his voice stern. “An *enormous* amount of trouble. This way, everyone gets what they want.”

Ryker made a noise of derision. “You more than anyone. How long have you been planning this?”

Dylan blinked, looking at Marcus with surprise. Ryker was making it sound like this was some sort of scheme.

“Since you invited him to run with you on the full moon and he accepted.” Marcus looked tired. “This isn’t some plot to expand my territory, Sterling. If we wanted the northern half of Montana, we would have taken it. I only want Steve to be happy, and if playing house with you is what it takes, then that’s what I am going to make happen.”

“And what if I say no, and keep William and Steve here until you give Dylan back?”

Even to Dylan’s untrained ear it sounded like Ryker was bluffing. Marcus laughed.

“You’re not going to do that.”

“I won’t?” Ryker was wavering.

“No, and since we’re going to be family soon, I’ll do you the courtesy of not listing all the reasons why you don’t want to test me. Now, do we have a deal?”

Marcus looked at Dylan, sending him a smile like everything was going to be okay. Watching him list out his plan, Dylan was inclined to believe him.

Marcus might not have counted on his dad kidnapping Dylan, but he’d worked up a plan that solved all their problems.

Dylan wondered why he hadn't let his dad in on it.

"I need to talk to Steve. You'll have my answer in a few minutes."

"I want your answer now," Marcus said, his voice turning hard.

"You can give me ten minutes. Now please hand the phone to Dylan, August wants to talk to him."

Marcus considered the request, and then he huffed out a little laugh.

"I like you, Sterling. I think we're going to work very well together. I'm passing the phone to your boy."

He handed the phone to Dylan.

"Hello?" Dylan said, his voice shaky.

"Have they treated you well?" Ryker asked, his rumbling voice brimming with emotion.

"Yes," Dylan said, making Marcus give him an approving nod. "They just took my phone."

"How do you feel about Marcus's plan?"

Marcus narrowed his eyes at him and Dylan swallowed.

"I like Steve," he said, the only part of the plan that mattered to him. He didn't understand enough about werewolf politics to know whether the rest of it was a good idea or a shitshow.

"That's the important bit," Ryker said. "Hold on, I'll let you talk to August."

Dylan didn't get a word in before the phone had passed hands and August's voice was in his ear.

"Hey, Dylan. How are you holding up?"

The question made Dylan feel like he was about to burst into tears, but he held it in. "I'm okay," he said, wishing August and Ryker were there with him. Marcus seemed like his intentions were good, but he was altogether too terrifying.

He wanted his alphas.

“We’ll have you home in no time,” August said. “You just need to hang in a little bit longer while Ryker and Steve’s brother nail down the details.”

“I can do that,” Dylan said, feeling calmer. He took a deep, fortifying breath. “How are you and Ryker?”

August laughed, but it was an exhausted sound without any humor in it. “We were pretty worried for you there, but Steve assured us that Marcus wouldn’t let anything happen to you.”

The way August spoke the words turned them into a question.

“He didn’t,” Dylan confirmed.

Marcus’s father had grabbed him and menaced him into submission, but he hadn’t harmed him.

“That’s good.” August hummed and then came back with a question. “Ryker wants to know, how often will we have to participate in pack runs?”

“Twice a year,” Marcus said. He rose to his feet and bent down, picking up the broken table and stacking the pieces on top of each other. “We have private jets, so it’s not as big of a hassle as you might think. Besides, our full moons are a lot more comfortable than yours, as I’m sure Steve has told you.”

August huffed derisively. “He might have mentioned something about heated cabins and bringing meat from the grocery store.”

The comment made Marcus laugh. “It’s true. We like our creature comforts.”

“Is your pack very rich?” Dylan asked, pulling his feet back when Marcus picked up a piece of the table by his chair. He didn’t really associate werewolves with private jets, though the house and town he was in now spoke of quite a great deal of wealth. He hoped that the question wasn’t inappropriate.

Marcus smirked, standing up and putting the pieces of the table on the counter before turning to face him.

“We own a number of businesses, including the company funding your master’s degree.” Dylan’s brow drew up in surprise. “We also have an investment stock portfolio worth almost a billion dollars. And to answer Ryker’s other question, no, he and August would not have to hand over their practice and investments, though they would be expected to contribute twenty percent of their income to the pack’s investment fund.”

“That’s normal,” August said, reluctantly defending Steve’s pack to Dylan as though he’d challenged the number. “A little on the high side, but not outrageous.”

“We’re very reasonable,” Marcus agreed.

Dylan heard Ryker talking to August in the background, but he couldn’t make out what he was saying.

“Dylan, can you put Marcus back on the phone?” August said, sounding distracted. “Ryker wants to talk to him.”

“Okay,” Dylan said. He handed the phone back to Marcus, who held it up to his ear with an expectant look on his face.

“Well?” Marcus said.

“We accept,” Ryker said, his tinny voice curt. Marcus’s expression bloomed into one of relieved satisfaction.

“That’s very good news, Ryker. I look forward to welcoming you and your mate into our pack, and to facing you both to determine your place in the hierarchy. I’m sure you’ll present a worthy challenge.

“Can you send over the pack charter?” Ryker asked. “I don’t want any surprises when I get up there.”

“Of course, anything else?” Marcus asked, grabbing a notepad off the fridge and walking over to the kitchen counter. He bent over, ready to take notes.

Dylan saw him write a few more things, but he couldn’t make out what Ryker was saying when Marcus was this far away from him.

“That all sounds reasonable. I’ll have the jet fly down to pick you up tomorrow morning, or is that too early?”

It better not be, Dylan thought with a vicious stab of anger.

“Good. I’ll be in contact, and then I’ll see you tomorrow.” Marcus rose up and turned around. “I’ll hand you off to Dylan.”

He lowered the phone, but before he handed it over, he pressed the mute button. Dylan was instantly on guard.

“Do you want me to put you up at a hotel for tonight?”

That was not what Dylan had expected. “What?”

“I thought you might want to stay somewhere neutral until my brother and your mates arrive, or am I wrong?”

Dylan shook his head. The idea of getting away from scary werewolves for the night sounded like heaven. “No, I’d like that. Thank you.”

Marcus nodded. “I’ll have Bruce drive you into town and drop you off. You can stay there and then Steve and the others can pick you up on the way from the airport.”

“Will your dad go along with this plan?” Dylan asked, suddenly worried. A second later he was struck by the fact that if he let Steve claim him, John Miller would be his werewolf father-in-law.

The thought was horrifying.

Marcus hesitated, but then he nodded. “He will, once I talk to him and make him see that this is the best path forward.”

Dylan squinted, hoping that when Marcus said talk, he actually meant talk, and not a repeat of the carnage from the living room. Marcus must have seen his unease, because he grinned. “Don’t worry. I can handle my dad.”

Dylan hoped he was right

AUGUST

“Are you still mad at me?”

August glanced up at William’s question to his brother, watching a mess of feelings flash over Steve’s face as he considered the question. They were on the way to Fairbanks, the four of them seated in the luxurious interior of a private jet owned by the Northwestern pack, and the mood was tense.

August hadn’t been able to catch much sleep in the brief time they’d had back at the apartment before they had to leave to catch their flight. Talking to Dylan after he’d gotten to his hotel room and seeing that he was fine had been what finally allowed him and Ryker to get a few hours of rest.

“I’m disappointed in the situation,” Steve finally said. He was looking out the window, staring at the mountains below them. He turned to William. “I know you didn’t want to deceive me.”

William flinched like he’d been struck.

“You *are* mad at me,” he complained, making Steve’s mouth pinch unhappily.

August wanted to slap both of them. Steve for dragging them into his personal drama and for making August care about him against all his better judgment, and William because he was an annoying little shit.

“I’m angry at the situation. I’m not angry with you.”

William didn’t look like he believed him, but then again, neither did August. Steve might believe that he *shouldn’t* be

angry with his brother, but it was obvious that he felt betrayed and that he was furious because of it.

William opened his mouth to say something more, but he shut it when Ryker suddenly rose and walked into the aisle.

“Where are you going?” August asked, keeping his voice neutral. Ever since Ryker had agreed to join Steve’s pack and fight for his place in the hierarchy, a laser-like focus had come over him. It was intimidating, and if August hadn’t been so stressed over Dylan, he would have found it incredibly sexy.

“Nowhere,” Ryker said, rolling his shoulders and stretching his arms. He looked at Steve. “Will the fights happen today?”

Steve looked caught off guard at being addressed. He squirmed under Ryker’s intense scrutiny, eventually shrugging helplessly.

“I don’t know,” he said, swallowing when Ryker narrowed his eyes. “I think the district alphas all have to be there, so that might take a day or two, and nothing can happen until my dad has claimed you and August and accepted you into the pack.”

Ryker’s nose wrinkled with distaste at the idea of being claimed, though August knew that they’d both be fine with it in the end. Neither of them had ambitions of being a true pack alpha – despite Ryker technically leading their little two-person pack – and as long as they could be together, they would be fine belonging to another pack.

When they were younger, Ryker had chafed at the idea of submitting to an alpha that might be weaker than him, but at the same time he hadn’t wanted to challenge anyone for leadership. That, coupled with the fact that their parents were opposed to them being together, had made it easier to just leave.

With the Northwestern pack, things would be different. There would be no question about the alpha they were submitting to being weaker, and though he might have a reputation as being absolutely unhinged when dealing with the outside world, everyone agreed that he treated his pack well.

“Will I be allowed to shift?” Ryker asked, flexing his fingers.

“If you’re able to shift, you’re expected to do it.” Steve bit his lip. “You can, right?”

Rather than be offended, Ryker let a cocky smirk settle on his lips. “I can, yes.”

Steve looked relieved. “Good. I can, too, but my dad helped me learn how to do it when I was a teenager. He was pretty intense about it.”

Ryker sat back down, his foot tapping restlessly against the floor. He looked over at August, his gaze softening.

“This is unexpected, huh?” Ryker nudged August’s ankle with his booted foot. “We wanted Steve to join our pack, and now we’re joining his instead. Pretty crazy.”

August nodded, not sure where Ryker was going with this. “Pretty crazy,” he agreed. He glanced over at Steve, who was looking out the window and blushing furiously. William, sitting next to him, looked like he wanted to gag.

“You’re okay with it?”

August tilted his head, giving the question the consideration it was due. They hadn’t been given much time to think on Marcus’s offer, and it wouldn’t be unreasonable for either of them to be getting cold feet.

Examining his feelings, August found that he was surprisingly happy with the outcome of the previous day’s events. He was incensed that Dylan had been tricked into leaving the safety of their territory and been taken hostage by Steve’s father, but Steve’s older brother had come through for them with a solution that seemed like it gave everyone what they wanted.

The rest of the werewolf world would be less than happy that the Northwestern pack was expanding further beyond its original borders, but no one would risk war over a slice of neutral territory and the unclaimed land that lay between it and the Northwestern pack’s borders.

“I am,” he said. “But I’ll feel better once everything has been made official and we’re back home.”

Ryker reached over and squeezed his hand before leaning back in his seat and closing his eyes. Steve cleared his throat, making him open his eyes again.

“Something you want to say?” August asked, examining his future mate. He looked nervous.

“Yes. Just that... I know this has all been forced on you, and even if you have to claim me, I don’t expect you to actually include me in-”

“Shut up,” August interrupted the ridiculous puppy, kicking his leg. “You’re not getting away from us that easily.”

Steve looked startled, his eyes wide.

“You’re ours,” Ryker agreed, eyes still closed, his voice rumbling and content.

Steve shuddered, and August knew exactly how he felt. Having Ryker talk to you in that deep register he used when he was being extra sincere was intoxicating.

“We’ve wanted you from the start,” August said, rising out of his seat and standing up so that he could put his hands on Steve’s armrests and lean over him. At Steve’s raised eyebrow, he smirked. “Well, almost from the start. You’re annoyingly easy to get attached to.”

Steve’s face turned red as he was forced to meet August’s penetrating stare.

“Oh,” Steve said, swallowing. “I just wanted to check.”

“Communication is important,” Ryker agreed.

Ryker’s words reminded August of the whole Dylan miscommunication debacle, making him chuckle to himself. At Steve’s questioning look, he sat back down and pulled out his phone. The plane’s onboard WI-FI was terrible, but he managed to pull up the KinkMatch website and find the link to the questionnaire he, Ryker and Dylan had completed.

“We haven’t told you about our misunderstanding with Dylan, have we?” he asked, sending the link to Steve.

It would be interesting to see how he matched up with them.

“No?” Steve said, shifting a little in his seat. “What misunderstanding?”

“Do you remember how we told you that I met Dylan online and chatted with him for weeks before meeting up in person to do our roleplay?”

Steve nodded.

“Well, it turns out, the person I was chatting with wasn’t Dylan.”

August went on to explain how Dylan had made a mistake and gone to the wrong clinic for his appointment, inadvertently taking the place of the guy who had stood August up and finding himself unknowingly participating in a medical roleplay.

Steve and William looked incredulous.

“And he didn’t notice that you were just pretending to examine him?” William asked, his nose scrunched up in disbelief.

“I did examine him. I was just inappropriate about it.” August’s cock twitched at the memory of pushing Dylan into his pecs when he was listening to his lungs. When he’d let him up for air, Dylan had looked downright intoxicated. “And even if he was confused, he was eager to let me have my way with him.”

“Are you sure he was okay?” Steve asked, his face pinched with worry.

“Yes,” August said, choosing not to be offended by the question. “Dylan might look all cute and innocent, but he loves being dominated and put through his paces. That’s actually what the link I just sent you is about. It’s a questionnaire to see how all of our kinks line up, and how they

don't. Once you go through it, you'll get a list of all the things you and Dylan matched on."

Steve pulled out his phone and opened his messages.

"It's taking a minute to load," he said, frowning at his phone. He looked up. "Does it only show my matches with Dylan?"

August shook his head.

"No, it will show any kinks where you're a match for me or Ryker, and it will give you a list of all the things we have in common."

William made a frustrated sound, and when everyone looked at him, he exclaimed, "Could you talk about this later? I don't need to know anything about how kinky my brother is!"

Steve went red, and as the KinkMatch website finally loaded on his phone, he angled the screen away from his brother and looked at August.

"He's right, this should be a private conversation."

"Sure," August said, not caring one way or the other what William knew about his sex life. "You can do the questionnaire whenever you have the time."

Steve nodded and then spent the next twenty minutes with his nose buried in his phone, very obviously going through the test. William shot him the occasional disgusted look, and when Steve's mouth opened and he started breathing a little heavily, the young beta got up and went to the bathroom in protest.

"What?" Steve asked, realizing that August was smiling at him.

Ryker was staring out the window, mentally preparing for his upcoming fights and ignoring both of them.

"Nothing," August said, his smile widening into a grin. "You're cute when you concentrate."

Steve ducked his head, blushing and looking pleased. He kept on filling out the questionnaire, looking up occasionally

to see if August was still watching him. Every time he caught August looking, he blushed.

It was adorable.

A while later, William came back from the bathroom and Steve put his phone away. August felt his phone vibrate, and when he checked his email, he had a new message from KinkMatch asking him to accept Steve's request to match with him. He happily accepted, glancing up at his mate-to-be and opening the link with their results.

They had a lot in common. As he read through the list, August was a little surprised to see that Steve was something of a sadist. Where August had only indicated mild interest in things like hot wax, clothespins and electricity, Steve had marked those down as a strong yes. Things that August had marked down as a hard no, like branding and scarification, Steve had indicated as mildly interested.

Steve also apparently had a thing for breath play. August had never gotten the appeal of that particular kink, though he knew that Ryker got a huge hard-on whenever he got to choke someone out, so he wasn't unfamiliar with the concept.

"We're a good fit," August said, looking up from his phone once he'd finished reading through the results. "Though I'm not sure Dylan will ever let you brand him."

"What the fuck?" William said, the words exploding out of him as he rounded on his brother. "You want to *brand* people? Like they're fucking cows?"

Steve squirmed, shooting August a betrayed look as his brother made exaggerated gagging noises.

"Not a big brand," Steve defended himself. "Just a little one, with my initials or something like that."

William jumped up and marched back to the bathroom. "Nope, I did not hear that. I refuse to have that information in my brain. I'll see you when we land. If any of you need to use the bathroom, you can pee on Steve. I'm sure he'd enjoy it."

William slammed the door to the small bathroom shut, after which August burst out into laughter.

“It’s not funny!” Steve hissed. He crossed his arms, looking embarrassed.

“It’s a little funny,” Ryker said, joining the conversation. He shot Steve a stern look. “You don’t do anything like that to Dylan without my permission, understand?”

Steve nodded. “Of course.”

From behind the bathroom door, William wailed, “Oh my god, stop talking about it!”

August’s phone vibrated in his pocket again, and this time when he pulled it out, he saw that Dylan had also accepted Steve’s request to match with him.

He sat back and watched as Steve nervously opened the results, enjoying the way the younger alpha’s eyes lit up and his cock hardened against his thigh as he realized just how kinky his new omega actually was.

When he was done, Steve’s pupils were blown wide open and he was breathing hard.

“Any surprises?” August asked, grinning at Steve’s aroused state. He glanced over and saw that Ryker was also enjoying the view, taking a break from obsessing over his upcoming fights.

“Stomping,” Steve said, licking his lips. “With boots.”

August’s cock twitched, remembering how nice it felt to feel Dylan beneath his feet. He’d been very gentle about it – nothing you could call stomping – and he wondered what it would be like to watch Steve put on his big police boots and trample Dylan into the ground.

“Nice.” August put his hand over his bulge, giving it a squeeze. He wasn’t going to jerk off with William in the cabin with them, but he’d allow himself a brief couple of gropes. “Anything else?”

Steve frowned, looking back down at his phone and scrolling. After a minute, he looked up with a confused pout. “We didn’t match on watersports?”

August sighed. “Yeah, he’s not into bodily fluids other than come. It sucks, but there’s not much we can do.”

“Maybe if we show him how fun it is, he’ll change his mind?” Steve suggested.

“We’re not doing that,” Ryker said, giving Steve a stern look. “We’re going to respect the results.”

Steve slumped, cowed by the firmness of Ryker’s tone.

“We could-”

The bathroom door burst open and a red-faced William barged into the aisle. “Jesus Christ, would you stop talking about this? Steve, please, I am begging you!”

Ryker narrowed his eyes at the young beta, making him close his mouth with a snap of his jaw and take a step back.

“Sorry, this is just making me really uncomfortable.”

Ryker nodded and looked at Steve. “Your little brother is right. It’s not appropriate to discuss these things while he’s present. We have all the time in the world to figure out our sex life after we get Dylan home.”

“Okay,” Steve said. He turned to William. “Sorry.”

William nodded and then went back into the bathroom.

“Let’s talk about something else,” August said. The awkwardness between Steve and William had gone from being funny to being uncomfortable. “Tell Ryker about the district alphas. Who are they and what should we expect when we fight them?”

Ryker sat up straight, nodding at Steve to talk.

“Well, there’s five districts, and each one has an alpha that runs things for my dad. The Vancouver alpha, Odin, is probably the one who’s going to give you the most trouble. He’s almost as dominant as Marcus.”

“How does he fight?” Ryker asked. He leaned in, his aura radiating a thirst for violence that August had seldom seen from his mate.

It was hot as fuck.

“Marcus says he uses his teeth more than anyone else he’s ever fought, but his left side is weak from when he went up against my dad and got his spleen torn out.”

August grimaced, but Ryker just leaned in more.

“Weak how?”

August leaned back and watched Ryker interrogate Steve. After a few moments, William exited the bathroom and joined his brother in answering questions.

It was interesting to get an inside perspective on what was going to be his new pack. August hadn’t realized how independent the district alphas were, or how many werewolves lived in the districts.

Realizing that four of the five district alphas were more dominant than his old pack alpha in Phoenix was not exactly shocking, but it went to show why no one messed with the Northwestern pack, even when they acted in ways that would get other packs censured.

Marcus would have to be an absolute beast to hold it all together once he took over from his father.

August didn’t envy him.

RYKER

Ryker kept himself calm as he exited the van, brushing past the eager attendant wanting to show him to the check in desk and heading right for the trail of his omega's scent. It was like a golden thread tugging at the core of his chest, leading him up the stairs and into a hallway on the third floor.

August was right behind him, following the same thread but letting Ryker take the lead.

When they exited the staircase, Ryker's calm evaporated. Dylan was peeking out from behind the door at the end of the hallway, his tuft of hair and wide eyes reminding Ryker of the first time they'd met. Except this time, rather than be nervous, Dylan flung the door open and rushed at his alphas with a great cry of relief.

Ryker caught him, lifting him up in the air and crushing him against his chest. He swung around so that August could join in on the hug, the two of them squeezing Dylan between them and holding him tight as they murmured soothing nothings into his ear.

"Are you okay?" Ryker asked when they finally let him down, putting his hands on Dylan's shoulders and looking down into his eyes. August stayed where he was, clutching Dylan's upper arms and pulling him back so that he could lean against his body.

Dylan didn't look like he'd been harmed, but Ryker knew that there were ways to hurt a human that didn't leave obvious marks.

“I’m fine,” Dylan said, tearing up. “But Steve’s dad is such an asshole.”

Ryker nodded, wiping Dylan’s tears away with his thumbs and cupping his face.

“He is,” he agreed. “Are you okay with our plan to join his pack? Because if you’re not, we can make a run for it and figure something else out.”

Dylan pulled himself together and stopped crying. He lifted his hand to his face and wiped his eyes.

“But then what about Steve?” he asked.

“He’d probably have to stay behind,” Ryker admitted.

Dylan swallowed and shook his head. “I don’t want that. I’m okay with joining *Steve’s* pack, and it’s not like John will be the alpha forever. Marcus is pretty nice.”

“He seems decent,” August said. He bent down and pushed his nose into Dylan’s hair, taking a deep breath and adding, “Steve says that he’s a good guy.”

“Then we stay,” Ryker said. “Now let’s get out of the hallway and into your room. We have a few hours before we’re due at the compound and I want each of us to come at least twice before we have to leave.”

Seeing Dylan’s eyes glaze over with lust, Ryker grinned and pushed his thumb into the boy’s mouth and stroked the inside of his cheek.

“He likes the sound of that,” August said, cupping Dylan’s chin and sliding his hand down to rest over his Adam’s apple.

“I do,” Dylan agreed, the words distorted by Ryker’s thumb in his mouth.

Ryker looked up from Dylan’s face, meeting August’s hungry expression with an anticipatory grin. “In that case, let’s give our omega what he wants.”

Moving his hands down to Dylan’s waist, Ryker lifted him into the air and threw him over his shoulder. Dylan let out a grunt as his midsection made impact with Ryker’s muscular

shoulder, briefly kicking his legs before Ryker grabbed them and pinned them to his chest.

“Submit,” Ryker growled, right before he delivered a stinging smack to Dylan’s butt. He grinned at the shocked gasp the stinging hit elicited.

“You put spanking as a strong yes, didn’t you?” he asked, rubbing Dylan’s butt where he’d just slapped it. He carried the boy into his hotel room, groping his ass as he waited for an answer.

“I think so,” Dylan mumbled, sounding nervous.

“You did,” Ryker confirmed, spanking him again. He made sure not to hit him too hard, keeping the spank more playful than the previous blow.

Dylan moaned, and Ryker lowered him down to the floor. The bulge in Dylan’s sweats revealed exactly how much he liked being spanked and manhandled.

“You’re such a little slut,” August said, his voice affectionate as he reached down and ruffled Dylan’s hair. He pulled him under his arm and squeezed him against his side. “Do you want to sixty-nine me while Ryker fingers your hole?”

Dylan blushed beet red, turning his face and pressing it into August’s side before nodding enthusiastically.

August met Ryker’s gaze with a wolf-like grin.

“Sound good to you?”

Ryker snorted in aroused amusement. “Of course it does.”

August released Dylan and unzipped his coat. He shrugged it off and tossed it to the floor, kicking off his boots while pulling off his sweater. When Ryker and Dylan both just stood there watching him, he rolled his eyes.

“Get naked, people, we’re going to fuck.”

Ryker laughed, kicking off his boots and taking off his coat.

“Clothes off,” August said when Dylan didn’t move fast enough. He grabbed him by the back of his shirt, pulling him over and lifting it right off him. He then crouched down and pulled Dylan’s sweats down around his legs and to his feet. He slapped his naked ass. “That’s better!”

August rose back up and unbuttoned his jeans, pushing them down around his thighs and letting his rock-hard cock bounce free and bob prettily in the air in front of him. He swung his hips back and forth, making his cock slap against the side of his thighs with meaty thwacks, grinning at the way Dylan’s eyes followed the movement of his cock.

Ryker finished undressing and walked over to the bed. He grabbed the bedspread and tossed it aside, leaving just clean sheets that smelled like they’d been recently laundered by someone with a good understanding of how to use bleach.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked, turning around and seeing that both August and Dylan were now fully naked. August had his hands on Dylan’s shoulders, and at Ryker’s question, he marched Dylan over to the bed.

“I’ll show you,” August said, pushing Dylan down on the mattress and then manhandling him into position so that he was on his back, his legs hanging out over the edge of the mattress and pointing at Ryker.

August jumped up on the bed and straddled Dylan’s head, scooting back until Dylan was nestled between his thighs and staring up at his cock. He grabbed a pillow from behind him and pushed it under Dylan’s lower back, lifting his ass, and smacked his cock down on his face.

“This is what I was thinking,” August said, grabbing Dylan’s legs and pulling them up so that his knees rested on his chest. He then grabbed Dylan’s legs under his arms and leaned forward, curving his back so that he could reach Dylan’s cock with his mouth. He licked Dylan’s twitching shaft before looking up and grinning at Ryker. “See?”

“I do,” Ryker said, amused. Dylan’s ass was on full display, his hole twitching like it was inviting Ryker to play with it.

“Good,” August said, making a face as he moved his hand down to his cock and aimed it at Dylan’s lips. “Open up, Dylan. Work with me.”

Dylan lifted his chin, giving August’s cock access to his mouth and letting it slide past his lips.

August moaned, his glutes trembling as he pushed his hips down and forced the length of his cock to push against the back of Dylan’s throat.

Dylan gagged, wrenching his head away to escape the intrusion, but August chased him with his cock, reaching down and pushing his head back into position before sliding into his mouth again.

“Take it into your throat,” August growled, keeping his cock inside Dylan’s mouth when he tried to move away again. “I know the angle is bad, but you can take it.”

Dylan gagged, but August managed to push past the resistance and bury his cock in Dylan’s throat. He lowered his body down, sighing in pleasure as he pinned Dylan’s head to the mattress with his cock. Then, with a roll of his hips that had Dylan making a choked sound of panic, he took Dylan’s leaking shaft into his mouth and sucked.

Ryker watched August slurp on their omega’s cock, savoring it and being intentionally messy, while his hips pumped the length of his shaft in and out of the boy’s esophagus with sharp little thrusts that kept most of his cock buried and made it impossible for Dylan to breathe.

“Are you going to let him up for air soon?” Ryker asked, crouching down at the end of the mattress and placing his hands on Dylan’s beautiful butt. He squeezed his cheeks, loving the way his pink little hole winked at him. Stroking his hole with his thumb, Ryker probed the tiny opening and marveled that something so small could take his whole cock inside of it.

“In a second,” August said, lifting his mouth off Dylan’s cock and licking his balls. “This just feels so good.”

Ryker leaned over and glanced at August's cock where it stretched Dylan's lips wide open, and he wasn't surprised to see the beginnings of a knot.

It was a miracle that August hadn't dropped fang or popped his claws, given how worked up he was.

"Do we have any lube?" Ryker asked, pushing his dry thumb against Dylan's hole.

"I didn't bring any," August said, lifting his hips up and letting his cock slide out of Dylan's mouth. Dylan gasped for air, a thick string of spit dangling from August's cock and connecting with the inside of his lip.

"Dylan, do you have any lube?" August asked.

"Of course he doesn't," Ryker said, at the same time as Dylan shook his head. "But I have an idea. Stay like that."

Ryker moved to the side of the bed so that he was standing next to Dylan's head, the boy still gasping for breath after letting August fuck his throat.

"This will work nicely," Ryker said, reaching over and grabbing August's cock. It was wet and slick with the saliva from Dylan's throat, coating the inside of his palm in a thick layer of natural lubricant. He pushed the fingers of his other hand into Dylan's mouth, making him gag and coating his fingers in more saliva.

With both hands dripping, Ryker had more than enough slick to get started fingering Dylan's hole. He moved back into position behind him, coating his fingers in Dylan's throat-lube and shoving his index, middle and ring finger inside of him.

Dylan jerked – three fingers was more than Ryker usually started off with – and his thighs trembled as Ryker curled his fingers down and massaged his prostate.

"He opens up so easily," Ryker mused, spreading his fingers apart and lodging a wad of spit into the gorgeous little hole. "He starts off so tight, and then he just *yields*."

"He's perfect," August agreed, pushing his cock back into Dylan's throat. "Like he was made for us."

August lowered his head down and sucked Dylan's cock into his mouth, letting his spit drip down the boy's taint and land on Ryker's fingers where they worked on opening him up.

"I can't wait to see Steve work him over," Ryker mused, pulling his fingers almost all the way out and then adding his little finger when he pushed back in. With four fingers inside of him, Dylan jerked, almost managing to dislodge August's cock from his throat.

"No, you don't," August growled, slamming his hips down and pinning Dylan's head to the mattress. He kept his cock buried, Dylan's nose nestled into his balls, holding him down and grinding his cock into him.

"I think that's enough stretching," Ryker announced, standing up and pumping his cock. He was rock hard, the veins running up his shaft in stark relief against his skin. "Spin him around so that I can lube up."

August scooted back, his cock slipping from Dylan's lips with a wet slurp, and together he and Ryker spun Dylan around until his head was dangling off the edge of the mattress, right in front of Ryker's pulsating cock.

Dylan blinked up at Ryker, eyes watery and lips swollen, looking like a debauched angel.

Grabbing a hold of the base of his shaft, Ryker bent his knees and aimed his cock at Dylan's lips. Dylan opened his mouth on instinct, his tongue pushing out and acting like a welcome mat to ease the entry of Ryker's member.

"Slut," Ryker rumbled, the sheer submissiveness of Dylan's instincts blowing his mind.

He traced the slit in the tip of his cock over Dylan's puffy lips, coating them in a shiny layer of pre-come, and then pushed inside toward the back of his throat.

He met no resistance, his cock moving past the bend of Dylan's soft palate and into his esophagus like he was fucking into a cock-sleeve.

“Holy fuck,” Ryker growled, his hips stuttering as his balls slammed into Dylan’s eyes and forehead. “Moon-fucking bitch that feels good.”

August grinned, sitting back and stroking his cock with languid strokes as he watched Ryker fuck Dylan’s throat.

Dylan brought his hand up to Ryker’s thigh, and Ryker couldn’t tell if he was pressing at him to ease up or if he just wanted to touch him. He froze, his cock filling Dylan’s throat and making it bulge, and traced the contour of his shaft underneath Dylan’s Adam’s apple.

“Show me what you do if you need to tap out,” he commanded, reminding both of them that Dylan always had an out if things got too rough.

It scared him a little, how easy it would be to let go and just *take* everything he wanted from his trusting omega.

Dylan froze, his hand resting on Ryker’s hip, and then after a brief second he delivered a well-practiced tap out signal.

“That’s a good boy,” Ryker growled, putting his hand down on Dylan’s throat and squeezing his shaft where it was making Dylan’s throat bulge. “Do it again if you want us to ease up on you a little.”

Dylan pointedly moved his hand back to his stomach, letting it rest just above his leaking cock.

“Good boy.” Ryker pulled out enough to let Dylan breathe, giving him the chance to fill his lungs a few times, and then proceeded to fuck his throat for real.

Ryker’s balls slapped into Dylan’s face every time he bottomed out, hard enough that it made a dull smacking sound, and it felt incredible.

As he skull-fucked Dylan’s face, Ryker forgot all about his initial reason for wanting to put his cock in Dylan’s mouth. Instead, he watched as August sank to his stomach on top of Dylan’s chest, blanketing him with his body and pinning him down, and started licking and sucking on his neck with greedy stripes of his tongue.

Dylan suddenly jerked and made a strangled noise, lifting his hand and clutching it in August's hair as the alpha bit down on his mating scar. Ryker's hips stuttered, his teeth itching to find the scar on the other side of Dylan's neck and bite down on it.

If his cock hadn't been feeling so good, Ryker would have let his teeth have their way, but for now they would have to wait. He sped up his thrusts, Dylan's mouth a wet hole for his cock as he fucked into his throat like a jackhammer.

It wasn't until Ryker's knot started to inflate that he remembered the whole reason he wanted to fuck Dylan's throat was to get his cock wet so that he could knot his hole.

"Fuck, flip him around," he growled, pulling out of Dylan's throat and making the boy gasp for air and then start coughing. When August didn't move fast enough, Ryker pushed him off Dylan's chest and flipped the boy around, lifting him up and positioning him so that he was on his knees with his back arched and showing off his hole.

With his cock dripping wet with the juices of Dylan's throat, Ryker aimed his mushroom-shaped cockhead at Dylan's opening and shoved his member inside.

Dylan squealed and tried to crawl away, but Ryker grabbed his hips and lifted him back, holding him up in the air as he slammed his cock home.

It only took him a few thrusts before his knot was halfway inflated, his orgasm held at bay by sheer willpower, and when Dylan's hole started having trouble taking his half-formed knot, Ryker slammed his cock home and let go with a growl of satisfaction.

"Take it," he growled, pushing Dylan down flat on the mattress and lying on top of him. He curled his arm around Dylan's throat, squeezing his head back into his muscular pecs as he ground his knot into his omega's hole, filling him up with load after load of thick spurts of come. He pressed his mouth into Dylan's ear. "Do you like that, baby?"

“It’s so big,” Dylan moaned, his body limp and submissive.

While Ryker ground his knot into Dylan’s hole, August crawled up to the top of the bed and sat down in front of him. He leaned back against the headboard, his cock dripping, and stretched his legs out on either side of where Ryker and Dylan were lying.

Ryker and Dylan both watched as August jerked his cock, their position between August’s thighs giving them a prime view as he worked his slick length.

“Fuck!” August growled, surprising Ryker and shooting his load all over his chest and stomach. It didn’t look like an accident, and Ryker wondered why August would jerk off to completion when Dylan was right there.

August’s cock kept on spurting thick ropes of come that left his pecs and abs absolutely dripping.

Dylan tried to crane his neck to reach August’s cock, making noises of distress that August was letting his load go to waste, but with Ryker pinning him there was no way he was getting close enough to get a taste of August’s come.

Ryker was curious what August’s plan was.

He got an answer when August let go of his cock with a laugh, too sensitive to keep jerking off, and started spreading the load he’d spilled into his skin. He worked his load into his chest and abs like he was putting on lotion, sliding his come-soaked hands all over his chest and under his arms, working his way back down to his abs and coating his balls and taint in a slick layer of come.

Dylan kept straining to reach. Chuckling, August finished rubbing his come into his skin and pushed two dirty fingers into Dylan’s mouth.

Dylan moaned, sucking the mixture of come and sweat off August’s fingers with an expression of pure bliss on his face.

“Lift him up, would you?” August requested, leaning back and folding his hands behind his head. His biceps bulged, his come-drenched pecs and pits on full display.

Ryker grunted, annoyed and turned on. August's little plan would require him to do all the work while August just sat there and let himself be worshiped.

"Do you want to lick him?" Ryker asked, rubbing his chin against the side of Dylan's face.

"Yes, please," Dylan moaned, straining his neck to reach August's body.

"All right," Ryker grunted, amused. He lifted up to his knees, holding Dylan in place on his knot, and scooted forward so that he could let Dylan fall forward and have access to the full expanse of August's upper body. "There you go. He's all yours."

Dylan buried his face in August's pecs, pushing his face between the muscular slabs and licking over them with a noise of sheer delight. As he licked, he reached up and groped August's pecs, squeezing the meaty muscle with obvious relish.

August met Ryker's gaze with a smug little smirk. He looked inordinately pleased with himself.

"You're so greedy for it," August said, making Dylan whimper in embarrassment and stop licking. August laughed. "I didn't tell you to stop." He shoved Dylan's head under his arm, pushing him into the pungent mix of sweat and come and holding him in place so that he couldn't escape.

"Lick it clean," he growled, rubbing Dylan's face into his pit.

Dylan whimpered and resumed licking, and when August finally let him up and gestured for him to move to the other side, his face and hair were a mess. He looked like he'd taken a bath in August's sweat and come.

Ryker's knot was still going strong by the time Dylan was finished with August's chest and pits. As Dylan bent his neck to lick as much come as he could off August's abs, Ryker could feel that he still had a good ten minutes before he would start to deflate.

In his efforts to reach lower on August's stomach – probably trying to reach his neatly trimmed pubes – Dylan was tugging uncomfortably on Ryker's knot.

“Okay, that's enough of that,” Ryker declared, grabbing Dylan by his shoulder and lifting him up to his chest and away from August's torso. “Let's get you into a better position. Do you want to eat August's ass?”

Dylan froze, no longer trying to get back to August, and then started nodding furiously.

Ryker laughed. “Let's spin you around and get you on your back.”

Ryker moved back on the bed and then turned Dylan around so that they were chest to chest. The drag on his knot as he manhandled Dylan into position was exquisite, but judging by the grunt of pain Dylan let out, he didn't enjoy it nearly as much.

“Down you go,” Ryker said, leaning forward and lowering Dylan down to the mattress so that he was on his back. As soon as the back of Dylan's head hit the bed, August scooted forward and planted his naked ass down on his face. He crouched down with his feet on either side of Dylan's head, squatting over him, the position making his cheeks spread and letting him put his hole down on Dylan's mouth.

Dylan was cut off mid breath, August's ass smothering him completely.

August ground his ass down with a growl of pleasure, pushing Dylan's head into the mattress and letting his head take the full weight of his body. When he was done, he licked his lips and grinned at Ryker.

“Having fun?” Ryker asked, tracing Dylan's rim where it was holding on to his knot. Dylan twitched, but with August sitting on him there was nothing he could do.

“This is pretty nice,” August said. He leaned forward, and Ryker didn't have to ask what he wanted. He leaned forward, meeting August in a passionate kiss that had his knot throbbing.

They made out for a good twenty seconds, after which Dylan started tapping on August's thigh that he needed to breathe.

"I should let him up for air," August said, pulling away from Ryker's mouth.

Ryker nodded, leaning forward to kiss him again as August lifted his ass up and let Dylan take a desperate breath.

He only got the one, and then August slammed his ass back down on his face.

"Mean," Ryker commented, laughing and pulling away breathlessly. He reached down and fondled Dylan's cock, the straining length throbbing against his palm as he wrapped his fingers around it. "Did he come when you were sucking him off?"

August nodded. "He did."

Ryker hadn't noticed. He tapped Dylan's side to signal he wanted his attention. August lifted his ass up, letting Dylan fill his lungs and regain his breath.

"I'm going to jerk you off while August sits on your face. He's not going to let you breathe until you come, but you can still tap out if it gets too much. Do you understand?"

Dylan held up his thumb, still breathing hard but sounding eager.

"August, whenever you're ready."

August sat down, keeping his movements slow as he wiggled his muscular butt from side to side and pushed Dylan's head down into the mattress with his ass.

"I'm ready," August said. He reached for Dylan's nipples, giving them a tweak that had Dylan clench down on Ryker's knot.

Ryker spit into his palm and took Dylan's cock between his fingers. He jerked him off slowly, using his thumb to rub over the sensitive gland of his cockhead and down the vein running along the underside of his shaft.

He loved how he could fit Dylan's whole cock in his fist.

After about forty seconds, Dylan's muscles tensed with his impending orgasm. Grinning, Ryker let go of his cock, which resulted in a series of angry wriggles that had both him and August laughing.

Dylan clenched his fists, squeezing down on Ryker's knot with hard clenches like he was trying to get revenge.

"Okay, okay, don't get all worked up," Ryker said, taking Dylan's cock between his fingertips. He twirled the head of Dylan's cock between them like he was trying to start a fire.

Dylan jerked, his abs clenching as he shot his load. The first spurt shot up and landed on Dylan's stomach, but the rest dribbled out and coated Ryker's fingers in a sticky layer of come.

Ryker kept rubbing the head of Dylan's cock between his fingers, laughing when Dylan tried to kick his legs and bat his hand away.

He was no match for two werewolves.

August lifted his weight off Dylan's face, letting him breathe just as Ryker stopped torturing his sensitive cockhead. August scooted back, sitting down and once again stretching his legs out on either side of Dylan's body.

"You are such an asshole," Dylan whined the second he'd caught his breath. He rested his forehead against August's inner thigh, August's half-hard cock draped over the back of his head.

Ryker's knot was starting to deflate, come leaking out of Dylan's hole and coating the sheets beneath them.

"I know," Ryker said, tugging his knot out of Dylan's hole. The sudden stretch of his rim made Dylan cry out and wince in discomfort. "But you love it, don't you?"

Looking anything but unhappy, Dylan rolled his eyes and nodded.

"Good." Ryker leaned down and kissed him and then pressed a kiss into August's inner thigh as well. "Because all

we want is for you to be happy with us.”

“Happy and full of come,” August agreed, ruining the moment but making Dylan laugh.

“I was being heartfelt,” Ryker complained, lying down and joining Dylan between August’s legs. He grabbed Dylan, rolling him on top of his chest and hugging him tight. He stared up at August, looking past his massive cock and taking in the impressive line of his jaw.

“Take a nap, okay?” August said, leaning over and grabbing the sheets. He draped them over him and Dylan, tucking them in. “You need some rest. I’ll keep watch and wake you if anything happens.”

August was right that Ryker needed some rest if he was going to be at his best, and there was nowhere Ryker would feel safer when he was in enemy territory than with his mate. He closed his eyes, willing himself to sleep.

“Am I supposed to just lie here, too?” Dylan asked, squirming and making Ryker squeeze his arms tighter.

“Yes,” August and Ryker both answered at the same time.

STEVE

After landing in Fairbanks, Steve and William left Ryker and August and headed toward the pack compound to meet up with their older brother.

When Steve saw Marcus, he froze in shock. There was a huge wound running down the right side of his brother's face, starting at his forehead and going right down and under his jaw, the edges of which looked raw and inflamed.

His face must have been torn open to the bone.

"It's not that bad, is it?" Marcus said, smiling at them. He walked forward, enveloping them both into a wide hug.

They were in Marcus's private apartment in the main house, and Steve now understood why he hadn't been there to meet them at the airport.

"You look like *Scar!*" William cried, pulling away and looking distraught. "What happened?"

Marcus shrugged, wincing as the movement tugged on an unseen wound on his shoulder.

"Dad got a little carried away when we were discussing some of the arrangement for the annexing of the new territory, but it's all sorted now. I'll be healed by the morning."

"Dad did that?" Steve said, looking at Marcus's face with shocked dismay.

"I've been going against him a lot recently," Marcus said, nonchalant. "It creates tension. We fight, he establishes that

he's still dominant, and he lets me have my way.”

That was the worst thing Steve had ever heard. It was dysfunctional to the point of horror.

“You shouldn't-”

“Dad is unstable and he knows it. When the time comes that I have to do something about it, I'll be ready, but that time is not now. He's still in control enough that he can run the pack.”

Steve remembered what Marcus had said about how their dad had taken Steve leaving. ‘Fighting more than usual,’ were the words he'd used.

Did that mean that Marcus had needed to put himself in harm's way because of Steve? The thought made him sick.

“Don't look at me like that,” Marcus said, grinning and pulling Steve in for another rough hug. “This isn't your fault. I want to take over from Dad, and that means testing him and pushing my limits.”

Except that, in his anger, Marcus had admitted that he was doing it ten years earlier than he had planned. If it hadn't been for Steve, Marcus wouldn't be testing the limits and getting into altercations *now*, he'd be doing it ten years down the line, when he was stronger and their dad was weaker.

Steve felt the weight of his decisions crashing down on him, shame curdling in his stomach.

“Hey, stop it,” Marcus said, grabbing him by the back of his neck and squeezing him tight. “I could have dragged you home and avoided all of this at any time. I'm not angry with you.”

That only made it worse. Steve held back tears, not wanting to cry in front of his older brother. After a moment, he managed to wrestle himself under control.

“I wish you'd told me to come home,” Steve mumbled. He wouldn't have left if he'd realized what it would mean for Marcus.

“Only if my spies told me you weren’t doing well, and you seemed to be doing okay,” Marcus said, releasing Steve from the hug. “I think it was good for you to get some time away from the pack, and Dad will be happy when it all blows over and he’s left with a bigger territory and an alpha like Ryker Sterling under his command. It all worked out in the end.”

Steve ducked his head and looked at the floor, feeling like an idiot, when Marcus’s mention of spies registered. He looked up.

“You were the one who sent people to spy on me?”

He’d thought for sure it was their father, but when he gave it a little thought, that really wasn’t their dad’s style. Then again, how had their dad known he was getting close to Ryker if he didn’t have people watching him?

“Of course it was,” Marcus said, reaching over and ruffling his hair. “Did you think it was Dad?”

Steve nodded, and Marcus chuckled.

“No, he only sent one. That’s when I knew we had to act, before he started getting paranoid and did something stupid.”

“Betty Wiltshire?” Steve asked.

Marcus nodded. “Yes, she was working for Dad. Patricia, Colin and Jonathan were working for me.”

Steve hadn’t seen hide or hair of Patricia, Colin or Jonathan. They must have been incredibly sneaky.

“I only noticed Betty,” he admitted.

Marcus laughed. “Dad was never the best at cultivating spies.”

“Not like you?”

“I wasn’t allowed to contact you, but I needed to know if you were getting into trouble.” Marcus tilted his head and gave him a look. “I almost intervened when you started up that weird habit of yours of encroaching on Sterling’s territory. I’ve been dying to ask you, what in the world you were thinking?”

“What do you mean?” Steve asked, defensive. He crossed his arms. “The whole preserve was neutral territory.”

Marcus looked at him, his eyebrow lifting in that infuriating way it did when he thought Steve was being an idiot.

“It was!” Steve insisted. He was so tired of this argument.

“It was territory claimed by two alphas you had no hope of taking on,” Marcus said, speaking slowly like he was talking to a child. He put his hand on Steve’s shoulder. “If it had been me, I would have ripped off your head and mounted it on a stake at the border as a warning to every other wolf in the preserve. I certainly wouldn’t have thrown you in the river and called it a day.”

It had never occurred to Steve that Ryker and August might hurt him for trespassing.

“You didn’t even consider that, did you?” Marcus asked, looking more curious than upset. He huffed and slapped Steve on his back. “You have the instincts of a chihuahua.”

William laughed, and Steve reared back in offense. He did not have the instincts of a chihuahua. He was a werewolf.

“He’s kind of right,” William said, the little traitor. “You don’t seem to always know when you’re out of your league.”

“I did after I fought them!”

William squinted, his expression dubious. “You couldn’t tell from the start that Ryker outclassed you? He’s terrifying.”

“He is not,” Steve argued. He turned to Marcus for support and then realized how silly that was.

“I haven’t met him,” Marcus said, a grin of anticipation forming on his lips. “But I’m looking forward to seeing what he’s got.”

The gleam of violence in Marcus’s eyes startled Steve. He was used to their father looking like that, but not Marcus.

He’d changed during the months that Steve had been away.

“Don’t hurt him too bad, okay?” Steve blurted out, worried for his future mate.

Marcus’s expression softened and he pulled Steve in for another hug.

“I won’t,” he promised. He rubbed Steve’s back, squeezing him. “Not unless he messes with my little brother.”

Steve grumbled, but he couldn’t help the smile that tugged on his lips.

“I met your omega,” Marcus said, pulling away. “He’s pretty cute. Congratulations.”

Steve blushed. Dylan didn’t really feel like his omega. He hadn’t even fucked him, and all their interactions so far had been colored by Ryker and August’s prior claim.

The fact that Dylan had been completely unspoken for the first time Steve met him rankled something fierce. If Steve had just been a little more persistent, he could have had Dylan for himself.

Then again, Steve wasn’t sure that would have been the best outcome. He liked Ryker and August a lot – even when August was being an utter douchebag – and when he examined his feelings, he was excited about joining the two alphas’ relationship and sharing Dylan between the three of them.

“Thanks,” Steve said.

“I should warn you though,” Marcus said, lowering his voice. “Dad scared him pretty bad.”

“What?” Steve’s chest clenched with worry.

“Dylan made some quip about you joining Sterling’s pack, and Dad exploded on him. He didn’t hurt him, but he scared the living daylights out of him.” Marcus grimaced. “Then he saw me and Dad fight.”

Steve blinked. His dad was terrifying when he fought.

“Did you shift?” Steve asked, hoping that Marcus was being overly generous with the word fight.

Marcus nodded.

“Is he okay?” Steve asked, wishing he could talk to Dylan. The fact that he was with Ryker and August was a relief.

“I think so,” Marcus said. “He seems pretty resilient.”

William suddenly cleared his throat, drawing Steve and Marcus’s attention. He was holding his phone, his expression pinched.

“What?” Marcus asked.

“Dad is wondering why we haven’t checked in with him yet. He’s waiting for us upstairs.”

Marcus sighed and Steve’s stomach roiled with anxiety. He’d never been scared of their dad before, but seeing Marcus’s face, he was rattled.

“We should go talk to him,” Marcus said, not looking at all worried. He turned to Steve. “Say you’re sorry, and then leave it at that. He’s not happy that you’re moving back to Fort Plainslac, but he’s accepted it. Don’t rock the boat.”

Steve nodded. “I won’t.”

“Good. Then let’s go say hi to Dad.”



Meeting his father was both better and worse than Steve had feared. His dad seemed like his same old self – grinning wide as he approached Steve and grabbed him into a smothering hug – and when he pulled apart and Steve said he was sorry, his dad waved the apology away and said it was fine.

“I can’t be angry when there’s wolf magic at work,” his dad said, shaking his head like he’d been silly to try. “You were meant to end up with the Sterling boy and his mate, otherwise the wolf magic never would have bound the three of you with an omega.” His father frowned, turning to Marcus. “Where is he, by the way?”

Marcus shrugged. “I have him tucked away until we need him. Sterling and Schaffer will arrive in about an hour to formally request entry into the pack, and then I thought we

could leave them alone with Steve and the boy and let them figure things out between them.”

“A solid plan,” Steve’s dad said, turning to Steve. If he noticed that Marcus had been vague about where he’d stashed Dylan, he didn’t comment on it. “Marcus tells me you rejected Sterling’s offer to join his pack?”

His dad’s tone was deceptively casual.

“Of course I did. I could never join another pack,” Steve said, perfectly honest. “You’re my alpha.”

His dad grinned, his shoulders releasing a tension Steve hadn’t noticed he’d been carrying. He pulled Steve into another hug, rubbing his back and making Steve feel like he was all of seven years old again.

“You’ll be happy in Fort Plainslac?” his dad asked, his voice low and sincere.

Steve nodded into his shoulder.

“Then I’ll go along with Marcus’s plan.” His dad released him, turning to Marcus with a grin. He frowned when he seemed to notice Marcus’s face for the first time since they’d walked into the room. “That still hasn’t healed?”

“It’s getting there.” Marcus shrugged.

Their dad scowled, reaching out and tracing the edge of the wound. In the time since Steve had first seen it less than half an hour ago, the wetness in the deepest part of the wound had disappeared and the edges were less puffy, but it still looked bad.

“You should have blocked me,” their dad said, disapproving.

Marcus snorted. “I tried, but you were faster than I expected. I’ll be faster next time.”

Their dad nodded and then grinned like it was all good fun. “You’re getting *very* good. I can still feel your wolf holding back, but I think you’ll be even younger than I was when you take over. I’m very proud of you.”

Steve kept his face expressionless, disturbed by his dad's casual attitude towards maiming Marcus.

Marcus grinned, not looking discomfited, but Steve remembered with crystal clarity how he'd yelled at him over the phone that he hadn't wanted to be challenging their dad like this yet.

Marcus had done it for him, and Steve hadn't even realized he'd needed him to. He hoped he wouldn't be a burden like that to Ryker.

Steve resolved to be more mindful of how his actions affected the people around him.

"Do you think you'll be ready to take on Sterling and Schaffer right after I claim them?" their dad asked. "I want it settled that you're over them in the hierarchy right from the start."

Steve wanted to protest, but Marcus's instruction not to rock the boat stopped him.

"That shouldn't be a problem," Marcus said, rolling his shoulder and wincing a little as the unseen wound underneath his shirt resisted the movement. He stretched his neck, testing his range of movement and seeming to find it to his satisfaction. "I still have an hour or so to rest up."

"Go do that," their dad commanded. "William, I want you to coordinate the living arrangements for our district alphas. They're all arriving today or tomorrow morning, right?"

"They are," William confirmed. "They'll all be here by tonight. I have apartments ready for each of them in the guesthouse."

"Good boy. That will be all." Their dad turned to Steve. "You should go visit your mother. She's been even more of a bitch since you left and it's been driving me crazy."

Steve hated when his dad called his mom a bitch. He ground his teeth, not wanting to start another fight, but still feeling resentful.

His dad noticed his efforts to be quiet and sighed.

“I’m sorry, that was uncalled for. I shouldn’t put you in the middle of me and your mother. She’s been worried about you. I would appreciate it if you went and talked to her.”

Steve nodded, appreciating the apology but not quite accepting it.

“I will.”

Steve had never been close to his mother – she’d divorced his dad when he was little and hadn’t been interested in raising her children – but he still loved her. William always said that she was more of a cool aunt than a mom, and Steve couldn’t disagree with the description.

He hadn’t missed her like he’d missed his dad and brothers.

He still looked forward to seeing her, though.

DYLAN

Dylan couldn't move. He lay on the sinfully comfortable hotel mattress, the sheets pushed to the floor, squished between August and Ryker's muscular bodies as the three of them basked in the afterglow of many, many orgasms.

"My butt hurts," Dylan mumbled, wincing when a slight wriggle to get a little more comfortable sent shooting pains up his hole.

He didn't think August and Ryker had ever been that rough with him. The two alphas had been feral, near out of their minds as they passed him back and forth, fucking his ass and throat like they thought he was made from indestructible rubber.

"I could kiss it and make it better?" August suggested, reaching down and clutching Dylan's left cheek.

"I will literally kill you if you touch my hole right now," Dylan warned.

August grinned and reached for his opening, sitting up like he intended to flip Dylan over and tongue-fuck his hole.

Dylan growled at him, not up for any more play. "No. Safeword. Stop it."

August froze, sitting up and looking down at him with wide, wounded eyes.

"Were we too rough?"

Dylan put his arm over his eyes and laughed. August and Ryker were the definition of too rough. The problem was that Dylan loved it. The brutal treatment made him come harder and more often than he'd ever dreamed possible before meeting the musclebound alphas. He loved it when they manhandled him and forced him to take their huge cocks and impossibly big knots. It was only afterwards that he questioned if the pleasure was worth the pain.

“No, but if you're going to use me like that, you have to be nice to me after.”

“I am!” August exclaimed. “I was going to make your sore hole feel better.”

Dylan narrowed his eyes, making August's expression turn guilty as he thought through about what he'd intended to do.

“I could get some numbing lotion from the pharmacy?” he offered.

Dylan had never liked an idea more. “That's the best idea you've ever had,” he said. “In fact, buy a multipack.”

August humped off the bed and yanked on his jeans. The way he had to tuck his cock in after he'd lifted the denim up to his hips was the hottest thing Dylan had ever seen.

“I saw a pharmacy just down the road,” August said, looking at Ryker. “I'll just be a minute.”

“Get him some painkillers as well,” Ryker said, giving his approval to the errand. “And buy some water and snacks. We need to hydrate.”

August nodded, pulling on his shirt and jacket and stepping into his boots. “I'll be quick,” he promised, heading for the door and jogging out of the room.

When the door closed behind him, Dylan turned to Ryker. The alpha was lying next to him, propped up on his elbow with his head resting on his fist, looking down at him.

“We should have stopped after round one, huh?” Ryker said, a rueful grin on his face. He reached over and pinched Dylan's chin between his fingers.

“Probably,” Dylan agreed.

“I’m sorry,” Ryker said, stroking Dylan’s cheek.

“It’s fine,” Dylan said, grabbing Ryker’s hand and holding it over his chest. He loved how big it was. “I really, really liked it.”

“That’s good.” Ryker lifted his hand away and lay down on his back, getting comfortable. “I should get some rest. I don’t know how many times I’ll have to fight today and I want to be at my best.”

“Will you be okay?” Dylan asked, suddenly worried. He turned and looked at Ryker’s profile, admiring his handsome nose and the artful stubble coating his jaw.

“I’ll be fine,” Ryker said. He reached over and pulled Dylan into his side. “I got a little nap in, and once I get some food in me, I’ll be good as new.”

Dylan squirmed, his hole protesting as Ryker lifted him up and put him on his chest. Dylan nuzzled his face into Ryker’s pecs, pressing his ear down against the solid muscle and listening to the steady beating of his heart.

Ryker stroked his hair, and for a minute Dylan forgot how sore he was.

“You’re so comfortable,” he commented, comparing how Ryker liked to cuddle him to August’s preferred method. Ryker liked for Dylan to be on top, using him as a human blanket, while August was the complete opposite. August liked to smother Dylan under him, using the weight of his body to press him down into whatever surface they were lying on.

Both positions were nice, but Ryker’s was a lot more relaxing.

“I like being your pillow,” Ryker said, lifting his head so that he could press a kiss into Dylan’s hair. “You’re so light.”

Dylan wondered what kind of cuddler Steve was. It was weird to think that pretty soon, these moments between him, Ryker and August would include the younger alpha as well.

“Steve’s KinkMatch results were pretty intimidating,” Dylan said, his sore ass reminding him of the more sadistic slant of some of Steve’s answers on the questionnaire. It was easier to voice the concern when he was positioned like this, face pressed into Ryker’s pecs and unable to see his face.

“Do you think so?” Ryker asked. “What about them?”

Dylan reached up, absentmindedly stroking the contour of Ryker’s rounded pectoral next to his nose.

“All the whip and paddle stuff,” he said, shuddering as he remembered the implements hanging on the wall of the playroom back in Ryker and August’s apartment. “He crossed all of that stuff off as a strong yes.”

Dylan had only put down impact play as a maybe.

“So did I and August,” Ryker said. “Is that intimidating?”

Dylan shrugged. It was a little, but he felt like he could predict how a scene involving whips and paddles with August and Ryker would go. For all he knew, Steve would just grab a flogger off the wall and start hitting him the second they were in the playroom.

As soon as he’d thought it, Dylan realized how silly he was being. It wasn’t like August and Ryker were going to let Steve hurt him, and he didn’t really think that Steve wanted to hurt him either – not in ways he didn’t agree to.

The fact that Steve had marked yes to the branding and scarification questions was something he wasn’t even going to think about.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want,” Ryker assured him, which Dylan already knew. “Steve isn’t going to pull out the cattle prod before you’re ready for it.”

Dylan’s stomach clenched. He imagined himself on the floor, stomach pressed into the cold hardwood as Steve loomed over him. In the fantasy, Steve was decked out in his sinfully tight uniform, his booted foot planted casually on Dylan’s lower back, grinding him into the floor as he trailed the end of a cattle prod down along the length of his back, threatening to shock him.

“That’s good, I guess.”

Dylan wondered what a cattle prod felt like. All he had to compare it to in his mind was static shock, but he doubted they felt anything alike.

Dylan and Ryker kept cuddling for another few minutes, the silence broken when August burst into the room with several plastic bags dangling from his fingers and a twenty-four pack of water bottles tucked under his arm.

“I bought an antiseptic numbing cream,” August said, kicking off his shoes and putting the plastic bags down on the floor. He removed his jacket and tossed it over the chair next to the desk, grabbed a tube from one of the bags, and climbed up on the bed. “The antiseptic part isn’t really necessary, what with all of our come, but the numbing action should help you feel better.”

Dylan lifted his head and looked back just in time to see August smear two cream-coated fingers over his hole. At first it stung a little, but then a cool numbing feeling muted the pain and Dylan exhaled.

“It’s fast acting,” August said, adding more numbing cream to his fingers and then gently inserting them into Dylan’s hole. “Is that okay?”

Dylan grit his teeth as August fingered his ass, forcing his tender rim to stretch, but within just a few seconds the pain faded and Dylan slumped in relief.

August withdrew his fingers and crawled off the bed, going to the bathroom and washing his hands.

“What do you mean I don’t need antiseptics?” Dylan asked, August’s comment from earlier just registering. Without the dull throb in his ass, he felt so much better.

“We don’t have healing come,” Ryker said, stroking his hair. “But it’s pretty close. Humans who have regular sex with werewolves don’t tend to get infections – or sick at all, really – and they heal from damage a lot quicker than they normally would.”

Dylan licked his lips, taking in this new information. It was nice that the substance he was addicted to had positive attributes as well, and when he considered his recent sexual history, the information tracked. He tended to be sore the morning and day after having sex with August and Ryker, but his ass always bounced back much faster than he'd expected.

"Any other magic werewolf things I should know?" Dylan asked, curious. Before Ryker or August could answer, he pushed himself up so that he was sitting on Ryker's thighs and looked down at the alpha. "Can you change more than your teeth and your nails?" he asked, realizing that if Steve's father and brother could shift into nine-foot-tall scary monsters, then maybe August and Ryker could, too. "Like your whole body?"

"You mean my alpha shift?" Ryker asked. He glanced at August, as though wondering where Dylan had learned about it.

"Is that where you grow two feet taller and get all hairy?" Dylan asked.

Ryker lifted his brow. "It's more like a foot and a half, and I don't get *that* hairy, but yes. Why? Did you see someone in their alpha shift?" He sounded worried.

Dylan nodded. "Steve's dad and his brother. They both shifted and had a fight."

Ryker and August looked at each other, brows furrowed and lips pinched.

"That must have been scary," August said, sitting down on the edge of the bed and putting his hand on Dylan's back. He rubbed up and down. "Were you okay?"

"I was fine," Dylan said, leaning into the touch. "Can you show me?"

"Show you what?" Ryker asked. He reached up and put his hand on Dylan's thigh.

"Your alpha shift."

Dylan was nervous, but he wanted to know every part of Ryker and August, including the scary werewolf ones.

“Not right now. We need to conserve our energy,” Ryker said. He then sat up, holding Dylan’s arm so that the movement wouldn’t topple him, and pulled him forward to settle him on his lap so that they were chest to chest. “We’ll show you when we get home, okay?”

Dylan was disappointed, but he understood.

“Will you be in your alpha shift when you fight the other alphas in Steve’s pack?” He reached out and traced his fingers along the top of Ryker’s abs. The muscle twitched and Dylan jerked his finger back in surprise.

“Most likely,” Ryker said. He grinned down at Dylan’s hand. “But you won’t have to watch that.”

“Can I?” Dylan asked. He looked up through his lashes. “If I want to?”

Ryker frowned, moving Dylan’s head back so that he could look down at his face. His expression was serious.

“Do you want to?”

Dylan nodded. He hadn’t decided until right at that moment, but when the question was put to him, he didn’t have to think about the answer.

“I’m not sure. It depends on John Miller and how he does things.” Ryker held Dylan’s jaw, rubbing his thumb over his chin. “Are you sure you want to watch? From a human’s perspective it will look pretty brutal.”

Dylan didn’t want to shy away from the werewolf part of his new partners. If he got in the habit of doing that now, it might cause trouble down the line. He needed to keep his eyes open and not hide from the realities of his new life.

“I do.”

Ryker grinned. “Then whether you watch or not is up to you – and John.”

He leaned down and kissed him.

“We should take a shower,” August said, looking at his phone. “Steve is picking us up in twenty minutes.”

“Did you get anything to eat?” Ryker asked, lifting Dylan off his lap and climbing off the bed. Dylan stared at his soft cock as it dangled between his legs, the veiny length making his mouth water.

“Do you want to go another round?” August asked, making Dylan jump. He hadn’t realized that August was watching him.

“No!” he exclaimed, suddenly aware of how sore his throat and jaw felt. He bit his lip. “I was just looking.”

“He’s allowed to look without us taking it as an invitation,” Ryker said. He grabbed a packet of beef jerky from one of the shopping bags and tore into it, moving his hips and making his cock swing from side to side. The grin on his face as he devoured the beef jerky and showed off his cock was about as playful as Dylan had ever seen him.

“You’re very relaxed,” August commented, grabbing a packet of beef jerky for his own. He held one up for Dylan, and when Dylan nodded, he tossed it at him along with a bottle of water. He turned to Ryker. “You were so focused earlier.”

“I’m still focused,” Ryker promised. He stopped chewing and shrugged. “I’m just not as anxious now that we have Dylan back with us.”

Dylan felt a wave of regret that he hadn’t listened to Ryker and August when they told him to get off the plane.

“As long as you keep your head in the game,” August said.

“It is.” Ryker shoved the rest of the beef jerky stick in his mouth and reached for another. He looked at August. “Don’t worry. It’s not like I have to beat John or his son – other son, you know what I mean. I’ve got this.”



Two hours later, Dylan was seated on the back porch of Steve’s father’s house, bundled up in a thick winter coat, gloves and padded snow-pants, his heart thumping with worry as he watched Ryker and Marcus circle each other.

Both alphas were shirtless and barefoot, dressed in matching black shorts, neither one of them seeming to notice the biting cold or the crunch of snow beneath their feet.

Ryker was still bleeding from the wound on his shoulder where Steve's father had claimed him – the skin slowly knitting together right before Dylan's eyes – while Marcus had a huge gash down his back and a thin scar running down the length of his face that hadn't been there the last time that Dylan had seen him.

"I like you," Marcus said, his fangs glinting as he grinned dangerously. Dylan had to strain his ears to hear him. "But are you good enough for my little brother?"

Ryker shrugged, loosening his shoulders and swinging his arms. He was grinning, his fangs glinting dangerously in the afternoon light.

"I'd like to think so," Ryker said. He flexed his fingers, allowing his claws to pop out. "But let's find out."

Dylan was completely unprepared for the explosion of violence that followed. Both alphas surged forward as though someone had screamed *go*, shifting into their alpha forms and tearing into each other with growling snarls.

Ryker was an inch or two shorter than Marcus when he shifted, but his shoulders were wider, and he looked no less impressive. Dylan stared at his wide back, huge arms and tree-trunk thighs, his gaze drawn to the way Ryker's skimpy black shorts now hugged his ass tight. Then Marcus grabbed Ryker with a claw to his thigh and lifted him up in the air, throwing him across the yard and launching at him with inhuman speed, and Dylan forgot all about how nice Ryker's ass looked.

He bit back a scream, watching as Ryker rolled away to avoid Marcus's attack, grabbing him and pulling him into his body so that he could try to roll on top of him.

"He's good," Steve's father said, sitting a little ways down on the porch and watching the fight with a frown.

"Marcus can take him," Steve responded, his voice confident. Dylan glanced over at August, studying his tight

jaw and noticing that despite his tension, he didn't look worried.

Dylan relaxed and turned back to the fight, flinching when Ryker used his claws to slice Marcus open from his thigh and all the way up to his hip. Marcus retaliated by grabbing Ryker by his ear and climbing on top of him, slamming him into the ground as he bit down on the side of his neck.

Ryker slammed his fist into Marcus's head, though the angle was all wrong and even Dylan could tell that he wasn't getting enough force behind the blows to do anything. After a few seconds of Marcus clamping down on his neck, Ryker went still.

Marcus let go, jumping up with a wide, toothy grin on his face and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand before he reached down to help Ryker stand up. There was blood dripping off his claws, and Dylan shuddered in disgust at the grizzly sight.

Ryker took the proffered mitt and pulled himself to his feet. He gave himself a shake, wiping his neck where Marcus had bit him, looking perfectly happy to have lost the fight as he flicked the drops of blood on his hand onto the snow.

He turned to Marcus and said something, making Marcus's grin widen, but the words were spoken too quietly for Dylan to hear what he said. Then, just as suddenly as they had shifted into their alpha forms, both Marcus and Ryker shrank back down to their normal bodies.

"Excellent!" Dylan bit back a scream of surprise as Steve's father rose up and clapped his hands together, looking thrilled. John turned to his son. "Did you see that? Now that was a fight. You did good, boy. An alpha like that will be an asset to the pack."

Steve smiled, but he didn't look as thrilled as his father. "Thanks, Dad."

John nodded, clapping Steve on the back before walking down the steps to greet Marcus and Ryker on the snow-covered lawn.

“Great work, boys. I think this plan of yours will work.” He turned to Ryker. “The district alphas have all arrived. We’ll get the fighting over with tonight, and then tomorrow we’ll celebrate our expanded territory and the mating bond between you, your mate, and my son. Wash up and get some rest and be back here in about thirty minutes.”

Ryker dipped his chin in a sharp nod, walking past John and jogging up the steps to where Dylan, Steve and August were waiting for him. Dylan hung back as August walked up to him and examined the wound on the side of his neck.

“Right over his dad’s claiming bite,” August said, huffing. “He’s not subtle, is he?”

Ryker pulled away from August’s prodding with a rueful grin. “He fought fair, and he didn’t play with me when he had the upper hand. That’s all I care about.”

“Are you okay?” Dylan asked, looking at the various cuts and bruises littering Ryker’s body. It was bizarre, seeing the way they healed in a matter of minutes.

“I’m using a lot of energy,” Ryker said, running his hand through his hair. “We should get some food.”

“I can take you,” Steve volunteered.

Ryker nodded, and Dylan was surprised when Steve started to blush.

Then he remembered what John had said about celebrating Steve’s mating bond, and it clicked. Steve’s dad had basically ordered Ryker to claim Steve *tonight*.

Dylan still didn’t get all the intricacies of werewolf culture, but he knew that mating bonds were about as profound and significant as you could get. He wondered if Steve resented the casual way his dad had ordered it to happen, or if he was relieved that Marcus’s plan was working.

“We can hang out and get some privacy in my apartment,” Steve said. “William said he stocked my fridge this morning, and I have-”

Steve was interrupted by Ryker grabbing him by the front of his shirt and pulling him close.

“Do you want to be mine?” Ryker growled, the words making Steve shudder.

Dylan looked around, taking a step closer to August when he realized that John and Marcus were watching the scene with rapt attention.

“Sure,” Steve said, his voice pitched an octave higher than usual. “Yes, I mean. I want-”

Ryker leaned in and bit him, teeth sinking into Steve’s neck and making him moan. He fisted one hand in Steve’s hair, tilting his head down to give him better access, while he used his other hand to reach down and cup Steve’s meaty ass.

August pulled Dylan close and bent his neck, whispering into his ear, “Ryker gets a little feral after he shifts into his alpha form. He’s good at hiding it, but sometimes his instincts get the better of him.”

Dylan swallowed, his stomach fluttering. The scene was oddly hot. The contrast between Steve, in his puffy winter coat and padded boots, and Ryker, with his blood-streaked skin and torn shorts, looked like something out of a fairytale.

When Ryker finally released Steve’s neck from his jaws, he moved his head into position for a kiss and then spent an obscenely long time making out with him.

“I’ll leave you guys to it,” Marcus said, clapping Steve on the back as he walked past him. “Congratulations. If he hurts you, I’ll kill him.”

Steve wrenched his mouth away from Ryker and turned to his brother. His grin was blinding. “Thanks!”

“I’ll see you back out here in half an hour,” John said, following Marcus into the house.

Ryker was still holding Steve against his chest. He blinked and then suddenly looked ruefully embarrassed.

“I’m starting to get cold. How about we continue this inside?”

August and Steve both laughed, but Dylan thought it was an excellent idea. Even with his winter gear, he was starting to get cold. He had no idea how Ryker wasn't freezing his balls off.

Steve walked over and opened the door into the house. "Come on, I'll show you the way."

AUGUST

After Ryker's spontaneous claiming bite, August was feeling a bit self-conscious as he sat next to Steve on the couch in the younger alpha's apartment. They both knew that he had to bite Steve first, but without the manic energy that had characterized Ryker's actions, he didn't know how to get the ball rolling.

Should he just ask?

"If you'd like-"

"Can I-"

August and Steve both spoke at the same time. They blushed and then both stayed silent as they waited for the other person to speak.

Ryker watched them from the armchair across from the coffee table, freshly showered and balancing a plate on his thigh, grinning at them like they were the cutest thing he'd ever seen. "Steve, August really wants to claim you. Is that okay with you?"

August shot him an annoyed look. He didn't need help claiming their new mate. He could do it just fine on his own.

"I'd like that," Steve said, his earnest eagerness making August forget all about being annoyed. The younger alpha looked at him, all puppy-eyed enthusiasm, and August felt himself melt.

It was infuriating how adorable Steve was considering the fact that he was both taller and more muscular than him. He

shouldn't get to be both buff *and* cute.

"Where do you want it?" August asked, closing the distance between them. He leaned in and kissed Steve's neck, rubbing his chin against his shoulder and placing his mouth right next to Ryker's bite. "Here?" He moved lower, licking across Steve's collar bone and up to his Adam's apple, mouthing his way up to the underside of his jaw. "Or here?"

"There is good," Steve said, his voice breathless. "Anywhere you want."

August sucked a patch of Steve's skin between his teeth. He worked on it for a while, licking and kissing the sensitive skin, and when Steve started to whine in complaint, he let his canines extend and bit down.

Steve moaned, his body jerking and then slumping in pleasure as August's claim took hold. August could feel Steve's wolf making contact with his own, testing the bond and then vibrating with satisfaction at what it found.

"Your turn," August said, pulling away and placing a kiss on his claiming bite. He sat back down and bared his neck, resting his hand over his crotch and massaging his half hard cock as he waited for Steve to gather his wits and claim him back.

Steve was *his*. It was a heady feeling.

Steve didn't waste any time. He straddled August's lap, looming over him, and bit down on his neck.

Sparks shot down August's spine. His whole body was suffused with a tingling warmth, his toes curling against the floor as he arched his back in pleasure.

Steve moaned into his neck, the sound making the teeth embedded in August's flesh vibrate as the bond snapped into place between them. He rutted against August's front with lazy little thrusts of his hips, the noises coming out of his chest almost sounding like purring.

August felt his wolf stretch across the newly formed bond, testing it and finding it acceptable.

“Mine,” Steve mumbled, letting go after a solid minute of keeping his teeth in August’s neck. He sounded drunk.

“Yours,” August agreed. He stroked Steve’s side, making the muscle twitch under his fingertips.

They sat for a moment, looking into each other’s eyes and basking in the glow of their bond, enjoying the moment.

“My turn,” Ryker suddenly growled, impatient. He put his plate down on the coffee table and sat up straight, patting his thigh in a clear gesture for Steve to get his ass in gear.

“Fuck yeah,” Steve said, launching himself over the coffee table with an eager grin and pushing himself to stand between Ryker’s legs. He held still as Ryker looked up at him, practically vibrating out of his skin, and when Ryker tilted his head to the side, the invitation clear, he bent down and sank his teeth into his neck with the speed of a viper.

“So much biting,” Dylan mumbled, the almost judgmental tone of his voice making August laugh in surprise.

He’d almost forgotten Dylan was there. The boy sat on the far side of the couch, hands in his lap, and he was staring at Steve latching onto Ryker’s neck with a complicated expression on his face.

It must seem very strange to a human, August thought. Dylan obviously felt something in his claiming bites – the way he reacted when they touched them was proof enough of that – but he didn’t feel what August or another werewolf would feel. There was no wolf inside of him to complete his end of the bond, which as he examined his new mating bond with Steve, struck August as being quite sad.

“You’re next,” August said, stretching his arm across the couch to where Dylan was sitting and dragged him toward himself. He tucked him under his arm. “Think you could handle taking his knot and letting him claim you, too?”

“Now?” Dylan asked, his eyebrows scrunching together.

August nodded and Dylan looked at him like he’d suggested snorkeling with great white sharks.

“No, absolutely not,” Dylan said, his voice firm. “I need more numbing cream, not Steve’s knot.”

“I can wait,” Steve said, letting go of Ryker’s neck and sinking down to the floor between his feet, turning so that he was facing the couch and resting his cheek against Ryker’s inner thigh. He used his foot to kick the coffee table out of the way, making eye-contact with Dylan. “There’s no rush. I want our first time together to be *amazing*.”

August held back a snort. Steve was turning on the charm, and he was annoyingly good at it. August could practically feel Dylan melting at the seductive, reassuring tone of his words.

“We don’t have time for that, anyway,” Ryker said. He bent his waist and kissed the top of Steve’s hair, stroking his fingers over the bite he’d placed on his neck. Steve shuddered at the touch, moaning and turning his face into Ryker’s thigh. Ryker grinned and made eye-contact with Dylan. “Steve can claim you once we’re back home in Fort Plainslac.”

Dylan relaxed, and August frowned down at him.

“Did you think we would pressure you to get fucked when you didn’t want to?”

With three against one, August had a guilty realization that they needed to do more to safeguard against accidentally pressuring Dylan into taking on more than he could handle. It was already too easy to get carried away – as Dylan’s currently numbed hole could testify – and with three of them, the damage they could do was considerable.

“No,” Dylan said, sounding like he meant it. He pushed closer to August’s body, burrowing in under his arm and seeking out the warmth of his body. “I know you won’t make me do anything I don’t want to do.”

“We also don’t want to accidentally pressure you into doing things,” August said. “We can be enthusiastic sometimes, but that doesn’t mean that we’d be angry with you for saying no. You know that, right?”

“I know,” Dylan said.

“Good. It’s important that you feel you can say no to us,” August said. “Even when it’s just regular fucking.”

“I know,” Dylan repeated, his tone indulgent.

August huffed and decided to let it go. He could talk to Ryker and Steve about it later. “How long until we have to go back out there?” he asked.

“About twenty minutes,” Steve said, checking his phone. “Do you want more food?”

August was on the verge of being hungry, but he’d rather eat after they were done with their fights to figure out where they ranked in the pack than before.

“No, thank you, I’m good.”

He turned his face and rested his chin on top of Dylan’s head, rubbing it down into his scalp with gentle motions.

“How did you feel seeing Ryker’s alpha shift?” he asked.

Dylan perked up, his expression turning eager. “It was kind of hot. His shoulders were so wide, and the way his thighs looked in those little shorts should be illegal.”

August blinked, turning to Ryker who was watching him with a similarly befuddled expression. Of all the reactions he had anticipated, horny appreciation for Ryker’s thighs was not one of them.

“Is that something you’d like to explore?” Ryker asked, his voice carefully neutral. “In the bedroom, I mean?”

Dylan licked his lips, staring at August’s thigh and lifting his shoulder in a little shrug.

“Maybe?”

Steve laughed, delighted.

“Is it weird?” Dylan asked, worried.

“No, it’s hot as fuck,” Steve said, speaking for all three of them. “I’d love to shift into my alpha form and let you lick my muscles while you bounce on my knot. All you have to do is say when, and I’ll shift for you.”

“Me too,” Ryker said.

“And me,” August agreed. “Though we’d have to work up to fucking you. Our muscles aren’t the only thing that get bigger when we shift.”

“I didn’t mean sex,” Dylan said, scandalized. He pulled away so that he could look up at August’s face. “I just meant that I could feel your pecs, or you could squeeze my head between your thighs or something. Stuff like that.”

“So you want to do some muscle worship when we’re all big and hulked out, is that it?” August asked.

Dylan nodded.

“That’s fun,” August said. He tugged Dylan back under his arm, pressing him close to his side. “We’ll make it happen as soon as we get back.”

“And we’ll work up to fucking,” Ryker added. He grinned at Dylan. “Once you can handle double penetration, shifted sex shouldn’t be too challenging. We’ll get you there.”

Dylan swallowed, but his look of apprehension was mixed with enough intrigued arousal that August wasn’t worried.

“We’ll go slow,” August promised, kissing the top of his head. “And we won’t do anything you don’t want us to.”

He wondered if Dylan would let him sit on his face when he was shifted.

“I know,” Dylan said, the reminder seeming to give him a bit of comfort this time.



Fifteen minutes later, the alarm on Steve’s phone alerted them that it was time to get dressed to head back outside.

August stripped off his clothes and changed into the stretchy shorts that seemed to be the official uniform of the pack’s dominance fights. The shorts were loose around his

hips, but he knew that once he changed into his alpha shift they'd sit as tight as compression shorts.

“Ready?” Ryker asked, the gleam of anticipation in his eyes making August's cock jerk. He loved seeing Ryker when he was in uber alpha mode.

“As ready as I'll ever be,” August said, hoping that he wasn't about to get his ass handed to him. “You?”

Ryker had healed completely from both his fight with Marcus and from Steve's claiming bite, and only the latter had scarred. The scar would stay for a few months before it faded, but the skin where the bite had been placed would always be sensitive.

“I think so,” Ryker said. He tugged his shorts up higher. “Right now, I just want to get this over with.” He turned to Dylan, who stood bundled up in a thick puffer coat, padded pants, and thick mittens. He held a fur-lined hat clutched in his hands. “Do you want to watch?”

Dylan nodded.

“All right then.” Ryker nodded at Steve and August. “Let's go out there and show them what we've got.”

Steve led the way, Ryker just one step behind, leaving August to bring up the rear with Dylan. He took the boy's hand, wrapping his fingers around it and giving it a small squeeze as they started walking.

When they reached the door leading out to the porch, Dylan pulled his hand out of August's grip and put on his hat.

“Good luck,” Dylan said, looking up at him. He looked adorable, the fur-lined hat framing his face and making August want to grab his cheeks and pinch them.

“Thanks,” August said, his adrenaline surging as he mentally prepared himself to face off against the alphas of his new pack. He glanced over at Ryker, nodding at him and sharing a moment of understanding.

“Ready?” Steve asked, hand on the door. Ryker and August both nodded.

Steve pulled the door open. A blast of cold air hit August's near naked body, making his skin prickle. He steeled himself against the cold and walked outside, coming face to face with his new alpha and Steve's brother. Behind them, arranged in a semi-circle, were five new faces. The new arrivals ranged in age from mid-thirties to early fifties, but each of them looked like an alpha at the top of their game.

August could tell just by looking at them that they were all more dominant than him.

"Ryker, I'd like you to meet your fellow district alphas." Miller turned and gestured at the men behind him. "Blaine, Zack, Henry, David and Odin. Guys, this is Ryker and August. Ryker will be in charge of the territory we've just annexed in Montana."

"It's nice to meet you," Odin volunteered, his expression carefully neutral. He reached out to shake Ryker's hand. "I look forward to working with you."

"You too," Ryker said, shaking his hand and then repeated the interaction with the other four alphas. August watched them closely, and though each of the district alphas looked reserved, none of them felt hostile as they addressed his mate.

"Let's do this," John said, clapping his hands together when the introductions were over with. "Blaine, you and August go first, just to get it over with."

Blaine was a stocky man, with huge thighs and a compact midsection, who looked like he was in his early forties. He was handsome, in a rugged, bearish sort of way, and at his alpha's instruction he nodded and stepped forward.

August didn't even get the chance to walk down the steps to the snow-covered lawn. Without saying a word, Blaine grabbed him under his arm, and with a twist of his shoulder, put him on his knees.

"I give," August grunted, leaning forward so that he wouldn't dislocate his shoulder. Blaine let go, clapping him good naturedly on the back.

“Well, that was quick,” Miller said, like it was to be expected. “Marcus, call Kayden, Peter and Anastasia and tell them to come over. I think August will end up ranking somewhere between the three of them. August, you can go put your clothes back on.”

August went back into the house to get dressed. He wasn't embarrassed by how quickly Blaine had put him on his knees – not when facing an alpha who was dominant enough to be a pack alpha – but he wished he'd put on a more impressive performance for Dylan.

When he came back outside, Ryker and Henry were circling each other on the blood splattered snow beneath the porch. They were still in human form, but August could tell they were seconds away from shifting and attacking each other.

Blaine and Zack were standing off to the side, getting dressed in a pair of thick, padded snowsuits. The two alphas looked relaxed, talking quietly between themselves as they watched Ryker and Henry circle each other.

August wondered what was going on.

At his confused look, Steve came over and explained, “Ryker already fought them. He just grabbed them and put them on their knees the same way Blaine did to you. My dad is thrilled.”

August exhaled, relieved. This meant that however Ryker fared in the next three fights, he'd already proved that he had what it took to be a district alpha.

“That's good.” August grabbed Steve's hand and pulled him close, tucking his arm around the younger man's waist. “Marcus's plan worked.”

“Of course it did,” Marcus said, walking over to join them. Dylan came with him, and August almost burst out laughing at the jealous look he sent August's hand where it wrapped around Steve's midsection. He grabbed the boy by the collar of his jacket and yanked him close, putting him between himself and Steve so that they could share him.

Marcus grinned.

“Congratulations on your new mating bond,” he said, clapping Steve on his shoulder. He looked down at Dylan. “And your new omega. He’s adorable.”

“Thank you.” Steve smiled, his expression happy as he pulled Dylan back against his chest. Dylan blushed, lowering his gaze as Marcus reached out and ruffled his hair.

A roar from the lawn had all four of them turning their attention to the circling alphas. Ryker and Henry had both shifted, and the two of them were trading a series of blows that looked like they were still testing the waters rather than actually trying to fight.

They were still circling each other, crouching down and keeping their claws at the ready, taking turns attacking and measuring each other’s defenses.

Then Henry launched himself at Ryker, teeth first and going all in, only for Ryker to duck and grab him by his thigh and flip him over. Henry tried to right himself while he was still in the air, but Ryker slammed his fist down on his shoulder and forced him to the ground. Ryker then grabbed him in a bearhug, pinning his arms to his side, and held him down.

Henry tried to use his legs to flip them over, but just when it looked like he might succeed, Ryker sank his teeth into his neck and shook him with a violent jerk.

Henry went limp in submission.

“That boy was born to be a pack alpha,” Steve’s father commented, walking over and crossing his arms over his chest. “I don’t understand what he’s been doing in Fort Plainslac.”

“Avoiding the responsibilities of managing a large pack while claiming a territory and populating it only with people he likes,” Marcus said, bemused.

August hadn’t thought of it in those terms, but that was what they had been doing. Steve was the first person they’d

wanted to add to their pack, but if things hadn't gone the way they had, he probably wouldn't have been the last.

John frowned, but he nodded in reluctant understanding. He whistled at David, the oldest of the district alphas, and said, "David, you're up."

David bounded down the stairs, giving Henry a pat on his shoulder as the two passed each other.

August could tell right from the start that Ryker was going to have his work cut out for him. David's alpha form was huge, looming half a foot taller than Ryker, and he attacked with brutal aggression.

Ryker managed to duck out of the way of the first strike, and after that things seemed to be pretty even. David used his heft and weight to his advantage, but as the fight wore on, it became obvious that Ryker was going to come out on top. He finally managed to clinch the win by grabbing David from behind, holding the bigger man up and squeezing him in a massive bearhug.

David kicked his legs and fought to get free, but he couldn't dislodge Ryker from his back. After about two minutes he frantically tapped out.

Ryker let David go, both of them panting for breath and looking exhausted.

"Odin, you're next," John said, his voice eager.

Dylan made a noise of protest, but August clamped his hand over his mouth before he could say something that would get him in trouble.

It might seem unfair that Ryker had to keep fighting, especially from a human's point of view, but it wasn't. Ryker wasn't nearly tired enough for it to affect his performance. The most dominant wolf would win.

"He's fine," August said, keeping his hand over Dylan's mouth until he was sure he got the message that he needed to be quiet.

Odin walked down the steps, shifting to his alpha form and stopping about ten feet away from where Ryker was catching his breath. At his approach, Ryker jumped up and stared down his new opponent.

August released his hand from Dylan's mouth, rubbing his chest in apology as they watched Ryker and Odin circle each other.

"This will be interesting," Marcus said, his father nodding along in agreement.

The fight started, and Dylan cried out in fear as Ryker took the first hit. Odin made a faint with his right hand, a standard move, only to come at Ryker from below with the claws of his left hand. He tore a deep gouge into Ryker's side, blood spurting, and then followed it up with a vicious kick right into the flank he'd just wounded.

Ryker rallied, darting away and out of reach before launching himself teeth first at the bigger wolf, grabbing him around his torso and wrestling him to the ground.

They were evenly matched, but Odin was clearly going to win.

August held his breath, watching as Odin struggled to dislodge Ryker's signature bear hug.

For a moment it looked like Odin was in trouble, but then he eked out the win by flipping Ryker onto his back and slamming a knee into his lower back, knocking the breath out of his lungs and following it up with a punch to the back of his head.

Ryker gasped, his head lifting off the ground as he clenched his jaw in pain, and before he could right himself, Odin was on him and had his teeth clamped in his neck.

Ryker stopped moving, giving up, and August let out a breath of relief that it was over.

It was for the best, August thought, wincing as Ryker rose to his feet and stumbled. Ryker had done well enough to show that he was one of the top four alphas in the pack, but that he

wasn't in a position to be challenging the hierarchy or making waves.

"Do you think he'd want to go a round with me?" John asked, an eager lust for violence lacing his words. He was staring at Ryker like a dog looking at a potential new chew toy.

"Not even a little bit," Marcus said, shaking his head. "But he'd say yes if you asked."

"So don't ask?" John huffed, chagrined.

Marcus nodded and then pulled his phone out of his pocket. He nodded to himself and turned to August.

"The alphas I called over to fight you have arrived. Are you ready?"

August's pulse sped up, adrenaline surging through his veins as he mentally prepared himself to fight someone he stood a chance of beating. He nodded. "I'm ready."

Marcus slid his phone back into his pocket and turned to his father. "Dad, do you want to watch?"

Miller shook his head. "No, I trust you to handle it."

"In that case, we'll finish up inside where it's warm," Marcus said. "Steve, I assume you want to come watch?"

Steve nodded.

"Ryker, you too?" Marcus turned to where Ryker was standing below the porch, locked in conversation with Odin. Both alphas were still shifted, though now their body language was friendly and relaxed.

Ryker looked up at them and nodded, changing back to his human form and jogging up to meet them. His jaw was covered in blood, drying and flaking off his chin, and his eyes gleamed with the satisfaction of having proved himself to his alpha.

Dylan looked up at him with wide eyes, taking in his savage appearance with an intimidated swallow.

"I can shower after you're done," Ryker said, looking down at his side and poking at the wound where Odin had

swiped at him with his claws. The gash was healing, but there was still a sluggish trickle of blood seeping out of the deepest part of the wound. “Might as well wait until this stops bleeding.”

“In that case, let’s head inside,” Marcus said, leading the way.

He led them toward the front of the massive house, turning into a room branching off from the main hallway. Once they were inside, he stopped and held out his hand to introduce the three people waiting in the room.

“August, I’d like you to meet Peter, Kayden and Anastacia,” he said, gesturing at the alphas in turn. “Guys, this is our new pack member from Montana.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” August said, nodding at each of them. They returned the greeting, sizing him up.

August looked around, wondering if they were the ones who had cleared all the furniture to the side of the room or if Marcus had had someone else do it before they arrived.

“Peter, I think we’ll have you go first,” Marcus said, taking a seat on the couch. “Teeth and claws only. You can begin when you’re both ready.”

August looked at the man named Peter, studying his muscular arms and wide chest. He was handsome, but nothing compared to Ryker or Steve.

Peter rolled his shoulders and took a fighting stance, and August did the same.

“Ryker, make sure Dylan doesn’t get in the way,” he said.

Ryker pulled Dylan close and retreated to the couch where Marcus was sitting. He remained standing, but he nudged Dylan to take a seat next to Marcus.

He probably didn’t want to get the couch dirty.

Steve, seeing that Dylan was momentarily unclaimed, took the opportunity to sit down and lift Dylan onto his lap. Dylan let out a surprised squeal at the sudden manhandling, but once

he realized what Steve wanted, he quickly made himself comfortable.

August looked away, turning his attention to his opponent. His mind buzzed with the energy of his wolf, and he knew just by looking at the other alpha that he was going to come out on top.

Peter attacked first. He was fast, but not fast enough to get the upper hand. They traded a few blows, fists closed and not using their claws, before August took advantage of a moment of distraction and slammed Peter to the ground.

August climbed on top of him, holding him down with an arm pinned across the back of his neck.

“I yield,” Peter growled, and August let him up.

They both climbed to their feet.

“Fucking hell, I bet Anastacia twenty bucks I could take you,” Peter complained, following the grumble up with a wide grin. “You’re tougher than William said you would be.”

August grinned back. “You need to work on your blocking.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” Peter said, clearly intending to do no such thing.

“He’s right.” Marcus rose to his feet and walked over to Peter. He looked him over, grabbing him and spinning him around, making sure he was okay before sending him back to watch the next fight. “You need to work on your defense. I’ll schedule some training sessions.”

“Yes, Marcus,” Peter said, obedient to his future alpha. He didn’t seem too upset at the idea of extra training.

“All right, Anastacia, if you can take him, we’ll know where he ranks,” Marcus said, gesturing for Anastacia to step forward.

Brushing his hair back from his face, August watched the female alpha as she moved over to take Peter’s place. She was a powerfully built woman, with strong arms and wide hips,

and the grin on her face as she took up a fighting stance was impressively intimidating.

“Come at me, pretty boy,” she taunted, getting into a defensive position. August looked at Marcus, who nodded.

“My pleasure.”

August attacked, but he could tell right away that he was outmatched. As soon as he came at her, Anastacia managed to trip him with an unexpected tap on the back of his knee, and once he was down, Anastacia was on him with her teeth in his neck before he could even figure out how he'd gotten there.

“I give,” he said, going limp. After just getting a mating bite, Anastacia's teeth in his neck was an unwelcome sensation and he wanted them out as soon as possible.

“Excellent!” Marcus said, clapping his hands together. “Thank you, Anastacia. That's both our new alphas sorted.”

Anastacia let go of August's neck and climbed off his back. He rose to his feet and met her grin with a respectful nod.

“Good fight,” she said, shaking his hand. “William underestimated you.”

“You're fast,” August complimented her.

“So that's it?” Dylan asked, keeping his voice at a whisper and looking up at Steve. He seemed to have forgotten that every other person in the room was a werewolf who could hear even the quietest mutter. “No more fighting?”

“No more fighting,” Steve confirmed, looking up at Marcus and adding, “Right?”

Marcus nodded. “That's right.” He turned to Ryker. “We'll expect you back up here for the next few full moons, but the four of you can go back to Fort Plainslac after the party tomorrow.”

August felt his whole body relax. The hard part was over. They had joined the pack and figured out their place in it. John was their alpha now, and August trusted that he would be a

good one. All the rumors about him agreed that he was a terrible enemy, but that he took care of his people.

“Is it okay if August, Dylan and I go hang out in my apartment with Ryker?” Steve asked, lifting Dylan off his lap and standing up. He hugged Dylan to his front, squeezing his head back into his chest.

“Of course. Go have fun with your mates.” Marcus walked over and clapped him on the shoulder. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

August turned to Peter, Kayden and Anastacia, nodding at them and thanking them for their time, while Ryker turned to Marcus.

“Thank you for everything,” Ryker said, bowing his head respectfully. “August and I appreciate how much you’ve helped us.”

“Of course,” Marcus said, grabbing Ryker’s shoulder and squeezing it. He nodded at his little brother. “It will be nice to have some help keeping this one out of trouble.”

Steve let out an indignant noise, rearing back in offense. “I do not get in trouble!”

Marcus just looked at him, raising one eyebrow and letting his silence speak for itself.

Steve flushed and then rolled his eyes. “Whatever.”

Ryker grinned. “We’ll take good care of him. I promise.”

August nodded along. Steve could be an annoying puppy of an alpha, but he was their annoying puppy. They would make sure he was happy.

RYKER

After a quick shower, Ryker put on a fresh set of clothes and exited Steve's bathroom. He made his way through the younger alpha's bedroom, stopping for a minute to look at the posters he had up on the wall. There was a nice mix of classic movie posters, pin-up shots, and nature images, and Ryker wondered how old Steve had been when he put them up.

The pin-up models were all human, with a mix of large-breasted women with wide hips and pretty young twinkles, making it obvious that Steve hadn't deviated far from his type when he pursued Dylan.

Along with the posters, Steve's room had all the expected trophies you'd expect from a young alpha who grew up in a large pack. Looking closer, Ryker could see that Steve had played football and wrestled all through high school, and done pretty well for himself.

He had a picture of himself in his football uniform, and Ryker was tempted to bring it out to show August and Dylan. Young Steve was adorable.

Letting the picture stay on the shelf, Ryker turned around and set out to find his mates.

It didn't take him long to find them.

August, Steve and Dylan were in the living room, drinking beer on the couch and talking about what they should expect at the party the next day. Dylan was seated in the middle, August with his hand on his thigh and Steve with his arm draped over

his shoulders, looking very snug and cozy between his much bigger mates.

“Where am I supposed to sit?” Ryker asked, hooking his thumbs in the waistband of his jeans and looking down at the three of them.

August glanced up at his question, grinning and crossing his legs where they rested on the coffee table, while Steve started to get up like he intended to give Ryker his seat.

“No, stay where you are,” Ryker said, laughing and waving at Steve to sit back down. “I can take Dylan’s place.”

“What?” Dylan said, looking up with an offended expression. “I was here first!”

“I know, but I’m bigger and stronger than you, so there’s nothing you can do to stop me from taking your spot.”

Ryker walked between the couch and the coffee table and reached down, lifting Dylan up and out of his seat. He held him in the air, enjoying the way his legs dangled, and brought him close so that he could place a wet kiss on his cheek.

“You can sit on the floor,” he said, turning around so that he could sit down between August and Steve while folding Dylan down to his knees between his legs.

Dylan let himself be manhandled, sitting back on his haunches and shooting him a narrow-eyed look that didn’t do a thing to hide how much he liked being lifted up and bossed around.

“Am I supposed to just sit here?” he asked, crossing his arms and doing his best to glare up at him. The effort was ruined by the fact that he couldn’t keep the grin off his face.

Ryker leaned back, looking down at him and nudging his side with the tip of his foot.

“Would you like to just sit there?”

Dylan considered it and then gave up on trying to look offended and shrugged.

“You could sit on my lap,” Steve offered, scooting back and patting his muscular thigh. Dylan looked at him, and then at Ryker to see what he made of the offer.

“That’s an option,” Ryker said.

“What are my other options?”

Ryker lifted his foot and put it on Dylan’s thigh, resting it there as he made a great show of thinking about the question.

“You could give out foot rubs,” Ryker started listing things out, counting them on his fingers. “You could push the coffee table back and be our footstool, you could pretend to be a puppy and hump our legs and come in your pants, you could suck our cocks... the possibilities are endless, really.”

Dylan swallowed, his eyes darkening as he considered Ryker’s list.

“If I hump your leg, will you talk to me like I’m a puppy?” he asked. “And will you put on your boots?”

Ryker rubbed his chin, pretending to consider it. Dylan started to blush, and the longer Ryker went without answering the redder he became.

“You don’t have to put on-”

“I’m just making you sweat,” Ryker interrupted, grinning and leaning down to ruffle his hair. He pulled him forward between his legs, pushing his face into the space between his legs and looking over at Steve.

The younger alpha was breathing hard, watching Dylan with a hungry expression that reminded Ryker that Steve hadn’t actually had sex with Dylan yet.

He decided to be generous.

“Steve, do you have a nice pair of boots that Dylan could hump like a naughty little puppy?”

Dylan made a noise halfway between a moan and a groan of embarrassment, while Steve jumped up so fast that he almost fell over.

“I do,” he said, eager and sporting a monster of a bulge in the front of his jeans. “I have cowboy boots, tactical boots, snowboarding boots and riding boots. Which ones should I get?”

Ryker pushed Dylan’s face into the crook of his thigh, grinding him into the space next to his cock.

“Riding boots,” Ryker said, turning to August. “Right?”

“Always a good choice,” August agreed. He put his hand on his crotch, slowly squeezing down on his bulge. “Don’t you agree, Dylan?”

Dylan nodded, the movement dragging his nose up and down the side of Ryker’s bulge and making him grunt in pleasure.

“I’ll go put them on,” Steve said, running out of the room. He stopped at the door and turned around. “Should I take my jeans off?”

“Yes, please,” Dylan said, making himself loudly understood despite the words being muffled from being spoken into Ryker’s thigh.

Ryker laughed. “You heard him.”

Steve ran out of the room, and Ryker stroked Dylan’s hair as they waited for him to get changed.

Dylan’s breaths warmed his bulge, and Ryker stroked his hair and enjoyed the sensation of just having him between his legs.

One day he’d take Dylan to work and keep him under his desk, just like this.

“This is nice,” August said, looking down at Dylan with a fond smile.

Ryker leaned over and captured his lips in a kiss. August’s lips parted in welcome, and Ryker sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and gave it a gentle nibble. August’s breath hitched, and Ryker let go of his lip and licked into his mouth with a greedy swipe of his tongue.

“Anything you want to see happen tonight?” he asked, pulling away and rubbing his chin up the line of August’s jaw. “Other than watching Dylan play puppy, I mean?”

August chuckled. “No, I think we can let Steve have some fun tonight.” He stopped Ryker’s rubbing with a dip of the chin. “Are you okay?”

Ryker leaned back and lifted his brow, wondering where that question had come from.

“I’m great, why?”

August stroked his hair, and Ryker shuddered at the feeling of August’s fingertips scratching behind his ear.

“You fought some pretty tough fights today.”

Ryker shook his head and leaned into August’s touch. The fights had been tough in the sense that they required him to give it his all, but they had been clean, respectful and borderline friendly. He’d had to prove himself, but he’d done so to a very receptive audience.

“I’m still riding the adrenaline high a little, and my wolf is feeling pretty good, but I’m fine. I’m less affected than I usually get on the full moon.”

That seemed to be the right thing to say. August relaxed, leaning in for another kiss.

“How about you?” Ryker asked, leaning back and suddenly wondering if August had been projecting.

“I’m fine, too,” August said. “It was pretty friendly, and my wolf isn’t too riled up. It likes our new pack.”

“Good.”

A second later, Steve came barging back into the room, his boots making a racket on the hardwood floor, his erect and dripping cock leading the way as he rushed over to the couch and struck a pose in front of Ryker to be inspected.

Ryker shifted gears from his rather serious conversation with August and grinned at his newest mate.

When Steve had said riding boots, Ryker had assumed he meant the kind you used when horseback riding, but Steve had obviously been talking about motorcycle riding. The boots were black with red details, the leather covered in sections of armored plastic that would protect his feet and ankles if he were to get in an accident, the bulky shaft coming halfway up to his knee.

They were the kind of boots you wore with a matching motorcycle suit.

“Are these okay?” Steve asked, putting one foot up on the coffee table and angling his boot toward the couch. The move showed off his powerful thigh and did more to draw attention to his massive cock than to the boot planted on the table.

“Dylan?” Ryker asked, letting go of Dylan’s head and letting him turn around to look. He was the one who’d requested boots, so Ryker figured he’d let him be the one to pass judgment.

Dylan gasped, his mouth going slack with shock as he came face to face with Steve’s manhood. He didn’t even seem to notice Steve’s foot or the boot he was showing off, his whole attention focused on what was between Steve’s legs.

“The boot, Dylan,” Ryker prompted, leaning down and giving Dylan’s neck a squeeze. He steered his head so that he turned toward Steve’s foot.

“Oh, it’s a motorcycle boot,” Dylan said, sounding surprised but pleased. He licked his lips and tilted his head. “Those aren’t the ones you use when you ride your bike in Fort Plainslac, right?”

Steve shook his head, taking his foot off the table and taking a seat. He put one foot up on the coffee table and fondled the tip of his cock, moving the foreskin down and exposing the mushroom shaped head.

“They’re not,” he agreed, tracing his piss-slit with the pad of his thumb. The movement had Dylan captivated, his pupils huge as he watched Steve’s fingers moving his foreskin up and

down. “Those are Alpinestars and these are Dainese. Why, did you like those better?”

Steve let go of his cock and let it flop back against his stomach, lifting his arms and putting his hands behind his head. He planted the foot he didn't have on the coffee table on the floor, angling it toward Dylan and positioning it so that he could drape himself over it and start rutting against the leather whenever he chose.

Dylan looked down and shook his head. “No, I just noticed that they were different.” He glanced up through his lashes, biting his lip and staring at Steve's cock like he was trying to figure out how he could get his mouth on it.

“How is your throat feeling?” Ryker asked, stroking Dylan's hair and nuzzling his nose against the boy's cheek. “Do you want to give Steve a blowjob while you hump his leg?”

Ryker was getting the impression that Dylan had lost interest in Steve's boot, his attention focused entirely on the young alpha's cock, but Ryker still wanted to see him ride it.

“Yes, please,” Dylan said, shuffling on his knees to get closer to Steve. Ryker grabbed him by the hair and stopped him with a gentle tug.

“That's not how puppies talk,” he said, keeping his fist tightly fisted in Dylan's hair and applying a steady pull on his scalp. “Is it?”

“No?” Dylan said, drawing the word out and turning it into a question.

“Show me how puppies talk, Dylan.”

“Woof?”

August snorted out a laugh next to them, and Dylan went instantly red. He closed his eyes, cringing and looking humiliated, but the bulge in his sweatpants twitched, and when Ryker gave his head a little shake, he moaned.

“Do better,” Ryker instructed.

Dylan barked, and this time he managed something almost believable.

“Good puppy. That’s all I want to hear out of you.” Ryker leaned in and placed a wet kiss on Dylan’s temple. He let go of his hair and shoved him toward Steve’s waiting foot. “Now show us all what a horny little puppy you are and hump Steve’s boot.”

Dylan scampered over to Steve’s proffered leg, straddling it and draping himself over Steve’s leg and pushing his face into the alpha’s inner thigh.

Steve held his cock by the base of his shaft and slapped the heavy length down on the back of Dylan’s head, pushing it down with the flat of his palm and leaning his head back with a growl of pleasure.

“Does puppy want a bone?” August asked, standing up and walking around the coffee table so that he could crouch down next to Dylan and stroke his hair. “Come on, make some noise if you want Steve’s bone.”

Dylan shuddered, his face still buried in Steve’s thigh, but then he let out a small whimper followed by a needy little bark.

August looked up at Ryker, and Ryker couldn’t hold back his snort of amusement at the delight on his mate’s face.

“Good puppy,” Steve growled, releasing his cock and grabbing Dylan by the nape of his neck. He shoved him into the space next to his balls, his teeth bared in a grimace of pleasure, and pushed his cock into the side of Dylan’s head. “Lick my balls, puppy.”

Dylan moaned and started licking, clearly enjoying the musky taste of Steve’s crotch, and Ryker’s cock throbbed in envy as he watched Steve push Dylan’s head back and rub the tip of his cock all over his face.

Dylan opened his mouth, trying to catch Steve’s bulbous cockhead, but Steve seemed determined to paint his entire face slick with pre-come before he let him taste his member.

“Do you want it?” Steve teased, slapping his length down on Dylan’s nose. Dylan let out an impatient whine, humping his hips and grinding his crotch down on the shaft of Steve’s boot as he tried to get the tip of Steve’s cock into his mouth.

“I think he does,” August said, slapping Dylan’s ass and making him rear his head back in shock. “He’s a greedy puppy.”

August spanked him again, and Dylan shuddered. He wasn’t the only one affected. Steve was staring down at August’s hand with an intent expression, lips parted and breaths coming in fast little pants.

“Do that again,” he said, licking his lips.

“What, this?” August smacked Dylan’s ass one more time. The sound of his broad hand coming down on Dylan’s butt filled the room, more of a thud than a slapping sound because of the thick cotton of Dylan’s sweatpants getting in the way.

“Yeah,” Steve said, licking his lips again. “Spank his ass.”

Dylan slumped over Steve’s thigh, hugging the muscular limb like he was hugging the branch of a tree and trying not to fall, pushing his face into Steve’s taint as August started spanking his ass with increasingly hard slaps.

“Let’s get rid of these,” August growled, dragging Dylan’s sweats down around his thighs, exposing his red ass and letting his cock spring free.

Dylan lifted his hips to position his cock against Steve’s boot, humping Steve’s leg like an actual puppy as August resumed spanking his ass.

“Hold on,” Ryker said, gesturing for August to stop. He leaned down and spread Dylan’s cheeks, checking on his hole. It was still inflamed and red, looking abused and sore, and Ryker resisted the impulse to stroke over the tender opening with the pad of his finger. “He’s still pretty sore, so be careful.”

“Of course,” August said, groping Dylan’s cheeks and squeezing them. “Dylan, have you had enough spanking?”

Dylan hesitated, but after a beat he nodded.

“All right, we’ll stop it there.” August released his cheeks, giving them a tender pat. “You’re being such a good boy for us.”

Ryker grinned, tapping Steve on his shoulder and getting his attention. “Let him suck your cock. I think you’ve made him wait long enough.”

Dylan made an eager sound of agreement, lifting his head and looking at Steve with a bashful sort of want that was as adorable as it was sexy.

“Sure,” Steve said, grinning and holding his cock out so that Dylan could lean in and take it into his mouth. “How close are you to coming?”

Dylan opened his mouth to answer but then seemed to remember that he wasn’t supposed to talk.

Steve grinned. “Use your words. Are you close?”

Dylan nodded and then gasped when Steve lifted his foot and rubbed the tip of his boot against the boy’s taint.

“You can come whenever you like, but if you come on my boot, you’re going to have to lick it up. Do you understand?”

Dylan nodded, moving his hips and rubbing his cock on Steve’s leg like he intended to come as soon as possible.

“Then show me what you’ve got.”

Steve waited until Dylan had taken the head of his cock into his mouth, his whole body shuddering when Dylan closed his lips around his shaft, and then he let go of his shaft. He relaxed back into his seat, lifting his hands behind his head, and slumped comfortably as he watched Dylan hump his leg and suck his cock.

Ryker was curious at the lack of aggression. Whenever he had his cock in Dylan’s mouth, he found it almost impossible not to grab Dylan’s head and start fucking his skull. It took conscious effort to be gentle and let Dylan set the pace, and even then, it wasn’t as satisfying as dominating him outright.

Steve seemed to enjoy things a different way. He looked perfectly happy to sit there and let Dylan take his time as he slobbered all over his length, using his tongue and hands in ways neither August nor Ryker had the patience to let him do.

“Good?” Ryker asked, watching as Dylan licked his way up and down the vein running along the underside of Steve’s cock.

“So good,” Steve agreed. “He’s so eager. It’s amazing.”

Ryker met August’s gaze, the two of them sharing an appreciation for Steve’s more relaxed attitude to getting sucked off.

Dylan, on the other hand, looked thrilled to have free rein to touch, lick and suck on Steve’s enormous cock however he pleased. Everything that made Steve twitch, he did again, and when he pushed his tongue under Steve’s foreskin and licked around the edge of his glans and made Steve outright whimper, he made a gleeful noise of delight and spent a solid five minutes probing Steve’s foreskin, trying to get him to make the noise again.

He succeeded twice.

Ryker found himself wondering if maybe he shouldn’t have been so impatient whenever it came to having oral sex with Dylan.

“Squeeze my knot,” Steve growled, suddenly grabbing Dylan by his hair and curling his torso forward. He had just the head of his cock inside the boy’s mouth, his shaft slick with spit, and when Dylan squeezed down on his knot with both hands, he grit his teeth and shot his load.

Ryker had to free his cock from his jeans, the sight of Steve filling Dylan’s mouth with come making his balls feel like they were going to explode. Dylan’s mouth was overflowing, Steve’s load leaking out of the corners of his mouth and running down his chin, his throat working overtime to swallow as much of Steve’s precious load as he possibly could.

He was beautiful.

As he sucked down Steve's release, Dylan rutted his hips faster, grinding his cock down on the leather of Steve's boot and angling his body so that the toe was pressing up at his taint.

"Come for us, puppy," August growled, still crouching down next to Dylan, rubbing his back and thigh with possessive strokes of his hand. "Shoot your load all over Steve's boot."

Dylan clenched his glutes and tore his mouth away from Steve's cock, pressing his face down into the crook of Steve's inner thigh as he came on Steve's leg like a naughty puppy.

"That's it," August said, his voice a mix of fond and mocking, "Make a mess all over Steve's boot. Show us what a dirty little puppy you are."

Dylan moaned, his hips coming to a still as he passed the peak of his orgasm, only for August to reach between his legs and jerk him off.

Dylan squealed and jerked away, the unexpected stimulation of his sensitive glans making him react like a spooked cat.

"Don't be so mean," Steve admonished, lifting Dylan up and saving him from August's fingers. "He's being a good boy."

Steve held Dylan against his chest, trapping his still hard cock between their stomachs, and wrapped his arms around him.

"Are they always this mean to you?" Steve asked, rubbing his face into Dylan's hair.

"Always," Dylan said, playing it up and sounding extra pathetic.

"He loves it," August growled, spanking Dylan's ass with a rough little slap. "He gets all mushy in the brain when you manhandle and get rough with him."

"I want to be nice to him," Steve said, stroking Dylan's back.

“Really?” Ryker said, grinning and stroking his cock. “Your KinkMatch said you wanted to brand him and tear up his back with a single tail whip. That doesn’t sound very nice.”

Dylan tried to lean back, suddenly wary, but Steve held him close. He kept on nuzzling his hair.

“I want to be nice right now,” Steve amended. “And then mean later, when he’s in the mood to suffer a little.”

“You saw that I said no to the branding and the whip stuff, right?” Dylan finally piped up, sounding worried.

Steve laughed. “I know, and that’s fine. You don’t have to push yourself. Everything we do is supposed to be fun for all of us. Isn’t that what Ryker says?”

“It is,” Dylan agreed.

“And he’s the boss, so that’s the rule,” Steve said. “We all have to have fun, or we’re not doing it.”

Dylan relaxed, leaning back against Steve’s chest and resting his cheek on the mound of his pec.

August rose up, standing next to the leg Steve still had propped up on the coffee table. He groped his bulge.

“Can I come on your back?” he asked, nudging Dylan as he asked the question.

“Sure,” Dylan said, turning his head to look back at him.

August freed his cock from his jeans and then proceeded to jerk himself off for about thirty seconds before he took a deep breath and released it, nostrils flaring, and sprayed his load all over Dylan’s back.

Dylan shuddered, letting out a happy moan when Steve reached around and started spreading the load into his skin, occasionally bringing his come-coated fingers over to Dylan’s mouth for him to lick them clean.

August squeezed the last of his load from the tip of his cock and then stepped over Steve’s leg so that he could move over and sit back down next to Ryker.

“Marking your territory?” Ryker teased, pulling him under his arm. His own cock was sticking out of his jeans, but he was holding off on jerking off in a way that would make him come. He wanted to savor the moment and keep himself on the edge for a bit longer.

“A little,” August agreed.

“I’m all sticky,” Dylan commented, not sounding at all unhappy with that state of affairs. “And I smell like come.”

“You do,” Steve agreed, holding up his palm for Dylan to lick it clean. “You’re a little come puppy.”

Ryker swallowed, deciding that he wanted to come, and that he wanted a show while doing so.

“Dylan,” Ryker said, getting Dylan’s attention.

“Yes?” Dylan’s face was a mess, but his eyes were bright and he looked happy. “What is it?”

“You made a mess,” Ryker reminded him, nodding down at Steve’s boot. “Lick it clean.”

Dylan shuddered, the commanding rumble of Ryker’s voice obviously doing it for him, and pushed himself off Steve’s lap and to the floor. He went to his hands and knees between Steve’s feet, and with a glance up through his lashes, started licking the leather of Steve’s boot and lapping up his meager load.

Ryker pulled his lips back from his teeth, sucking in a long breath, and jerked himself off with furious movements.

He was completely unprepared for August to suddenly lean down and take the head of his cock into his mouth, sucking him off with expert flicks of his tongue while squeezing down on his burgeoning knot just right.

Ryker’s orgasm hit him like a punch to the gut, his hot load spilling into August’s mouth and flooding his tongue with come. He grabbed August by the hair, quickly releasing his grip when August let out a warning growl and let his teeth graze the sensitive glans of his cockhead.

“Sorry,” Ryker said, laughing as he held his hands fisted by his sides and let August have control over his orgasm.

Dylan sat back on his knees, finished licking up his load, and watched August suck Ryker’s cock. His eyes were wide, and he looked like he was having a religious experience.

When August finally pulled off Ryker’s cock, he noticed Dylan looking at him. He grinned, mouth full of come, and leaned over to spit all over Steve’s boot.

“There’s some more for you,” August said, grinning wide and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “Get to cleaning.”

“You don’t have to,” Ryker reminded him, remembering Dylan’s dislike of spit. He wasn’t sure if that applied here as well, but he didn’t want Dylan to do something he didn’t like.

He needn’t have worried. Dylan leaned down and attacked Steve’s boot with far more relish than when he’d been licking up his own load, swiping his tongue over the leather and drinking down the streaks of come with greedy appreciation.

When he finally finished, he turned around and slumped against Steve’s leg, resting his head on his thigh and closing his eyes with a happy little grin on his face.

He licked his lips, looked up over his shoulder, and asked, “Can we take a nap?”

Ryker looked at August and Steve, both of them nodding their approval of the idea, and nodded. He reached down and combed his fingers through Dylan’s sweaty hair, giving it a little tug.

“I think that sounds like a fantastic idea.”

Ryker doubted that Steve or August were any more tired than he was, but a puppy pile with their omega was not something any of them wanted to pass up.

STEVE

Steve woke up with his head pillowed comfortably on Ryker's bicep. Ryker was spooning him from behind, an arm held tightly over his waist, breathing softly into the back of his neck.

Dylan and August lay facing them, and Steve huffed out a breath of amusement at their position. Dylan was on his stomach, face resting on his arm, with August lying half on top of him, hugging him possessively and practically pinning him to the mattress with the weight of his body.

They were close enough together that Steve could feel Dylan and August's soft breaths on his arm.

Steve closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment. It had been a long time since he woke up this comfortable, his wolf quiet and content with the knowledge that everything was as it should be and that there was nothing to worry about.

After a few minutes, the reason that Steve had woken up became too pressing to ignore. His bladder was aching, the muscles in his groin clenched to keep his piss inside, a state of affairs which was his own fault since he'd failed to go to the bathroom before going to bed.

He'd forgotten, his eagerness to get back to cuddling his mates driving any kind of logical thought process straight out of his mind.

Lifting Ryker's arm away from his midsection, Steve climbed out from underneath the covers and crawled over Ryker to get to the edge of the bed.

“Is it morning?” Dylan mumbled, still sounding half asleep.

“Just need to use the bathroom,” Steve whispered, reaching over and patting his arm. “Go back to sleep.”

Dylan closed his eyes, and a few seconds later his breathing evened out and he fell back asleep.

Steve slipped quietly out of the bedroom, making his way to the guest bedroom where the sound of the toilet flushing wouldn't wake Dylan up again.

After peeing and washing his hands, Steve went to the kitchen for a glass of water. He stood by the counter and gulped it down, looking out the darkened window at the driveway below.

When a familiar car pulled into the driveway, he perked up and put his glass down and went to put on some clothes.

It was his mother.

Steve had planned on seeing her the day before, right after talking to his dad, but she hadn't been home. Then, after everything that had happened with Ryker, August and Dylan, he'd been too busy to even think about her.

Seeing her car now, however, he was struck by the urge to see her and tell her everything that had happened.

Dressed in jeans and a button-down shirt, Steve was heading for the door when he spotted his spit-cleaned motorcycle riding boots on the floor next to the couch. He was tempted to put them on – the scent of leather and come making his mouth water – and if he'd been going to talk to anyone except his mom, he would have.

He continued into the hallway and put on his regular boots and jacket and then hurried out of the apartment and jogged down so that he could meet his mom as she came into the house.

“Steve!” his mother said, stopping in the doorway to the garage and shooting him a wide smile. “How did you know I was coming home so early?”

She walked forward, wrapping him up in a hug and lifting him off the floor. She was a tall woman, standing about six inches shorter than him, with wide shoulders and thickly muscled legs that were her primary weapon in dominance fights.

Steve knew that his father had picked his mother solely for her ability to give him strong alphas as children, and that it had resulted in a miserable marriage that both parties had been happy to escape.

“I didn’t,” Steve said, enduring the off the ground bearhug with a grin. “I was getting a glass of water when I saw your car. Where have you been?”

His mother let him down, holding him at arm’s length and looking him up and down.

“I was in Anchorage. There was a gallery opening I had to attend, but when Marcus called me and said that you were coming home, I came right back.”

Steve was pretty sure that when his mother said she came right back, what she really meant was that she’d attended the gallery opening, then the afterparty, and then come right home rather than linger in Anchorage like she’d usually do.

“Dad thought you were home,” Steve said, teasing her. “I went to your apartment yesterday to see you, but you weren’t there.”

“You could have called me at any time, Steve,” his mother said. “I would have told you where I was.”

The fact that she hadn’t called him either wasn’t something he was going to point out.

“I wanted to,” he said, not wanting to start a fight.

“I know,” she said. “I didn’t mean anything by that. I’m sorry. Come, let’s go get a cup of coffee and you can fill me in on everything.” She froze, grabbing his chin and tilting his head. “Is that a *mating* bite?”

Steve laughed. “It is. I’ll tell you all about them.”

“Them, as in gender nonconforming, or them as in multiple people?”

Steve tilted his head the other way, showing off August’s mark, too. His mother gasped.

“Congratulations. Let’s forget the coffee, I have a bottle of brandy I’ve been saving for a special occasion. We’ll crack it open, have some cookies, and you can tell me everything I’ve missed.”



“You know, your father and I had an omega.”

Of all the things Steve expected his mother to say after he’d filled her in, that was the last of them.

“What?”

His mother nodded, looking out the window and taking a sip of her brandy. “It’s how we got married. His name was Corey. He was this absolute hunk of a man who worked as a logger out of Ketchikan. People always thought he was a werewolf, because he was six-foot-five and built like a tank, and it always made him so bashful when he had to explain that he was just a regular human.”

Steve swallowed, wondering how his parents could have had an omega that no one had ever told him about.

Did Marcus know about this?

“What happened to him?” Steve asked.

“He killed himself.”

Steve looked at his mom. She was staring out the window, her posture stiff and unhappy.

“Why?” Steve almost didn’t want to ask the question, but he needed to know. If there was some way he could mess up that would make Dylan want to do... something like that, then he needed to know.

“Your father had this idea that withholding sex was a good way to train Corey to be more obedient. Corey was a human, so he didn’t always obey the way your father expected him to. It used to drive your father up the wall when he’d order Corey to do something and he’d just shake his head no and move on with his day. Then, after he started withholding sex every time Corey acted up, things were better for a while.” His mother snapped her jaw shut and shook her head. “No, they weren’t better. Corey was miserable, and I was trying to make your dad see sense, and it was awful. Your dad was the only one who was happy. Then one day, Corey simply had enough and walked outside, went to sleep in the snow, and your dad found him in the morning. We got divorced a few days later.”

Steve swallowed, wondering how he could have gone his whole life without knowing this about his parents.

He thought back to the morning that Ryker had realized that Dylan was an omega, remembering the look on Dylan’s face as he desperately agreed to drink down piss despite how much the thought revolted him, and tried to imagine using that desperation against him to make him more obedient.

To break him.

He couldn’t imagine it.

“Obviously, no one is allowed to talk about Corey,” his mother said, taking a shuddering breath and downing the rest of her brandy. “He didn’t have to rip out more than a few throats before everyone got the message.”

“Did you love him?” Steve asked.

“Who?” his mother asked, sucking in her cheeks and making a face. “Corey, or your father?”

“Corey.”

His mother shook her head. “No, but I liked him very much. He was decent, in a way that not many people are. Your father loved him, though. At least I think he did. He’s strange, when it comes to love. He doesn’t show it right.”

Steve had the very uncharitable thought that neither did she, but he didn’t voice it or let any hint of it show on his

expression.

“Does Marcus know about this?”

His mother shrugged. “He knows that we had an omega named Corey who lived with us, but I don’t know if he knows the details of how or why he died. They weren’t close. Corey didn’t like children.”

Steve stared at his drink, distressed that he wasn’t having a harder time believing his mother’s story. She was a biased source – he knew that she would present his dad in the worst possible light – but the base accusation, that his father would use his omega’s suffering to control him, was not one he found difficult to believe.

“Ryker would never let something like that happen to Dylan.”

Steve was sure of that. He’d felt Ryker’s wolf in his mind when they formed their mating bond, and he knew that Ryker would never let someone under his protection suffer if there was anything he could do to help them – and he’d never allow himself to be the cause of that suffering.

“Good, but you should get in the habit of dehydrating a mixture of your semen and storing it in capsule form for emergencies. It doesn’t take much to alleviate the symptoms of separation, and a few orgasms can produce enough capsules to last for weeks. Stored in an airtight container in the freezer, they should last pretty much indefinitely.”

Steve made a mental note to buy an industrial dehydrator and to start storing up enough capsules to last Dylan the rest of his natural life.

“I will,” he promised. His mother nodded, turning her gaze back to the darkened window and pouring herself another drink.

Steve wondered what she was thinking.

DYLAN

Dylan woke up feeling refreshed, and when he stretched his legs out beneath the covers and turned around to burrow into August's chest, the pain that had lit up his hole every time he so much as twitched the night before was gone.

Werewolf sperm. It really was good for something.

"Good morning," August mumbled, half asleep and nuzzling into his hair. "Where are the others?"

Dylan shrugged, tracing his fingers over August's abdomen. "Not sure."

Ryker and Steve had both been absent from the bed when he woke up.

August's stomach rumbled, the vibrations making Dylan's fingers tickle. He laughed and pulled his hand away.

"We should get breakfast."

August sighed and squeezed him tight, making a noise of protest in the back of his throat. "But I'm so comfortable."

"We can stay like this for a bit," Dylan offered, happy to lie in bed with August and enjoy his company for a bit. It was nice to have some time together where they were physically intimate without sex being on the table.

"No, I need to get some work stuff done before the party today. Mary is probably ready to kill me for missing work and not telling her why, and I need to let Cynthia know that I'll be

back the day after tomorrow so that she doesn't reschedule more appointments than necessary."

August sounded put out, but not like it would be problematic. That was the benefit of owning your own business.

Dylan had missed a meeting with his advisor and two slots at the 3D printing lab, but he was sure his advisor would understand. He was more worried about the company sponsoring him being angry at paying for time in the 3D lab, but then he remembered that Steve's pack owned the company and he could probably get Steve to get someone to excuse the absence.

"I should call Annie," Dylan said, hoping she wasn't worried. He'd sent her a text when he'd gotten his phone back, letting her know that he was okay, but they hadn't had the chance to talk.

He sat up, stretching his back and scratching his thigh as he looked around Steve's bedroom. He was looking at a picture of Steve in his high school football uniform when he realized that he wasn't feeling any pain in his hole whatsoever.

Even when he sat directly on his ass, he didn't feel so much as a twinge.

He wondered if the effect of werewolf come on healing was cumulative, or if there was a ceiling for how much good it could do.

"What are you doing?" August asked, and Dylan realized that he'd been wriggling his butt, grinding down on the mattress in an attempt to provoke some kind of pain. He must look like a lunatic.

"Nothing," he lied, worried that August would want to start something if he admitted that he felt better. He wasn't in the mood to get fucked. Then he immediately reversed course and blurted out, "Actually, I was testing to see if my butt still hurts, but it feels fine."

Dylan didn't want to get in the habit of lying to avoid sex. He needed to be comfortable setting boundaries and practicing

saying no. Ryker, August and Steve *wanted* him to be comfortable setting boundaries and saying no.

Unexpectedly, August did not take his words as an invitation to seduce him. He ruffled Dylan's hair with a fond crinkling of the skin around his eyes, leaned over and kissed his cheek, and simply said, "Good. I don't like it when you're in pain." He then swung his legs over the edge of the mattress and pulled on his boxer briefs, getting up and putting on his jeans with a dopey smile on his face.

He looked far too awake for someone who had been asleep just five minutes ago.

Dylan wrinkled his nose, staring at August as he pulled on a Henley and a sweater. He felt robbed of his chance to stand up for himself and set a sexual boundary.

"What?" August asked, fixing his sweater into place by reaching inside and adjusting the Henley.

"Nothing," Dylan said, leaning back against the headboard. He wasn't actually upset – that would be ridiculous – but he'd been so proud of himself that he was going to resist August's frankly ridiculous charm and say no to getting fucked for once.

"Then what's with the face?"

"It's nothing," Dylan insisted, blushing. There was no way he could tell August that he was disappointed he hadn't gotten to reject his advances.

"Did you want more than a kiss on the cheek?" August grinned, crawling onto the bed and advancing on Dylan like a prowling wolf. He put his hands on either side of Dylan's lap and leaned in so that he could brush his lips over his mouth. He traced Dylan's lip with the tip of his tongue, gently probing inside, and then bit down gently on his lower lip. "Is this what you wanted?"

Dylan moaned, and August licked into his mouth with an aggressive swipe of his tongue. Dylan grabbed onto the front of his sweater, clinging to the knitted fabric and leaning his head back as he let August loom over him and lick into his

mouth. When August finally pulled away, Dylan was panting, and it took him a few seconds to realize that he needed to let go of August's shirt.

"Better?" August asked, a satisfied grin tugging at his lips.

Dylan nodded, and though it annoyed him, he knew that if August were to ask him to roll over and present his ass, in that moment he would do it, no questions asked.

"Good." August jumped off the bed and sat down to put on his socks. "I'm starving. Are you going to come and have breakfast?" He finished pulling on his socks and rose to his feet. "Or I could bring you something in bed?"

Long legs encased in tight jeans, his knitted sweater hugging his pecs and wide shoulders, August looked comfortable and cozy, but also like Dylan wanted to climb him like a tree.

"I'll come with you," Dylan said, pushing the covers aside and getting out of bed. He put on a fresh set of underwear and some jeans, thankful that Ryker and August had thought to bring a bag of his clothes and toiletries with them to Alaska.

"What kind of party will it be?" he asked, walking with August out of the bedroom. He was imagining balloons and potluck style food, but something told him that that wasn't what Steve's pack had planned.

"No idea," August said, draping his arm over the back of Dylan's shoulders and pulling him in under his arm. "I guess we'll find out."

The kitchen was empty, and so August and Dylan made their way to the living room. They found Ryker sitting on the couch, a plate stacked with roast beef sandwiches on his lap and the TV set to the weather channel.

He was dressed similarly to August, wearing jeans and a knitted sweater, though his sweater sat much looser on his body than August's.

"Good morning," Ryker said, taking his feet off the coffee table and muting the TV. "Do you guys want a sandwich? I have enough to share."

“Sure,” August said. “Did you make coffee?”

Ryker shook his head.

“I’ll go make some. Dylan, do you want anything?”

“I’ll have some coffee, if you’re making it,” Dylan said, walking over and taking a seat next to Ryker.

“Me too,” Ryker said, handing Dylan a sandwich loaded up with roast beef, lettuce and tomato.

“So where’s Steve?” Dylan asked, taking a bite of his sandwich and trying to hold it so that he didn’t spill slices of tomato all over his lap.

“I’m not sure,” Ryker said. “He was gone when I woke up. I was going to go look for him if he hadn’t come back by the time I finished eating.”

“Maybe he went to see his brothers?” Dylan suggested, taking another bite.

“That could be it.” Ryker licked a smear of mayo off his finger and looked him up and down, assessing him. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“I feel good,” Dylan said. He blushed. “My butt doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“No?” Ryker grinned and nudged his shoulder. “Does that mean that Steve gets to claim you before we go home?”

“Maybe?” Dylan shrugged, his hole twitching at the idea of taking Steve’s cock. It was about the same thickness as Ryker’s cock, but an inch longer and with a fatter head, and Dylan was extremely intimidated. “We can see how it goes.”

“Of course.” Ryker picked up the remote and pointed it at the TV. “Do you mind if we watch the news?”

“Not at all.”

Dylan ate his sandwich, watching the TV but not really paying attention to what they were talking about. A few minutes later, August came back with the coffee. He’d made himself his own plate of sandwiches, and as he sat down, he offered one to Dylan.

“They’re turkey and ham.”

“No, thanks, I’m full,” Dylan said, though he happily accepted a mug of coffee. He turned to Ryker. “Have you tried calling Steve?”

Ryker nodded. “He didn’t pick up.” He tilted his head. “Are you worried about him?”

Dylan wasn’t worried, exactly, but he thought it was weird that Steve wasn’t there with them. It was the morning after he’d werewolf married into Ryker’s mini pack, and Dylan would have thought he’d want to be there with them in the morning.

“I’ll go find him,” Ryker announced. He rose from the couch, brushing a few stray crumbs from his shirt, and put his plate on the coffee table. “I’m just going to brush my teeth first.”

He hadn’t even made it to the hallway before they heard the front door open and footsteps coming from the entranceway. A second later, Steve rounded the corner into the living room and came to a stop. He looked tired, and there was a depressed slump to his shoulders that had Dylan’s gut clenching in concern.

“Hey,” Ryker said, walking over to him. “Are you okay?”

Steve rubbed the back of his neck, looking unhappy. “I’m okay.”

Ryker grabbed his arm, rubbing it before pulling him into a hug.

“You’re sad.”

Dylan sat frozen, not sure what he should be doing. Ryker was comforting Steve, but should he go over there, too? Or would that just crowd him and be too much?

He stayed where he was.

“I talked to my mom and she told me some things about her and my dad. I’ll tell you about it later, after I talk to Marcus and hear what he has to say about it.”

“Anything we can do to help?” August asked. He rose up, walking over to Steve and putting his hand on his back.

“No, it’s about stuff that happened when we were kids. I just need to talk to Marcus and hear what he has to say about it.”

He pulled out of Ryker’s embrace and ran his hand through his hair.

“Do you want some breakfast?” Dylan asked, standing up and walking over to the trio. He didn’t feel like he had anything to contribute that would be comforting, but he didn’t want to just sit there on the couch like he didn’t care. “I can make you something.”

“That would be pretty great,” Steve said, smiling at him. “I’m starving.”

Dylan brightened, the warmth in Steve’s expression going right to his chest, making it flutter.

“What would you like? I’m pretty good at French toast, if you have bread, or I can make pancakes.”

“Can you make scrambled eggs?”

Dylan nodded. He sometimes ended up cooking them too long and making them dry, but that was only when he failed to pay attention.

“Then that’s what I’d like.”

Steve took a seat on the couch with Ryker, while Dylan made his way to the kitchen. August followed behind him, standing in the doorway with his arms crossed and watching him as he started to cook.

“Are you just going to stand there?” Dylan asked, looking for a bowl to mix the eggs.

August smirked and nodded, crossing his ankles and leaning against the frame of the door. “Is that a problem?”

“You could help,” Dylan said, nodding at the bread sitting on the cutting board. “Maybe cut some slices of bread?”

“Sure.”

August walked over to the counter and picked up the knife. It was huge, with a wood handle and a wickedly sharp edge, and Dylan wondered why August hadn't picked a regular bread knife.

"Nice," August said, holding the knife up and checking the edge. "This is some quality work."

Dylan started cracking eggs into the bowl he'd found, adding salt and pepper and debating whether he should add some milk or cheese. He glanced over at August admiring the knife.

"Isn't it a little big for just cutting bread?"

August shrugged, tossing the knife between his hands before he got down to business and started cutting thick slices of bread.

Dylan finished mixing the eggs, finding a pan from the cabinet next to the oven and putting it on the stove.

"Butter?" August asked, making Dylan frown. August wasn't looking at him, and after a second he grabbed the butter off the counter and started lathering it on the bread.

"Can you hear them from in here?" Dylan asked, keeping his voice low and nodding in the direction of the living room as he stirred the eggs in the pan.

"He can," Ryker immediately called out from the living room, raising his voice so that it carried. August grinned, leaning back against the counter with an amused nod, and Dylan blushed.

"That's so unfair," he muttered.

"They're talking about the party today," August said. "It's going to be a pack run followed by a bonfire a little bit away from the main house."

"A pack run?"

August frowned. "You'll probably be better off staying here for that and then joining us for the bonfire. Pack runs can get pretty rowdy."

Dylan was fine with that. He could call his thesis advisor and explain why he'd missed their meeting, try to get some work done, and of course he could talk to Annie. He had plenty to do.

"We could carry you, if you wanted to come on the run," August said, misinterpreting Dylan's silence as upset. "We could use a sling or something to make sure you were secure."

"No, that's fine," Dylan said, imagining himself hanging off August's front in some sort of Baby Bjorn situation and immediately rejecting the idea. He grinned, taking the pan of eggs off the stove and scooping them over the slices of bread that August had buttered and laid out on Steve's plate. "The bonfire sounds like it will be fun."

"It should be," August said. "There will be a ton of food and drink, and everyone will be in a good mood."

"Do you want anything to drink, Steve?" Dylan asked, keeping his voice at a normal volume and wondering if Steve could hear him.

"Coffee, please," Steve called back, making Dylan wrinkle his nose.

How was he ever supposed to go to the bathroom again knowing that his mates would hear every single noise?

Dylan might have to keep his studio just so that he'd have somewhere to go to the bathroom in private.

August grabbed the carafe from the coffee maker and poured Steve a cup of coffee, and together he and Dylan walked into the living room.

The sad slump of Steve's shoulders had vanished, but when he looked at Dylan, there was a barely perceptible flinch.

Dylan wondered what that was about.

"Tell me if you need more salt, okay?" Dylan said, handing him his plate. "Sometimes I don't put enough."

Steve took a big bite of an egg-laden slice of bread, and after chewing for a few seconds, he gave Dylan a thumbs up.

He swallowed and lifted the bread back up to his mouth, grinning. "It's good. The eggs are just how I like them."

August set the cup of coffee down on the coffee table and sat down. Since the couch was only big enough to fit three people, that left Dylan with nowhere to sit but on someone's lap.

Ryker patted his thigh, spreading his legs and indicating that Dylan should sit between them. Feeling only a tiny bit embarrassed, Dylan walked over and took a seat.

Ryker immediately pulled him into his arms, hugging him against his front and hooking his chin over his shoulder.

"My mom suggested we buy a dehydrator and start making capsules filled with powdered come for Dylan."

Steve delivered the piece of advice from his mom like she'd suggested they try a new bakery in town. Dylan went red, his face feeling hot at the thought of Steve's mother discussing him and how to make sure he got enough sperm in his diet.

"We should try it out," Ryker agreed, sounding thoughtful. "If it works, it would be better than freezing a bunch of condoms for emergencies."

Dylan was embarrassed by the lewdness of the topic, but if there was a way to make pills that he could take so that he never had to feel the horrifying emptiness of omega withdrawal again, he was more than willing to endure the discussion.

"If it works, that would be really great," he said.

Ryker kissed his cheek, squeezing him tight and keeping his face pressed into his temple.

"Then it's decided," August said. He put his legs up on the coffee table and crossed his feet. "We'll get a dehydrator and run an experiment as soon as we get home."

"Wait," Dylan said, leaning forward so that he could turn his head and look at August. "Does that mean we can't have sex while we're running the experiment?"

August nodded. “We need to make sure it works, in case we’re ever in a situation where we have to rely on it. But there are plenty of ways that we can have fun that don’t involve putting our cocks inside of you.”

“Yeah,” Steve agreed, chewing slowly. His nostrils flared and he looked like he was having *ideas*. “I can think of a few.”

Steve glanced at him, his eyes dark, and Dylan shuddered at the calculated weight behind his gaze. He was desperately curious what Steve was thinking about, but also intimidated as fuck.

“How long before we need to meet up for the pack run?” Ryker asked, sliding his hand between Dylan’s legs and casually groping his crotch. Dylan jumped, surprised at the sudden touch, and let out a whine when Ryker started kneading his crotch.

Ryker’s big hand dipped lower, the tips of his fingers finding Dylan’s taint and pushing up, massaging his prostate from the outside of his body.

“Maybe a few hours,” Steve said, putting down his now empty plate. He swallowed, his gaze moving to Ryker’s hand and watching the way Ryker touched Dylan between his legs. “Why?”

“Dylan seemed worried about not getting to enjoy our cocks while we ran the experiment. I was thinking he might like to have some fun with them now, while he still has the chance.”

“Good idea,” Steve said, his voice dipping into a lower register that made him sound like he was doing a Batman impression.

“Do you think it’s a good idea?” Ryker asked, pressing his mouth against the side of Dylan’s face as he asked the question. “Would you like to get down on your knees and take some cock?”

Dylan closed his eyes and swallowed, feeling overwhelmed at the sudden attention being directed his way

from all three alphas, and reached down to clutch Ryker's forearm.

Ryker stopped groping him, his hand resting between his legs and pressing against the bulge of his cock, giving Dylan time to answer.

"That sounds nice," Dylan finally said, Ryker's palm putting just enough pressure on his cock that it was driving him crazy.

"Just nice?" Ryker asked, finding Dylan's shaft through his pants and squeezing down on it. "What could we do to make it more than nice?"

Dylan opened his eyes and looked down at Ryker's huge hand, his breath catching at how big it looked compared to his legs.

"You could handcuff me?" Dylan said, phrasing the suggestion like a question.

"That's fun," Ryker said. He reached the hand not kneading Dylan's bulge up and pinched his nipple, rolling it underneath the cotton of his shirt. "What else?"

"You could—" Dylan bit back a hiss of pain as Ryker twisted his nipple hard enough to hurt. "You could make out while I sucked your cocks."

"I like that idea," August growled, making Dylan glance over at him. "Don't you, Steve?"

Steve nodded, and Dylan watched with bated breath as the two alphas leaned toward each other and kissed. They licked into each other's mouths like they were trying to devour each other.

"Like that?" Ryker asked, jerking Dylan's cock and grinning into his ear.

"Yeah," Dylan agreed. Watching Steve and August kiss felt like watching porn. It was so hot, it felt like it should be illegal, and yet all they were doing was kissing.

"What else?" Ryker asked, and Dylan didn't know how to answer that. Just sitting between Ryker's muscular thighs

while the alpha groped and touched him was hot enough that he felt like he was going to combust. He didn't need more.

But maybe more could be fun.

“Is it weird that I miss the gloves a little?” Dylan asked, looking down at Ryker's hand and asking the question before he could second-guess himself.

Ryker laughed and kissed his cheek. “Not at all. Would you like one of us to throw on a pair for you?”

“Maybe?” Dylan shrugged, suddenly wanting that very much.

“I'm sure Steve has something that will fit the bill.”

Steve broke away from August's mouth with a gasp and nodded. “I do. I have regular leather gloves, riding gloves, work gloves, and I think I might have some leather mittens lying around. I can go get them and you can pick which ones you like best.”

Before Dylan could change his mind and insist that that wasn't necessary, Steve had jumped up and was speeding out of the room in an eager scramble.

Ryker lifted his hand off Dylan's lap and grabbed him underneath his arms. He moved him forward, lifting him off the couch and setting him down on his knees between his legs.

Dylan turned around, swallowing at the showy way Ryker leaned back and spread his legs.

“I want to go first,” Ryker said, groping himself. “I want you to blow me like you did Steve last night. You were so eager, and it made me feel like I'd missed out on something. Think you can do that?”

Dylan stared at the lump in Ryker's jeans and nodded. He would worship Ryker's gorgeous cock for hours if given the chance, licking and sucking and smelling it like a horny animal.

Ryker was the one who always went right for skull-fucking

“Then I'm all yours.”

Dylan leaned in and rubbed his chin over the bulge in Ryker's jeans, nuzzling it and breathing in the scent of musk. He was just starting to consider how he was going to get it out of Ryker's pants when Steve burst back into the room and exclaimed, "I found the gloves!"

Dylan pushed his face into Ryker's crotch as the ridiculousness of Steve's errand made him giggle. He turned around, staring at the bundle of leather gloves Steve was presenting to him like the world's weirdest bouquet.

"The normal black ones," Dylan said when it became clear that all three werewolves were waiting for him to give his opinion.

Steve discarded all but the basic black leather dress gloves, dropping them on the floor where he was standing, and tugged them on.

"Can you crouch behind me and touch me while I'm giving Ryker his blowjob?" Dylan asked, wanting to feel Steve's leather-clad hands roaming all over his body.

"Like a pat-down?" Steve asked, grabbing the coffee table and pulling it back so that he could get into position.

"Sure," Dylan agreed. He didn't care how Steve touched him, he just wanted to be touched.

"I can do that," Steve said. He lowered himself down into a crouch, thighs bracketing Dylan's body and boxing him in between Ryker's legs, and took a firm hold of his sides. "Like this?"

He squeezed down, working the sides of Dylan's chest with his strong fingers and making Dylan feel like he was going to come on the spot.

"Yes, like that." Dylan reached up to steady himself on Ryker's legs, rubbing his face into the bulge of Ryker's thick cock. He loved the way it felt when he brushed his cheek over it. "Touch me like that."

He reached for the button on Ryker's jeans, tearing it open and yanking down his fly. He pressed his mouth down on the portion of Ryker's shaft that was uncovered.

“So that makes us the make-out partners,” August said, scooting over so that he was sitting next to Ryker. “Lucky me.”

Steve started squeezing his way down Dylan’s sides, feeling him up with firm fingers, and Dylan felt like he was going to come flying apart at the seams he was so turned on. Ryker’s cock was thick and heavy, smelling like musk and clean sweat as he pulled it free from the alpha’s tight jeans, and he could hear Ryker and August making out like a pair of teenagers who’d just discovered French kissing.

Taking Ryker’s cock into his mouth, pulling the foreskin down so that he could probe the slit of his cockhead with the tip of his tongue, Dylan had never felt more fulfilled.

AUGUST

August stepped out of the shower and reached for one of the fluffy towels on the rack next to the door, his half-hard cock dangling between his thighs, still sensitive after the fantastic blowjob Dylan had given him.

He dried off, borrowing Steve's deodorant and some of his product for his hair, and got dressed.

He had a lot on his mind.

After watching Ryker restrain himself and let Dylan worship his cock and balls as he pleased, August had been curious and turned on. When it was his turn to have Dylan's mouth on him, he'd forced himself to keep his hands by his sides and let Dylan do as he pleased.

August hadn't realized how much Dylan loved cock. He knew that the boy liked his member, but the sheer joy he'd gotten from being able to lick, smell and touch it unimpeded was a revelation.

He wasn't going to stop pinning Dylan's head to the mattress and fucking his throat when they had sex, which Dylan also seemed to enjoy, but he decided that he'd switch it up occasionally and let Dylan worship him.

"Hey, I found you a snow-suit, if you want it," Steve said, waiting for him in the hallway after August exited the bathroom. He held the padded suit out. "The sun will set soon and it's going to get really cold."

“Thanks.” August took the suit. It was waterproof, the outside having a waxy feel, and padded with a thick layer of insulating down feathers.

“I say I found it for you, but actually William was the one who found it,” Steve admitted. “He also found you some boots and gloves. They’re in the living room. Are you ready?”

August was the last person to shower, and he’d had to hurry. They were leaving for the pack run in less than half an hour.

“I’m ready,” August said.

“You should dry your hair,” Steve said, frowning at his damp hair. “You don’t want it to be wet when we go outside. I can help you.”

“Thank you,” August said, stepping back into the bathroom. He kept the door open to allow the steam still lingering in the air to escape. “I’m all yours.”

August’s mating bite tingled as he watched Steve bite his lip and methodically work the blow dryer over each section of his hair.

It wasn’t that many full moons ago that he and Ryker had caught Steve trespassing on their territory and thrown him into the icy waters of the river to teach him a lesson, and now the young alpha was their mate.

“Are you feeling better?” August asked, meeting Steve’s eyes in the mirror.

“I think so.” Steve ran his fingers through August’s hair, lifting it up to dry the wet sections remaining underneath. He turned his attention to the back of August’s head. “I found out my parents had an omega when I was little.”

“Really?”

August hadn’t heard any hint of a rumor that the Alaska pack alpha had ever had an omega, but given how insular they could be, that wasn’t really all that surprising.

Steve kept his gaze on August’s hair as he added, “It ended badly.”

August got a bad feeling in his stomach.

“Badly how?”

“My mom says that my dad was trying to train him to be more obedient by making him go into withdrawals and that he killed himself, but she’s not exactly a reliable source.” Steve’s face was an expressionless mask, but August could tell he was upset. “I want to talk to Marcus and see what he says.”

August felt queasy. Using an omega’s addiction against them was a betrayal of your duty as an alpha, and letting it get so bad that the omega ended their own life was sick.

He hoped that Steve’s father hadn’t really done something so horrible.

“Talking to Marcus seems like a good idea,” August agreed.

“At least we’ll never do anything like that to Dylan,” Steve said, turning off the hair dryer and putting it away. He spoke the words like he was making a promise.

“Of course not,” August said. He turned around and grabbed Steve’s shoulder. “We would never.”

Steve nodded, and then in a sign that he was done talking about his father, he nodded up at August’s hair.

“Your hair should be okay to be outside now.”

August shifted the snowsuit he was holding under his arm and lifted his hand to run his fingers through his hair. It was all fluffy from the blow dryer, but once he put on his hat it would be flattened back down to its normal state. It was dry, and that was all that mattered.

“Thank you.”

“We need to hurry,” Steve said, checking his watch and looking like he wanted to distance himself from the conversation they’d just had. “We’re supposed to be in the driveway, ready to go, in ten minutes.”

August followed Steve out of the bathroom to the living room. He unfurled the snowsuit and started tugging it on as he

walked, struggling a bit to get his arms into place, and zipped it up to his chin.

Ryker was waiting for them on the couch, suited up and wearing heavy snow boots, with his hat and gloves resting on his lap.

“Make sure to put on the wool socks,” he advised, nodding down at the bundled-up socks resting on top of the boots Steve had laid out for him. “It’s almost twenty degrees below zero outside.”

August sat down on the couch and put on the socks, the wool smelling faintly of Steve, and then stepped into the boots and laced them up. They were a little snug, but not so much that they would be uncomfortable. He stomped his feet down on the floor a few times, not thinking anything of it until he saw Dylan standing by the window and watching him with a hooded gaze. He smirked, shooting Dylan a wink and bemoaning the fact that they didn’t have time for some fun.

He looked over at Steve, who was having trouble getting his hand into the left sleeve of his suit.

“Hold on, I’ll help,” Dylan piped up, rushing forward and helping Steve find the armhole of his suit and tugged it over his hand. He glanced at August to see if he was still watching him, and when he found he was, he blushed and looked away. He helped Steve pull the suit up over his wide shoulder. “There you go.”

“Thanks.”

Steve rolled his shoulders, getting the suit to sit just right, and zipped it up while shooting Dylan a grateful grin. He sat down on the floor and tugged on his boots.

“Are you going to be warm enough?” Dylan asked, looking them over as they all rose to their feet and put on their hats.

He walked over and felt the outside of Steve’s suit, right over his abs.

Steve nodded. “We’ll be moving around enough that we’re more likely to get too warm than too cold.” He put his hand

over Dylan's licking his lips. "You don't need to worry."

August brushed his hand down the front of his suit, wishing he was the one Dylan was touching. He shifted, unzipping the front of his suit down to his pecs. He was starting to feel overheated, and he either needed to go outside or take something off.

"Are we leaving?" he asked, catching sight of his fluffy hair in the reflection on the TV and trying to smooth it down. "I'm starting to sweat."

"We are," Ryker said. He grabbed Dylan by his neck and pulled him in for a quick kiss. "We'll see you later. Be good and don't get into trouble."

"I won't," Dylan promised.

Ryker released him, and Steve and August swooped in for their own goodbyes. They double teamed him, coming at him from either side with matching grins, kissing his cheeks and then taking turns licking over his mouth. When they pulled away, Dylan was glassy-eyed and breathless.

"Are you sure you have to go?" he asked, torturing them with big pleading eyes. The tone of his voice promised all sorts of debauched fun if only they would stay and keep him company.

"Unfortunately," Ryker said, grabbing August and Steve by the back of their suits and pushing them out the door. "But we'll see you soon."

He followed August and Steve out of the apartment, leaving Dylan standing in the hall looking like a dog watching his owner leave the house for work.

"No jerking off!" August warned, gleefully relishing Dylan's expression as Ryker shut the door. He turned to Steve. "Did you see the look on his face?"

"He's pretty cute," Steve said, pressing his lips together in a fond smile.

Before August could reply, the door to the apartment across from Steve's opened and Marcus walked into the hall.

He was dressed in the same snowsuit getup as the rest of them, though he'd already put on his hat and gloves.

“Ready to run?” he asked, clapping his hands and rubbing them together.

“Absolutely,” Ryker said, falling into step next to Marcus as they headed down the hall toward the stairs. “Is there a plan?”

“A loose plan,” Marcus said, glancing back at Steve with a grin. “We’re going to circle the inner perimeter, and then I thought we’d have a game of tag.”

August took note of the way Steve’s face brightened at the prospect of playing tag, and he wondered if Steve had enjoyed being chased around his and Ryker’s territory back before they made friends more than he was supposed to.

That would explain why he’d kept coming back for more. That, and the fact that he’d been lonely and missing the company of his pack.

They descended the stairs and ran into William and a group of unfamiliar wolves in the main foyer. August had a moment of disorientation where his nose and wolf told him that he was in the presence of his pack, but his conscious mind registered the people present as strangers.

They were all betas, the lot of them clustering behind William and looking at him and August with curious expressions.

Awkward introductions were made, and August did his best to make a good impression on the betas of his new pack.

“Hi,” August said, after Steve had introduced him and Ryker. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“You too,” they chorused. One of them – Mary, if August remembered correctly – bounded over to Steve and gave him a hug like she just couldn’t hold herself back a second longer.

“It’s good to have you back!”

Steve grinned, lifting her up in a playful bearhug before setting her back down on her feet. “It’s good to be back. I

missed you guys.”

“Did Marcus tell you we’re playing tag?” the guy standing next to William asked, his voice eager.

He couldn’t be older than sixteen.

“He did,” Steve said. He looked at Mary. “Is your brother here?”

She nodded, and Steve grinned. It was an expression that promised a great deal of violence, and if it had been anything other than tag they were talking about, August would have been worried that there was strife in the pack.

Mary’s brother must be an alpha.

All of a sudden, Steve’s excitement dimmed. He turned to Marcus. “Do you think Dad will join in?”

Marcus shook his head.

“Dad’s sitting this one out,” he said, making both Steve and William frown.

“He is?” William asked. “Why?”

“He said it would be good practice for me,” Marcus said. He shrugged, like it didn’t make sense to him either. “He’s going to supervise the preparations for the bonfire later tonight.”

“That sucks,” William grumbled, though Steve looked secretly relieved that he wouldn’t have to deal with his father.

“It is what it is,” Marcus said. “But enough loitering. Let’s go outside.”

He opened the door, a cold blast of air swooping into the foyer, and led the way outside. August zipped up his suit and put on his hat and gloves, walking behind William and following Marcus out onto the driveway.

A group of about fifty people were already crowded around the bronze wolf statue, all of whom turned to look at him, Ryker and Steve as they walked out of the house.

After spending a decade in a pack with just him and Ryker, the attention was a little overwhelming.

“Everyone, I’d like to introduce my little brother’s mates,” Marcus called, his voice carrying across the driveway. He walked up to Ryker and grabbed his shoulder. “Ryker Sterling and August Schaffer. Today, we’re going to welcome them into our pack and celebrate the bond they’ve formed with my little brother.”

Everyone started to clap and cheer, and August was startled by how moved he was by their genuine joy and good cheer.

Marcus looked at Ryker, his expectant expression indicating that Ryker should say something.

“Thank you for the warm welcome,” Ryker said, nodding at the crowd with a charming grin. “August and I look forward to getting to know you all.”

When he didn’t say anything else, Marcus rolled his eyes good-naturedly and turned back to the crowd.

“Is everyone ready?”

The crowd started to stamp their feet and yell, the noise loud and the energy infectious. It was unlike anything August had ever been part of. He turned to Ryker and found him similarly charmed by their new pack’s enthusiasm.

“Then we run!”

Marcus exploded into motion, turning right and disappearing into the trees with the whole crowd rushing to follow.

He found himself running, Ryker and Steve on either side of him, before he’d even made the conscious decision to move.

“You should talk to Marcus after we’ve circled the perimeter,” Ryker said, keeping his voice low and tilting his head toward Steve as they raced through the snowy underbrush. Marcus and the alphas up front were doing the hard work of trampling a path through the snow, leaving a trail

everyone else could follow. “It might be a lot more complicated than your mother made it seem, and Marcus is old enough that he should remember what went down.”

It was no surprise that Ryker had listened in on August and Steve’s conversation in the bathroom. By talking to August when Ryker was in the apartment with them, he was in essence talking to both of them.

“I’m scared of what he’ll say,” Steve admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. August rubbed his back, losing contact when a bush appeared in their way and Steve had to jump over it.

“I know,” Ryker said.

DYLAN

Dylan hadn't been planning to jerk off, but once August put the idea in his head and told him he wasn't allowed, it was all he could think about for the first hour after the three alphas left.

It was infuriating.

He called Annie to distract himself. She picked up on the first ring and immediately demanded to know what was going on.

“That is insane. You realize that, right?” she said, after he'd finished explaining the chain of events that led him to Alaska and to joining Steve's pack. “Is this Stockholm syndrome? Can it work that quickly?”

Dylan chuckled. “Steve's dad is the absolute worst, but his brother Marcus is great, and he's the one who's going to be pack alpha in the future.”

“But he's not the alpha *now*,” Annie countered.

“I know.” Dylan walked over to the window and looked down at the tacky wolf statue in the driveway. “But Ryker, August and Steve all say that this was the best option.”

“Best option for who?”

“For us,” Dylan said, starting to get annoyed. “You know that I'm bonded to them through the mystical mumbo jumbo pheromone thing, and they've claimed me as their mate. What's good for them is good for me.”

Annie's silence signaled her doubt, but like Dylan, she didn't know enough werewolves or werewolf politics to know if what he was saying was true.

Dylan had to concede that she had reason to be worried. If their roles were reversed, he would be freaking out about her safety and wellbeing, too.

"I have to trust them," Dylan said. He walked over to the couch and sat down, leaning his head back and looking up at the ceiling. "I want to trust them."

He fiddled with the hem of his shirt, rubbing the fabric between his fingers and hoping he wasn't being a fool trusting Ryker and August to have his best interest at heart.

He didn't feel like he was being a fool, and his gut was telling him that there was nowhere safer to be than with his alphas.

"You're coming home tomorrow?" Annie demanded.

"That's the plan."

"Good." Annie took a deep breath. "I'll feel better once you're out of that fucking house and back here where you belong."

Dylan laughed. "Me too."

They talked for another few minutes, avoiding the topic of werewolves, ending the conversation when Annie had to leave for her afternoon class.

After talking to Annie, Dylan called his thesis advisor and apologized for missing their meeting. Dr. Coldbine said it was fine, and they rescheduled for later that week. She also told him that she'd gotten a call from the company sponsoring his research, letting him know that his budget for lab time and materials had been tripled, and that if he needed anything at all, he should reach out to their head of research and development.

"I know your latest polymer mix has good potential, but I'm worried they think you've had a bigger breakthrough than

you've actually had. Could you send me your last report to them so that I can look it over?"

Dylan realized that Marcus must have pulled some strings. He squirmed, the blatant nepotism making him feel a little queasy. Up until now, he'd worked hard for and earned every grant and sponsorship. Being handed more money on a silver platter because of his relationship to Steve left a bad feeling in his mouth.

On the other hand, there was a lot he could do with triple his previous budget.

"I didn't submit it yet," Dylan admitted. "But I found out that I know one of the owners of the company, and I think he might have pulled some strings when he realized they were sponsoring me."

"Really?" Dr. Coldbine sounded excited. "Who? Maybe you could talk to them about broadening the partnership with the university?"

"Marcus Miller," Dylan said, not surprised that Dr. Coldbine would see this as just another fundraising opportunity. "And maybe?"

"That doesn't ring a bell," Dr. Coldbine said. She started typing on her keyboard. "Oh my, he's a werewolf! Okay, yes, I see it here. He's on the board of directors for the N.W.P Investment Group, which owns LupiMed. I'm not sure how much influence that gives him in their day-to-day operations, but it wouldn't hurt to press our advantage. I'll send over a proposal you can give him, unless you feel that it would be awkward?"

The tone of her voice said that it had better not be awkward.

"I can do that," Dylan promised.

"Excellent." Dr. Coldbine sounded pleased. "Is Mr. Miller as intimidating in real life as he is in his corporate headshot?"

"Probably more," Dylan said. He hadn't seen Marcus's headshot, but he doubted it was more intimidating than the real deal.

“We have a few werewolves living here in Fort Plainslac, did you know?” Dr. Coldbine said, lowering her voice like she always did when she was gossiping. “The dean’s wife has one as her primary physician. Apparently, he runs a boutique clinic in the financial district. Can you imagine going to a werewolf for your checkups?”

“His name is August Schaffer,” Dylan said, wondering if he should tell Dr. Coldbine that the werewolf in question was his boyfriend. “I know him.”

“You do?”

“We’re dating,” Dylan said. Dr. Coldbine’s gasp made him grin in amusement. “He’s very nice.”

“Is that how you know Mr. Miller?”

“Kind of,” Dylan said. “I know his little brother. He’s a police officer in Fort Plainslac.”

Dylan decided not to share that he was dating him, too.

“Oh, I’ve seen him!” Dr. Coldbine said, excited. “He was directing traffic a few blocks away from campus one morning. He looked very sour. I remember wondering if it was because his uniform was too small and he was uncomfortable.”

Dylan laughed. “He hates directing traffic. It makes him ridiculously grumpy.”

“I could tell.”

“He’s pretty nice,” Dylan said. “When he’s not annoyed at his job.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” she said, her tone indicating that she was about to wrap up the conversation. “I have a meeting scheduled, so I need to go. I’ll send over that proposal for Mr. Miller and you can give him your best sales pitch. Take care.”

“You too,” Dylan said, hanging up.

Curious about Marcus’s headshot, he googled him and clicked on the link to the N.W.P Investment Group employee directory.

Marcus was the second photo, after John, and out of the two of them, Marcus was not the one Dylan found intimidating. He was staring straight at the camera with a blank expression, his square jaw clenched, but there was something about the way he was looking at the camera that almost seemed playful.

John, on the other hand, was grinning in his photo, and he looked terrifying. The look in his eye was delighted, but in a predatory way, like a wolf who had spotted a lamb that had been separated from its flock.

Dylan exited the page and put his phone in his pocket and went to get himself something to drink from the kitchen. Now that he'd called both Annie and Dr. Coldbine, his most pressing tasks were done and he could spend some time writing his thesis.

Looking through the kitchen cabinets, Dylan found a container of instant coffee that looked like it would hit the spot. He put a mug of water in the microwave and waited for it to heat up, crouching down and watching the cup as it spun around on the glass plate.

While he waited, he debated calling his parents. He wanted to talk to them after the scare Steve's father and his goons had given him, but then he'd have to tell them that he was in Fairbanks and they'd ask all sorts of questions that he didn't want to answer.

Dylan knew that he would have to tell his parents about Ryker, August and Steve eventually, but that was not a conversation he was looking forward to or even knew how he was going to have.

He'd have to ease them into it very gently.

The water started to bubble and Dylan turned off the microwave and took the cup carefully by the handle.

"Careful with that," a deep voice said from behind him, startling him so badly that he almost dropped boiling water all over his feet.

Dylan put the cup down on the counter and turned around, his stomach sinking at the sight of Steve's father standing in the kitchen doorway.

"Hello," he said, the word coming out as a frightened squeak. He looked over John's shoulder to see if there was anyone else with him.

There wasn't.

"Dylan." John leaned against the doorway, blocking the exit and crossing his arms. He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and held it, making a tsking sound. "You didn't want to go for a run with the others?"

Dylan shook his head, holding his hands defensively over his stomach and wishing that his heart would stop feeling like it was going to beat its way out of his chest.

He could feel his pulse in his throat.

"They thought it was best if I stayed here and joined the bonfire instead."

John rubbed his chin, looking him up and down.

"I can see the logic there," he said, lowering his hands and taking hold of his belt buckle. He pushed away from the frame of the door and walked into the room. "But it's a shame. Pack runs are for bonding, and you're missing out."

"It's okay," Dylan said, moving away when John came toward him. "I don't mind."

"No?" John stood next to the counter, reaching for the mug of water that Dylan had heated and tracing the rim with his finger. "In that case, I'll keep you company. We can have our own pack bonding time, just the two of us."

Dylan swallowed, his chest constricting and making it difficult to breathe. He took another step back, glancing at the door and wondering if he could get away with making a rude exit.

"I actually have a bit of work I need to catch up on," he said, starting to move. John pushed away from the counter and put himself between Dylan and the door, standing there with

his legs shoulder width apart and holding his belt buckle like a character from a cowboy movie. Dylan stepped aside and kept moving, trying to walk past him as he babbled, “I was supposed to do it on Saturday, but then I-”

“Then I had you kidnapped and disrupted your plans,” John cut him off. He reached out and stopped Dylan’s escape by grabbing his shirt, tugging him over so that they were face to chest and putting his hand on Dylan’s shoulder. He squeezed, and after a moment of panic, Dylan realized he was trying to be comforting.

“It all worked out,” Dylan mumbled, burying all his fury at being kidnapped and putting on a submissive front.

“I’m still sorry I scared you. You’re a member of my pack now, and you shouldn’t be afraid of me. Okay?”

Dylan nodded, and when John lifted his hand and clapped him on his cheek, he barely managed to suppress his flinch.

“And you’re right, things did work out in your favor.” John took a step back. He crossed his arms, looking down at Dylan and narrowing his eyes. “Marcus did his thing, and all of a sudden the pieces of the puzzle landed exactly where he wanted them to. It’s funny how that always seems to be the case lately.”

Dylan didn’t know what to say to that, so he said nothing.

“I should be pleased,” John mused, walking over to the window. He stared down at the driveway, tapping the glass with his finger before looking over his shoulder. “He’s going to be a magnificent pack alpha.”

“I’m just going to go to my room,” Dylan said, walking toward the door now that John was no longer in the way. “I’ll see you at the bonfire ton-”

Between one blink and the next, John was between him and the door, blocking the way and holding Dylan by his shoulders, marching him back toward the counter.

His grip was too tight, and Dylan swallowed a whimper of pain.

“Don’t be rude,” John said, holding him up against the counter and studying him. Dylan could feel the sharp pinpricks of claws digging into his shoulders, pushing deep enough to draw blood. John tilted his head, a sneer tugging at his upper lip. “We really need to work on your manners.”

Dylan didn’t say anything, and after a tense moment, John released him and took a step back. Dylan scrambled further down the counter, pressing himself back and wishing he could crawl into the cabinet under the sink and hide himself away from Steve’s terrifying dad.

“I’ve been expertly manipulated,” John said, walking over to the fridge and pulling out a bottle of water. “I don’t mind being managed – it’s good practice for Marcus – but this time I think he’s gone too far.”

Dylan swallowed, wondering what John was talking about. “What do you mean?”

“Marcus is not the alpha of this pack. I am.” The calm statement was followed by an explosion of violence. John threw the bottle of water at the wall over the sink where Dylan was standing, cracking the tile and sending water flying everywhere. He pointed at Dylan, lips pulled back in a snarl as he stomped toward him. “I will not be managed like some unstable toddler!”

Dylan threw himself out of John’s path, landing on his hands and knees and scrambling to get up and run away. Before he could get back to his feet, John grabbed him by the back of his shirt and lifted him off the floor.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” John said, his voice contemptuous. He lowered Dylan to his feet and held him until he was sure he was steady, then gave him a small shake. “Stop being such a baby.”

He wiped a drop of water off Dylan’s forehead, his hands rough.

“You’re scaring me,” Dylan said, pulling away and out of reach as soon as John took his hands away. He looked at the

floor, flinching when John moved forward and his boots came into view.

“I told you not to be scared of me,” John growled, closing the distance that Dylan had put between them. Dylan stared at his boots and then lifted his gaze so that he wouldn’t have to look at the intimidatingly large bulge that was suddenly right in his line of sight. John grabbed him by the side of his neck, squeezing down and rubbing his thumb over Dylan’s collar bone. “I can have a bit of a temper, but I don’t hurt members of my pack. I never have and I never will.”

Dylan wanted John to stop touching him, but he did not get his wish. Instead, the awful alpha pulled him forward and wrapped him up in a rough hug, squeezing him tight against his chest and making every muscle in Dylan’s body tense up in fear.

It was like an evil mirror version of being hugged by his mates. The tight squeeze of John’s arms was oppressive and too tight, and if Dylan went the rest of his life without knowing what John’s bulge felt like pressing into his stomach, he could die happy.

“Relax,” John said, laughing and rubbing his back. “You’re so tense.”

There was no way that Dylan was going to relax.

“I can’t have the pack thinking that Marcus can manage me,” John said, almost like an apology. He stepped back, grabbing Dylan by his shoulders and looking down at his face. “I understand why he feels the need to try, but I have to make a stand. You understand, right?”

Dylan did not understand.

“What do you mean?” Dylan asked, his voice barely above a whisper. He closed his eyes so that he wouldn’t have to look at John’s pecs or the sharp line of his jaw.

John stroked his cheek, cupping the side of Dylan’s face in his hand and stroking his thumb over his chin.

“I’m going to keep you and your mates here, in the main territory, and send someone else to manage Fort Plainslac,”

John said, moving his thumb up until he was almost touching Dylan's bottom lip. "Sterling will make a good second, and it will be good for Marcus to have his brothers here. He needs them."

"Maybe you could talk to Marcus and Ryker about this?" Dylan said, opening his eyes and flinching at the heated look John was sending him. "I don't think I'm the one you should be talking to."

John tilted his head, his mouth widening in what Dylan was sure some people would consider a charming grin.

"I think I need to teach Marcus and Sterling a lesson." He moved his thumb up to Dylan's mouth. "Don't you?"

Dylan shook his head, moving his face to the side when John tried to push his thumb into his mouth.

What the fuck was he doing?

Dylan's legs trembled, and if he hadn't been leaning against the counter, he was sure he would have crumpled to the floor out of sheer anxious fright.

"You like alphas, right?" John said, moving his thumb over and forcing Dylan's lips apart, rubbing over his clenched teeth.

Dylan shoved at John's stomach with all his might, making a desperate and entirely spur of the moment escape attempt, but John didn't so much as budge. He laughed and then took a step forward so that he could press his bulge into Dylan's stomach, trapping him between his body and the counter.

"Let me go!" Dylan demanded, pushing on John's chest and trying to move him. "I don't want this!"

"I'm not going to hurt you," John said, trying to pry Dylan's teeth apart. "But I think that making you my omega will be an appropriate punishment for Marcus and Sterling for trying to manipulate me."

"That's insane," Dylan grunted, lifting his leg and trying to knee John in the balls. He managed to get him in the side of his thigh, but John acted like he didn't even notice.

“It’s not insane,” John said, grinding his bulge into Dylan’s stomach. “You’ll like being my omega. I’ll teach you all sorts of tricks.”

“This isn’t funny,” Dylan said, turning his head and trying to wriggle away from John’s body. “You’re Steve’s dad!”

“Steve was always good at sharing his toys,” John said. He reached down and undid his belt, and Dylan went into full blown panic mode. He leaned back, trying to crawl up on the counter if he couldn’t get away by moving to the side, when he spotted his cup of water from the microwave.

Without giving himself time to think, Dylan grabbed the cup and flung the hopefully still almost boiling liquid in John’s face.

“Fuck!” John roared, rubbing his eyes and stepping back. As soon as Dylan was free, he made a run for it.

He made it two steps before his foot hit a wet spot, sending his leg flying into the air and landing Dylan on his ass.

“You little shit!” John growled, the words accompanied by the sound of ripping fabric and a roar. Dylan turned to look and then promptly froze in horror at the sight of John shifted into his alpha form.

Dylan jumped to his feet, scrambling away just in time to avoid a swipe from John’s massive claws.

He grabbed a hold of the counter and pulled himself to his feet, coming face to face with the wooden cutting board and oversized knife that August had used when he sliced the bread for their breakfast that morning.

A growl from behind him made the hairs on the back of Dylan’s neck stand up. He grabbed the knife and turned around, gasping when he came face to face with John’s hairy stomach.

The alpha loomed over him, inhumanly tall, sneering down at him and boxing him in against the counter.

“I was going to be so nice to you,” John growled, grabbing Dylan’s chin in his oversized hand and tilting his head up.

“But now I think you need to be taught a lesson.”

Dylan felt something huge pressing at his chest, the wet tip dragging over his nipple, and after a moment of horrified confusion, he realized that it was John’s shifted cock.

“Do you feel that?” John tainted. “I’m going to rip you ap-”

Dylan brought the knife down to his stomach, then turned it around and lifted it up with as much force as he could muster as he sliced into John’s cock.

The knife met fleshy resistance, blood spurting and covering his hands, and Dylan managed to cut several inches deep before it got stuck and he ripped it out.

John roared in pain, bringing his fist down and slamming it into Dylan’s shoulder hard enough to send him flying several feet to his left. Dylan landed on his back, still gripping his knife, and let out a scream of terror when John lunged at him.

All Dylan could see was John’s massive teeth coming toward his face, sharp and hungry for blood, his razor-sharp claws extended and ready to rip into Dylan’s flesh and tear him apart. He tried to roll away, but he barely managed to lift his shoulder before John was on him.

John crashed down on top of him, and though Dylan held the knife up to meet him, it was no use. John’s teeth ripped into his neck, the pain blinding, and Dylan went limp as John started to shake him like a dog shaking his favorite chew toy.

The shaking hurt more than the initial biting. Dylan could feel John’s teeth in his neck, and he was surprised by how similar it felt to when August and Ryker had bitten him. It hurt more, sure, and there were none of the wonderful endorphins that his mates always pumped him full of to mute the pain, but the sensation of teeth digging into his neck was essentially the same.

John unclamped his jaw, lifting up on his knees and staring down at Dylan with a hateful expression. Dylan brought his hand up to his bleeding neck, pressing against the wound as they looked at each other.

John swayed, and when Dylan lowered his gaze, he was shocked to see the knife he'd been holding embedded into the alpha's stomach. It was angled up, entering below his ribs and pushing up into his chest, seated all the way to the hilt.

"You little cunt," John said, his voice ragged. He reached down and dragged the knife out of his stomach and threw it aside, swaying on his feet. "Fucking omega."

He fell to the side, and Dylan scrambled out from under him and made a run for it. He stumbled almost immediately, slipping on a pool of blood and crashing painfully to his knees and elbows. Pain radiated up his arms to his shoulders, almost competing with throbbing hurt emanating from his neck.

He rolled over and tried to scramble back, only to freeze at the sight of John still lying on the floor where he'd left him, eyes open and staring sightlessly up at the ceiling.

Pushing his hand against the wound on his neck, Dylan crawled over to John's abnormally still form, and moving as quickly as he could, he grabbed the knife off the floor where John had dropped it and stabbed it down into the alpha's neck.

He hit the bone, his slick palm almost making him lose his grip, and lifted the knife up and stabbed him again. Dylan kept stabbing and stabbing until he was exhausted, and he realized that he'd forgotten to keep pressure on the wound on his neck. He was still bleeding, and he was starting to feel light headed.

Pushing to his feet, Dylan realized that he was far beyond light headed. The room spun, and the edges of his vision were starting to go black. He stumbled over to the counter and steadied himself, grabbing a kitchen towel and pressing it against his neck as hard as he could.

He stared at John's mutilated body. The alpha was still shifted, his enormous body looking like something out of a horror movie, and all of a sudden it hit Dylan that he'd murdered the Northwestern pack alpha.

He was in so much trouble.

Walking over to the fridge, Dylan tried to come up with some sort of plan. He needed to run away, but to be able to do

that, the room needed to stop spinning. He needed liquids to replace the blood he'd lost, and water wasn't going to cut it.

Leaving bloody streaks all over the handle of the fridge, Dylan reached inside and grabbed a carton of milk. He set it down on the counter, undid the cap, and lifted it to his mouth to start drinking.

“Jesus Christ.”

Dylan dropped the carton of milk, the white liquid splashing on the floor and mixing garishly with the blackish pools of blood, and turned around in a panic. He found himself staring at an unfamiliar woman standing in the kitchen doorway, staring at the carnage and John's lifeless body with a look of absolute shock on her face.

“I didn't...”

Dylan had no idea what to say to defend himself. He started to sway, the room spinning faster, and he would have fallen on his face if the strange woman hadn't rushed forward and caught him.

“You're okay, I've got you,” the woman said, confirming that she was a werewolf by lifting him up in a princess carry and taking him out of the room. “Let's get that bite looked at and get you cleaned up, and then you can tell me what happened and we can come up with a plan to fix this.”

Dylan was very confused. This was not how he'd expected anyone to react to walking in on their dead alpha and the human who'd murdered him.

“Who are you?” Dylan asked, though what he actually managed to say was more of a mush of words that he hoped made sense.

“I'm Steve's mother, Freia,” the woman said, bringing him into the bathroom and depositing him on the bathroom counter next to the sink. She opened the medicine cabinet and frowned. “I was looking for my ex-husband when I heard a commotion from Steve's apartment. Oh, hey, stay with me!”

Dylan jerked, surprised to find himself propped up and steadied by a pair of steady hands on his upper arm. He

blinked, realizing that he'd been about to pass out and fall into the sink when Freia caught him.

“Steve doesn't have any first aid supplies, so we're just going to keep pressure on that bite until it starts to heal.”

Dylan frowned. “I'm not a werewolf,” he mumbled, reaching up and placing his hand over the kitchen towel over his neck.

“No, but John was, and werewolf bites heal very fast. It should be closing up already.”

Dylan had thought that was only for mating bites. Did this mean that all werewolf bites healed quickly?

He wondered if anyone had studied the healing properties of werewolf saliva and seen if it could be used in human medicine, and if the stuff in werewolf saliva was the same thing that made their sperm so beneficial for human health?

“We think so, but we're not sure,” Freia said, smiling at him. “There have been several attempts to identify what might be the healing factor, but so far no one has found anything.”

Dylan hadn't realized that he'd been vocalizing his musings on the nature of werewolf spunk and saliva.

“Can you tell me what happened?” Freia asked, taking his hand off the kitchen towel and guiding it down to his lap. She removed the towel and grabbed a washcloth from the drawer, which she dampened with some hot water and brought up to clean away some of the blood on his neck.

“He said he wanted me to be his omega.” Dylan stared over Freia's shoulder, his gaze unfocused. He felt like he was watching himself from above the sink, staring down at him and Steve's mom with a strange sort of detachment.

“Did he succeed?” Freia asked, her voice gentle. It took Dylan a second to understand what she meant.

The memory of John's bulge digging into his stomach pushed to the forefront of Dylan's mind, followed by a sense memory of John's shifted cock rubbing over his chest and getting it slick and gross with pre-come.

“I don’t think so,” Dylan said, flinching when Freia wiped the washcloth directly over the bite on his neck. “He rubbed his dick on my chest when he was shifted and got some pre-come on my skin. Would that be enough?”

“No.” Freia rinsed out the washcloth and put it down. “But I think you should shower just in case. Are you up for that?”

Dylan nodded. He was still woozy and the room was spinning, but he could stand in the shower for a few minutes if it meant getting rid of any trace of John’s bodily fluids.

“I’ll help you,” Freia said. “We’ll get you cleaned up and make sure to wash all the blood off you, and I’ll tell everyone that I walked in on him trying to turn you into an omega against your will and managed to stab him.”

“I cut his dick first,” Dylan said, letting Freia help him off the counter. “He was really mad.”

Freia nodded. “I’ll work that into the story.”

“You won’t get in trouble?” Dylan asked, leaning on Freia’s arm as she guided him into the shower.

“No.” Freia helped him lean against the wall and then, once she was sure he wouldn’t fall, she turned on the water. “Marcus will know I’m lying, but he’ll play along with the official story. Do you need help taking your clothes off, or would you prefer to be by yourself for this part?”

Dylan hadn’t thought about his clothes, but of course he couldn’t shower with them on. He would have preferred that Steve’s mother never see him naked, but he knew that he needed her help and he wasn’t going to be stubborn about it.

“I’d like some help, please.”

“Of course.”

Freia helped Steve out of his clothes, taking them away and handing him a washcloth pre-lathered with soap.

Dylan thanked her and took the cloth, but he had trouble cleaning more than his front. Every time he tried to reach for his back or lower on his legs, the shower cubicle started

spinning and he had to steady himself against the wall to keep himself from falling over.

“I’ll help you,” Freia said, taking a new washcloth and proceeding to give him a clinical scrub down that felt wonderfully impersonal and distant.

“Thank you,” Dylan said, watching the water between his feet as it ran red with clumps of blood. Freia rinsed out the washcloth and grabbed a new one, starting over from the top of his head and scrubbing him down a second time. This time the water ran clear from the start.

“It’s nothing,” Freia said. “I’d do the same for any of my children’s mates if my ex-husband tried to turn them into their omega.”

Dylan laughed, the matter-of-fact tone of Freia’s voice breaking through his shock and highlighting the sheer absurdity of the situation he found himself in.

He missed the time when a hot werewolf doctor wanting to have sex with him was the weirdest thing to ever happen to him.

The laugh turned into a sob, and Dylan lifted his arm to cover his face to hide his tears.

Freia paused the washcloth on his leg, rising up and patting his shoulder in a rather awkward attempt at offering comfort.

When he’d stopped crying, Freia turned off the shower and wrapped him up in a towel.

“This is looking better already,” she said, showing him his neck in the mirror. “We need to get some fluids into you, but physically you should be fine by the morning.”

Dylan stared at the bite on his neck. It bisected August’s claiming bite, reaching all the way up to his jaw, and Dylan wondered how he was going to explain to people why his neck looked like he’d been mauled by a grizzly bear.

John had been shifted when he bit him, and the mark he’d left was twice the size of August and Ryker’s claiming bites.

It was a miracle he was still alive. John hadn't damaged any of his arterial veins or arteries, and though the bite looked gruesome, it was essentially a flesh wound.

John hadn't been trying to kill him. The realization hit Dylan like a bolt of lightning. He'd bitten him to claim him, fully intending to pin him down and force himself on him once his cock had healed from Dylan's knife attack.

Considering how quickly Dylan had seen him heal after his fight with Marcus, Dylan knew it wouldn't have taken long.

The realization stole the breath from Dylan's lungs, the full gravity of what had almost happened to him hitting him all at once.

"You're okay," Freia said, rushing over to steady him when it looked like he was going to fall. "Breathe with me. In and out. You can do it."

Dylan matched his breathing to Freia's, and after a few minutes of standing there with his eyes clenched shut and forcing himself to breathe, he managed to calm down.

He wanted to go home.

"I'll get you some clothes and a Gatorade, and then you can go lie down in the bedroom until Steve and the others arrive. I'll deal with John's body and talk to Marcus and the pack when they get back, so don't worry about that. Does that sound okay?"

Dylan nodded. He suddenly wanted nothing more than a cuddle session with August – the kind where the alpha lay on top of him and crushed him into the mattress – and he hoped that it wouldn't be long before they came back.

If Steve and Ryker were there, too, cuddled up next to August while he lay on top of Dylan, that would be even better.

"Then let's get you to the bedroom and get you some clothes."

"Is Steve going to be angry with me?" Dylan asked, realizing that he'd killed Steve's dad. He knew that Steve had

a complicated relationship with his father, but he'd loved him and looked up to him.

"No," Freia said, rubbing his back. "He's going to be crushed that his father would try to hurt his mate, but he's not going to blame you for protecting yourself."

Dylan didn't feel bad for killing John. He'd only managed because John hadn't considered him a threat. He'd had a knife, and John hadn't even seemed to consider the idea that Dylan could successfully use it to hurt him.

If he hadn't accidentally angled the knife just right when John launched himself on top of him to bite him, pushing it up under his ribs and stabbing him in the heart, he wouldn't have stood a chance.

"It wouldn't have worked, you know," Freia said, letting him lean on her as she led him out of the bathroom.

"What?" Dylan asked, the colder air in the hallway making him shiver.

"Making you his omega."

Dylan stumbled, and Freia grabbed him under his arms and helped him up so that he was steady.

"It wouldn't?"

Freia shook her head, letting go of him long enough to open the bedroom door and then supporting him again as she walked him across the threshold.

"No." Freia sat him down on the bed and went over to his suitcase to get him something to wear. "Your scent would have been irresistible to him if you were compatible enough to become his omega. From what Steve tells me, he barely paid you any attention until he got it in his head that he was going to use you to punish Marcus and to prevent Steve from leaving."

She picked out a t-shirt, boxers, and a new pair of pajama bottoms that August had bought him but that he'd never worn, and brought them over.

“Thank you,” Dylan mumbled, pulling on the t-shirt. He put the boxers and pajamas on the bed next to him, not wanting to take off his towel and put them on until he was alone.

Steve’s mother had seen enough of his naked body to last a lifetime. He was grateful that she’d helped him, but he didn’t want to expose himself any more than he already had. If that was irrational, then Dylan didn’t care.

“I’ll be right back with your Gatorade.”

Freia slipped out of the room, and Dylan used the opportunity to unwrap the towel from around his waist and pull on the boxers. He was slow, his fingers clumsy, and there was a throbbing pain in the back of his head that he somehow hadn’t really noticed until he bent down to put on the boxers.

John hadn’t just bitten him. He’d shaken him like a dog shaking a chew toy, and Dylan’s head had been violently knocked into the floor enough times that he probably had a concussion. He reached back and felt his scalp, finding a tender bump at the back of his head.

The way the room kept spinning might not be just because of blood loss. He’d have to tell August that he’d hit his head. He was a doctor, so he’d know what he needed to look out for.

Dylan had just managed to pull on the pajama bottoms when Freia knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Dylan said.

“I have your drink,” Freia said, walking into the bedroom while unscrewing the cap of a blue bottle of Gatorade and handing it to him. Dylan didn’t really drink sports or energy drinks, so he had no idea what kind of flavor blue was. He lifted the bottle to his lips and took a sip.

He’d forgotten how thin Gatorade tasted. The watery flavor wasn’t one he usually liked, but right now it tasted like heaven. He took another gulp, tilting the bottle up and drinking as fast as he could.

“I’ll go get you another one,” Freia said, nodding approvingly at the way he was downing the bottle. “I’ll be

right back.”

This time she came back much quicker, and Dylan realized that the last time she'd waited for him to get his clothes on before knocking.

“Thank you,” Dylan said, taking the second bottle. He wasn't thirsty any more, but he should probably try to drink it.

“Will you be okay by yourself?”

Dylan nodded.

“I'm going to go deal with my ex-husband's body, and then I'll go wait in the foyer for Marcus and the pack to come back. Do you want me to explain to Steve and your mates what happened, or would you like to do so yourself?”

Dylan swallowed. “Can you tell them?”

Freia nodded. “I will.” She walked up to the bed and fluffed the pillows. “Try to get some rest. I know it seems awful now, but it will be okay. I promise.”

Dylan nodded, not trusting himself to speak over the lump that had suddenly taken up residence in his throat.

Freia rubbed his back, and then when he didn't have a breakdown, she nodded to herself and walked out of the room.

Dylan sat on the edge of the mattress, hunched forward and clutching his bottle of Gatorade, and waited for his mates to come home.

STEVE

The game of tag was winding down when Steve finally found the time to get a moment alone with his brother. Marcus had climbed up on a bluff, giving him a good view of the lake where the younger alphas had started building a massive snowman. They were being led by their cousin Brock, and Steve reminded himself to introduce Dylan to the movie star before they left. It wouldn't make up for being kidnapped and forced to join Steve's pack, but hopefully he'd think it was cool.

"Are you having fun?" Marcus asked, moving to the side so that Steve could share the flat section of ground where he was standing.

"I am," Steve said, walking forward and looking down. It was a thirty foot drop. "I think Ryker and August are, too."

Marcus gave him a look, and when Steve didn't say anything, he prompted him, "But?"

"I talked to Mom this morning." Steve swallowed, steeling his nerves. "She told me about Corey."

Marcus didn't say anything, but when Steve glanced over at his face, he was frowning.

"Did Dad really make him go into withdrawals to punish him when he didn't behave?" Steve asked.

For a long time, Marcus didn't answer.

"It's not that simple," Marcus finally said, making a face like he'd tasted something sour. "Mom and Dad were both

awful to him. Every time they had a fight, they put Corey in the middle. Mom would push him into defying Dad to prove that he loved her, then Dad would overreact and she would use that to make herself seem like the calm and reasonable one, even though she was the one who set him up to lose his temper. She knew that Corey was the one who would take the brunt of his anger, but she never cared.”

Steve could easily see both his parents acting like that. He hadn't thought about it in years, but there had been a few times when he was little that his mom had tried to make him defy his father.

Marcus had put a stop to it. Steve didn't know what he'd said to their mom, but after Marcus talked to her, she'd never tried to instigate conflict between Steve and his father again.

“Did he really kill himself?”

Marcus grimaced and looked away. “He did.”

“Because Dad made him go into withdrawals?”

Marcus nodded.

Steve clenched his jaw and stared at the ground, a crushing sense of disappointment welling up inside of him.

“Don't ask him about it, okay?” Marcus said.

Steve crossed his arms and stayed silent. He looked down at the lake below, watching his cousin and two of the youngest alphas of the pack lifted the head of their snowman into place. They were grinning, and Steve wished he was down there with them, carefree and not having to think about his dad being a monster to his omega.

“I'm serious,” Marcus said. He reached over and grabbed Steve's shoulder. “He has a bad habit of reacting violently to any mention of Corey. He might hurt you without meaning to.”

“I won't mention it,” Steve promised, even though the idea of his dad hurting him felt ridiculous to even contemplate.

Steve had never felt like he was in danger with his dad.

Marcus let go of his shoulder and clapped him on the back. "Thank you."

"I'm going to go find Ryker and August," Steve said. He'd gotten the answer he was looking for, and now he wanted his mates to comfort him.

"Of course. I saw Ryker a few minutes ago over by the big rock next to the-"

Marcus suddenly reared back, stopping mid-sentence and snapping his jaw shut with an audible click as he looked around with wild eyes.

"What's going-"

Steve shut up when Marcus held up his hand to silence him. Marcus spun around, scanning the surrounding area with a look like he was expecting enemy wolves to all of a sudden rush out of the trees and attack the pack en masse.

"Something's happened to Dad," Marcus growled, turning around again and searching for the threat.

"How do you know?" Steve asked.

"The mantle of pack alpha is available." Marcus shuddered, his shoulders going tense as he gritted out, "I can feel it trying to settle on me."

Steve stared at him, his mind blank and refusing to process the implication of what Marcus was saying.

"Did Dad release it?" Steve asked, wondering if that was why their father hadn't come on the run with them.

Was he stepping down as pack alpha?

Steve couldn't imagine his father ever doing something like that.

"I have to claim it," Marcus said, his voice strained. "Fuck. Hold on."

Marcus grabbed Steve's hand, squeezing down hard enough to crack the bones in his fingers before throwing his head back and letting out a howl loud enough to be heard for miles.

The hairs on the back of Steve's neck rose up like stiff bristles, his ears ringing, and the whole world seemed to freeze as he felt his wolf rise up to meet the sound of his brother's howl.

Without conscious thought or action, Steve lifted his head to the sky and howled back, acknowledging the call of his alpha.

He wasn't the only one. The woods around them erupted in a cacophony of noise, heads lifted to the sky as instinct took over, the whole pack acknowledging Marcus's claim on their obedience and loyalty.

When it was over, the silence permeating the woods was absolute. No one so much as breathed, everyone standing frozen as they processed the fact that Marcus was now the leader of their pack.

"Back to the house," Marcus yelled, jumping off the bluff and hitting the ground running.

Steve bit back a curse and followed his brother, holding back a scream as he fell through the air and tried to land in a way that didn't end with both his legs broken.

He hit the ground feet first, the deep snow providing a cushioning surface that let him tuck himself into a ball and roll forward without hurting himself too badly, and started running.

Glancing to his left, Steve saw his cousin Brock gathering up the younger alphas and instructing them to stay in a group and follow him. Behind him, the stronger alphas were taking up positions in front of and behind the group, keeping the betas in the middle as they all ran back to the house.

It didn't take more than a few minutes before the pack was gathered and speeding through the woods, the confused, wary energy of the crowd a stark contrast to the mood of just a few hours ago when they had been setting out to run the inner perimeter of their territory and play tag.

Steve was running at the front of the group when all of a sudden Ryker and August were running next to him. They

didn't say anything, falling into position on either side of him, and Steve almost cried he was so relieved to have them there.

It took almost an hour to run all the way back to the main house.

When they crashed into the driveway, Marcus was standing at the top of the steps leading up to the front door with a grim look on his face. Steve came to a halt, stopping at the bottom of the stairs with the rest of the pack gathering behind him.

Marcus was avoiding eye contact, and Steve couldn't parse what the expression on his face actually meant.

Everyone was silent, staring up at Marcus and waiting for him to explain what was going on.

"About an hour ago, my father, John Miller, was in an accident and passed away." Marcus looked out at the crowd with a hard gaze. "I am your alpha now."

Steve stared at his brother, shock and grief making him feel lightheaded. He'd just reconciled with his dad. It didn't make sense that he would be gone.

What kind of accident could kill the alpha of the Northwestern pack?

"Everyone, go home. You'll get more information tomorrow."

The crowd shifted, people staring at each other, but then Marcus let out a roar that had everyone scrambling to obey.

The last time Steve had heard a roar like that, it had been when he was little and his father had to break up a fight between two district alphas.

In less than a minute, the driveway was empty. Those people with apartments in the main house had slinked around to go in through the back entrance, not wanting to get close to Marcus by going through the front door, leaving just the three of them.

"What happened?" Steve asked, walking up the stairs. On closer inspection, Marcus had an almost fragile look about

him, like he would crack any second. Steve pulled him in for a hug, holding him tight.

“Dad tried to do something terrible,” Marcus said, pulling away and visibly locking down his emotions.

“What do you mean?” Steve asked, bracing himself. It had to be something serious to have Marcus looking like this.

“Dad got it into his head that he wanted to punish us for manipulating him by making Dylan his omega,” Marcus said, looking miserable. “Dylan stabbed him in the heart before he could succeed. Mom found him and cleaned him up and offered to take the blame.”

A rushing sound filled Steve’s head. His heart was pounding, beating so fast that it hurt, and he could taste copper in the back of his mouth.

“Is Dylan okay?” Ryker demanded, rushing up the stairs and standing next to Steve. “Where is he?”

“Our father bit him, but that was as far as he got before Dylan stabbed him.” Marcus’s voice was wooden. “He’s in Steve’s apartment, in the bedroom. He’s okay.”

“So he didn’t...?” Steve couldn’t bring himself to ask the question, but Marcus knew what he was asking and shook his head.

“No. He was going to, but Dylan killed him first.” Marcus closed his eyes. “I’m going to make it look like he died from an accident. Mom offered to take the blame, but I don’t want anyone to know that Dylan had anything to do with his death, even as a victim. Unless you object?”

Marcus looked at Ryker for his opinion.

“I don’t,” Ryker said. “But we’re taking him home tonight.”

“Tomorrow,” Marcus countered. “You need to be here for the funeral or people will get suspicious. We’ll hold it in the morning. Since the district alphas are here already, we don’t have to wait.”

Ryker grit his teeth, but after a second he gave a sharp nod.

“We’re staying at the hotel tonight. I’m not letting Dylan sleep in this house.”

Marcus nodded.

Steve was still reeling, refusing to believe that what Marcus was saying could be true. Dylan was his omega. How could his father even think about doing something so horrible? And what kind of person wanted to share an omega with their son?

It was disgusting on every level.

“There has to be some sort of misunderstanding!” Steve mumbled, the taste of copper in his mouth growing stronger. “Dad wouldn’t-”

“He gave Dylan a claiming bite while he was in his alpha shift,” Marcus interrupted. “There’s no denying what he was trying to do.”

Ryker and August both growled, and Steve suddenly felt very small. He tried to think of a reason his dad would give Dylan a claiming bite, but there was nothing that would necessitate or justify something like that.

He bent over and vomited.

August put his hand on his back, and Steve recoiled. He didn’t deserve comfort.

“This isn’t your fault,” August said, his voice clipped and hard. “We don’t blame you. This is not on you.”

Unsaid was the fact that he blamed Marcus. Steve wanted to protest that that was unfair – that no one could have predicted that their dad would lose his shit like this – but he stayed silent.

He didn’t know what he could say.

“I’ll deal with things here,” Marcus said, looking at Ryker. “You three can take Steve’s car and take Dylan back to the hotel. Only you and Steve need to be here for the funeral tomorrow.”

“Let’s go get him,” August said, brushing past Marcus and moving toward the door. He turned to Ryker. “Are you coming?”

He sounded furious and impatient, and Steve wished he could curl up into a little ball and disappear.

Ryker nodded, his body tense with pent up rage. He looked like he wanted to kill someone, but instead what he did was reach over and squeeze Steve’s arm. “Do you need a moment?”

Steve shook his head, even though it was a lie.

“Maybe I should just go get the car and-”

“He wants all three of you,” Marcus interrupted. “And if you don’t go to him now, he’ll think you’re angry with him for killing Dad.”

Steve gaped, the words making no sense. In what universe would Steve be angry at *Dylan* after what his father had tried to do.

“He killed your dad,” Marcus said, his voice direct. “It doesn’t matter what Dad was trying to do, Dylan is the one who walked out of their altercation alive. You need to let him know that he did the right thing and that you don’t blame him for protecting himself.”

“Of course I don’t!”

“Good. Tell him that. I’ll deal with Mom and arrange the funeral while you and your mates take care of your omega.” Marcus turned to Ryker, and the two alphas nodded at each other.

“Come on,” Ryker said, walking into the house. Steve followed, August and Ryker walking shoulder-to-shoulder in front of him. He glanced over his shoulder before the door closed, just in time to catch Marcus’s face crumple.

Swallowing a lump, his legs heavy with dread, Steve followed his mates up to the stairs and to the front door of his apartment.

His mother was in the hallway outside his door, carrying two buckets, a mop, and several rags, the scent of blood clinging to her like she'd just come back from the butcher shed.

Steve froze, staring at her with a muted sense of disbelief.

"I cleaned up the blood and moved the body," she said, putting one of the buckets down and wiping her brow. "If anyone comments on the smell, just tell them that Marcus and your dad had a fight in your kitchen. No one will question it given the way those two have been going at it lately."

Steve clenched his jaw. His mother looked tired, but there was a satisfaction in the set of her shoulders that made him want to scream.

Ryker nodded, and without saying anything, he walked into the apartment. Steve and August followed.

As they stood in the hallway, the scent of blood coming from inside the apartment was muted. If Steve hadn't known any better, the excuse that his father had been in a fight would have seemed like a perfectly logical explanation for the coppery odor.

"He's in the bedroom," Ryker said, stopping at the end of the hall. "August, do you want to go first?"

"Me?" August asked, looking surprised. "Why?"

"You're a doctor," Ryker said, clenching his fists and visibly forcing himself to be calm. "You know how to deal with... stuff like this."

August closed his eyes and nodded. "Of course. I'll go first."

Ryker stepped aside, letting August take the lead into the apartment. The scent of blood got thicker as they approached the living room, and Steve held his breath so that he wouldn't throw up.

When they reached the bedroom door, August knocked and waited quietly.

“Hello?” Dylan called from inside the room, his voice hoarse like he’d been crying.

“It’s us,” August said, his voice gentle. “Can we come in?”

There was a pause, and Steve held his breath.

“Okay,” Dylan replied.

August opened the door and stepped into the bedroom, Ryker and Steve following on his heels.

Dylan was sitting at the end of the bed, perched precariously on the edge of the mattress. He was hugging a pillow over his lap.

The right side of his neck was marred by a hideous wound, scabbed over puncture wounds making a perfect indent of Steve’s father’s mouth when he was in his alpha shift.

It was the most horrifying thing Steve had ever seen, and it took everything he had not to burst into tears.

This was real. His dad had attacked his omega.

“Hey,” August said, walking forward and crouching down in front of Dylan. He took the pillow out of his arms and put it down on the bed next to him. “You’ve had a pretty bad day, huh?”

Dylan nodded, tears gathering in his eyes.

“Are you hurt anywhere else?” August asked, nodding at the bite on Dylan’s neck.

“I bumped my head,” Dylan said, lifting his hand to point at the back of his skull. “But that’s it.”

“Do you remember if you passed out?”

Dylan frowned, thinking hard. “I don’t think so.”

“Can you tell me the time and date, and where we are right now?”

Dylan answered without any problems, and August proceeded to run down a list of questions that Steve recognized from his first aid training when dealing with possible concussions. August continued his assessment by

looking at Dylan's eyes with the flashlight on his phone, examining his response to light and movement, and then having him follow his finger and copy a few movements.

"I don't think you have a concussion," August said when he was done, rising up and patting Dylan's shoulder.

"That's good." Dylan glanced up, looking at him and Ryker, ducking his head the second he made eye contact.

"I'm glad you're okay," Steve said, remembering what Marcus had said and forcing himself to speak over his desire to bury his face in his hands and hide. "I'm so sorry my dad tried to hurt you."

"It's not your fault," Dylan said, his shoulders relaxing a fraction of an inch.

He really had been worried that Steve would be angry with him. The knowledge made Steve want to throw up again.

"I was thinking we could go back to the hotel, and then if you're up to it, leave Fairbanks tomorrow morning and go back to Fort Plainslac," Ryker said, resorting to pragmatic planning in the face of Dylan's distress. "Does that sound okay, or would you like to stay here for the night?"

"The hotel." Dylan's answer was immediate. "Can we leave now?"

"Of course," Ryker said. He turned to Steve. "Can you get your car and pull up in front of the house?"

Steve nodded, relieved to have something to do. He bit his lip, looking at Dylan and wondering if he should say something, but nothing came to mind. He turned to Ryker instead. "I'll be outside in three minutes."

He couldn't get out of the room fast enough.

RYKER

Ryker leaned against the wall by the window, watching the door to the bathroom and listening to the sound of Dylan taking a shower. Dylan had insisted on going into the bathroom alone, which left Ryker, August and Steve all standing around awkwardly as they listened for any sign that he needed help.

“His hair was wet when we left the house,” Steve said, coming to stand next to Ryker.

Ryker was aware.

“He’s still in shock,” August said. He took a seat on the edge of the bed, tapping his foot on the carpeted floor with restless agitation.

“We should get changed,” Ryker said, pushing away from the wall. They were all still wearing their snowsuits and heavy winter boots, and even though they’d taken off the top halves, they were sweltering in the comfortable seventy-degree hotel room. He kicked off his boots one at a time and pushed the snowsuit down to his ankles, taking it off.

“Good idea,” August said, standing up and following his lead.

Steve didn’t say anything, but he, too, started taking off his boots and stripping out of his suit.

The three of them had been running around in the woods for hours, and though they weren’t drenched in sweat, their

woolen long johns and thick woolen socks had a distinctly musky smell to them.

Ryker stripped off the wool underwear, tossing it in his bag and putting on a fresh set of sweat pants and a loose t-shirt. He ran his fingers through his hair, and he was debating whether or not he should put on socks when the sound of the shower turning off had all three of them turning toward the door with laser-like focus.

“Do you need anything in there?” August asked. He walked up to the bathroom door, ready to walk inside and offer up any assistance that might be needed.

“I’m good,” Dylan called back. “I’ll just be a minute.”

Ryker sat down on the bed, August sitting next to him and Steve remaining standing by the wall. A minute passed, the three of them listening to the sounds of Dylan drying off and getting dressed, and then Dylan stepped out of the bathroom in a cloud of steam. His skin was pink and his hair was still dripping, but he looked much better than he had before his shower.

“Feel better?” Ryker asked, standing up and taking a step toward him.

Dylan nodded.

“Would you like some food?” August asked. He rose up, too, coming to stand next to Ryker. “Or something to drink?”

Dylan bit his cheek and stared at the floor.

“What do you want, Dylan?” Ryker prompted. His instincts told him to grab Dylan and wrap him up in a hug, but he didn’t know if grabbing him was a good idea considering what had almost happened to him.

Dylan peeked up at him through his lashes. “Maybe we could just cuddle for a bit?”

Ryker’s shoulders relaxed. He reached out and grabbed Dylan’s shoulder, walking forward and pulling him into a hug. He rubbed his back and held him close. “Of course. It’s a big bed. We can all fit and have a nice puppy pile.”

Dylan melted into the embrace, closing his eyes and pushing his face into Ryker's chest like he was trying to block out the rest of the world.

"I want August to lie on top of me," he mumbled.

Ryker met August's eye, a look of relief passing between them. Neither one of them had said it, but they'd both been worried that Dylan would be averse to being touched and held, a fear that had grown stronger when Dylan insisted on showering alone.

"I can do that," August said, walking so that he stood behind Dylan, pushing close until he and Ryker were making a tight Dylan sandwich.

"Can you take your shirts off?" Dylan asked, his hands coming to rest gently on Ryker's hips. The touch was tentative, and Ryker could tell that Dylan's need for touch was distinctly non sexual. Dylan didn't want to get fucked, he just needed intimacy and closeness.

They could give him that.

"Sure," Ryker said. He released Dylan from his arms, taking a step back and stripping off his shirt. He tossed it over to his bag, and August stripped off his shirt and did the same. Steve kept his shirt on until Dylan shot him an expectant look.

"I don't want..." Dylan trailed off, swallowing.

"This isn't about sex," Ryker said, wrapping him up in another hug. "We know. We're just going to cuddle and enjoy the fact that we're all here and that you're okay."

Dylan relaxed, pushing his face back into the cleft between Ryker's pecs and taking a deep, shuddering breath. After a minute he wriggled his face back and looked at Steve.

"Why are you all the way over there?"

Steve swallowed, looking uncertain and miserable. Ryker was furious for what his father had done – and even more for what he'd tried to do – and he couldn't imagine what Steve must be feeling. The feelings of betrayal and loss must be horribly confusing.

“Come here,” Ryker said, opening his arm and gesturing for Steve to come join the hug. “Get in on this.”

Steve didn't take off his shirt, but he did step forward and let Ryker pull him into a hug. Ryker reached around his waist, hugging him so that they were pressed together from hip to shoulder, putting Dylan between them.

August completed the triangle, the three of them surrounding Dylan so that no matter which way he turned his head, the only thing in his line of vision were his alphas' pecs.

They stood like that for a while, all three of them bending their necks and watching the top of Dylan's head as he snuggled into their chests.

“Should we take this over to the bed?” August asked, tucking his chin down and bending his neck to kiss the top of Dylan's head.

Dylan nodded.

Ryker stepped away and walked over to the bed. He pulled the bedspread down and made room for Dylan to come climb on top of the mattress.

“Do you still want me to lie on top of you?” August asked, crawling up on the mattress after him.

Dylan lay down on his back, lifting his hips to adjust his shirt before coming to rest on the middle of the mattress. He bit his lip, staring at the three of them in turn before he nodded.

“I do.”

“Let me know if you want to change positions,” August said, crawling on all fours so that he straddled Dylan's body. He got himself into position, staring down at Dylan's face, and lowered himself down.

Dylan let out a breath as August's bulk came to rest on top of him. August had positioned himself so that they were chest to chest, their heads next to each other so that August could push his face into the uninjured side of Dylan's neck and breathe in the scent of their omega.

August made a needy noise in the back of his throat, almost like a growl, and pushed his arms between Dylan's body and the mattress, hugging him into his chest and squeezing him even more.

When the squeezing hug didn't abate, Dylan gently tapped August's side to let him know that he needed to ease up.

August relaxed his arms, pulling them out and letting them rest on the mattress so that Dylan could breathe again.

"You can take that side," Ryker said, looking at Steve and nodding to the other side of the bed. He climbed up on the mattress and lay down next to August, the position giving him a clear view of the fresh bite on Dylan's neck.

Only the knowledge that Steve's father was dead prevented Ryker's wolf from going into another rage.

Steve climbed up on the bed on Dylan's other side, uncertain at first, but then relaxing when August reached out and grabbed his waist and pulled him in close so that they were almost sharing the space on top of Dylan.

The move pushed Ryker away a little, but he didn't mind. He got up and crawled up to the headboard, sitting down and putting his legs down on either side of where his mates were cuddling. He reached down and petted the top of Steve and Dylan's heads, stroking his fingers through their hair and smiling softly at the contented noises his petting produced.

"If you want to talk about what happened, we're here for you," he said.

Dylan went stiff, his breath catching in his throat.

"Or I could recommend a psychiatrist," August added, his voice muffled from being pressed into Dylan's neck. "I know some very good ones."

Dylan didn't say anything, but his muscles unclenched and he exhaled.

"That might be a good idea," Ryker said. He stroked his fingers over Dylan's forehead. "But it's not something you have to decide now."

“Maybe Steve should see one, too?” Dylan suggested after a moment. He looked up at Ryker, eyes wide and trusting.

“I’m fine,” Steve protested, lifting his head and frowning.

“You’re not,” Ryker said, reaching over and stroking his hair, soothing his outrage. “But you will be. We’ll be here for you as much as you need us.”

“We can talk about therapy when we get home,” August said, cutting off what looked like it would be another protest from Steve. “Though in my medical opinion, you would both benefit from talking to a professional.”

“Okay,” Dylan and Steve both mumbled.

Ryker kept stroking Steve and Dylan’s hair, brushing his fingers through their silky locks and scratching their scalps. Occasionally, he moved over and gave August a scritch, but he wasn’t the one who needed comforting.

“It’s okay if you’re mad at me,” Steve said after a while, his voice small.

“I’m not!” Dylan insisted. He lifted his face so that he could look at Steve. “This isn’t your fault.”

“It’s really not,” Ryker agreed.

“But he was my dad,” Steve said, sounding miserable. “Marcus said he got more unstable when I left. If I’d just listened to Marcus and let him talk to Dad when I wanted to go to work in Anchorage, he could have fixed everything and none of this would have happened.”

Ryker couldn’t really say that he was happy with the way things had turned out – that would be a lie – but he didn’t regret Steve being in their lives. He took a deep breath, weighing his words carefully.

“You’re not responsible for the choices your dad made,” he said. “There was no reason for you to think that anything bad would happen just because you made the decision to go off on your own for a while.”

“For what it’s worth, I’m glad I met you and got to claim you as my mate,” August said. “Even though you’re an

annoying puppy.”

“I’m glad I met you, too,” Dylan added.

Steve swallowed, visibly moved. “Thanks, guys. I’m glad I met you, too. I’m just sorry my dad lost his mind and hurt you, Dylan.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Dylan repeated.

August’s stomach interrupted the heartfelt moment by letting out a loud rumble. Ryker grinned as August lifted his face from Dylan’s neck, an embarrassed look on his face.

“Sorry about that.”

None of them had eaten since breakfast. It was no wonder that August’s stomach was protesting.

“How about you guys stay here while I go scrounge up some pizzas?” Ryker suggested. He’d been ignoring the fact that he was hungry, but now that August’s stomach had reminded him, the need for something to eat became pressing.

“Pepperoni and meatball,” August said. “And mushrooms. Lots of mushrooms.”

“Pizza sounds good,” Dylan added.

“Steve?” Ryker prompted.

“I could eat,” Steve said. He was looking at Dylan with an expression like he couldn’t believe he was real.

“I’ll be right back.” Ryker climbed off the bed, reaching for his phone to see where the nearest pizza place was. He put on his boots as he searched through the results, finding a place just down the street that had good reviews. He grabbed his coat and Steve’s keys and headed out, stopping in the doorway to look at his mates as they cuddled on the bed.

Things were pretty fucked up right now, but seeing how Steve and Dylan were coming together in their worry for each other, both of them more concerned with each other’s feelings than their own, Ryker was sure that they would be okay in the end.

He’d make sure of it.

AUGUST

Ryker and Steve were off to attend the funeral of Steve's father, leaving August and Dylan to wait around in the hotel room before the four of them took the pack's private jet back to Fort Plainslac.

"Would you like some leftover pizza?" August asked, crouching down in front of the mini fridge in the little kitchen area. They still had half a pizza left over from the night before, and neither one of them had eaten breakfast.

"Sure," Dylan said, coming out of the bathroom and taking a seat on the bed. He gathered up all the pillows and used them to construct a throne-like seat for himself by the headboard. "Is there any Diet Coke left?"

August looked under the pizza and found a single remaining can of Diet Coke. He grabbed it and took a regular Coke for himself, after which he rose up and carried the pizza and cans of soda over to the bed. He grinned.

"Breakfast is served."

Dylan sat up a little straighter and crossed his feet under him, looking at the pizza box with a hungry expression. August set the box down on the bed and climbed up on the mattress, taking a seat across from Dylan and making himself comfortable.

He handed Dylan his can of Diet Coke, biting back a grin at the sheer bliss on Dylan's face as he opened it up and took a gulping sip.

“Good?” he asked, making Dylan blush.

“Very.” Dylan set the can down so that it rested in his lap and reached for the pizza.

August watched him, taking a moment to assess how Dylan was really doing and examining the bite on his neck. Dylan’s even-keeled mood didn’t seem feigned, and other than an awkward moment when Ryker and Steve were leaving to go to the funeral, he seemed much better than he had the night before.

There was no sign of a concussion.

The bite on his neck had also healed unexpectedly well. Instead of the angry, raised scar tissue that Dylan had gone to sleep with, the mark from John’s teeth had faded to barely noticeable white patches of skin that were completely smooth to the touch.

It didn’t even look like a bite mark anymore.

August looked at his and Ryker’s marks, a feeling of smug satisfaction welling up inside of him. His mark was still very visible, and very obviously made by the teeth of an alpha werewolf.

“How are you feeling?” August asked, taking a slice of pizza.

Dylan took a sip of his Diet Coke, taking a minute to think over his answer.

“Better?” He sounded almost confused about it. “Is it weird that I feel like I should be feeling worse?”

“How so?” August asked.

Dylan frowned. “I killed Steve’s dad. Even though he was trying to hurt me, I should feel bad about that, right?”

“I don’t think so,” August said. “You did what you had to do to protect yourself. There’s nothing to feel guilty about.”

Dylan wrinkled his nose, peeling a piece of pepperoni off his pizza slice and playing with it.

“I guess you’re right,” he said, eating the piece of pepperoni.

“I am,” August said.

“I’m happy that he’s dead,” Dylan confessed, biting his cheek and glancing at August through his lashes. “He was such an asshole. Does that make me a bad person?”

“Not at all,” August said. “He was a douchebag.”

He remembered the look in John’s eyes when he’d wanted to fight Ryker. He’d known that he’d win, but he’d wanted to fight him anyway, for no other reason than reveling in the bloodshed.

“Do you want the last slice?” Dylan asked, very clearly changing the subject.

“You can have it.”

August’s stomach rumbled.

“I’m not hungry.” Dylan put the uneaten remains of his slice back in the box and pushed it toward him, the cardboard bumping into his thigh. “You can have it.”

“Thank you,” August said, taking both pieces and scarfing them down in just a few bites. He chewed, his mouth bulging, and grinned at the playfully judgmental look Dylan sent him.

Dylan got up and climbed over August’s legs, grabbing the now empty pizza box and folding it up and putting it into the trash along with his empty can of Diet Coke.

“What do you want to do now?” August asked. He tossed his empty can of Coke into the trashcan and wiped his hands clean on his shirt. A glance at his watch told him that they had a few hours before they should expect Ryker and Steve back at the hotel.

John’s body would be burned, as was traditional, and Steve would be expected to stick around until the flames went out.

Marcus had told everyone that John had died from carbon monoxide poisoning, which made burning him seem like something of a cruel irony.

“We could watch another movie?” Dylan suggested.

The night before, after their puppy pile and pizza party, the four of them had gathered on the bed and watched the first two Jurassic Park movies.

They were free on the hotel’s on-demand system.

“We can do that,” August agreed.

“And I was thinking...” Dylan bit his bottom lip and looked away, not finishing his sentence.

“Yes?”

“I was thinking that maybe you could change into your alpha shift?”

The question hung in the air between them, the request catching August off guard.

“Are you sure?” August studied Dylan’s expression carefully. He looked nervous, but determined.

Dylan nodded. “I know that I won’t be scared, because it’s *you*, but I think it would be better to see you change now than wait until later. Unless you think it’s a bad idea?”

August climbed off the bed and went to stand in front of Dylan. He cupped his shoulders, rubbing his thumbs over his clavicle.

“Are you worried that seeing our alpha shifts will remind you of John?” he asked carefully.

Dylan nodded.

“I don’t think it’s a bad idea,” August said. He took a step back, releasing Dylan’s shoulders. “Do you want me to change now?”

“If it’s okay?” he said. “And if it doesn’t make you too tired?”

August smiled. “I’ll be fine as long as I have a big lunch. How do you want me?” He looked around. “Do you want to sit on the bed, and I can stand here?”

He went to stand in front of the TV.

“That works,” Dylan said. He climbed back on the bed, taking a seat in his nest of pillows up by the headboard.

“I’m going to take my clothes off so they don’t rip,” August said, stripping off his shirt and taking off his jeans. He kept his underwear on. They were the stretchy kind, so even if they tore a little, they should hold his package in place after he’d shifted.

“Ready?”

Dylan nodded.

“I’ll change back whenever you want me to. All you have to do is tell me you’ve had enough, or you can just shake your head. Okay?”

Dylan nodded again. “I’m ready.” He crossed his legs and sat upright, leaning forward and staring at August with fierce concentration.

August watched him for a second, making sure he wasn’t going to take back his request, and then turned his attention inward.

Changing into his alpha shift was as easy as breathing. All August had to do was reach for his wolf and let go. The change rippled outward from the center of his chest, a warm rush of feeling that tingled like electricity, the sensation zipping across his shoulders and down his arms, moving into the tips of his fingers and ricocheting back up to his chest, reaching his toes fast enough that he almost couldn’t tell which path the magic took.

It was different every time.

When they were younger, Ryker and August had discussed getting a high-end camera to film the change, to see if it really was as instant as it appeared to the naked eye. Ryker’s uncle had heard them and laughed at their idea. Apparently, it had already been done, and no one had managed to catch anything interesting.

August kept his body relaxed, conscious of Dylan watching him, spreading his feet a little further apart and

letting his arms hang loosely by his side in an attempt to appear as non-threatening as possible.

Usually when August changed, he would spring into action immediately, energized and wanting to run or hunt or fight, but he was old enough that he didn't have any trouble remaining calm and suppressing his instinct to move.

Dylan watched him, his breaths coming a little faster than they had before, and August had to resist the impulse to go to him and offer comfort. *He* was the thing that was making Dylan nervous, though his wolf struggled to let him accept the idea.

Before August could think of anything he could do to make Dylan less afraid, Dylan's breathing calmed and he leaned forward. He moved his gaze up and down August's body, taking him in. There was a second his attention stalled at August's crotch, his eyes widening at the size of August's bulge, but he didn't let his gaze linger.

Instead it came to rest on August's feet. August looked down, flexing his toes and bouncing on the balls of his feet.

His feet were the part of him that were least human when he changed. They were elongated, with canine, long-arched toes, and dagger sharp claws that would ruin the hardwood floors if he wasn't careful.

"You ripped your briefs," Dylan commented, breaking the silence and moving his gaze up to August's face.

August looked at his underwear, and sure enough, the briefs had torn over his left thigh.

"I did," he agreed, licking over his teeth and teasing his right canine. He reached down and adjusted his bulge, moving his cock so that it wouldn't accidentally poke through the hole.

Dylan watched his hand with rapt attention.

"Do you want to come closer?" August asked, putting his hands behind his back and making sure to keep his body relaxed and unthreatening.

Dylan scooted down to the end of the bed, taking a seat at the end of the mattress and folding his hands over his lap. He looked up at August and bit his lip. “You’re very tall.”

August took a small step forward, forcing Dylan to crane his neck to maintain eye contact.

“I am,” he agreed. He held up his hand, palm facing out. “I’m bigger all over.”

Dylan took a deep breath and rose to his feet, crossing the short distance between them. August watched him approach, holding still and waiting for him to make the first move.

“Can I...?” Dylan lifted his hand and held it a few inches away from August’s palm, looking up at his face for permission to touch.

There was nothing nervous or scared in his expression.

“Of course,” August said, his voice rough with want.

Dylan shuddered at the rumbling quality of August’s voice, swallowing loudly before he pressed his hand against August’s palm.

The touch sent a spark of electric pleasure racing up August’s arm.

“Your hand is like three times bigger than mine,” Dylan said, tracing the pads of August’s palm with the tips of his fingers.

When he was shifted, the pads of August’s palms were firmer than they were in his human form. It wasn’t as noticeable a change as the razor-sharp claws at the tips of his fingers were, but they were different enough to the touch that August worried Dylan would find it weird.

Dylan looked fascinated. He moved his fingers further up August’s hand, tracing the length of his fingers, feeling all the way to the tips of his claws and pressing down on the sharp points to test what they felt like.

August closed his eyes as Dylan explored his hand and fingers, helpless to resist as each curious touch and brush of Dylan’s fingers made his cock twitch and swell against his hip.

He swallowed, his abs trembling with tension as his cock lifted away from his hip, tenting the fabric of his underwear and pulling it away from his body.

Dylan, his attention on August's hand, took a second to notice. He glanced down, not noticing, and then did a double take as he yanked his hand back from August's palm.

"Sorry," August said, his voice so rough that it almost sounded like a growl. "You can just ignore it."

He reached down to adjust his erection, trying to make the tent in his briefs look less extreme.

"Okay," Dylan said, his hand twitching like he wanted to touch the bulge.

"Or you can touch it," August said, licking his bottom lip. "Whatever you want. I'll just stand here."

Dylan was breathing heavily, his gaze fixed on the enormous bulge in August's briefs. He lifted his hand and held it an inch away from August's crotch, his fingers trembling as he closed the distance between his hand and August's cock, palming August's shaft through the stretched-out cotton of his underwear.

August's thighs clenched tight, the sensation of Dylan's hand on his cock making his gut clench and his balls pull up tight. The sudden movement made Dylan gasp and retract his hand, bringing it to his chest and holding it like he'd been burned.

"Sorry," August grunted. He clenched his fists, the urge to reach down and free his cock overwhelming.

"It's okay," Dylan said. He lifted his hand back up and cupped August's balls, feeling them where they filled the pouch of his briefs and giving them a gentle squeeze.

August almost came on the spot.

"Do you want to watch the movie now?" Dylan asked, releasing his hold on August's balls and taking a step back.

It took August a second to make sense of the question, his attention focused solely on what he could do to make Dylan

touch him *more*.

“Sure,” August said, forcing down his disappointment and the part of him that wanted to pin Dylan against the mattress and hump his face until he came. “Do you want me to change back?”

Dylan bit his lip, a blush suffusing his cheeks. “Do you maybe want to stay like that?” he asked, glancing up at August through his lashes. “We could watch the movie and cuddle?”

August loved that idea. Other than fucking, he could think of nothing better than getting to hug Dylan close, feeling his body pressed up against his own as he breathed in the enticing scent of his omega.

“I would love to.”

He patted Dylan’s shoulder, squeezing the side of his neck on the opposite side from where Miller had bitten him, and walked past him. Stepping up on the bed, August walked up to the headboard and turned around, dropping down on his ass and leaning while spreading his legs out in front of him.

“Do you want to sit here?” August patted the space between his thighs. His cock was still tenting his briefs, stretching the cotton and showing off the shape of his glans, and if Dylan sat in the spot he was patting, it would leave him sitting right up against August’s bulge.

“Okay,” Dylan said, staring at August’s muscular thighs and big bulge with nervous trepidation mixed with clear want. He climbed up on the bed and moved into position between August’s legs. “Like this?”

He turned around, brushing against the insides of August’s massive thighs, waiting for August’s nod before taking a seat between them.

“That’s it,” August said, his cock twitching as Dylan leaned back against it.

He closed his eyes as he told his traitorous cock not to get too excited. Just because it was pressed into Dylan’s back didn’t mean that anything was going to happen.

“This feels so weird,” Dylan said, putting his hand on August’s thigh. He stroked over the thick muscle, making it twitch in response.

“Bad, weird?” August asked, rubbing Dylan’s shoulders.

Dylan shook his head, August’s massage making him relax against him, putting pressure on August’s bulge and making August catch his breath. Dylan looked up over his shoulder, oblivious to how *good* he was making August feel. “No, just *weird*, weird. You’re so huge. It’s making me feel all funny.”

August moved his arms down and held his hands over Dylan’s stomach. He rubbed over Dylan’s t-shirt, subtly pushing him back against his bulge before letting his hands come to rest on Dylan’s sides. They were nearly big enough to wrap all the way around the boy’s waist.

If he squeezed, he might be able to get his fingers to touch.

“Funny in a good way, right?”

Dylan nodded, and August had to swallow so that he wouldn’t drool. He could see Dylan’s expression reflected in the TV, and he was visibly turned on.

August was tempted to take advantage of Dylan’s obvious arousal – to reach down and grab his crotch while he ground his bulge into his back – but he held back. Dylan was in no state to be having sex.

It also wouldn’t do for Steve to come back to the hotel to find that August and Dylan had spent the morning fucking while he buried his father.

Thinking about Steve and the funeral put a damper on August’s lusty mood. He was glad Ryker had gone with him. Steve wasn’t just burying his father, he was confronting the fact that his father hadn’t been the man he thought he was. It was a loss twice over, and no matter how much John deserved his fate, Steve deserved to be given time to grieve both losses.

“Can you find the movie?” August asked, reaching for the remote on the nightstand and handing it to Dylan.

If he hadn't been watching Dylan's reflection in the TV, he would have missed the flash of disappointment that crossed the boy's features.

"Sure," Dylan said, taking the remote and turning on the TV. He flipped to the on-demand menu and selected the third Jurassic Park movie, pressing play. He looked up at August. "I don't remember this one at all. Do you?"

August shook his head. "Not even a little bit."

Dylan turned his attention back to the TV, relaxing even more and letting his body slump into August's embrace. He reached down to August's hand over his stomach, placing his hands over it and absentmindedly stroking up and down August's fingers. He traced his fingertips over August's knuckles, pressing the tip of his index finger against the tip of August's claws, exploring them one by one.

The gentle touches made August's cock twitch. Dylan froze, feeling the movement against his back, and then huffed out a little laugh. He stopped touching August's fingers, letting his hands come to rest over his lap instead.

August breathed through his nose, the scent of his omega potent and sweet, and tried to ignore his throbbing cock. He had started leaking pre-come, and it wouldn't be long before the front of his briefs and Dylan's back were soaked.

Dylan pushed pause and twisted his neck to look up at him.

"Do you want to squeeze my head between your thighs and jerk off while I lick your balls?"

August's brain came to a screeching halt, the brazen request catching him off guard and making his twitching cock throb with want.

"Do you want me to squeeze your head between my thighs?" he asked.

Dylan gave a quick nod. He was blushing something fierce, but he looked determined.

“While I’m like this?” August nodded down at his shifted body. Dylan swallowed and nodded again.

August wrestled with himself. He didn’t want to have sex with Dylan while Steve and Ryker were at the funeral, but on the other hand, jacking off didn’t really count as sex, did it?

Dylan was still looking at him, his expression hopeful, as though getting to lick August’s balls while he squeezed him between his thighs was a treat he was hoping against hope that he’d get to enjoy.

August was powerless against that look. “Okay. Show me how you want it.”

Dylan turned around and lay down on the mattress between August’s legs, on his stomach, and before August could prepare for the sensation, Dylan shimmied up until his face was pushing firmly into the bulge of August’s underwear.

He lay there, face buried in the mound of August’s cock, breathing in the scent of August’s crotch and rubbing over his balls.

August reached into his underwear and freed his erection, leaving his balls in the pouch of his underwear where they pressed against Dylan’s face.

“Is this what you want?” he asked, bringing his thighs together on either side of Dylan’s face, trapping him between the muscular limbs and locking him into place against his balls.

Dylan made a noise of agreement.

August squeezed a little harder, lifting his legs over Dylan’s body and crossing his ankles. When he looked down, all he could see was his cock and the top of Dylan’s head between his legs.

“Tap out if you need a break,” August reminded him. He could feel Dylan’s mouth against his balls, lips parting, his tongue poking out to lick at the heavy orbs through the stretchy cotton.

August watched him for a moment, his cock throbbing and leaking, pre-come dripping down the length of his shaft and down to where Dylan's face was trapped against his bulge.

Clenching his thighs, tightening the muscle, August watched Dylan's head between his legs with a bone deep sort of satisfaction. He squeezed harder, making Dylan grunt at the pressure, the feeling of Dylan's head trapped between his legs making him feel like he was on top of the world.

"Do you like that?" August asked, his voice dipping into a growl as he released some of the pressure on Dylan's head. Rather than answer with words, Dylan pushed his face harder against August's balls, trying to suck one of them into his mouth before giving up and moving down to nuzzle at his taint instead.

The sensation of Dylan's nose digging around under his balls was more than August could take. He wrapped his hands around his cock, pumping his shaft with firm strokes as he squeezed Dylan's head to keep him in place. He leaned back, lifting his ass so that Dylan could go deeper, reaching down and pushing on his head to move him into his crack where he wanted him.

August felt like he was being dragged toward his orgasm by a team of galloping horses. He was powerless to stop it, his balls pulling tight and his cock throbbing to the beat of his pulse as he fucked into his fist with abandon.

Dylan pushed his nose into August's crack, digging into the space between his muscular glutes, and when August lifted his hips up and relaxed his legs just enough so that he could push Dylan's head into his ass, Dylan stuck out his tongue and licked at August's hole through his briefs.

August had never hated his underwear more. He reached down and grabbed the hem of his underwear, his other hand still keeping Dylan's face trapped in his crack, and ripped them off his body.

Dylan made a startled noise of shock, but when he realized he now had direct access to August's hole, he pushed out his tongue and started licking.

The sensation of Dylan's tongue pushing into his rim, swiping over his tight ass and licking over his crack, sent August careening over the edge of his orgasm. His gut clenched, his abs contracting, and with the force of a geyser, come shot out of his balls and into the air, hitting the underside of his chin and getting all over his chest. He pushed his hand down flat on his cockhead for the second spurt, the powerful gush of spunk hitting his palm and then dripping down his shaft and between his legs where Dylan's head was still trapped.

Slumping back against the headboard, August pulled Dylan's head up to his cock, grabbing him by his hair and lifting his mouth into place on his cockhead.

Dylan clambered up to his knees, grabbing August's shaft with both hands, squeezing on his knot and jerking him off through his orgasm as he sucked on the head of his cock and drank down every thick spurt of come like he was taking manna directly from heaven.

When August finally stopped shooting, his balls drained and empty, Dylan sat back on his haunches with a deeply satisfied look on his face.

He blinked, staring down at August's shifted cock with a considering look.

"What is it?" August asked. He scooped up some of the come on his chest, gathering it into his palm and holding it out for Dylan in case he wanted it.

Dylan licked his lips and leaned forward, bending down to lick the come straight out of August's hand.

August stared at him, the sight of his omega licking come out of his hand like a pet giving him all sorts of ideas for other ways he could have Dylan act like his little pet.

When Dylan pulled back, wiping his mouth and licking his lips, he nodded down at August's cock.

"If you ever try to put that thing inside of me, I'll break up with you."

August laughed, his cock twitching at the idea of getting to be anywhere close to Dylan's tight vise of a hole.

"I promise that I won't try to put it inside of you until you ask me to." August leaned forward, looking down at Dylan with a grin. He leaned down and placed a kiss on his lips. "How about that?"

"I'm not going to ask you to," Dylan said, kissing him again. He reached up and held August's face, tracing his thumbs over the new ridges on his face. "I'm serious. That thing has to be like fourteen inches."

"Thirteen," August corrected. He licked into Dylan's mouth, his shifted tongue nearly making Dylan gag when he licked too deep. He pulled back. "And it's okay. There's no pressure."

Dylan smiled.

"Come on, we should shower before the others get back," Dylan said. He climbed over August's thigh and crawled off the bed, heading for the bathroom. "Do you want to shower together?"

"I'll have to shift back to normal," August warned.

Dylan nodded. "I know, but that's okay. I think we proved pretty decisively that I'm not scared of you when you're shifted."

August grinned. "I guess we did." He climbed off the bed, shifting back to his human form before his feet hit the floor. He walked over and cupped Dylan's face in the palm of his hand. "Are you still feeling okay?"

Dylan nuzzled into his palm, nodding. "I still feel like I *should* feel bad, but I don't. I just feel sorry for Steve that he has to go through this."

He looked up at August, lifting his hand and resting it on August's hip.

August pulled him into a hug. He knew that Dylan wasn't out of the woods as far as experiencing an adverse reaction to his ordeal – that once they were back home where he felt safe

he might have a breakdown – but if that happened, they would be there for him and deal with it.

“You’ll be okay,” he said, squeezing him. “We all will.”

Dylan nodded, rubbing his face against August’s pec.

“I know.” He pulled away from the embrace. “But let’s go shower. I haven’t come yet, and you owe me an orgasm. You can pin me against the wall and jerk me off while I suck on your nipples.”

August laughed, amused at Dylan’s clumsy attempt at changing the subject. It still felt wrong to be getting off when Steve was suffering, but if this was what Dylan needed to distract himself, then August wasn’t going to say no.

“Sure.” August reached out and pinched Dylan’s nipple, giving it a tug. “Lead the way. I’m all yours.”

STEVE

The sky was overcast, clouds hanging low and heavy in the sky, the weighty gloom promising a new layer of snow by evening.

Steve stared into the flames of his father's funeral pyre, the flames warding off the cold and making sweat dampen the collar of his shirt. He was holding a toy horse he'd carved when he was nine, the wood smooth and cool underneath his fingers.

It was traditional to offer the deceased something to carry with them to the next life, and Steve had grabbed the horse off the shelf without giving the choice of offering much thought. His father had helped him carve it, and Steve had been so proud when his father praised his workmanship.

He tossed it into the flames.

The wind turned, smoke blowing into his eyes and making them water, but Steve didn't move. He stood there, feeling like he was watching himself from above as he tried to reconcile the man from his childhood memories with the person who had attacked his omega.

He kept coming up short.

His father had always been volatile – quick to lash out when challenged – but growing up, Steve had always felt safe from that volatile temper. His father had never hurt him or his brothers no matter how violently he exploded, and Steve had never been afraid of him.

Marcus's furious admonition that if Steve had just let him deal with their dad, he could have gotten him the outcome he wanted with his job and avoided all this trouble, repeated in his brain on a loop.

He twitched at the sensation of Ryker's hand landing on his back. He blinked away the smoke in his eyes and leaned into the touch.

It felt like everyone was staring at them. Most of the gazes were sympathetic – everyone knew that Steve and his father had just reconciled – but there was also a lot of curiosity directed at Ryker as the new district alpha.

“It's okay to be sad,” Ryker said, leaning over and placing a kiss on his temple. His voice was low, barely audible over the crackling fire. “No matter how things ended up, he was still your dad.”

Steve grit his teeth. He was sad. He was heartbroken. He was also furious.

“I know,” he mumbled, turning toward Ryker and letting himself be pulled into a hug. He buried his face in Ryker's shoulder, shuddering as Ryker stroked his back. “I'm so pissed. I wish he was alive so that I could yell at him.”

“It's not your fault,” Ryker said. It seemed to be his mantra for the occasion. He'd said it at least seven times since they arrived.

“It feels like my fault,” Steve admitted. His defiance had triggered his dad's spiraling, culminating in Marcus being forced to level up a decade before he was ready to do so and turning his dad into a monster.

“It's not,” Ryker repeated.

Marcus probably disagreed. The memory of his older brother's face crumpling in grief when he thought no one was looking was burned into Steve's memory.

“It's not,” Ryker repeated, his voice firm. He pulled away, cupping Steve's face and looking into his eyes. “Nothing you did gave your dad the right to do what he did. His choices are just that. His choices.”

Steve glanced around, checking to see that no one had overheard Ryker's vehement words, but everyone was giving Steve plenty of space to give his offering in peace.

It made Steve feel like a fraud. He pulled away from Ryker's embrace and pulled him away from the fire. He caught sight of his brothers, both of whom were looking at him with severe expressions.

Steve winced. He needed to talk to them before he left. He turned to Ryker, "I'll be right back."

Ryker saw what had drawn his attention and patted him on the back. "Good luck. I'll go have a word with Odin and the other district alphas. Come find me when you're done."

Steve nodded and they separated, Steve moving away from the crowd and Ryker moving into it.

Marcus and William watched him approach. He walked up to them and came to a stop, crossing his arms. His instincts told him to hug his brothers, but he held back.

"How are you holding up?" Marcus asked, his voice careful.

"I'm fine," Steve said. He looked between them, studying their expressions and body language to see if they were angry with him. "What about you guys?"

"I'm furious and depressed," William said, wrinkling his nose and crossing his arms. Something caught his attention and his expression hardened. "Mom's not even trying to hide how happy she is."

Steve turned to see what William was looking at, and to no surprise, it was their mother. She was talking to their father's enforcers, Bruce and Cain, and the two of them looked deeply uncomfortable at her cheerful expression.

Marcus's enforcers, Steve corrected in his head.

Their mother caught William and Steve looking at her, and her cheerful expression gave way to something more somber and appropriate. She lifted her hand and waved but made no

move to come over. After a second, she angled her body away so that they couldn't see her face.

Steve wouldn't make an effort to talk to her before he left, he decided.

"What about you?" Steve asked, looking at Marcus. "Are you okay?"

Marcus tightened his jaw and nodded. "My place is secure. No one is going to be challenging me any time soon."

That wasn't what Steve had asked. He frowned, trying to think of what he could say to make his big brother feel better, but nothing came to mind. He settled on apologizing.

"I'm sorry for not letting you handle Dad when I finished school."

Marcus sighed. "I shouldn't have said that. I was frustrated and it wasn't fair to you."

"I'm still sorry," Steve said.

"I wish you weren't." Marcus reached out and squeezed Steve's shoulder. "I didn't think he'd do something like this. I underestimated how unbalanced he was."

Steve nodded, swallowing a lump in his throat and not saying anything.

"Is Dylan okay?" Marcus asked, looking like he was dreading the answer.

"He seemed okay this morning," Steve said, his mood lifting the tiniest bit. He had braced for panic attacks and delayed shock, but when he woke up, Dylan seemed fine. He was a little subdued, his expression careful whenever they looked at each other, but not nearly as traumatized as Steve had expected. The bite on his neck had healed faster than Steve could have hoped. "I don't think Dad's bite is going to leave much of a scar."

"Dad's claim didn't take?" Marcus said, sounding relieved. "That's good at least."

"It is," Steve agreed.

The three of them stood there, none of them quite sure what to say. The funeral pyre was still going strong, heating the clearing and chasing away the cold, and for a while they watched people approach the flames, throwing small offerings into the fire to wish their departed alpha a good journey on to the next life.

“What did you guys offer?” Steve asked, glancing at his brothers. “I just grabbed something I made as a kid.”

“A moonstone rock,” Marcus said.

That was a valuable offering, though impersonal to the point of being inappropriate. Steve and Marcus looked at William for his answer. Their youngest brother shrugged.

“An anger management self-help book.” Marcus’s brows drew down with displeasure, but before he could say anything, William hurried to defend himself. “I wrapped it! No one saw what it was. And it’s not like he doesn’t need it, wherever he ends up next.”

If Steve hadn’t been feeling so shitty, he would have laughed. He reached out and pulled William under his arm, hugging him.

“That’s pretty funny,” he said, rubbing his arm. He looked at Marcus, who sighed and then offered up a small smile of his own.

“I guess it wasn’t entirely inappropriate.”

“So what’s happening now?” William asked, looking at Steve. “Are you guys staying for the gathering tonight?”

“No, we’re heading back to Fort Plainslac.” Steve swallowed, looking between his brothers. “You guys should visit, when you get the chance.”

“Sure,” Marcus said. “I’ll probably do a tour of the territory after the next full moon. William can come with me when I visit you.”

“Yeah,” William agreed. “I’d like that.”

“And I’ll be back here for the full moon,” Steve assured them. “It won’t be like before, when we didn’t see each other.”

Marcus and William both looked quietly pleased at that.

“Ryker looks popular,” William commented, changing the subject and nodding toward the crowd. Steve turned around. Ryker was talking to Odin and the other district alphas. From their body language, it looked like they were getting along.

“He fits right in,” Marcus agreed.

Steve’s chest swelled with pride, a tingling feeling rushing down his spine as his brothers looked at his mate with approval.

“He’s pretty great,” Steve said.

Marcus and William both looked at him, their expressions fond and a little amused.

“You *like* him,” William teased, making Steve swat at his arm.

“Obviously.”

“Good,” Marcus said, his expression embarrassingly sincere. “We want you to be happy.”

“I know.” A smile tugged at the corner of Steve’s lips. “What about you guys? Have you started seeing anyone?”

“I’m seeing someone,” William said, uncharacteristically shy. “Betty’s daughter, Cora. We’ve been dating for three months. She’s super nice.”

Steve smiled and asked William to tell him about her. William lit up and started talking, and Steve felt bad for not asking earlier. It was obvious that William was head over heels in love.

Listening to him was a nice distraction from the somber setting and the constant reminder that their dad didn’t deserve the respectful sendoff they were giving him.

“We’re probably going to move in together, if-” William cut himself off from what he’d been about to say, his expression dimming. He glanced at Marcus. “If Marcus says it’s okay.”

He’d been about to say, *if Dad says it’s okay*.

“Of course you can,” Marcus said. He grabbed William by the back of his neck and gave it a squeeze. “Would you like an apartment outside of the main house?”

William shrugged. “Maybe? We haven’t talked about that. I’ll ask her.”

Marcus nodded and William looked happy – or as happy as you could look at your father’s funeral. The three of them made for a pretty glum group, despite William’s enthusiasm when talking about Cora.

“I think I’m going to go find Ryker and say my goodbyes,” Steve said, rubbing the back of his neck. The sad looks and murmurs of what a great man his father had been were starting to get to him. “I’ll see you guys in not too long, right?”

“You will,” Marcus said.

William nodded along. “Maybe Cora and I can come down and visit before the full moon, and then come back up with you?”

“Would you?” Steve said, perking up.

William nodded.

“And I can make Fort Plainslac the first part of my tour after the full moon,” Marcus said. “I can travel down with you, when you go home.”

Steve felt something inside of him unclench. His brothers would be there for him, and he for them, even if they didn’t live in the same city any more. They were still pack.

“That sounds really good.”

All of a sudden Steve felt like he was going to cry. He swallowed it down and gave himself a mental shake.

“See you soon, little brother,” Marcus said, pulling him into a hug. “Take care of yourself.”

“You too,” Steve said. He hugged William next.

“I look forward to meeting your girlfriend.”

“You’ll like her,” William promised. He pulled away.

Steve nodded and took a step back, giving the two of them a little wave before heading back into the crowd to find Ryker.

Judging by the way everyone looked at him, sympathy and sorrow written across their features, Steve was doing a good job of appearing appropriately affected by his father's funeral. As he scanned the crowd, he wondered how many people were secretly relieved that his father was dead and that Marcus was their new alpha. It had to be more than a few people, but like Steve, they were doing a good job of hiding it.

Ryker was still talking to Odin and the other district alphas.

"Hey," Ryker said, apologetically interrupting David mid-sentence and taking a step toward him. "How are you doing?"

"I'm okay," Steve said, nodding at the district alphas. They all nodded back, their expressions sympathetic. Odin offered his condolences, after which Blaine, Zack, Henry and David did the same.

Steve couldn't help but notice that none of them looked particularly sad, considering the fact that they were attending their alphas funeral. Their attitude was almost businesslike.

If his father hadn't died the way he had – hurting Dylan and revealing himself to be a monster – Steve was pretty sure he would be offended.

Now he just understood.

Ryker wrapped his arm around his waist, noticing the sudden dimming of his mood and holding him against his body.

"Do you want to leave?" Ryker asked.

Steve nodded. "I already said goodbye to Marcus and William."

"All right." Ryker turned toward Odin and the other district alphas. "I'm sorry, I think we're going to get going. It was good talking to you guys. I look forward to meeting under happier circumstances."

“Me too,” Odin said. “We’ll see you on the full moon, right? We’ll show you how us civilized wolves do things.”

Steve furrowed his brow before he understood. Ryker and the other alphas must have been comparing how they did full moons.

“Roughing it isn’t so bad,” Steve said, defending his mate. Then he frowned. “Though I don’t think the animal population here can sustain the kind of hunting Ryker and August do back at the preserve in Fort Plainslac.”

“It’s okay,” Ryker said, amused. “August and I do it that way because we’re too lazy to plan and make a bigger deal out of it. Your way of doing it will be fun.”

Ryker reached out his hand, saying goodbye to his fellow district alphas before leading Steve away.

The main house where they’d parked the car was just a short walk away from the clearing. When they walked toward the path, Steve spotted his mom. She started walking toward him and Steve sped up so that they wouldn’t cross paths.

He would talk to her at the full moon, when he’d had some time to process everything that had happened.

“Are you okay?” Ryker asked, his voice quiet.

“I’m fine,” Steve said. He glanced at his mom, who had stopped walking and was giving him a sad look. “I’ll talk to her later. Right now, I just want to go home.”

Ryker nodded. “Of course.”

DYLAN

Dylan stepped off the stairs and into the cabin, feeling wildly out of place as he walked down the narrow aisle and sat down in one of the sleek leather chairs. There were twelve seats in total, six on each side of the aisle, arranged in an alternating rear and front facing configuration that created three distinct seating areas within the cabin.

August and Ryker took the seats next to him, leaving the seat across from him for Steve.

“This okay?” Steve asked, hesitating next to the seat.

“Of course,” Dylan said, pulling his legs back. The seats were roomy – similar to first class seats on normal planes – and there was enough room between them that neither one of them would be cramped for space.

Steve sat down, planting his feet flat on the floor and fastening his seatbelt. He was still dressed in the suit he’d worn at the funeral, clumps of snow sticking to his shoes, and he smelled like smoke.

He looked depressed.

Dylan folded his hands in his lap, having no idea what to say. He was used to Steve being cocky and self-confident – grinning and joking as he tried to convince Dylan to date him instead of August and Ryker – and seeing him so unlike himself was distressing.

The captain climbed onto the plane and came down to talk to them, letting them know how long the flight would be and

warning them that there were no attendants to wait on them during the flight.

“That’s fine, Jennifer,” Steve said, shooting her a tight smile. “We don’t need any service. We just want to get home.”

“Of course, sir,” Captain Jennifer said, nodding at him. “And can I just say, I’m sorry for your loss. You and your family have been in my prayers.”

Steve’s tight smile turned into a grimace, but he quickly schooled his expression.

“Thank you. I appreciate that.”

“Barney is my co-captain today. If you need anything, come up and let us know,” Jennifer said. She gave Steve another sympathetic nod and turned around, walking up to the cockpit and closing the door behind her.

Steve leaned his head back and sighed. He closed his eyes, the position putting the sharp line of his jaw and his pronounced Adam’s apple on display, along with the scars of his mating bites from August and Ryker.

Dylan reached up and touched his neck where John had bitten him, feeling over the faint scar tissue that was all that remained from the brutal attack.

It was magic, pure and simple, how quickly he’d healed. He’d hardly been able to believe it when he woke up and the bite looked years old and faded, and it had faded even more in the hours he’d been awake.

Dylan was convinced that it would disappear entirely within a few days, while August and Ryker’s marks would linger on his skin until the day he died.

He caught Ryker looking at him, the alpha’s expression pinched as he watched Dylan feeling along the skin where John had bitten him. Dylan quickly dropped his hand down to his lap.

Before he could say anything, the speakers cracked to life and Jennifer’s voice filled the cabin. “Gentlemen, please fasten

your seatbelts and prepare for departure. We have been cleared for takeoff.”

Dylan realized he hadn't fastened his seatbelt and quickly buckled himself into his seat. He looked out of the window, watching as they taxied to the runway, and then held on to the armrests as the plane accelerated and they lifted into the air.

Flying in a small private jet felt very different from flying in a large commercial airliner, Dylan realized. There was a lot more movement than he was used to, and Dylan hoped he wouldn't be sick.

“Are you okay?” Steve asked, nudging Dylan's ankle with his shoe. A clump of snow fell off and landed next to Dylan's sneaker.

“I'm fine,” Dylan said, relaxing his clenched muscles. “I'm just not used to this much movement.”

“It will calm down when we reach altitude,” Steve assured him.

Dylan nodded, turning his attention back out of the window and watching as they lifted into the clouds.

“So, how was the funeral?” August asked, making Dylan flinch and stare at him incredulously. August noticed his look and shot him a tight smile. “Sometimes it's better to talk about these things. If Steve wants to, that is. We're willing to listen, right?”

Dylan nodded. If Steve wanted to talk about it, of course he'd listen.

“If Dylan doesn't want to talk about it, we won't,” Steve said, laying down the law.

“I don't mind,” Dylan said.

It was weird. Right after John had attacked him, when he'd been sitting there waiting for his alphas, it had felt like the end of the world. After they arrived and cuddled with him, however, the bad feelings had been muted, as though someone had turned the emotional trauma dial all the way down to low.

Dylan suspected it was werewolf magic at work. Something about his bond with his alphas was protecting him from the severity of his experience. Either that, or he was still disassociating – though he didn't think that was the case.

“It was fucking awful,” Steve sighed, breathing out through his nose. “He did something terrible, and I had to pretend to be sad when all I really wanted to do was scream. And I kept thinking, what other awful things has he done that I don't know about? I mean, how many people at the funeral were secretly relieved that he's dead? And how could he be like that and I didn't notice?”

“He was your dad and you loved him,” August said.

“Well, he fucked me over and I wish I didn't.”

“From what Marcus said, the only terrible things he's done are to his omega, and to Dylan,” Ryker said. “Other than that, no one I talked to had anything bad to say about him.”

Steve nodded and looked at his lap, looking like he was about to cry.

Dylan swallowed, feeling helpless in the face of Steve's sorrow. He wished there was something he could do to make it all better, but there wasn't.

The plane intercom cracked to life again, and Jennifer's voice rang out over the speaker. “Gentlemen, we've reached cruising altitude. You may remove your seatbelts, though I recommend keeping them on when seated. Please let us know if there's anything you need.”

“Dylan, maybe Steve would feel better if you went and sat on his lap for a bit,” Ryker suggested, looking between them.

“He doesn't have to do that,” Steve objected.

“He wants to,” Ryker said, sitting up and leaning forward. “Don't you, Dylan?”

“Not if he doesn't want me to.”

“I want you to, just not if you don't want to,” Steve said.

Ryker grinned. “See?”

Dylan hesitated, feeling awkward, but Ryker neatly solved that by rising out of his seat, reaching down to undo Dylan's seatbelt, lifting him up and plopping him down on Steve's lap.

Dylan's stomach swooped as he went into the air, Ryker holding him under his arms, his hands coming up of their own accord to hold on to Ryker's biceps as the alpha lowered him into position.

"There you go," Ryker said, patting his shoulder before going back to his seat.

Dylan sat frozen for a second, his groin tingling from the abrupt manhandling. Steve sat equally stiff and frozen beneath him, his hands by his sides and not touching Dylan at all. Dylan looked up over his shoulder. "We don't have to-"

Steve wrapped his arms around him and hugged him tight, burying his face in Dylan's hair and breathing him in with deep, shuddering breaths.

"I want to," he mumbled.

Dylan relaxed into the embrace, his legs dangling on either side of Steve's thighs, the alpha holding him so tight that he almost couldn't breathe.

He placed his hand on top of Steve's arms, tracing the cuff of his dress shirt where it poked out from underneath his suit jacket. Moving his fingers lower, he felt along the back of Steve's hand, making the alpha shudder.

Something under Dylan's ass twitched, the movement making both Dylan and Steve freeze.

"Sorry about that," Steve said, his voice rough.

"It's okay," Dylan said, wriggling a bit to get comfortable. Steve let out a grunt and Dylan froze again, realizing what he'd been doing and how it could be perceived.

"Sorry, I wasn't trying to-"

"Wasn't trying to do what?" Ryker cut him off. "Dylan, what are you doing?"

“He’s wriggling,” Steve said, his voice rough. “Right on my fucking cock.”

He pushed his face back into Dylan’s hair and inhaled, his cock twitching against Dylan’s ass even though Dylan definitely wasn’t moving now.

“I wouldn’t mind if the two of you wanted to put on a show,” August said. Dylan glanced over and made eye contact with him, and August responded by smirking and spreading his legs, slouching back in his seat and rubbing over his crotch with the palm of his hand.

Dylan’s stomach clenched with arousal.

“What kind of show?” Steve asked, sounding interested but not sold.

“Any kind you want,” August said.

“Do you want to?” Steve asked, hooking his chin over Dylan’s shoulder and speaking quietly into his ear. Dylan knew that August and Ryker had heard the question, too, but the illusion of privacy was appreciated.

“Only if you want to,” Dylan said.

“I’m asking if *you* want to,” Steve said.

“I always want to,” Dylan admitted. Except for when his hole felt like it was on fire and he couldn’t move because he was so tired, he was pretty much down to suck, sit on, or rub his alphas’ cocks whenever they wanted.

“Do you want to *now*?”

“I don’t want to pressure you,” Dylan said, worried that Steve was getting bullied into performing when he wasn’t emotionally ready to do so.

Steve, rather than take the heartfelt words as they were intended, laughed.

“You’re adorable. You’re really not angry with me at all?”

Dylan shook his head. “No.”

“And you want to have sex with me?”

Dylan nodded. "I do."

"Then I'd love to put on a show for our elders."

"Hey!" August objected, making Dylan laugh. He looked so offended, it was hilarious.

"You don't have to watch if you don't want to," Steve said, sliding his hand between Dylan's legs and squeezing his cock. "If you need to take a nap, we won't be offended."

Dylan would have laughed if he wasn't so busy gasping at the sensation of Steve groping him through his jeans. Steve was fondling his glans through his jeans and underwear, using the tip of his thumb and forefinger, and Dylan was fully hard and well on his way to coming from the simple touch.

"You think you can last long enough that I'll have time to take a nap?" August taunted, making Steve freeze.

Dylan's stomach swooped. That was a challenge, and Dylan was the one who would bear the brunt of Steve meeting it. He was so excited he almost came on the spot.

"Dylan, any requests?" Steve asked, sitting up a little straighter and resting his hand casually between Dylan's legs.

"What kind of requests?" Dylan asked.

"For right now," Steve said. "What do you want me to do with you?"

Dylan swallowed. "Whatever you want."

Steve chuckled, and the little hairs on the back of Dylan's neck rose.

"I don't think you mean that," Steve said, the words a warning. "Be more specific."

Dylan couldn't seem to get enough air into his lungs. He bit his lip and closed his eyes, feeling August and Ryker's eyes on him as Steve casually started groping his crotch again.

"I want you to pinch my nipples," Dylan said, gasping when Steve immediately pushed his hand under his shirt and grabbed his left nipple, twisting it harder than August or Ryker ever had.

“Like this?” Steve asked, pinching down with the tips of his fingernails while he squeezed Dylan’s cock through his jeans. “Or is that too soft?”

“No, not too soft,” Dylan rushed to say, feeling like there was a string connecting his nipple to his groin. Every time Steve squeezed down, the string tightened and pulled on his cock. “Like that.”

“What else?” Steve kept twisting and pinching his nipple, getting rougher and making Dylan cry out.

“I want to suck your cock,” Dylan said, the pain in his nipple building until it was almost unbearable. “And your balls!”

He was shouting, squirming on Steve’s lap, as though volume and movement could dim the pain. Steve laughed and released his abused nub, rubbing it roughly before taking his hand out of Dylan’s shirt. He grabbed the shirt by the hem and lifted it over Dylan’s head, taking it off before he could really process how it had happened.

“You don’t need that,” Steve explained, patting his chest and making a slapping sound. He rubbed his stomach. “So you want to suck my cock and nuzzle my balls. Those both sound good. How do you feel about getting slapped around a little while that goes on?”

Dylan hesitated. For all that August and Ryker played rough, they didn’t slap him outside of spanking his ass a few times. Was that what Steve was talking about?

“What do you mean?”

“I want to slap your face,” Steve clarified. “Can I?”

“Maybe?” Dylan said. He had answered yes to face-slapping on the KinkMatch questionnaire, but only as mildly interested.

The idea of Steve using his massive hand to slap his face was honestly a little scary.

“Not very hard,” Steve assured him. “Not much harder than this.”

He slapped Dylan across his cheek, catching him off guard and making him cry out. It wasn't a hard slap – more like a tap – but Dylan's cheek still stung and the humiliation of being slapped in the face lingered and made his whole body feel funny.

He liked it.

“Okay,” Dylan said, licking his lips.

“Are you sure?” Ryker asked, sounding a little worried. “You don't have to.”

“No, I'm sure,” Dylan said. “I think I liked it.”

Steve smacked him again, slightly harder, and Dylan was caught just as off guard as the first time. He leaned back, staring at his empty seat and breathing fast as he processed the pain and the strangely delicious feeling of humiliation.

He couldn't believe he *liked* this.

“Did you like *that*?” Steve asked, his voice low and demanding.

“Yeah,” Dylan said, the word coming out in a puff of air like it had been punched out of him. “Fuck, that feels weird.”

Steve slapped him again. “Don't swear.”

Dylan's head was ringing and he felt like he was floating. His cheek stung, his skin feeling hot, and when he looked down, he stared at Steve's giant mitt of a hand like he'd never seen it before.

Steve rubbed his stomach, the tenderness of the gesture contrasting with the earlier slapping and making Dylan feel like he was going to melt.

“He goes down this easy?” Steve asked, a note of wonder in his voice. Dylan was only half paying attention, but he was glad to hear that he didn't sound sad any more.

“He's pretty easy to drop,” Ryker said, his voice serious. Dylan frowned and tried to pay attention. “We have to be careful. He won't tell us when it's too much.”

“I understand,” Steve said, his voice equally serious. He leaned in and kissed Dylan’s cheek, squeezing him tight against his chest. “You’re a good boy, Dylan. A very good boy.”

Goosebumps erupted up and down Dylan’s arms, his spine tingling. His cock throbbed, the praise almost more than he could bear. He writhed, wishing he could turn around and bury his face in Steve’s big, muscular pecs. He wanted to feel them smother his face.

“On your knees,” Steve said, sliding Dylan down between his legs and turning him around. Dylan sat back on his haunches, looking up at Steve with wide eyes.

He stared at the bulge in Steve’s suit, his mouth watering. He couldn’t wait to see Steve’s massive cock again. Leaning forward, he reached for the waistband of Steve’s suit only to have his hand roughly smacked away.

Steve grabbed him by his hair and yanked his head back, leaning forward and narrowing his eyes.

“Did I give you permission to undo my pants?”

His voice was perfectly calm and level, but the note of warning in it went right to Dylan’s cock.

“No, alpha,” he said.

Steve closed his eyes and shuddered, while to his left Ryker and August both chuckled.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” August asked. His voice was heavy.

“Yeah,” Steve agreed, licking his lips. “Real good.”

“Do you want my cock?” Steve asked, using his fist in Dylan’s hair to guide his face closer to the bulge in his suit. His cock was pushed down into the leg, hard and throbbing, perfectly visible next to his muscular thigh.

“Yes, please,” Dylan said, his mind clearing a little. He couldn’t believe how much he’d been affected by just a few taps on his cheek.

Steve slapped him, and even though he'd just been thinking about it, it caught him just as much off guard as the three times before.

"I want you to smell it first."

Steve pushed Dylan's face between his legs, mashing his face into his crotch and holding him against his bulge.

Dylan breathed in, the scent of Steve's body mixing with the scent of his wool suit and the lingering scent of smoke.

That last aroma had a dimming effect on Dylan's libido, so he did his best to ignore it.

He wished Steve and Ryker had changed before getting on the plane. For a second he debated asking if they had any leather pants they could put on, but even with the floaty feeling stealing away his sense of embarrassment, he couldn't ask that.

"Do you like that?" Steve asked, dragging Dylan's nose up and down the length of his cock.

"Yes, alpha," Dylan moaned. Steve's cock was huge, and it felt so good next to his nose.

"Good boy," Steve said, cupping Dylan's cheek and rubbing it. Dylan was prepared for a slap, so the rough petting caught him off guard. Steve leaned in close and spit into his mouth. "Now you can open my suit and take out my cock."

"He doesn't like spitting," August interrupted, reaching over and patting Dylan's back.

Steve froze, his brow furrowed in concern.

"That was just at the restaurant," Dylan said, swallowing and licking his lips. He glanced at August, warmed by his guard-dog like concern. "I like it when we're having sex."

"Are you sure?" August asked, still rubbing his back.

Dylan nodded.

"All right then." August pulled back and relaxed back into his seat. He smirked. "Have at it."

Steve grinned, pushing his thumb past the corner of Dylan's lips and rubbing it over his tongue.

"Would you like to hump my leg while you free my cock?"

He stretched out his leg, pushing it between Dylan's legs and lifting it so that Dylan was sitting just below his knee.

"Yes, please, alpha," Dylan moaned, dropping down on Steve's leg while reaching for the alpha's pants. Steve was still holding him by his hair, but the tugging sensation felt good, and Dylan liked the feeling of being controlled.

"I didn't tell you to do it," Steve said, slapping him gently before squeezing his bulge. "Now beg for my cock."

Dylan shuddered, humiliation dropping over him like a weighted blanket. He shuddered, biting his lips before he looked up at his surprisingly strict alpha and said, "Can I please have your cock?"

Steve laughed, pushing his thumb back into his mouth and swiping it across the front of his teeth and over his gums.

"Is that the best you can do?" His tone was derisive, and Dylan closed his eyes and nearly came. His balls felt full and heavy, and every twitch of Steve's leg sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through his cock.

"Please let me suck your cock, alpha. I need your big cock. I want to taste it and lick it and push it against my face while I suck on your balls. Please, please, please!"

Steve chuckled, sounding delighted. "That's more like it. Go ahead."

He let go of Dylan's head – releasing his hair and pulling his thumb out of his mouth – and leaned back into his seat.

Dylan hesitated, suddenly nervous. The bulge of Steve's cock was right there – close enough that he could lean in and lick it – and it was *big*.

The last time they'd done this, Steve had been very nice and let Dylan set the pace, but that had been a roleplay where Dylan was a cute little puppy. Their current game seemed to have a rougher edge.

It was an intimidating realization.

“Did you change your mind?” Steve asked, tilting his head.

If Dylan wanted to change the game they were playing, Steve would do so in an instant. All of his alphas would. The knowledge settled Dylan’s nerves.

“Nope.” He grinned and rushed to open Steve’s pants.

Undoing the button and pulling down the zipper of Steve’s suit, he exposed Steve’s underwear. Dylan’s hand trembled as he reached into the briefs and slid his hand down next to the thick shaft.

Dylan’s fingertips traveled down the silky-smooth skin, the softness contrasting with the ridged hardness underneath and the veins he could feel running up and down the shaft. His first attempt to pull Steve’s cock out of his pants failed. There was too little room to move, and Steve wasn’t helping, sitting slouched and watching him like some kind of king on his throne.

The sound of the jet engine mixed with the rushing in Dylan’s ears, his fingers trembling with want and need.

“Try again,” Steve instructed, his voice soft and patient. He followed the words up with a light smack to Dylan’s cheek, catching him off guard yet again. He smirked. “Stop being lazy.”

Dylan grabbed Steve’s cock with a determined grip. This time he was less careful, managing to free the length from Steve’s suit and let it bounce against his stomach, before the shaft came to rest in the air in front of his face.

It was even bigger than he remembered.

“Don’t forget my balls,” Steve said, taking his shaft in hand and giving it a few pumps. “What was it you said, that you wanted to suck on them while you pushed your face into my cock? Let’s start with that.”

He bounced his leg, making Dylan’s whole body jerk as the movement stimulated his cock where it lay crushed against the alpha’s leg.

“Yes, alpha.”

Dylan lifted Steve’s balls out of his underwear, lowering them down and letting them dangle between his thighs. They were huge – round like plums and just as enticing – hanging heavy and loose in their sac.

Dylan wanted them in his mouth.

Before he could second guess himself, he pushed his face between Steve’s legs and sucked one of his balls into his mouth. The taste of salty skin and musk exploded on his tongue, and together with the scent of Steve’s crotch filling his nose, Dylan was in sensory heaven. He pushed his forehead into the thick shaft looming over his face, the hot length like a brand against his forehead.

He closed his eyes, sucking on Steve’s ball and rubbing it over his tongue with abandon.

It felt just as good as he’d imagined. Steve’s gut clenched, his body curling forward, and he grabbed Dylan by the back of his head to keep him in place.

“Fuck!” he grunted, using his other hand to push the base of his cock against Dylan’s forehead. “Yeah, use your tongue like that. Fuck, that feels so good!”

Warmth bloomed in Dylan’s stomach, Steve’s words making his trapped cock twitch with pleased delight.

Steve had Dylan suck on his balls for a while, letting him alternate between them while bouncing his leg. After a while, Dylan felt like he was in a trance. He forgot that they were on a plane or that something horrible had happened less than twenty-four hours ago. The only things that existed were Steve and his big balls.

“All right, it’s time to suck it,” Steve said, grabbing Dylan by his hair and pulling him off his ball. It came free with a plopping sound, falling back between Steve’s thighs and coming to rest next to its twin. Both balls glistened with spit and pre-come, and Dylan had never seen anything prettier.

“Can you squeeze your thighs around my head while I suck them?” he asked, needing to feel Steve’s thighs crushing

him while the alpha's balls were in his mouth like he needed to breathe.

Steve laughed.

"Maybe later. I'm going to fuck your mouth now. Are you okay with that?"

Dylan nodded and Steve slapped him.

"Use your words."

"Yes, alpha."

Steve leaned forward, catching him off guard with a kiss on his lips. He swiped his tongue gently over Dylan's mouth, tasting his lips, before plunging inside like he was trying to tongue-fuck his throat.

When he pulled away, Dylan was breathless and panting and so close to coming that one little twitch would send him over the edge.

"Tap out if you need a break, okay?"

Dylan nodded and then remembered. "Yes, alpha."

"Good boy."

Steve grabbed him by his hair and brought Dylan's mouth down to his cock, pushing past his lips with a steady pressure on the back of his head. Once the head of his cock was inside, he stopped pushing.

"Put your tongue under my foreskin," he commanded. When Dylan didn't act fast enough to comply with the request, he tapped his cheek with a gentle slap. "Now, Dylan."

Dylan swiped his tongue over Steve's cockhead, struggling to move it under his foreskin. Steve's cock was big, and it took up almost all the space in Dylan's mouth. It wasn't easy to do anything with his tongue when he could barely move it.

"I'm going to have to start bringing a riding crop with me when I go out with you, aren't I?" Steve said, his tone disappointed. He pulled Dylan a little off his cock, and suddenly Dylan had room to obey his instructions.

He pushed his tongue under Steve's foreskin, licking around his glans and feeling grateful that Steve was thorough when he washed. The flavor of cock was more intense under his foreskin, but it was clean.

The mental image of Steve holding a riding crop, casually smacking it down on Dylan's ass whenever he didn't obey fast or well enough made Dylan's balls throb. It was the final push he needed to send him over the edge, and before he knew it, he was moaning and humping Steve's leg as he came all over the insides of his briefs.

It was over all too soon.

"Did you just come?" Steve asked, leaning down to Dylan's ass and grabbing him between his legs. He pushed his fingers down underneath his taint, the tips of his fingers finding the wet spot on Dylan's crotch. "You little dog. You did!"

Steve smacked Dylan's ass three times in quick succession, each hit grinding Dylan's cock down on Steve's leg.

"Did I tell you that you were allowed to come?" He spanked Dylan a fourth, fifth and sixth time. "I don't remember that. Do you, Ryker?"

"I don't," Ryker said. "August?"

"Nope, can't say that I do."

"Bad boys get spanked," Steve growled, smacking Dylan's ass over and over, the hits getting harder. On the fifteenth blow, Dylan started to whimper.

"Four more," Steve growled, his cock getting impossibly harder where it rested against Dylan's tongue. "And keep my fucking cock in your mouth or I'm putting you over my lap and then you'll really be sorry."

Dylan clung to Steve's leg, pushing himself further down on his cock and making himself gag in the process.

Steve ignored him and started spanking him, and Dylan realized that all the other spanks had just been playful swats.

The sound of Steve's palm hitting his jean-covered ass rang out through the cabin like a shot, loud even over the engine, and Dylan screamed around the thick cock poking at the back of his throat.

"Remember to tap out if you need to," Ryker reminded him, sounding a little worried. "And maybe ease up a little, Steve. He's a beginner."

"He's wearing jeans," Steve said, defending himself. "He can take it."

Despite that, his next blow was not as bad as the first.

"Tap if you want me to keep going."

Dylan froze, not liking the idea that he had to be complicit in his own ravaging. Annoyed, he tapped Steve's thigh.

His attitude must have shown in the tap, because Steve immediately delivered the third blow, and this time he didn't hold back. The third blow was followed by a fourth, giving Dylan no time to catch his breath or process the pain before suddenly it was over.

Steve yanked him off his cock and lifted him up so that they were nose to nose. Dylan stared into his alpha's eyes, and he would be lying if the sadistic glee he could see lurking in his gaze didn't make him nervous.

"You and I are going to have a lot of fun in Ryker and August's playroom, Dylan. I'm looking forward to it."

"Me too," Dylan said, meeting his expression head on despite his nerves.

It was true. Dylan was nervous as hell about doing a scene with Steve, but he was also absolutely sure that it would be amazing.

Steve wouldn't let it be anything but.

"Back on my cock, bitch."

Steve pushed Dylan back down on his cock, impaling his mouth and pushing into his throat with Ryker-like brutality.

Dylan relaxed his throat and accepted the invasion, the sensation of his throat bulging making him wonder what he looked like. Judging by what he could see of August's expression out of the corner of his eye, he thought probably pretty good.

"Do you think you deserve my come?" Steve taunted. He was holding Dylan in place, lifting his hips to fuck into Dylan's throat rather than moving him up and down on his cock. "Maybe I should come on my shoes and make you lick it up?"

Dylan didn't mind either way. He liked how he felt when he was on his knees, licking his alpha's boot, and he liked how it felt when they came in his mouth and pumped so much come down his throat that it came spewing out of his nostrils because he couldn't keep up and swallow fast enough.

"Let's keep the boot and shoe fetish stuff limited to clean shoes that haven't been worn outside, okay?" August said, in his doctor voice.

"Okay," Steve said, sounding chastised.

Dylan was a little disappointed. He hadn't minded licking Steve's dirty boot before, though he guessed that August was right and they should be hygienic.

"I'm close," Steve warned, fucking Dylan's face faster. His hips were moving up and down like a jackhammer, and Dylan would be amazed at his stamina if he hadn't seen August and Ryker perform similarly many times before.

It was still pretty hot, though.

"Fuck, I'm going to come," Steve warned. Dylan decided to help him along by humming, the vibrations in his throat working Steve's shaft as he fucked his esophagus.

Dylan's help worked, and Steve came with a grunt, just a fraction of a second before he'd expected to. His breathing turned ragged, and his grip on Dylan's hair tightened as he pushed him down to the top of his knot and held him there.

"Don't knot his mouth," Ryker warned, standing up and looking to make sure that Steve wasn't pushing his knot into

Dylan's mouth and getting stuck.

"I'm not," Steve said, breathless and gritting his teeth. "Fuck. I'm coming!"

Dylan couldn't taste Steve's load as the alpha pumped it down directly into his esophagus, but he could feel Steve's cock expanding with each spurt of come and feel it filling up his stomach.

With Steve occupying his throat, Dylan was also unable to breathe, and without the intermitted breaks for air he'd gotten when Steve was actively fucking his throat, he was quickly starting to run out of oxygen in his lungs. His head started to spin, and pretty soon there was darkness closing in on the edges of his vision.

He saw movement next to him, and a second later Ryker was reaching down in front of his face. For a second he thought Ryker was going to help him breathe, but that was quickly proven not to be the case.

"Let me give you a hand," Ryker said, grabbing Steve's knot and squeezing it. Dylan could feel the effect that had on Steve's cock, his shaft hardening even further as Ryker milked more come out of his balls and into Dylan's stomach.

Dylan was just about to pass out when Steve yanked him up, blasting him in the face with one final spurt of come as he slumped back in his seat with a satisfied sigh.

"Are you okay?" he asked, pulling Dylan into his lap and sitting him on his thigh. He pulled Dylan down so that he was resting on his chest, rubbing his back as he regained his breath.

"Pretty awesome," Dylan said, his stomach bubbling and feeling full.

Steve had come *a lot*.

"Good. Thanks for that." Steve kissed the top of his head. "Next time, do you want me to lean into the mean thing, be nicer, or keep it about the same?"

Dylan closed his eyes and let his cheek rest on Steve's slab-like pectoral muscle.

“Surprise me.”

All three of his alphas chuckled, making Dylan feel all warm and tingly inside.

“All right.” Steve kissed the top of his head. “We have a deal.”

RYKER

The next day, Ryker had intended to stay home with Dylan and make sure he was okay, but when they sat down for breakfast, Dylan informed them that he was going to class, and that he had plans with his friends Annie, Coco and Caleb after.

“I’ll be back for dinner,” he said, slapping August’s hand away when he tried to steal one of his strawberries.

“All right,” Ryker said, mentally rearranging his plans. He would head into the office and deal with anything he needed to catch up on after his unannounced break.

“What about you guys?” Ryker asked.

“Work,” August said, shrugging and licking a dollop of whipped cream off his finger. “I told Cynthia I’d be back today, so I have a pretty full schedule.”

Ryker turned to Steve.

“I need to go into the station and talk to my sergeant about the shifts I’ve missed,” Steve said. “I was also thinking I’d pack up my apartment and move my stuff over here.”

“Sounds good,” Ryker said. “Dylan, that reminds me of something. I have some documents I need you to sign to terminate your lease and get compensation for your ceiling falling down on you. I’ll send them to your email. If you could print them out, sign them, and send me a picture that would be great.”

Dylan frowned. “But I’m subletting.”

Ryker nodded. "I know. It's all been taken care of."

"The guy I'm subletting from isn't in trouble, is he?"

"He's fine. Your subletting contract was perfectly legal, but the company that owns the building tried to stick both of you with the bill for fixing the ceiling. I had one of my lawyers talk them out of that and negotiate a settlement to make up for the inconvenience instead."

Dylan perked up. "That's nice. They're so sleazy."

They finished up breakfast, with Steve offering to do the dishes. Ryker drank his coffee, enjoying the morning sunlight and the company of his mates.

August was the first to leave, after which Dylan realized that he was late and had to rush to get going.

Steve offered to drive him to school, which he accepted with a relieved sigh.

"Thank you, you're a lifesaver."

"It's no problem." Steve kissed him, and Ryker's cock twitched as he watched his two youngest mates licking into each other's mouth like they'd just discovered French kissing. Steve grabbed Dylan by his waist and lifted him up, making Dylan wrap his legs around him and cling to him with a moan. Steve licked his way down to Dylan's neck, grabbing his ass and squeezing it, and started sucking on the skin next to August's claiming mark.

That was where he'd bite him, Ryker thought with fond amusement. He couldn't wait to watch it happen.

As Steve and Dylan forgot all about being late, Ryker examined Dylan's neck for the tenth time that morning, as amazed as he'd been when he woke up.

John's bite had all but disappeared.

There were just the faintest pinpricks of light scar tissue left, but Ryker was pretty sure those would fade within a few days as well.

Ryker's theory was that something about Dylan's omega status had caused him to outright reject the bite. There was nothing else that would explain why August and Ryker's tooth-marks were still clearly outlined in white patches on Dylan's neck, while John's more brutal wound had barely any trace left of it.

Ryker cleared his throat. "I thought you were late, Dylan."

Dylan was currently humping Steve's waist, grinding into him while Steve squeezed his ass with a two-handed grip and sucked what looked like a monster hickey into his neck.

"Fuck," Dylan gasped, coming back to himself. He tapped Steve on his arm to let him down, sinking to his feet and leaning on Steve for support as the two of them caught their breath.

The bulge in Steve's jeans was obscene, and Dylan's situation wasn't much better.

"I just need to get my bag," Dylan said, running back to the bedroom.

"Do you think he'll let me claim him tonight?" Steve asked, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and adjusting his crotch.

"Probably," Ryker said, grinning and rising from his seat. He walked over and cupped his hand over Steve's bulge, feeling his hard shaft beneath the denim and giving it a squeeze. He leaned in, Steve watching him with heated eyes. "He's not that hard to get in the mood."

Steve snorted and nuzzled his face into Ryker's neck.

"He's really not, is he?"

"We're pretty lucky," Ryker agreed.

"I'm ready to go," Dylan said, jogging into the room and coming to an abrupt stop. "Though don't stop on my account. Jesus. You guys are hot."

Steve laughed and pulled away from Ryker, turning toward Dylan.

“Thank you. I’m ready to go, too.”

Ryker walked with them to the elevator and saw them off, then went back to the bedroom to change into a suit so that he could get going as well. He headed into work, taking his car and listening to the radio, and when he got to the office, he was immediately pulled into a meeting over something that had happened while he was away.

After that, Ryker had a few more meetings, including a working lunch, after which he spent a solid five hours reading over and responding to emails.

Before he knew it, it was past six and August was calling him asking what time he wanted to have dinner.

His secretary had gone home an hour ago, as had most of the office, but Ryker had managed to get caught up on everything he needed to be caught up on.

“I’m heading home now,” he said.

“Perfect,” August said. “Me too. I’m picking up pasta on the way. Our usual order.”

“What about Steve and Dylan?”

“They’re already home.” August sounded pleased. “I talked to Steve earlier. He’s moved all his stuff, but we’re going to have to rent a space for his bike. Can you handle that?”

“Sure.” Ryker made a note to contact the board of their building to see if there was anything available. “Anything else?”

“Nope, unless you want to pick up some wine for dinner?”

“I’ll do that.” Ryker rose from his chair and reached for his coat, saying goodbye and hanging up. He grabbed his keys and headed out of the office, looking forward to the evening ahead.

If everything went like he thought it would, Steve would claim Dylan, and their little pack would be complete.

Ryker couldn’t wait.

When he arrived home, Ryker took the elevator up to the penthouse. August's parking space had been empty, so Ryker knew that he had made it home first. He toed off his shoes and put away his coat, heading down the hall with an excited spring in his step.

After all the shit they'd been through over the weekend, coming home to his penthouse and knowing that all his mates were safe and accounted for was a good feeling.

As he walked down the hall, Ryker could hear movement and the muffled sound of voices coming from inside the apartment. The sound wasn't coming from the kitchen or living room, which meant that Steve and Dylan were somewhere behind closed doors.

Acting on a hunch, Ryker headed toward the playroom and opened the door without knocking. Sure enough, Dylan and Steve were inside, both of them turning startled gazes his way when he stepped through the doorway.

"Ryker!" Steve said, licking his lips and looking between Dylan and his alpha. He was shirtless, wearing leather pants that Ryker was sure were his, and holding a wooden paddle. "You're home. Dylan and I were just... checking out the playroom."

Ryker grinned, his cock growing hard and pushing against the front of his suit. Steve had Dylan in the pillory, stripped naked, his hands and neck locked securely into place between two slabs of polished wood.

There was a huge gag in his mouth that made him look like a chipmunk.

"Having fun?" Ryker asked, walking into the room. Dylan and Steve watched him, looking embarrassed to have been caught playing. Ryker didn't know why. It was natural for his two youngest mates to want to have fun together.

Dylan was saved from having to reply by the fat gag filling his mouth, but he nodded anyway. He said something, though Ryker couldn't make out what.

"What was that, Dylan?" he asked.

Steve reached forward and pulled the gag out of the boy's mouth. Dylan swallowed, working his jaw, and said, "We're testing what kind of impact play I like. It's an experiment!"

"And you're in the stocks because?"

"He kept squirming away," Steve said, his rough voice making Dylan shudder.

"Not on purpose!" Dylan defended himself. He had that bratty tone of voice that let Ryker know that he was pretty deep into subspace.

"I know, you're a good boy," Ryker said, crouching down in front of him and petting his hair. He stroked his cheek, enjoying the blissful expression the simple touch elicited. "What's your favorite so far?"

"The flogger," Dylan answered, no hesitation. "It feels *warm*."

He said it like it was a revelation.

"What else?" Ryker asked, glancing up at Steve and catching him in a blush. He looked down and noticed that Steve was wearing his leather motorcycle gloves. Had Dylan requested those? If so, that was an interesting development.

"The crop, but I already knew that," Dylan said. "And his hand. That's pretty great."

Ryker traced Dylan's lips. "What was your least favorite?"

"The single tail whip," Dylan said, glancing up at Steve with a mean look. "It hurt a lot, even when he said he was going to be gentle and let me get a feel for it first."

"The single tail is meant to be painful," Ryker said, not surprised that Dylan hadn't liked it. "What else?"

"That one is okay," Dylan said, nodding at the paddle in Steve's hand. "But not the little plastic one with the holes in it."

"What about just a regular belt?" Ryker asked.

"We haven't tested that," Dylan said. He bit his lips, his gaze going down to Ryker's belt.

“Then let’s test it out now,” Ryker said, standing up. He removed his belt and pulled it off, folding it in half and snapping it together to make a slapping sound. Dylan jumped, making the locking mechanism holding the stocks closed rattle.

“Ready?” Ryker asked, wrapping the buckle end of the belt around his hand.

“I am, but you’re-”

Ryker didn’t get to hear the rest of what Dylan was going to say. He brought the belt down on Dylan’s ass, already red from the various implements Steve had tested, the leather hitting his skin with a vicious snap.

Dylan jerked, crying out in pain as he went down to his knees to escape another blow.

“See?” Steve said, nudging Dylan’s foot with his boot. “He keeps squirming.”

Dylan was breathing fast, but his cock was rock hard between his legs. It was harder now, in fact, than it had been before Ryker hit him.

“How was that?” he asked, crouching down and rubbing Dylan’s ass. The skin was warm, and he could feel welts from the crop and single tail whip marking the skin.

“Good,” Dylan said, breathing hard. Ryker reached between his legs and pumped his cock, making Dylan whimper in sheer pleasure. “But still not my favorite. It would be fun if we were doing a business daddy roleplay thing, though.”

Ryker froze, letting go of Dylan’s cock. Had he just said the words *business daddy roleplay*?

He looked up at Steve, who looked delighted. At Ryker’s look he lifted his brows. “What? You’d be perfect for a business daddy roleplay.”

Ryker huffed. He’d never considered his profession as the grounds for roleplay, but apparently Dylan had. He’d have to

explore that further, he decided, and see exactly what a *business daddy* did that required him to use his belt as a whip.

“My uniform belt is thicker,” Steve said, walking up to Dylan and standing so that his bulge was right in the boy’s face. He stroked a gloved finger through his hair. “It would hurt a lot more than Ryker’s.”

Dylan didn’t seem to be listening. He leaned in and licked Steve’s crotch, dragging his tongue across his bulge and tasting the leather.

“Okay, you guys,” Ryker said, releasing the locking mechanism on the side of the pillory and lifting the wooden block up. He gave Steve a nudge, moving him back a few steps. “Experiment over. August will be here with dinner any minute, and we’re going to eat in the dining room like civilized people.”

Dylan rose out of the stocks, rubbing the back of his neck and stretching his back. He bent down and grabbed his clothes, pulling on his underwear and jeans and tucking his erect cock away.

“Are those my pants?” Ryker finally asked, watching Steve as he, too, put on a shirt.

Steve blushed and tugged off his gloves. “I found them in your playroom closet. Is it okay that I borrowed them?”

Ryker grinned and pulled him in for a kiss. “Of course. You look good in them.”

Steve grinned into Ryker’s mouth, and the two of them spent a minute lazily licking into each other’s mouths.

When they pulled apart, they found Dylan watching them with dark eyes, his pupils blown so wide that his eyes were almost black.

“Were the gloves his idea?” Ryker asked, nodding at their omega.

Steve nodded. “He said that it was part of the experiment. Why? What’s the story?”

Ryker explained how gloves had been August's catfish's biggest fetish, and how they had involved gloves in nearly all their early play with Dylan.

"So he's been trained to get off on his alphas wearing gloves?" Steve sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and grinned. "That's hilarious."

"I haven't been *trained* to like them," Dylan objected. "I've just started... associating them with sex. And they look good. It makes your hands look even bigger than they are."

Ryker grinned at Steve. "He likes *big*. It gets him off."

Dylan was blushing beet red, but he didn't deny Ryker's statement.

"Can we talk about something else?" Dylan said, looking like he'd been about to stomp his foot and then decided not to at the last second. "Anything else?"

"Like what?" Ryker asked, looking around the playroom.

"I was thinking that Steve could bite me tonight," Dylan said, wiping the smile off Steve's face and making him look hungry. "Would that be okay?"

Ryker didn't laugh, but it was a close thing. He'd been thinking of ways to bring up Steve claiming Dylan properly, but apparently Dylan was way ahead of him.

"I think Steve would love that," Ryker said. He patted Steve on the back. "Wouldn't you?"

Steve nodded, swallowing loudly. "Yes. I would."

Dylan looked nervous at the intense way Steve was looking at him – like he was planning his escape routes – but he also looked turned on.

"Okay. Then you can. You have my permission to give me a claiming bite."

Steve closed his eyes and shuddered, looking close to being overcome.

"Hello in there, dinner is ready if you want to eat."

All three of them jumped at the sound of August's voice coming from the door. Ryker turned, wondering how he'd missed the sound of the elevator and August coming into the penthouse.

He must have been more focused on Dylan and Steve than he'd thought.

"You're home," he said, walking over and giving August a kiss. He stood next to him and groped his ass. "Dylan and Steve have been testing what kind of impact play Dylan enjoys. So far, the flogger, crop and paddle have all been hits."

"And his hand," Dylan added, blushing when everyone looked at him.

"And his hand," Ryker amended. "Dylan has also suggested that he'll let Steve claim him tonight. Isn't that nice?"

August licked his lips, watching Steve and Dylan with an anticipatory gaze. "Very nice."

He gave himself a small shake, stepping away from Ryker and walking out of the room.

"But seriously, dinner is ready. I've set the table and everything."

"We're coming," Ryker promised. He gestured for Steve and Dylan to follow him into the hall, the three of them walking after August to the living room.

August's assertion that he had set the table was a generous interpretation of the phrase. He had brought in a stack of four plates, with forks and knives balanced on top, along with four wine glasses and some napkins. The takeout containers were placed in the middle of the table, on top of the decorative tablecloth their interior designer had picked out for them when they furnished the place, with serving spoons laid out next to them.

There were no placemats.

"It looks so pretty," Steve teased playfully, making August punch his arm.

“Shut up before I make you eat off the floor like a puppy,” August growled back, equally playful.

“I think that’s more Dylan’s thing,” Steve said, making Dylan look up from where he’d taken a seat and blink.

“What?”

Steve laughed. “Nothing. Here, have a plate.” He handed Dylan a plate, along with a knife and fork. He looked at the takeout containers. “This smells good.”

“It’s from our favorite Italian restaurant,” August said, handing out napkins and wine glasses. He’d taken the seat next to Dylan, leaving Ryker and Steve sitting across the table. “Hold on, I forgot the wine. Ryker, where is it?”

Ryker blinked, realizing that he’d completely forgotten to stop by the store on his way home.

“I forgot.” August rolled his eyes, but before he could say anything, Ryker added, “But we still have the bottle Dylan brought us. We can drink that. It’s in the wine fridge.”

It wasn’t a label they’d tried before, but it couldn’t be too bad.

“Sure,” August said, turning around to go get it. “I’ll get some water, too.”

“Help yourselves,” Ryker said, nodding to Steve and Dylan that they should start serving themselves. “We don’t want the food to get cold.”

“Thank you,” Dylan said, leaning forward and opening the container closest to him. “Oh! Lasagna, I love lasagna!”

Ryker leaned back and grinned. “Good.”

August came back with the wine, four glasses and a carafe of water.

“I’m so hungry,” he said, pouring everyone a glass of wine. “Cynthia moved five of the appointments that had to be rescheduled to today, and it was ridiculously hectic. How were things with you guys?”

“I got caught up on everything I missed,” Ryker said. “It was a pretty normal day, otherwise.”

He and August both looked at Steve and Dylan.

Steve swallowed a big mouthful of linguini and said, “I talked to my sergeant and explained why I’d been absent. He wasn’t happy, but it’s fine. I’m back on my usual schedule tomorrow. Other than that, I moved all my stuff over from my old apartment. I didn’t know where to put my clothes, so for now they’re in one of the guestrooms along with Dylan’s things.”

“We’ll figure out the closet situation,” Ryker promised, already planning out the solution in his mind. There was a walk-in closet in the guest bedroom next to theirs. They could knock down the wall to that and connect it to their bedroom and then just wall off the door to the guest bedroom. It wasn’t like they had guests who stayed long enough to need a walk-in closet when they stayed over. “I’ll get a contractor in by next week.”

Steve nodded like that was reasonable, but Dylan looked a little bamboozled. It was the same look he’d had on his face when he’d seen the cabin in the private plane – like he couldn’t quite believe that this was the world he lived in now.

“What about you, Dylan?” August asked. “How was your day?”

Dylan brightened. “I went to class, and then I met up with Annie and our friends. It was fun. Annie wants to meet you all.”

“Did you tell her about what happened?” Ryker asked.

Dylan wrinkled his nose and shook his head. “No, but I probably will when we have the chance to hang out just the two of us. Is that okay?”

“As long as she knows not to spread it around, yes,” Ryker said.

Annie wasn’t pack, so she technically wasn’t supposed to know internal pack business, but she was Dylan’s best friend.

If he trusted her, Ryker would extend her the same courtesy, and if she betrayed Dylan's trust, he would deal with her.

"Thanks," Dylan said. He took a bite of his lasagna and chewed it slowly. After a second he looked around the table. "I think there's something weird going on with me."

"Omega weird?" Ryker clarified, his heart beating just a little harder.

Dylan shrugged. "Maybe?"

"How so?" Ryker asked.

Dylan had the table's full attention, their food and wine forgotten.

"I'm not..." Dylan bit his lip, looking like he was struggling with how to word what he was feeling. He let out a frustrated breath. "I'm not reacting to everything that happened the way I'm supposed to. I should be thinking about it all the time – I should be having flashbacks, feeling anxious or even getting panic attacks – but I'm not. I feel sad and guilty for Steve, but that's it."

Ryker tilted his head, Dylan's words confirming what he'd suspected. Something about their mating bond – the thing that tied Dylan to them as their omega – was protecting him from the repercussions of what he'd gone through.

"Or maybe I'm just a horrible person," Dylan muttered, taking a big sip of his wine.

"No, I think you're right," Ryker said, August and Steve nodding along.

"I think it's the same reason why John's bite has healed the way it has," August added.

Dylan reached up and touched his neck. John's bite had all but disappeared. The faint remnants of the scar that had been present that morning were gone to the naked eye.

"You're not a horrible person," Steve added. "If being bonded to August and Ryker or being our omega protected you, then I'm glad."

“But you should still go to therapy,” August said. He looked at Steve. “Both of you.”

Dylan nodded, while Steve didn't look quite as thrilled at the prospect.

“All right, enough sad stuff.” Ryker lifted his glass for a toast. “We're home, we're safe, and tonight Steve is going to claim Dylan and our little pack will be officially complete.”

Steve and Dylan both blushed, sending each other pleased little glances as they lifted their glasses and clinked them together.

Watching them, Ryker felt content.

He had never wanted to be a pack alpha. He'd always known he could be – if he really wanted it and worked hard – but he'd never seen the appeal of being the alpha of a bunch of people you didn't really care about beyond the simple bonds of pack.

August, Dylan and Steve, however, were *his*. That he was their alpha was a satisfaction that he felt all the way down to his bones.

“To our pack,” August said, Steve and Dylan grinning as they brought their glasses to their lips and took a sip.

“To our pack,” Dylan repeated, sounding the words out to himself and smiling softly.

STEVE

Steve hadn't given much thought to how he would be dressed the first time he knotted his mate, but if he had, he wouldn't have guessed that he'd be wearing another's alpha's leather pants. Catching sight of himself in the mirror, however, he had to admit that he looked good.

Across the room, August knocked on the door where Dylan was taking a shower and cleaning himself out in preparation of getting fucked.

"Are you sure you don't want help?" August called through the door.

"No, thank you," Dylan called back, making August furrow his brow in disappointment. "Now walk away from the door and stop listening!"

August obeyed, taking a small step away from the door and turning a forlorn look at Ryker.

"We can do enema play another night," Ryker said, amused at August's disappointment.

Steve didn't get the appeal at all. He wanted the end result of Dylan being clean inside, but he wanted no part in the process to get him there.

"I'm going to dress up," August announced, looking down at his dress shirt and suit pants. He stroked over his flat stomach. "I want to wear something intimidating."

"Don't go too over the top," Ryker cautioned. "This is a special night."

“I won’t,” August promised. He walked out of the room, leaving Steve alone with Ryker.

“You look good in my clothes,” Ryker said, approaching him. Steve swallowed, looking around the dimly lit room as Ryker came closer, his pulse speeding up the closer the alpha got.

“Thank you,” he said, fidgeting as Ryker came to a stop in front of him. He was close enough that Steve could feel the heat of his body against his skin. Ryker observed him, tilting his head and looking at him with a warm gaze.

“You’d look good out of my clothes, too,” Ryker said. He reached over and pushed his finger into the waistband of Steve’s pants, feeling along the leather and brushing the back of his finger against Steve’s groin. He stepped closer, leaning in so that his lips were hovering directly in front of Steve’s mouth. “Such a pretty alpha.”

Ryker closed the gap between them, licking gently across Steve’s bottom lip, his breaths warm against Steve’s mouth. He could smell him, musky goodness and the spicy scent of alpha, and he knew that if he dropped to his knees and pushed his face into Ryker’s crotch, the delicious smell would be even more intense.

Ryker slipped another finger into Steve’s pants, pushing down and brushing over the root of his cock. Steve gasped, his gut clenching as heat shot through his groin and up his spine.

“Are you ready to claim our omega?” Ryker asked, still licking at Steve’s mouth. He took Steve’s bottom lip between his teeth, squeezing down gently before letting go and shoving his tongue into his mouth.

“Yes,” Steve gasped, grabbing at Ryker’s waist and clenching his hands tight in his shirt.

“Are you going to make it good for him?” Ryker bent his neck and scraped his teeth over Steve’s chin, biting playfully at his jaw. “Are you going to show August and I how well you fuck?”

Steve shuddered, feeling like he was going to come apart as Ryker pushed further into his pants and wrapped his hand around his cock, still licking and biting at his jaw.

“Yes, alpha,” Steve said, his hips thrusting in an attempt to make Ryker’s hand on his cock grab him a little firmer.

It had the opposite effect. Ryker released his grip, pulling his hand out of Steve’s pants and grabbing him by the jaw instead.

“Save it for our omega, okay?”

Steve closed his eyes and nodded. Ryker kissed him again, tender and slow, and then released him.

“August, you look nice,” Ryker said.

Steve opened his eyes, looking toward the door where August was standing. He was dressed in a pair of leather pants that looked almost identical to the ones Steve was wearing, the leather clinging to his thighs and hugging his bulge, and a pair of knee-high boots that gleamed under the dim lights coming from the ceiling.

He was shirtless, and Steve wondered if he’d oiled up his chest, because he was *glistening*.

“Very nice,” Steve agreed, wondering if he should oil up his chest, too.

Wouldn’t that stain the sheets?

“Two leather masters and a business daddy,” Ryker said, rolling up the sleeves on his shirt and undoing one more button over his chest. “Dylan should enjoy that.”

“Business daddy?” August asked, walking toward them.

“That’s what I am, apparently,” Ryker said, not looking too displeased with the moniker. “Or so Dylan says.”

“He’s right,” August agreed. “You have this whole boardroom dom thing going for you. It’s hot.”

Ryker kissed him, and Steve felt a flare of jealousy as the kiss deepened. Then the jealousy petered out and he was left enjoying the show.

The door to the bathroom opened, causing Ryker and August to break apart, the three of them all turning to watch Dylan step out of the bathroom.

He was naked, with a towel wrapped around his waist, his hair still wet from the shower.

“I’m ready,” he said, licking his lips and looking self-conscious. His eyes widened as they took in August’s change of clothes. “Should I get on the bed, or should I-”

Steve crossed the room in three steps and grabbed Dylan by his waist, lifting him up into the air and carrying him over to the bed and throwing him onto the mattress.

The towel fell away the second Dylan was in the air, and as he bounced on the bed after Steve had thrown him, he threw his head back and laughed.

Steve climbed up on the bed, crawling on top of him and lowering himself down so that they were chest to chest.

Dylan stared into his eyes, his pupils dilated and his breaths coming in excited little pants.

“Do you want to be mine?” Steve asked, his voice low and rough.

Dylan licked his lips and nodded. “I do.”

“I’m going to bite you,” Steve warned, gaze drawn to the patch of skin where he’d decided his mark would be. “It’s going to hurt.”

“I know,” Dylan said, smiling. “But it will feel good, too.”

Steve nodded. He’d almost forgotten that Dylan had more experience than most with being claimed. Rather than making him feel jealous, the thought was comforting.

“I have a big knot,” Steve said, his voice dipping even lower. It was a warning and a promise, though the effect was somewhat ruined by August letting out a snicker in the background.

“Your dick is bigger than August’s,” Dylan said, the statement making Steve puff out his chest and his cock strain

against the inside of his leather pants.

Behind him, August let out a whiny, “Hey, that’s not nice.”

Dylan grinned, and Steve felt such fondness that he wondered if he wasn’t head over heels in love already.

Dylan was perfect.

“How do you want to do this?” Steve asked, grinding his bulge down on Dylan’s legs. His balls felt like they were going to burst, heavy and trapped inside his tight leather pants.

He could feel Dylan’s hard-on poking him in the stomach, twitching and leaking pre-come all over his abs.

“What do you mean?”

“My cock,” Steve clarified. “How do you want it?”

“Inside of me,” Dylan said, making Steve grin and kiss his cheek.

“I can do that. Do you want to be on your back?” He kissed Dylan’s other cheek. “On your stomach.” He kissed his jaw. “Or do you want to ride me?”

Steve reached up and tweaked Dylan’s nipple, making him moan.

“And what about Ryker and August? Do you want them to watch, or would you like them to do more than that?”

Dylan tried to thrust his cock up against Steve’s abs, fucking the tight space between them and using the ridges of Steve’s abs to get off.

Steve dropped more of his weight down on Dylan, forcing him to be still.

“I want to be on my back, so that I can look up at you,” Dylan said, burying his face in Steve’s neck.

“And?” Steve prompted.

“I want to have my head in August’s lap, and I want Ryker to sit next to me so that he can play with my cock and balls while you fuck me.”

Steve grinned. That was way more specific than he'd expected, but he would be more than happy to go along with the request. He rose up and crawled off Dylan's body, leaving the bed and brushing his hand through his hair as he turned to his two co-alfas.

"Does that sound good to you?" he asked.

"Absolutely," Ryker answered.

"Sounds good to me," August added.

August jumped up on the bed, boots making the mattress sink down with each step, and dropped down next to where Dylan was lying. He sat with his legs spread, his boots hanging off the edge of the mattress

"Come on," he said, grabbing Dylan and dragging him between his legs. He grabbed Dylan by his hair and lifted his head so that his neck was bent, moving him into place so that the back of his head rested on his bulge. "There you go."

The sight of Dylan's handsome face bracketed by August's leather clad thighs made Steve's cock twitch.

August then grabbed Dylan's arms and lifted them up, pushing them under his thighs and out of his way.

Ryker sat down on the bed next to August's leg, resting his hand on August's knee as he surveyed Dylan's cock.

"Nice," he said, reaching over and flicking the tip of Dylan's hard-on with his finger. He turned to Steve. "There's lube in the nightstand."

Steve rushed over to the nightstand and found the lube. He walked back to Dylan, moving between his legs and grabbing him under his knees. He lifted his legs and pushed them up, folding him in half and exposing his ass.

"August, could you hold his feet?"

"It would be my pleasure," August said, taking Dylan by his ankles and pulling his legs down further than Steve would have thought possible.

Dylan was bent completely in half, his ass sticking up like an invitation, his hard cock twitching against his stomach as he lay with his legs pushed all the way back to his ears.

“He got really flexible because he wanted to suck his own cock,” Ryker explained, stroking over Dylan’s balls.

“I was a teenager,” Dylan said in a way of explanation.

Steve crouched down in front of his ass, grabbing it and squeezing down. “Impressive.”

Dylan’s ass was still a little red from their earlier experiences, but since he hadn’t seemed to have any problems sitting on a hard wooden chair during dinner, Steve was confident that he hadn’t come close to pushing any limits.

“Let us know if you need a break,” he warned, uncapping the lube and pouring a generous dollop over his fingers. He then lifted the bottle over Dylan’s ass and squeezed some directly onto his hole.

“I will,” Dylan promised, hissing as the lube hit his sphincter. “That’s so cold!”

Steve smirked. “I’ll warm it up for you.”

He shoved a finger into Dylan’s hole, making him gasp, and then added a second one before Dylan had finished drawing his next breath.

“Good, isn’t it?” August said, sliding his hands down to the back of Dylan’s knees and pressing his legs even further down. “He’s so tight, but then he just opens up.”

Steve added a third finger, wanting to feel the opening up August was describing.

Dylan let out a grunt, his ass wriggling, but just as August had said, his hole yielded and opened up to the invasion.

Steve fucked him for a bit, adding more lube, before he added a fourth finger.

Dylan let out a whine, his hole resisting Steve’s steepled fingers, but after a second he relaxed and Steve could shove all four fingers in all the way past the third knuckles.

“I think I could get my whole fist in there,” he said, the idea making his cock release a fresh spurt of pre-come into his pants.

“He’s getting there,” Ryker agreed. “We’re training his hole so that he’ll be able to handle double penetration.”

Dylan let out a whine, and Ryker winked at Steve. It was clear that the use of the word training – like Dylan was an animal or a pet – was going right to Dylan’s straining little cock.

“I think we’ll get him there soon,” Steve said, both playing along and being completely serious. “He just needs a firm hand.”

Dylan whimpered, and a spurt of pre-come gushed out of his cock.

Steve kept on fingering him, telling him how he was going to train his hole, and by the time he finally pulled back he was pretty sure that he could have gotten a good portion of his thumb in there as well.

But tonight wasn’t about teaching Dylan to take a fist – it was about claiming him. Steve rose up to his full height, and under Dylan’s watchful and heated gaze, hefted his cock out of his leather pants.

He was rock hard, his cock sticky and glistening with pre-come, and as he gave himself a few pumps, Dylan watched him so intently that he didn’t even breathe.

“Tell me you want my knot,” Steve said, bending his knees and rubbing the tip of his cock over Dylan’s hole. He was already gaping, his pink hole winking and refusing to close after Steve’s thorough preparation. “Beg me for it.”

Dylan started to beg. “Please give me your knot, alpha. I want to feel it inside of me. Please let me have it...”

As Steve teased Dylan’s hole, Dylan’s pleas descended into an incoherent mess of noisy whines interspersed with the word please.

“You can have it,” Steve said, and with a grin from his fellow alphas, he thrust his hips and fucked his cock balls deep into Dylan’s waiting hole.

Dylan keened, his head lifting up as he grit his teeth and struggled to accept the full length of Steve’s cock inside of him.

Steve gave him a second to get used to the feeling, arching his back and leaning down to swallow his whimpers with a messy kiss, but after a moment he couldn’t hold back any more. Still pressing his teeth against Dylan’s mouth, Steve lifted his hips, the sensation of Dylan’s inner walls trying to cling to his cock and keep it inside sending shudders up and down his spine.

He pulled his cock out of Dylan’s ass until only his bulbous cockhead remained inside and then slammed his hips down and buried the full length of his manhood inside Dylan’s body.

It felt like coming home. Dylan’s body was where he belonged. Steve rose up, grabbing Dylan’s legs and yanking them back from August’s grip. He pinned them to his chest, holding them in a bruising grip, and then started fucking Dylan like an omega should be fucked.

“You can take it,” August said, stroking Dylan’s cheeks and putting two fingers in his mouth when he cried out.

“Relax and open up,” Ryker added, reaching over and stroking Dylan’s hard cock. “August is right. You can take this.”

Dylan was breathing hard, each rough thrust from Steve’s cock making him grunt out a whimper. Steve closed his eyes, the intense pleasure making his wolf want to come out like he was some kind of out-of-control teenager.

“You can wolf out,” August said. “Show us your teeth, baby. Let Dylan see how you’re going to claim him.”

The reminder that he was going to claim Dylan burst whatever bubble of self-control Steve had. He opened his hands so that he wouldn’t puncture Dylan’s legs with his

claws, pressing them back against his chest with the flats of his hands, while his canines lengthened and grew sharp.

“That’s it, give me your load,” Ryker said, making Steve blink in confusion. He wasn’t coming yet. He could go for much longer than this. He was about to make an angry defense of his virility when he felt Dylan clench down hard on his cock.

Dylan was coming. The realization only made him fuck him harder.

“Come on, give me all of it,” Ryker said, milking Dylan through his orgasm and beyond. Steve could feel it when the stimulation went from pleasure to oversensitive pain, because Dylan started squeezing his cock that much harder.

It felt amazing.

When Ryker finally lifted his hand, Steve made a noise of protest.

“Keep milking him,” he growled, grinning at the wide-eyed look Dylan sent him. He was not feeling in a merciful mood.

“You heard him,” Ryker said, sighing like he had no choice as he took the tip of Dylan’s now limp cock between his fingers and rubbed.

Dylan threw his head back into August’s lap, keening loudly until August shoved three fingers into his mouth, shutting him up and making him gag.

“Don’t be so noisy,” August reprimanded him.

Steve grinned, his brutal rhythm never stuttering. Dylan was moaning and whimpering, trapped between his three merciless alphas, but Steve knew in his bones how much fun he was having.

Dylan was made for this. He was made for *them*.

All of a sudden Steve felt his orgasm approaching like an out-of-control train. His knot started to swell, each thrust of his hips making him feel like a god, pleasure coursing through his veins like liquid gold.

He came with a grunt, shooting into Dylan's hole like a firehose, the sensation of volume and force as he continued emptying his cock into Dylan's body better than anything he'd ever experienced. His knot swelled, and as he pushed it past Dylan's protesting anal walls and locked it into place, he wondered how he'd gone his whole life without feeling this feeling.

Dylan's ass was *perfect*. It squeezed his knot like it had been designed to give alphas pleasure.

Arching his back and letting go of Dylan's legs, overwhelmed to finally be inside his omega, Steve lowered himself down and pressed his mouth against Dylan's lips hard enough that his teeth hurt.

Dylan laughed, opening his mouth and letting Steve lick into it with as much force as he desired.

Steve spent a full minute kissing sloppily into Dylan's mouth, rocking his hips back and forth and moaning every time Dylan squeezed down on his knot and milked another spurt of come from his cock. He glanced up, meeting August's eyes above him. The alpha grinned, stroking his hand through Steve's sweaty hair and making him shudder.

Steve turned his attention back to Dylan, licking and kissing his way down his chin and over his throat, seeking out the place where he'd put his mark.

"Mine," he growled.

He licked over the skin, soothing it and apologizing for what he was about to do, before parting his teeth and sinking them carefully into Dylan's neck.

Sparks exploded behind his eyes, his wolf ecstatic to the point of feeling drugged, Steve's whole world narrowed down to the sensation of Dylan accepting his claim.

And Dylan was accepting his claim. Steve could feel it. His wolf was reaching out, vibrant and eager, and something in Dylan was anchoring it back and letting the bond build.

It almost felt like Dylan had a wolf, or something like the echo of one, but whatever it was, it felt pleased at the bond

forming between them.

After what felt like an eternity passed in a second, Steve released Dylan's neck from his teeth and started licking over the wound to make it heal faster.

He knew without a doubt that his claim would not fade away like his father's had done.

When he lifted his face, Dylan was smiling at him.

"I'm sorry," Steve said, looking at the fresh bite on Dylan's neck. It had stopped bleeding, but the punctured skin still looked pretty bad.

Steve felt guilty for how much he liked the sight of it.

"That didn't even hurt," Dylan said, reaching up and tracing the bite. He shuddered and clamped down on Steve's knot, and Steve had to close his eyes as chills ran down his spine. Dylan reached up and touched the rounded swell of Steve's shoulder above him. "I felt something."

Steve swallowed. "Me too," he said, leaning down and licking over the bite again, unable to resist. "You accepted me."

"I did," Dylan agreed. He turned his head, giving Steve better access to his neck.

"I think we all felt that," Ryker added, making Steve open his eyes and lift his head. Ryker was looking at him, his pupils blown wide open, his expression proud and heated.

"Definitely," August added. He stroked Dylan's cheek, moving his fingers down and brushing over Steve's bite.

Steve shuddered, goosebumps erupting on his arms as he watched August caress the mark.

"Not to ruin the moment or anything, but can I please come on your face?" August asked, instead of saying anything sentimental.

Steve laughed, while Dylan nodded and looked eager at the idea of getting drenched in come.

“Thanks.” August scooted back and got up on his knees, undoing the fly on his leather pants and tugging out his cock. He slapped it down on Dylan’s face a few times, making him turn his head to try to catch the tip with his mouth, and on the fourth slap he kept it down against Dylan’s face and pushed it into his mouth.

Instead of fucking Dylan’s throat, August let his cockhead rest on Dylan’s tongue as he jerked himself off, and within a few pumps he was gritting his teeth and shooting his load.

Steve watched him, tracking the way his knot swelled and his nostrils flared, wishing he had a camera on him to capture the moment.

August was a stud.

Dylan’s mouth filled with come, his cheeks bulging, and even though he tried to swallow down August’s load, it only took a few seconds before his mouth was overflowing.

“Okay, you tried your best,” August said, pulling his cock out and milking himself through his orgasm. Thick globules of come landed on Dylan’s face, coating his skin and dripping down his neck and over Steve’s bite.

Seeing his claiming bite dripping with another alpha’s come was hotter than it had any right to be.

Steve didn’t even think twice about leaning down, licking his bite clean and then spitting August’s come back down onto Dylan’s face.

“Thank you,” Dylan said, swallowing.

“You’re welcome,” Steve said, straightening and grinning at August. He turned to Ryker. “Do you want to come?”

The bulge in Ryker’s suit was obscene.

Ryker shook his head and grinned, groping himself and licking his lips. “No, I think I’ll wait until his ass is available.”

Dylan bit his lip, shooting Ryker a nervous glance. He’d already been fucked pretty hard, and Steve could understand being wary of another round.

“I’ll go easy on you,” Ryker said, rubbing Dylan’s stomach and giving his cock a quick squeeze. “Don’t worry.”

Steve hadn’t noticed that Dylan was hard again.

“My knot usually lasts a while,” Steve warned. He didn’t have much experience knotting humans, but the last time he’d had sex he’d stayed tied for almost forty minutes.

“That’s okay,” Ryker said. “Though if that’s the case, you should make yourself comfortable.”

Steve looked at Dylan, retracting his claws and making his sharp canines go back to normal while he waited for their omega to have his say.

Wolfing out was fun, but now that he’d calmed down it made him feel a little silly.

“I want to sit on your lap,” Dylan said, giving his opinion without being prompted.

“I’ll have to turn you around.” Steve gave his cock an experimental tug. He was completely locked into place. “It could be uncomfortable.”

“It’s not too bad,” Dylan said, obviously speaking from experience. “But you have to do it. I’m too tired to move.”

Steve chuckled and reached down, grabbing Dylan’s waist and lifting him up, awkwardly spinning him around mid-air until Dylan’s back was facing him and he could hold him against his chest.

“That’s one way to do it,” August said, making Steve scowl. He bit back the impulse to ask how else he was supposed to have done it. He didn’t want August thinking he didn’t know.

“He’s so strong,” Dylan agreed, sounding impressed. Steve grinned, shooting August a cocky look.

“I am,” he agreed, making August huff and roll his eyes. The grin he sent him after was fond, however, and Steve responded in kind.

August was a douchebag, but he was his douchebag. He liked him so much.

“Come on, let’s sit up by the headboard,” Steve said, carrying Dylan around the mattress and up to the top of the bed. He took a seat, stretching his legs out in front of him, and held Dylan against his chest.

Dylan wriggled, getting comfortable on his knot.

“I’ll get us all something to drink,” Ryker said, heading toward the door.

“Thanks,” August said. He climbed up on the bed and sat down next to Steve, their arms and shoulders touching. Steve turned his head and looked at him, blushing at the openly affectionate look August was sending him.

“Hey,” Steve said, squeezing Dylan against his chest like a teddy bear.

“That was some impressive pounding you did there.”

Dylan snorted, making Steve huff out a laugh. “Thanks.”

“We should have a competition some time,” August said. “See which one of us can last longer.”

“Dudes,” Dylan exclaimed, twisting his neck to glare at them. “Not cool.”

Ryker came back into the room before Steve could respond. He rubbed Dylan’s stomach and kissed the back of his head in apology.

“I bring refreshments,” Ryker said, taking a seat on Steve’s other side. He had four bottles of Gatorade with him, two in each hand. “Who wants blue, and who wants red?”

“Red,” Dylan said, very decisive.

Ryker handed him a red bottle, no questions asked.

“Either one,” August said, holding out his hand. Ryker handed him a blue bottle.

“Same,” Steve added, accepting the red bottle Ryker handed him and unscrewing the cap. He took a sip and then

kept drinking when he realized how thirsty he was.

He put the cap down and looked down at Dylan as he drank half his bottle. He then did a double take. Dylan was still covered in August's come, looking like he'd started to put on moisturizer and forgotten to rub it in.

August saw him looking at the mess all over Dylan's face and smirked. He took another sip of his Gatorade and put the cap back on the bottle, putting it down on the mattress next to him.

"Dylan, you're a little messy," August said.

"What?" Dylan asked, finishing his drink and putting the cap back on the empty bottle. "Where?"

"Your face," Ryker said, shooting him a soft grin. "You're still kind of drenched in come."

Dylan reached up and felt his cheek, wiping away a drop of come and looking at his hand. He stared at his wet fingers for a second and then put them in his mouth, licking them clean. He repeated the process, cleaning himself off by eating August's load one swipe of his fingers at a time.

Steve, August and Ryker watched him, none of them saying a word.

"Maybe I want to come on his face, too," Ryker mumbled, making Dylan freeze and look at him.

He'd been in his own little world.

"What?"

"Nothing." Ryker ruffled his hair. "How are you feeling?"

Dylan relaxed back against Steve's chest, placing his hands over Steve's arms where they wrapped around his stomach. He traced his fingers over the veins running down the side of Steve's forearm.

"Pretty great," he said.

"Any pain?" August asked. He leaned forward, giving Dylan an assessing once over.

Dylan wriggled his ass, testing and making Steve grunt at the sudden stimulation.

“A little sore, but not too bad,” Dylan said. He smiled at August. “I’m tired, though. Going to sleep is going to feel so good tonight.”

Steve agreed. A puppy pile with his mates like they’d had the night before, where they all slept soundly next to each other wrapped up in each other’s arms, was the best thing ever.

“We’ll have a nice little rest now before round two, and then after that we’ll get ready for bed.”

“I’m going to take off these pants and my boots,” August said, swinging his legs off the bed. “It’s too hot.”

“Could you-”

Dylan cut himself off, but Steve, August and Ryker were all watching him with curious expressions.

“Could I what?” August asked.

“Could you maybe push your foot down on my cock a little?” Dylan asked, sounding like it pained him to make the request. “With the boot I mean – and not too hard! Just like, stepping on it very gently?”

August was back on the bed in a second. He stood up, towering over Steve, Dylan and Ryker, a delighted and somewhat evil grin on his face.

If it had been Steve who made the request, that grin would have made him retract it. Dylan, however, seemed to have the opposite reaction. His breathing quickened, and his cock went from half hard to erect in a second.

“Like this?” August asked, placing his boot between Dylan’s legs and stepping gently down on his cock. Steve could feel Dylan being pushed back on his knot.

Dylan grabbed the shaft of August’s boot, leaning forward and pressing his forehead against August’s thigh as he let out a moan.

“Yeah, that’s how you like it,” August said, his voice dark as he ground his boot down on Dylan’s cock and balls, still not pressing down hard enough to hurt. He lifted his foot, nudging Dylan’s cock up against his stomach and stepping on it. Looking down over Dylan’s shoulder, Steve could see the omega’s cockhead sticking out from underneath the smooth leather sole.

It looked small and vulnerable compared to August’s massive boot.

August pushed his foot down, pressing Dylan’s cock into his stomach and grinding it into his barely there abs.

Dylan whimpered, hugging August’s leg and shuddering as August squeezed his cock.

“Was that what you wanted?” August asked, removing his foot and taking a step back. He sat down and grabbed the heel of his right foot, holding on tight as he yanked off his boot and tossed it off the side of the bed. He repeated the action on his other foot and then got back to his feet to take off his pants.

Dylan stared at him like he was the world’s most talented burlesque performer.

“If you want, we can have some fun the next time I’m in uniform,” Steve suggested, jealous of the intense interest Dylan was showing August. “I could put you in cuffs and trample you as much as you’d like.”

Dylan turned to look at him, his mouth parted with slack arousal.

“You can?”

Steve nodded. “I could even wear my gloves and bring that riding crop you liked today.”

Dylan shuddered and closed his eyes, turning away and leaning back against his chest. Steve wrapped his arms around him and held him close.

“That sounds nice,” Dylan said.

“It does,” Ryker agreed. He nudged Steve with his shoulder. “Make sure you invite me to watch.”

“I will,” Steve promised. He liked the idea of Ryker watching him put Dylan through his paces.

“And August,” Dylan added. “He has to be there, too.”

August made a pleased little sound as he moved back into position and sat down next to Steve. His legs were sweaty, the pungent scent of man and alpha emanating off him, and Steve took a second to wish that he’d taken off his own pants before getting comfortable.

He wasn’t going to bother now.

“Thank you, Dylan,” August said. “It’s a date.”

Steve leaned his head back against the headboard, relaxing and letting himself enjoy the company of his mates and the sensation of Dylan’s perfect hole squeezing his knot just right. He’d stopped coming, his load filling Dylan’s gut and making his stomach visibly bloat, but it would still be a while before his knot went down enough that he could slip it out.

As far as Steve was concerned, it could take as long as it needed to take. He’d never been more comfortable or felt more content, his sweaty leather pants notwithstanding, and he was determined to savor every moment of his first time knotting his omega.

He reached up and pinched Dylan’s nipple, twisting it gently and making him clamp down on his knot. The feeling was so good he couldn’t help but pinch harder, twisting Dylan’s nipple and giving it a tug, lifting his other hand up as well and finding Dylan’s other nipple and giving it the same treatment.

“Steve,” Dylan whined, clenching down on his knot and trying to writhe away from his fingers.

“Is he being mean to you?” Ryker asked, reaching between Dylan’s legs and pinching the head of his cock.

Dylan said nothing, gritting his teeth as Steve tugged both his nipples away from his body, stretching and pinching them and making him clench down harder than ever.

“I’m not being mean,” Steve said, releasing Dylan’s nipples and rubbing them. “He loves this.”

Dylan slumped, breathing hard and lifting his hands to hold Steve’s fingers where they rested over his chest.

“I do,” he agreed. “It’s so weird. I wasn’t kinky at all before I met you guys.”

Ryker and August chuckled, while Steve smiled. He couldn’t imagine a vanilla version of his little omega. The idea was just wrong – like savory ice-cream.

“Do you regret it?” August asked, stroking the tips of his fingers over Dylan’s thigh.

“What?” Dylan turned away from Ryker and looked at him.

“Meeting us?” August clarified.

Steve held his breath as he waited for the answer.

Dylan snorted. “No. Not at all.”

Steve exhaled, while next to him August and Ryker did the same.

They sat quietly for a few more moments, the silence comfortable, and after a while Steve could feel his knot start to shrink. Dylan tried to keep the load Steve had pumped into him inside, but his battered hole was not up to the task. It didn’t take long before he was leaking come and making a mess of Steve’s balls and the front of his pants.

Steve pushed him forward, lifting up and shuffling forward so that he could lower Dylan down to his stomach.

When Dylan was in position, Steve held him by his waist and pulled his cock free. Dylan’s hole protested the passage of his knot – his anal ring resisting the width of Steve’s still considerable girth – but after a moment, Steve came free with an obscene sounding plop.

Sitting back on his haunches, his cock wet and dripping over his thigh, Steve stared down at Dylan’s hole.

It was beautiful. Red and raw, Dylan's sphincter was stretched wide open, showing off his come-drenched insides and refusing to close.

The opening was the size of a quarter, and Steve couldn't help pushing two fingers inside and twisting them around.

Dylan let out a grunt, involuntarily clenching down on Steve's fingers. His insides felt hot and deliciously wet.

"His hole looks so good after it's been fucked," August said, moving to sit next to Steve. He grabbed Dylan's cheek in a meaty fist and gave it a slap. "Beautiful."

Ryker climbed off the bed and stripped off his clothes, tossing them into the corner and grabbing the lube.

"Are we going to sleep?" Dylan asked, resting his chin in the crook of his arm and looking at him.

Ryker grinned, holding up the lube.

"Sleep? No, we're not going to sleep. It's time for round two." Ryker squeezed a big squirt of lube into the palm of his hand and lubed up his cock. He climbed up on the bed, nudging Steve out of the way and taking his place. "Are you ready?"

Steve scooted to the side, watching as Ryker pulled Dylan up to his hands and knees and got him into position.

"Hold on a second," Dylan said, shifting. Ryker held still, the tip of his cock resting on Dylan's lower back, and waited for permission to start. "Okay, I'm ready."

Ryker slid his cock down Dylan's crack, aiming his plump cockhead at Dylan's gaping hole, letting it rest against his stretched open rim. He shifted his grip to Dylan's waist, Dylan's hole opening up around his glans, and shifted his stance a little. He then pulled Dylan back on his cock, impaling him one slow inch at a time.

Dylan moaned, his thighs trembling as Ryker filled his hole with his cock. When he was all the way inside, Ryker pushed Dylan flat down on the bed, lying down on top of him, and wrapped his arm around his throat.

Compared to Dylan's slim frame under him, Ryker looked huge. Like a hulking beast.

"You feel so good," Ryker said, his voice a low growl. He tightened his arm, Dylan's throat trapped in the crook of his elbow. "Are you ready to show Steve how you like to be fucked?"

Dylan lifted his hands and grabbed at Ryker's arm, clutching his muscular forearm and breathing hard.

Steve moved further down the bed so that he could watch his face, August following on Dylan's other side.

"I'm ready," Dylan gasped, already sounding wrecked. Ryker lifted his hips and pulled his cock half way out. He looked up, meeting Steve and August's faces with a wolfish grin, and slammed his hips down.

Steve watched in awe as Ryker drilled his cock into Dylan's hole, setting a punishing rhythm right from the start, fucking into his hole like a jackhammer.

Ryker squeezed Dylan's throat, cutting off every third or fourth breath, making him gasp for air and clutching the arm cutting off his breath with white knuckled fingers.

The sound of Ryker's hips hitting Dylan's ass filled the room, mixing with the sounds of Dylan's gasps and Ryker's little grunts of pleasure each time he bottomed out. Steve watched with bated breath, his previously softening cock back to full hardness as he watched his alpha wreck their omega.

After a while, Ryker slammed his hips home and came to a stop, shooting his load into Dylan's hole. He tightened his arm around Dylan's throat, cutting off his breath as he lowered the full weight of his body down on top of the omega, rotating his cock and grinding his knot into Dylan's hole.

He was trembling, his glutes clenched tight, his arm across Dylan's throat staying clenched tight until Dylan was red in the face and Steve was starting to get worried. He was about to intervene when Ryker released Dylan's from the crook of his elbow, letting his head fall down to the mattress as he humped his hips in place.

Dylan had passed out. He lay slack mouthed and dead to the world for a beat or two, before jerking like he'd been shocked and lifting his head with a wild look in his eyes.

"You're okay," Ryker said, arching his back and lifting up so that he could kiss his cheek. He licked over to his mouth, swallowing his confused mumbled. "You did so good."

Dylan slumped, opening his mouth and letting Ryker kiss him. Ryker kept his eyes open, shooting August and Steve a smug look, like he was proud of the limp, fucked out mess he'd reduced Dylan to.

They stayed like that for about half an hour, Ryker blanketing Dylan with his body, with August and Steve lying down next to him and enjoying the aftermath of their orgasms.

"This is nice," Dylan said, from the bottom of the puppy pile. He sounded exhausted and seconds away from falling asleep, but content.

"Very nice," Ryker agreed. He moved his hips. "I think my knot's shrunk enough to come out. Do you want me to take it out now, or should we do it in the shower?"

"Shower," Dylan answered. "You can wash me and brush my teeth for me."

"I can?" Ryker asked, sounding amused and very fond.

"You will," Dylan corrected. "I deserve it."

"You do," Ryker agreed. "Don't worry. We'll do all the work. Won't we, guys?"

"We will," August said.

"Yeah," Steve added, the idea of pampering their omega making him feel all tingly in his stomach.

"All right," Ryker said, getting up on his knees and lifting Dylan with him. He rose to his feet, carrying Dylan off the bed. "Let's get ready for bed."

"I'll change the sheets," August volunteered. He grinned at Steve. "You can join Ryker and Dylan in the shower."

That was an offer Steve wasn't going to pass up. He jumped off the bed, following Ryker into the bathroom.

"Take him, will you?" Ryker said, walking into the shower and lifting Dylan off his knot. Dylan hissed as Ryker's cock slipped free, come gushing down his legs. Ryker held him under his arms until Steve could steady him.

Ryker grabbed the showerhead and turned on the water, turning the spray against the wall until the water ran warm. Dylan shied away from the cold droplets splashing off the wall and Steve moved into position to shield him.

Steve reached up and stroked his claiming bite, making Dylan shudder.

"It's sensitive," Dylan said, placing his hand on top of Steve's.

Ryker switched on the rain shower head above them, moving so that he was standing right behind Dylan, water cascading down from the ceiling.

"You can take his front," Ryker offered, lathering up his hands with soap and passing the bar to Steve. He placed his soapy hands on Dylan's shoulders and started rubbing, soaping him up and cleaning down the length of his back.

Grabbing a washcloth, Steve joined in, cleaning Dylan's chest and under his arms.

Dylan stood still, eyes half closed as he drowsily let his alphas clean his body. When Ryker crouched down and started washing his hole, he hissed.

"You're fine," Ryker said, grabbing some body wash and pushing two fingers past Dylan's rim, cleaning his insides. "You'll be back to normal by morning."

"It's sore," Dylan protested, though he didn't sound like he was in any great deal of pain.

Ryker squeezed his ass, kissing his left cheek. "I know. You're being so good for us."

Steve finished cleaning Dylan's torso, after which he bent down and cleaned his legs before going back up to wash off

his cock and balls.

Dylan was even more sensitive there. He hissed and tried to push Steve's hand away when he wiped over his glans, but with Ryker behind him there was nowhere to go.

A minute later, August entered from the bedroom and joined them in the shower.

It was an incredibly tight fit. Steve, Ryker and August surrounded Dylan, trapping him in a prison of alpha muscle, Steve's back pressing uncomfortably against the tiled wall behind him.

Being in the center, most of the water raining down from the ceiling was hitting the top of Dylan's head.

"We need a bigger shower," Ryker said, stepping back to make room. "I'll have the contractors fix it when they come in to do the new closet."

Steve grabbed a fresh washcloth and lathered it up, washing under his arms and moving down to clean his cock.

"I don't know," August said, moving forward and pressing Dylan into Ryker's pecs. "This is kind of nice."

Steve reached behind him and washed his back, looking at Dylan being bullied by his other two alphas. He could just see the top of his head, his face completely smothered by Ryker's chest.

"Nice, but impractical," Steve said.

Steve rinsed out his washcloth, soaping it up again and washing his chest and abs. As he rubbed the cotton cloth over his skin, he looked at his mates. Ryker and August were playfully bouncing Dylan between them, squeezing him between their bodies, making him laugh and protest that he was too tired for the manhandling. Watching them, Steve felt happier than he could remember feeling in a long time.

These were his people, he thought with a sense of wonder. *His mates*. It felt too big and wonderful to wrap his mind around.

“What?” August said, taking a step back and letting Dylan breathe as he shot Steve a small grin. “Why are you looking at us like that?”

“I’m just happy,” Steve said, making August and Ryker’s eyes crinkle. Dylan turned to him with a dopey grin.

“I’m happy, too.”

Steve’s chest swelled. He felt like it was going to overflow from the sheer amount of love that welled up inside of him.

“Come on,” Ryker said, grabbing the showerhead. “Let’s rinse and get dried off. I want to go to bed and cuddle you guys.”

“Let’s do it,” Dylan agreed, August nodding along. They all looked at Steve, who grinned.

“Sounds like a plan.”

He would never say no to a plan that involved cuddling his mates.

EPILOGUE

August leaned back against the elevator wall, exhausted and looking forward to being back home with his mates.

He was coming home from his second full moon since joining Steve's pack, but rather than having spent it up in Alaska with Ryker and Steve like he'd originally planned, he'd had to go back to Arizona to deal with his panicked parents.

August's little brother, Spencer, had decided that if August was switching packs, he wanted to switch packs, too. He'd come back for Christmas break and announced to their parents that he wanted to apply to join the Northwestern pack, and their parents were freaking out.

August had spent four days calming them down and convincing them that the Northwestern pack was not run by the actual devil.

Marcus had helped, issuing formal invitations for August and Ryker's families to visit Fort Plainslac whenever they wanted, and even told Ryker that Spencer's joining was up to him as the district alpha of the territory where Spencer wanted to relocate.

Ryker, the fucking troll, was leaving the decision up to August. That would be fine, except that he'd told August's parents that it was up to August, and now they were demanding that he deny his brother's request.

He'd finally been able to convince them that Spencer should be allowed to make his own decision.

Since Spencer was set on joining, their parents had then done a full one-eighty and decided that they wanted to switch packs, too. They didn't have a place to live in Fort Plainslac, but they had cheerfully told him that they could stay in the penthouse until they found a new place of their own.

To say that August was not pleased at the idea was an understatement. He loved his parents, but he didn't want to live with them or spend every full moon running with them. It was too much.

In the end, August had pointed out that they would miss the Arizona climate, their friends, and the lives they'd built for themselves in Phoenix. After some thought, they had agreed and retracted their decision to switch packs.

The end result now was that Spence was coming up with them to Fairbanks on the next full moon to officially pledge himself to Marcus, while their parents had booked four week-long visits over the next year to make sure that they didn't 'lose contact.'

It was a decent outcome, but August was exhausted.

The elevator doors opened, and August smiled at the sight of Dylan's sneakers blocking the doors.

Ryker and Steve were supposed to be home before him, and he would bet a hundred dollars that Dylan had left his sneakers there as a provocation to make Steve spank him.

He stepped over the shoes, taking off his boots and hanging up his coat, leaving his suitcase in the hall as he went in search of his mates.

It had been five days since he'd seen them, and he missed them.

He found Dylan sitting in the living room, furiously typing on his keyboard. At August's appearance in the doorway, he looked up and grinned.

"August! You're home early." Dylan closed his laptop and jumped to his feet, rushing across the floor and jumping into August's arms. He pushed his fingers into August's hair and held on as August licked into his mouth. When he pulled back,

he was breathless and his lips were red from August's stubble. He grinned. "How was your trip?"

"It was good," August said, carrying Dylan over to the couch and sitting down. He kept Dylan on his lap, sitting chest to chest, his hands coming to rest on the boy's very grabbable ass. "Not as nice as the private planes, but I got upgraded to first class, so that was fun. Are Ryker and Steve not here yet?"

Dylan nuzzled his jaw. "They're in the car on their way from the airport. They should be here any minute."

"I put away your sneakers," August lied, holding back a laugh at the way Dylan froze.

"Thanks," Dylan said, trying to hide how disappointed he was. "You didn't have to do that."

August chuckled. "I'm lying. They're still there. Do you really want to rile Steve up like that? It's only been three days since the full moon."

Dylan buried his face in August's neck and let out an embarrassed whine.

"I just want him to put me over his lap and spank me. It's not my fault he does it better when he's annoyed."

August kissed Dylan's ear, biting at the shell of his ear and grinding his hips up so that his bulge pressed into Dylan's taint.

Dylan and Steve shared a closet, and it had become an unexpected source of tension. Steve was fastidious – everything in its place – while Dylan was a messy slob. He left his clothes on the floor, and when he did put them away, he shoved them into his side of the closet without any sort of method to his madness.

It drove Steve insane.

"He's going to realize that you're egging him on," August warned. "And then he won't spank you at all."

Dylan pulled back, his expression worried. "He wouldn't."

"He would."

Dylan sighed, an internal conflict playing across his features.

“Fine, I’ll put my shoes away.” Dylan wriggled off August’s lap, jogging out of the living room. August watched him go, absentmindedly working his bulge with the palm of his hand as he waited for him to return.

“How’s your thesis going?” he called out, loud enough that Dylan should be able to hear him. He lifted Dylan’s laptop off the cushion next to him and put it on the coffee table, out of the way. “Did you finish your first draft?”

“I did!” Dylan called back, walking back into the room and climbing back into August’s lap. “My advisor already handed it back to me with her notes. That’s what I was working on when you walked in.”

August grabbed Dylan’s ass and pulled him in close, dragging his stubbled chin up the side of his cheek and kissing his temple.

“Is she still bothering you about Marcus and getting more funding for the department?” he asked.

Dylan snorted and shook his head. “No, I told Marcus about her, and he told me to have her call him. She did, and now he’s going to use the university as a funnel school for LupiMed. The whole department is thrilled.”

“That’s nice,” August said. It had been a while since he was in school, and he’d never had much to do with the administrators or faculty beyond what was necessary.

“It is,” Dylan agreed. “And Steve said it would help Marcus feel less guilty about not dealing with his dad sooner if I let him do something for me.”

August made a sympathetic noise, kissing under Dylan’s ear and licking down to his neck. He found his claiming bite and bit down over the mark. He sucked it between his teeth, licking over the trapped skin, feeling his bond with Dylan vibrate like a livewire.

His cock throbbed, but he didn’t want to interrupt the feeling of the bond thrumming between them.

Steve and Dylan were both in therapy, though it seemed that Steve was benefitting more than Dylan. They'd hired someone from New York with experience working with werewolves and – amazingly – omegas, and the weekly sessions seemed to be yielding results.

The therapist had corroborated their theory that Dylan was being shielded from the after effects of his experience with John by his mating bonds, but she also insisted that the underlying trauma was still there. It needed to be dealt with and not just repressed.

Dylan liked her, though from what August could tell he used the sessions more to figure out his status as an omega than he did to deal with any trauma.

Steve, on the other hand, was working through the loss of his father and all his feelings surrounding that. He was a mess after his sessions, and August had taken to making sure he scheduled them so that everyone was available to cuddle with him afterward.

There was nothing that helped calm an emotional werewolf better than a puppy pile.

“Do you want to sixty-nine before the others get here?” August asked, still kissing and licking over his mark on Dylan's neck. He moved his hips, grinding his bulge up against Dylan's body, and he was about to take hold of Dylan's waist to spin him around so that they could get started sucking each other off when Dylan reared back and shook his head.

“No, I want to test the pills for a few more days. It's only been five days.”

August slumped, leaning his head back and holding back a whine of disappointment.

They had been running their dehydrator almost every day since it was delivered, and they had built up an impressive collection of dried come-capsules.

This was the first time they had tested them, however. There was plenty of frozen sperm available in the freezer as well, in case the capsules didn't work, but Dylan hadn't

reported any cravings or withdrawals while August, Ryker and Steve had been away.

It seemed the capsules were the solution to their problem.

“I want to go at least a week,” Dylan said, determined.

August nodded. He wasn't going to be an asshole and pressure Dylan into abandoning the experiment. Besides, they really did need to know if it was a tenable long-term solution or just a stop gap measure.

“You should probably go two weeks, at least, if you want the most accurate results.”

Dylan looked at him like he'd just suggested shooting a puppy. Then he sighed and nodded with acceptance.

“You're right. I need to know if it actually works long term.”

“We can still do other stuff,” August said, feeling a little ridiculous. Not being able to pump his omega full of come felt like a tragedy, but it wasn't like sex with Dylan was off the table. They could come as much as they liked. They just couldn't come in Dylan. “How about we tie you up after dinner and work you over with the sounding rods and some nice, big dildos?”

“Which dildos?” Dylan asked, suspicious and turned on.

“The purple ones,” August said. The purple ones were a set of intimidating dildos ranging in size from about the girth of Steve's cock to thicker than a baseball bat. Once Dylan could take the biggest one, he'd be more than ready for double penetration. “And maybe the blue one that Steve got you.”

Dylan swallowed, looking turned on and intimidated in equal measure. He nodded. “That sounds like fun.”

August kissed him. “It's a date.”

Dylan opened his mouth to speak, but he stayed quiet when August turned his head sharply at the sound of the elevator doors opening on the other side of the apartment. He followed August's gaze.

“Are they home?”

August nodded. Dylan scrambled off his lap, fixing his shirt and brushing his hand through his hair while he checked out his reflection in the darkened TV.

A few seconds later, Ryker and Steve walked into the living room. They were both wearing comfortable jeans and t-shirts, and judging by the scent of come wafting off them, they'd had some fun renewing their mile-high club membership on the way home.

Dylan ran over to them, letting them wrap him up in a hug that left him absolutely crushed between them. August walked over at a more sedate pace.

“Hey, you,” Ryker said, stepping away from Dylan and walking over to August while Steve kept hugging their omega. Ryker pulled August in for a kiss. “We missed you up there. We had a bonfire and the kids made s'mores.”

August grinned into Ryker's mouth. It never ceased to amuse him that the Northwestern pack – the pack with the worst reputation out of all the packs on the continent – were so soft when it came to the full moon.

They didn't even hunt.

It was fun, in the way that things that were different could be fun once in a while, but August much preferred going into the woods and letting himself run truly wild.

“How did you get along with everyone?”

August already knew that nothing major had happened – Ryker would have told him over the phone if that were the case – but he was still curious how Ryker had gotten along with their new pack now that things were settling down a bit.

“Really well. Odin and David invited me to run with them.” Ryker nuzzled into August's jaw. “What about you? Did Spencer try to sneak home with you in your suitcase?”

August snorted, shaking his head. “No, but he's set on coming. He's got interviews lined up next week, and he's dead set on moving here when he graduates.”

“I’m glad,” Ryker said. “He’s a good kid, and you’ll feel better having him in your pack where you can keep an eye on him.”

Ryker was right.

“He’s going to want to live in the building,” August warned.

“That’s fine.” Ryker grinned. “There’s an available unit two floors down. If we buy it now, we’d have time to soundproof it properly by the time he graduates next spring.”

August gave Ryker a suspicious look. He remembered getting an email from the board of the building that the unit had been sold already.

“Did you already buy it?”

Ryker kissed him. “Maybe.”

Of course he had. August kissed him back, his wolf buzzing happily in the back of his mind at the idea of Spencer coming to live with them.

Ryker kissed his way across August’s jaw. August lifted his chin, giving his mate access, until he heard a dismayed complaint from his left.

“Two weeks? That’s so long!”

Steve sounded devastated. August turned his head and looked, chuckling at the sight of Steve staring down at Dylan like he’d just told him that Christmas was canceled.

“I want to make sure that it works,” Dylan said, his voice firm. “Besides, we can do other stuff.”

Dylan reached out and cupped Steve’s bulge, squeezing him through his jeans.

“Like what?” Steve asked, cradling the side of Dylan’s face and dragging his thumb over Dylan’s lips.

“The purple dildos,” Dylan said, opening his mouth and sucking Steve’s thumb inside. He kept rubbing Steve’s crotch. “And the sounding kit.”

“Don’t forget tying you up,” August added.

“And tying me up,” Dylan corrected, his voice muffled by Steve’s thumb. “And you can spank me.”

“How about I use the flogger instead?” Steve suggested. He pushed his thumb toward the back of Dylan’s throat, fucking into his mouth, but Dylan didn’t gag. It took a lot more than that to faze him these days.

“Yes, please,” Dylan mumbled.

Ryker grabbed August by the front of his shirt and pulled him close. “Aren’t they adorable?”

August tilted his face up, letting Ryker kiss him. As they made out, they watched Dylan work Steve’s bulge with his hand, squeezing and kneading it, while Steve felt around Dylan’s mouth with his thumb.

August tore away from Ryker’s mouth with a gasp, his cock feeling like it was going to explode. He grabbed Dylan and yanked him away from Steve, tucking him in under his chin and holding him close.

Steve pouted.

“I say we take this to the playroom,” August said. He rubbed Dylan’s chest, finding his left nipple and giving it a squeeze. “Agreed?”

Steve nodded, working his bulge with the palm of his hand with a considering look on his face.

“We should wear something to cover our cocks so that we don’t ruin the experiment,” he said.

“Like what?” Dylan asked, sounding intrigued.

“Any requests?” August asked, looking down at him.

Steve and Ryker stayed silent, waiting for his answer. Judging from his blush, he definitely had one.

“Well?” August prompted. He pinched down on Dylan’s nipple, harder and harder until Dylan blurted out his answer.

“The motorcycle suits!”

August laughed, releasing Dylan's nipple and rubbing over his chest.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?"

Dylan's blush intensified. He tried to turn around so that he could hide his face in August's chest, but August didn't let him.

Ryker scratched his chin. "It would keep us from getting our come anywhere near him," he said, considering the request. "Though so would putting on condoms."

"I'm down with the motorcycle gear," Steve said, August nodding along. They both loved wearing leather when they fucked.

Ryker was less into it, but if it was something Dylan was into, he would usually be a good sport. Especially if Dylan was letting him do something he liked.

"I'll wear the bottom half," he said. "That should keep my cock out of the way while keeping me from getting too hot."

"I could wear the full outfit," Steve said, taking a step closer to Dylan and running his finger down his chest. "Helmet and gloves and everything. Would you like that?"

Dylan swallowed, nodding and looking embarrassed, his face red. He hissed when Steve found his nipple and gave it a twist.

"Use your words." Steve's voice was stern.

"I would," Dylan exclaimed, breathing out when Steve released his nipple.

"Helmet?" August asked, amused.

Steve nodded. "The mirrored one, so that he can't see my face when I use the big twelve-inch dildo from the purple set to stretch out his hole."

Dylan whimpered, and August suddenly saw the appeal. The helmets would act like masks, hiding their expressions from Dylan and making them extra intimidating.

If they all wore the full suits, gloves and everything, he might not even be able to tell which one of them was which.

August looked at Ryker, and he didn't even have to say anything for Ryker to pick up on what he wanted.

Ryker snorted, his grin indulgent. "Fine. We'll gear up all the way, but only for a little while. It's too hot to do a full session in head-to-toe leather."

"I like getting all sweaty," Steve said, taking a step back and rubbing his hand up under his shirt. "Dylan is so good at licking me clean. Mrs. Sunderland almost walked in on us the last time Dylan and I were at the gym. She was *this* close to seeing me shove his face into my pit."

"I know," Ryker said, exasperated. "She complained to the board about your indecent behavior."

"She doesn't even use the gym," Dylan grumbled. He craned his neck to look up at August. "She just inspects it and tries to find something to complain about."

"She's bored," Ryker said. "Don't give her anything to complain about and you'll be fine."

"Enough about her," August said, squeezing Dylan's shoulders. He kissed the top of the boy's head. "Why don't you go to the bathroom and get ready, and Ryker, Steve and I will get changed. We'll meet you in the bathroom in a few minutes."

"Not in the playroom?" Dylan asked.

August grinned, catching Ryker's eye. "No. If we're going to be stretching your hole, I want us to make extra sure that you're clean inside."

Ryker licked his lips. "I have an extra special enema recipe that I think you'll like."

Dylan looked at them, caught between nerves and eager delight. He bit his lip, teasing at it and turning it red, and nodded.

"All right. I'll see you in the bathroom. But take your time getting changed!" Dylan started backing away, looking at each

of them in turn. “I want to get clean inside before you guys come in and do... whatever it is you’re going to do. Okay?”

“Sure,” Ryker said. “We’ll give you a head start of half an hour.”

Dylan relaxed, his nervous expression giving way to pure excitement. “Good. I’ll see you soon.”

He turned and walked out into the hall, an excited bounce in his step.

August turned to his fellow alphas. They were both casually groping their erect cocks through their jeans, looking after Dylan with matching expressions of hungry anticipation.

“This should be fun,” Ryker said, moving to stand between August and Steve and draping his arms over their shoulders. He pulled them close. “Don’t you think?”

“Yeah,” Steve said, his voice rough. He licked his lips and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “Though remembering not to get my cock out is going to be a bitch.”

“You’ll manage,” Ryker assured him.

“We should bring a container to come into, for the dehydrator,” August said. The batch that was currently being processed was almost done.

“Good idea,” Ryker said. He kissed Steve’s temple. “Your mom’s idea seems to be working.”

“It is,” Steve agreed, though he went a little tense around the shoulders at the mention of his mother.

“Did you talk to her?” Ryker asked. “I saw you head off in her direction last night.”

Steve nodded. “I did, yeah. I thanked her for helping Dylan, and then we talked about William’s engagement.”

“Not about your dad?”

Steve shook his head. “I don’t want to talk about him with her. I did tell her I was in therapy, though. She told me not to tell Marcus, and then I told her that he already knew. I didn’t talk to her after that.”

“That sucks,” August said, reaching over and grabbing his arm. “If you didn’t have Marcus and William, your family would kind of suck.”

Steve laughed, brightening at the reminder of his brothers. “You’re right. They’re pretty great.”

“So, should we go get suited up?” Ryker asked, patting them both on the back and taking a step forward. He turned and looked at them over his shoulder as he walked toward the door. “Get all geared up for our biker dildo gang bang?”

August and Steve laughed.

“Let’s do it,” August said. He wrapped his arm around Steve’s waist and followed Ryker out into the hall. They made their way toward the closet where they kept their roleplay uniforms and motorcycle gear. He looked at Steve and said, “I can’t wait to see Dylan’s expressions when we walk into the bathroom all decked out in our suits. He’s going to be so turned on his brain will turn to mush.”

It had happened before. Sometimes Dylan would get so overwhelmed by how turned on he was that he froze like a deer in the headlights. It had become something of a goal of August’s to make it happen as often as he possibly could.

“Yeah, he’s going to have fun,” Steve agreed. He smirked. “And so are we.”

“We are,” Ryker said, opening the door to the closet and walking inside. He grabbed Steve’s two-piece Alpinestar suit and handed it to him, before moving back to get August’s. There wasn’t enough room in the closet for all three of them to change, so they had to make use of the hallway.

August stripped off his clothes, kicking them to the side of the wall, and pulled on the thick leather pants. He dragged them up over his thighs, tucking his cock down next to his thigh and zipped them up. He then put on his jacket, the soft armored leather feeling cool against his naked skin.

He sat down next to Steve, and as they put on their boots, they watched Ryker as he pulled on his pants.

August finished fastening his boots, and as he sat there watching Ryker put on boots that he really would prefer not to be wearing, he reflected on how happy he was right in that moment. After five days back in Arizona, without his mates and missing his new pack, being back with his people felt like a cool breeze on a hot summer day for his soul.

“You look happy,” Steve said, making August turn to him.

“I am happy,” August said, leaning over and pulling Steve in for a kiss. “Aren’t you?”

Steve grinned. “I am.”

They rose to their feet and watched as Ryker finished putting on his boots, fixing the clasps over his shins, and stomped his feet a few times. Ryker then grabbed their gloves and exited the closet.

“We’re all very happy,” Ryker said, handing them their gloves. He grinned, looking roguishly handsome. “Now put these on. We’re going to show our brilliant omega exactly how badly his alphas missed him.”

August’s cock throbbed against his thigh, forbidden pre-come leaking down and coating the inside of his leather motorcycle pants.

He couldn’t wait.

The End

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