

little
Piece
of **SASS**



CREATURE CAFE SERIES

CLIO EVANS

LITTLE PIECE OF SASS

CREATURE CAFE SERIES (5)

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CLIO EVANS



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BARISTA BABES

Thank you so much to Erica Cooke for being my amazing editor! You have been truly amazing and I love you dearly! Thank you for your support on this monster filled adventure.

[Follow @first books then coffee](#) on Instagram, she's awesome!

Also, thank you Morris for always being my first reader, for reminding me that not all of my characters need blue hair, and for listening to me talk about knotting and vore with a straight face. Love you :P

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TRIGGER WARNINGS

HELLO, MY LITTLE MONSTER LOVING CREATURE.

THIS IS JUST A FRIENDLY REMINDER TO MAKE SURE YOU CHECK YOUR
TRIGGERS BEFORE READING.

THIS STORY HAS CNC, BREATH PLAY, BLOOD PLAY, PRIMAL PLAY, WOMAN
LOVING WOMAN SCENES, THREESOMES, FULLY SHIFTED SEX, AND MORE.

IF ANY OF THOSE THINGS ARE NOT FOR YOU— DO NOT READ THIS STORY.

IF THOSE SOUND RIGHT, THEN MAYBE YOU NEED HELP.

BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I DO TOO...

SINCERELY,
THE BARISTA

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THE BARISTA

“YOU HAVE A YEAR,” Al argued, crossing his massive arms. “Until next November.”

Al was a werewolf and a long time friend. One that existed within my inner circle, and that knew me for what I was. Someone that had helped me track down *real* monsters and end them, someone that had stayed by my side in my darkest moments.

500 years of friendship and he’d never asked me for anything.

“You have a mate,” I said, looking up at said *mate*.

Luna was also a friend, someone I had known for almost as long. Her eyes glinted in the low lighting, her lips drawing back into a pointed smile.

“We want another mate,” she answered, flipping her long hair. “Barista, you know that werewolves and werecats belong in packs. We’ve both been together for a long time, but without the family that we crave. We want a third, someone that will join our souls.”

I ran my hands across my face, groaning. “Can you wait until I deal with Lucifer? Why now? Why do you need another now? You both have friends. You have—”

“Do I need to explain how our heat works to you, or should Luna have the honor?” Al snapped, scowling. His chest rumbled, his hackles standing on the back of his neck. He looked down at me, his eyes glowing for a moment.

“And just to be clear, we aren’t unicorn hunting. They don’t have to be mated to both of us, even though that *would* be nice,” Luna sighed. “So long as they are okay with sharing.”

I cursed under my breath, leaning into the bag of coffee beans.

At some point, the cafe cooler had become the headquarters for all things love and danger. Perhaps, I would have met the two of them at their home— but Meduso and Noah were still there, although not for much longer.

The last few weeks had been a cluster fuck and I was painfully aware that Lucifer had allowed Meduso to kill him. Almost like it had been part of his plan, which it was becoming more and more clear that it was.

I pulled my thoughts from the

“But ideally you want someone who can deal with both of you?” I mumbled, stroking my beard.

“Not *deal* with. Love us. Share a life with us. Take our mating bonds and build a family.” Al sighed, “I wouldn’t ask for this unless—”

“Don’t finish that sentence,” I growled, looking up at him. Smoke curled out of my mouth at the slightest hint of rage. “I know you wouldn’t ask unless you needed it. I will help you, and then I’m taking a fucking vacation.”

“A vacation?” they both asked.

“Yes. To the beach. To somewhere that isn’t here. I need to get away from Trixie.”

“From *Trixie*?” they both asked again.

Luna crossed her arms, cocking her hips. Her sleek tail swished behind her, and I noticed the way she was failing to fight off a smirk. “That bad, huh? She’s kind of cute. Maybe you could give her to—”

I was on my feet in the blink of an eye, the entire room bursting with heat. Al stepped forward, shoving me back before I could pounce on Luna.

She was checking her fingernails as if nothing had happened, fighting a smirk. “Have you considered therapy?” she asked in a lazy tone.

“Shut up,” I groaned, heaving a sigh.

Al chuckled, patting me on the head. “Fucking red headed bastard. Your temper is ridiculous, *grim reaper*.”

“Ex grim reaper,” I muttered. I moaned, leaning against the rack to my left. I looked at Luna, sighing. “I’m sorry.”

She grinned, “Unnecessary. I just don’t know why you’re fighting it so much. You two are like magnets. Plus, we both know you can see souls. It’s not like you don’t know.”

I didn’t tell her the truth—which was that I didn’t know. I didn’t know who Trixie belonged with. And I couldn’t see where she’d end up.

I just knew that the human was driving me insane.

Everywhere I went, she was there. And she wasn't stalking me. In fact, she had asked me if *I* was stalking her.

"I'll find your mate," I whispered. "I love both of you dearly, and I knew the time was coming anyways. I'm just a grumpy old man at this point."

"Hmm, old is an understatement," Al chuckled. "We appreciate you."

"Save it," I snorted. "I'd have been dead by now without you two. Plus, you've helped me with the other couples and the problems that have come up."

"We'll be ready for him, Barista," Al said softly. "But also, you can't stop doing what you love just because of that. Isn't that what he wants? For you to stop? That means you'd be letting him win without even a good fight. Not exactly like you."

I pressed my lips together. He was right, of course.

"Regardless," I muttered. "I'm going to the beach after this. I'll take off a couple of weeks and then come back. It'll do me some good to be away, to clear my head. Also, to be away from this fucking snow."

"To not see Trixie," Luna teased.

"That too," I agreed. "She's everywhere I look, and it's not a good thing."

"If she makes you question yourself, then I think she is good for you," Al said, winking at me. "Alright, Luna. Let's get out of here."

I watched the two of them leave, closing the cooler door behind them.

A human that would want a pack. Want a family. Be willing to have two mates, two that were already *married* at that.

They would treat her as an equal. The human would be coveted and loved. If it were any other married couple, I'd say no.

But I had known the two of them for ages, and they deserved to finally settle down and create their pack. I had seen how much love they had to give.

Hell, they'd kept *me* as a friend, hadn't they?



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1 / REVENGE

QUINN

“Quinn, right? You’re staying the whole month?” The lady behind the desk asked me.

I nodded, fighting the urge to bite my lower lip. “I’m just traveling through,” I said, blinking at her.

The lady behind the desk offered me a genuine smile, but the warmth didn’t reach me.

I was here on a mission. I’d flown halfway across the country to come here.

There were a lot of stories that I had heard growing up. Whispers about creatures of the night, about demons stealing away children from their beds, and of monsters waiting in closets. Of course, every story came from a nugget of truth.

The voicemail pounded in my skull as I waited for the lady to finish checking me in.

“Hold on, sweetheart, give me like five minutes to make sure your room is ready,” she said, getting up. The chair creaked, blending with the groaning of the building.

Even with it being painfully cold and snowy outside, she still wore hot pink florals, bright lipstick, and an even brighter smile. I couldn’t pin her age, although I didn’t really care to.

Maybe she was *one of them*.

Hi, Quinn. I'm the Barista here at Creature Cafe, and I saw your application online. Quite frankly, we need the help, so you've got the job. Be here on Monday at 11am. Don't be late, or you'll be fired.

Over and over, I had listened to his voicemail. He had sounded so normal, precisely like a gruff coffee shop owner.

The Barista was definitely a monster of some kind, and knowing that made my heart go crazy in my chest. My stomach twisted as I waited for the desk lady to return.

Was I obsessed?

Probably.

Was that healthy?

No.

Was I determined to show the world that monsters existed?

Yes. And the only way to do that would be to start from the bottom.

There were rumors about Creature Cafe, although no one actually believed them. Well, no one but me. I definitely believed them.

I'd seen a monster before. I'd seen what they were capable of.

I drew in a shaky breath, drumming my fingers on the desktop. The entry to the two-story B&B was warm and cozy, but I was still chilled through my soul. The outside of the building had been built with red brick, but then inside was dark polished woods.

I was painfully aware that under normal circumstances, I would have been dancing like a happy child. I was excited to be in a place with real snow, in an old-fashioned B&B that had more character in a square foot than my entire apartment building in Miami.

I would take a job at Creature Cafe and see just how much I could learn. I'd go undercover, and it wouldn't be the first time either.

I had a name on the internet and was known for writing brutal articles that exposed companies or CEOs or anything I could get my hands on. I loved it. I loved the power that words had, and I loved homing in on the sordid things that the world deserved to know.

I stuck to all facts and occasionally sprinkled in my opinions, which was why this story would be tough.

I had it out for *creatures*. One had fucked over my entire life, my entire family, and didn't even give a shit. He had ripped a hole into my existence and then had escaped like it hadn't meant anything.

I would find him and end him.

But first, I would expose his world.

I would shake out all the terrible shit about the monsters that lived under our noses and then burn everything to the ground. The Barista was my way into finding the bastard and how I would wiggle my way through into their tightlipped community.

“Alright, sweetheart, you’re good to go!”

I looked up at the lady who came down the stairs, beaming like fresh sunshine.

“You can call me Flora, and if you need anything— I’ll be here! There’s some fresh coffee in the dining room if you’d like some. It’s complimentary of Creature Cafe,” she said, grinning.

I nodded, swallowing hard. “Thank you, Flora. I’m excited to be here.”

With that, I grabbed my suitcase and hauled it up the staircase. I found my room with ease, given that there were only four others, and shut myself inside my temporary home.

The room was cozy, just like the rest of the B&B. The walls were covered in vintage wallpaper. There was a heavy oak dresser, an oak desk with a stool, a plush chair, and then a four-poster bed that just looked like it would squeak. Next to the bed, there was a side table with a lamp, dial phone, and outlets to charge my phone.

It was Sunday, so I’d have a night to rest, and then tomorrow, my battle would begin.

I drew in a deep breath and realized— I was one step closer to revenge.

I let out a soft laugh and stepped towards the bed, plopping face down on it. Before I knew it, I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Creature Cafe was a lot more quaint than I had expected. This far out of the city, the streets had a quiet charm that was rustic and modern.

There were so many differences compared to my Floridian roots. I was freezing my ass off even though I had bundled in layers, and every time the wind picked up, I felt like I was going to blow away.

Snow crunched under my boots as I went down the sidewalk. Even though my stay was close by, I had taken my time walking. Mostly because I was worried I would slip and fall on my ass.

The neon sign blinked in front of me now. I paused in front of the cafe windows.

“Fuck,” I whispered to myself.

I was really doing this. I was really here, really going to work at this weird cafe, really going after this revenge-filled obsession.

I stared at my reflection for a few moments. I had bright blue hair and bangs and skin that was bright red from the cold. Even my nose looked like a cherry. I was wrapped in a scarf, coat, boots, and even wore wool socks and a sweater.

“Are you going to go in, honey?”

I spun around, and it took everything in me not to squeak like a little mouse.

A breathtakingly gorgeous woman was standing in front of me, towering over me. She had golden skin, straight black hair that fell around her shoulders, and eyes that were heavily lined in kohl. Her plump red lips twisted, her brow arching.

She leaned in, her nose almost touching mine. I sucked in a breath, trying to ignore the pulse I felt in my pussy.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

I was on a mission, god damn it, not trying to feel *this*.

Heat crept up the back of my neck as she let out the softest purr.

“Hmmm... what’s wrong, honey? Cat got your tongue?” she asked, smirking.

“Uh...” I couldn’t even speak.

“You’re kind of cute,” she murmured, leaning back. “But you’re in my way, mouse. I’m here for caffeine, and mama’s claws come out without it. Step aside.”

The door swung open behind me, and I felt a presence emerge, warmth meeting me. “Luna, leave the Barista’s new employee alone. He can’t have any running away.”

The voice reminded me of smoke and leather. I turned around and, sure enough, let out another whimper.

What happened to confident Quinn? The Quinn that took names and fucking went balls to the wall on everything in life?

Because JESUS fucking Christ, I was having a bisexual crisis.

The man in front of me was like a wet dream. A lumberjack professor—the mashup of two of my favorite types of men. He had silver hair, glasses, and eyes that reminded me of the moon.

“Fuck me,” I sighed. My cheeks immediately heated up, my body turning into an inferno.

“I would, kitten, but it’s a little cold, and I don’t think the humans would appreciate it. Al, now you’re blocking the way,” Luna snapped from behind me. “Go, you fucking wolf.”

Al snorted, giving me a secretive smirk. He stepped back, holding the door open. “Come on in,” he said warmly.

I stumbled through the doorway, full of questions about my sexuality and about life.

Had she referred to people as *humans*?

“I would count you as late, but it appears you were being blocked from entering,” a gruff voice sounded from across the cafe.

I looked up, bewildered to see another massive man— one with tattoos up and down his arms, red hair and beard, and an apron. He looked tougher than a prisoner who had just broken free and more overwhelmed than a mother of six.

The cafe was busy, with a few people waiting in line to order. The sound of people talking, of the espresso machine hissing, and of the two waitresses darting back and forth surrounded me.

I heard a soft moan and turned immediately, shocked to see Al and Luna *kissing*. Not like your gentle, passing kiss. Her tongue was in his mouth, her bright nails curled into his shirt.

Was this real life?

“Fuck,” I whispered, which was apparently the only word I could actually say.

I needed to get very far away from those two before I imploded.

“New girl!”

I snapped my attention back to the man— no, *Goliath*— behind the counter.

“Follow me,” he said, waving his hand.

I slipped past the line, back to the counter. A girl flittered past me, also with blue hair. She winked at me and grinned as she took over for who could only be the Barista. “I got this, Barista, you can go,” she said swiftly.

“Thanks, Trix,” he said gruffly.

He stepped out behind the counter and held out his hand to me. I straightened my back and took it, giving him a firm shake.

He smiled a little, “Hi, Quinn, I’m the Barista. Sorry for the craziness. People want hot coffee when it’s colder than Lucifer’s heart outside.”

He blinked as if startled by his words.

“Nice to meet you,” I said, clearing my throat. “Sorry, I’m never late, but ah....”

“Oh, don’t worry about it. Luna knew what she was doing,” he snorted. “Let’s go get your paperwork signed. Can you start today?”

“So long as I have a place to put my bag, yes,” I said, following him back behind the counter to a back room.

“Great. I’ll give you the run down, and once the rush dies down— we’ll do some actual training.”

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2 / KITTENS AND CLAWS

LUNA

I watched the kitten run around, taking care of customers with practiced ease. She was confident, sweet, and a little sassy based on the bits of conversation I eavesdropped on.

She was *the* one.

I knew she was the one, as did Al. He watched her with the same hunger, our silence speaking volumes. We'd been here for two hours now and weren't planning on leaving anytime soon.

I continued to watch her over the rim of my mug, taking another sip of the steamy catnip mocha.

"I wonder if she knows everyone in here is a creature," Al murmured.

"I don't think she can see us entirely," I said slowly. "She definitely thought you were a man. And if she does see us creatures, then she has one hell of a poker face."

"She has to have the sight," he whispered, adjusting in his seat.

We were at a table at the corner of the cafe, giving us the perfect view of everything happening. Finally, it was slowing down, and more than once, I had watched the Barista stop our kitten to show her something or to even make her laugh.

It was a fake laugh, though. Her scent was dripping with adrenaline and nerves, the fear just strong enough to make me wonder about her.

Who was this blue-haired, pretty little human?

“Luna, your scent is killing me,” Al groaned, shifting next to me again. His heavy hand slid up my thigh, his fingers resting dangerously close to my pussy. “I could make you cum right here....”

“Not here. Not yet. Save your appetite for her, wolf. I want you on edge and your cocks begging.” He let out the softest moan, his grip on my thigh tightening. “I want to chase her,” I admitted under my breath.

“As if you get to tell me what to do,” he chuckled darkly, squeezing me again.

I smiled to myself. Our dynamic was always tumultuous, providing us both with a lot of fun. Outside of the bedroom, I was always in charge. Men feared me. Women envied me.

Unless it was Al.

Al cherished me, loved me, knew what made me tick.

He knew how to put me on my knees and make me beg.

I was a brat through and through, so I had to make it hard for him. I liked making him sometimes struggle, such as now.

I knew that more than anything, he wanted to bend me over the cafe table and fuck me in front of our newfound mate. He wanted to claim me and then claim *her*.

I had a wicked thought of us playing dark games with her. Ones where we’d chase her, and whoever got to her first would take her.

Quinn met my gaze from across the cafe again, and her cheeks turned pink. The Barista was standing right behind her, and he shook his head, giving Al and me a stern glare.

He barked something that had Quinn scampering again before he was coming over to our table.

“Might as well take her here and now,” the Barista grumbled.

Al chuckled, leaning back. He studied the Barista for a moment and then shrugged his massive shoulders, pushing his glasses up his snout. “She’s the one.”

“Oh, yes, I know that. I knew that the moment I saw her application. But I didn’t want her to meet you two until I got the other things figured out,” he said, shaking his head. “I don’t know why she’s here. She lives in Miami.”

“Miami?” We both asked.

The Barista nodded. “She writes articles. I don’t think she sees monsters either. It’s the first time I’ve seen a human this blind, especially surrounded

by all of us.”

Al’s golden eyes burned with lust. “How long will it take?”

“I need both of you to be patient,” the Barista muttered, his gaze flaring. “She’s skittish at best. There’s something more to this situation, and I refuse to put someone with you two that could cause harm.”

“We would be fine,” Al said. “I don’t care what baggage comes with the blue-haired human. She’s ours. The only reason I haven’t thrown her in our car is that I believe in courting.”

The Barista and I both snorted.

“I love both of you,” the Barista said sternly, “But I’m asking you to be patient and let me do what I do best.”

“What you do best is helping monsters meet their mates,” I said, cocking my head. “And you’ve done that.”

He crossed his arms, glaring at me. “Luna, with all of the bad things that have happened recently— I don’t want more coming our way. The two of you have been through enough on my behalf.”

“This wouldn’t be on your behalf. It would be on ours,” Al shot back. “She’s an adult. Perfectly capable of making her own decisions. Hell, she flew all the way up here, didn’t she?”

“She booked a room at your B&B,” the Barista said, his lips almost tugging into a smile.

“Oh,” I crooned, smirking. “That’s perfect then.”

Al leaned back in his seat. “I still don’t know how you do it.”

The Barista shrugged. “It’s part of my power. It’s not really as mysterious as you think. But I like to make others think that it is.”

I grinned. Al and I had known the Barista for a very long time, and the three of us had been involved in a lot of crazy stuff together. Most recently, it had been Al helping two dragon shifters and their mate. Then there had been the ancient demon and his human healing at our home.

Those two were trouble, no doubt. Well, mostly the demon.

But then again, that demon was putty in the palms of his mate.

The Barista could say that his ability to bring monsters and humans together was nothing, but it was life-changing for many. Slowly but surely, creatures were becoming more and more accepted again. Less feared.

There were still some that hurt others.

But that’s where my job came in, along with Al and the Barista.

Once computers had been brought about, I had found myself fascinated with them. It didn't take long for creatures to learn how to use the internet to bait innocent humans into their clutches.

I spent a lot of my time fishing for such monsters on the internet. They did and said terrible, horrifying things. Things that used to keep me up at night, even though I've lived for so long.

Al and the Barista would find them, though. Find them, take care of them.

I didn't get my claws messy unless absolutely necessary. I preferred to be able to log on and defeat enemies and then log back off and go about my day.

Al, on the other hand, craved the hunt.

The door to the cafe chimed, and I glanced up as a stranger walked in. Another creature, most definitely a vampire.

Al growled next to me, standing up. The Barista turned, too, his body tensing.

I sucked in a breath, scowling as Quinn's scent immediately changed from anxious and horny to absolute rage.

Quinn and the vampire stared at each other until the human surprised us all by letting her tray fall to the ground. It crashed, coffee spilling all over the place. Everyone in the cafe turned to stare, silence falling over us all.

"You," the vampire snarled, lunging for her. "You fucking bitch. How the fuck did you find me?!"

Quinn snatched a knife from behind the counter just as he reached her, his fangs baring. Screams erupted through the cafe, chaos breaking free.

Al and the Barista were both on the two of them within a blink, intercepting the vampire and Quinn. I was in front of her in a split second, twisting the knife away from her trembling hands.

"Quinn, *stop*," I said calmly, gripping her wrists.

"No!" she cried, her words ragged. "Stop! You don't understand! Let me GO!"

She tried to pull away from me, but she was no match for my strength. I dragged her back behind the counter, into the back room away from the raging vampire and my *very* furious husband. I ignored the yells, the sounds of people rushing out of the cafe, and the enraged yowls of a trapped vampire.

All of the commotion died away as I pinned her to a wall. Quinn let out a choked sob, looking up at me. She dragged in a breath, letting out a scream.

“Oh my god, you’re like *him!*”

“No, honey, that creature was a vampire. I’m a werecat,” I snapped, pinning her hands to either side.

She let out another sob, trying to tear away from me. “Let me kill him. You don’t understand!”

“Look at me,” I snarled.

She continued to writhe, trying desperately to yank free. At this point, she was going to hurt herself just from trying to escape me.

“Look. At. Me. Now, kitten.”

She froze, and it stung a little the way her heart was beating so frantically. She looked up at me, her heart-shaped face tipping back. She had wonderfully dark eyes, her lips a lovely shade of pink.

I wondered if her pussy was the same color.

“Quinn,” I purred, trying to soothe her. Hell, I was trying to soothe myself too. “There are good creatures and bad creatures, just like humans. I don’t know what happened, and I can’t imagine how you feel right now, but you have to understand that you’re not in danger when you’re with me, Al, or the Barista. Those two will kill the vampire for you, especially if he hurt you.”

“He killed my brother,” she whispered, crocodile tears rolling down her flushed cheeks. “He killed him, and it drove my parents crazy. My mom took her life, and my father hasn’t been the same. I have to kill him. I have to take revenge. I have to expose what he is, what all of you are.”

I flinched. “Did you come here for him?” I asked, loosening my grip on her.

She nodded slowly, her expression breaking me.

Her pain was my own. I could feel it radiating through my chest, spearing me. “Honey, come here,” I said gently. I let go of her hands, spreading my arms.

She immediately hugged me, burying her face into my breasts.

This girl was definitely my mate, and now that I knew that, I would do anything to protect her. I felt Al’s bond tug on my soul, checking to see if I was okay.

Take her out of here. The Barista wants to interrogate this bastard, Al told me.

Quinn whimpered against me. “You confuse me,” she whispered.

“Makes a lot of sense,” I said, running my fingers through her hair. “We have a lot to talk about, and I think a lot of explaining about the creature world.”

“I came here for revenge. I didn’t expect him to walk in day one,” she hiccuped. “I’m normally a lot stronger than this. I’m sorry for crying.”

“Don’t be. Believe me, I’ve had my fair share of revenge plans. And honestly, if you want me to show you how to kill a vampire properly, I’d be happy to,” I said, leaning back to look down at her.

She looked up, and her eyes widened, her cheeks flushing again. Her lower lip quivered, her pupils expanding.

I reached up, cupping her face. I dragged the tip of one of my claws gently across her cheek, enjoying the way she shivered.

“If you’d like,” I said huskily, “I can distract you a little to clear your head. Then we can go finish the vampire.”

I dragged my claw down her neck to the collar of her sweater.

My body ached to shift, to show her who she would submit to completely. But I didn’t want to scare her...

“What are you again?” she wheezed out.

“A werecat,” I answered, a low purr emanating from my chest now. “A creature, a monster.”

“A really sexy monster,” she mumbled, her face turning even redder. “Fuck. This is crazy. You could kill me.”

“I could,” I said, “But I would never do such a thing. Not all creatures are like that vampire. You can trust me.”

She stared at me for a few moments, and I could practically see her weighing everything she knew about creatures against my words.

She was smart. Independent. Able to take on the world.

But she was also lonely and hurting.

She was fragile. Vulnerable.

She blew out a long breath, squeezing her eyes shut for a moment. “You said we’d still have time for revenge?” she asked, opening them.

I laughed. “Honey, you let me have my way with you, and we’ll end that bastard's entire life. There’s always time for revenge.”

“What about your boyfriend? He...”

“Hmmm. Well, honey, he’s actually my husband,” I said, smiling. “And we both want another mate. So I’m sure he won’t mind if you become mine. And maybe even his, if you’re interested. He’s sexier in his werewolf form, I promise you that. He’s a bit of a Dom, though, I must warn you. He has two cocks, too.”

“What?” she gasped. “How is that possible?”

“Perks of being a creature. Now tell me what you want before I make the decision for you.”

“Fuck,” she breathed out. “Fuck. This is crazy. None of this has gone how I planned.”

I smirked, pressing the tip of my claw into her neck. It pricked her, just enough to make her squeak.

“Fuck,” she panted. “I want you, but not here. Not in the back of a cafe. And not with that fucking vampire so close by.”

“Fair enough,” I answered. “How about this? You come with me, stay the night, and then we’ll come back tomorrow morning, and I’ll show you how to hang a man by his balls. And vampire or not, he *is* still a man.”

“Deal,” she breathed out. “But can Al come too?”

I laughed, joy swelling inside of me. “Only if he can tell us what to do.”



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3 / SAFE WORDS

AL

Our mate wants you to watch me fuck her.

I blinked, and my swing at the vampire missed by a painful amount. I stumbled a little, attempting to recover my pride.

The Barista gave me a quizzical look, but then it turned into understanding as Luna and Quinn darted through the cafe. Luna led her, tossing a smirk over her shoulder as they left.

I looked at the bloodied vampire, the two gorgeous women stepping outside, back at the vampire, and then at the Barista. “This is going to have to wait.”

The Barista cracked his knuckles, giving me a curt nod. “Fine. But take care of the human. I’m sure she’s scared to death.”

I looked up at the two of them. Luna had the human pinned against the window, their mouths fused. But within the moment, it was Quinn that had my wife against the wall.

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

“Yes,” I whispered, swallowing hard. “Very, very scared.”

The Barista snorted. “Go have fun. I’ll hold onto this bastard until the morning. I want to know a little more about why that human was ready to kill him.”

“Perfect,” I nodded.

“Oh, and Al?”

“Yes?”

“Her soul fits with both of yours, and I have a feeling she will give into both of you. But remember that she is human, and she is hurt from whatever this fucker did. I can feel the pain under the lust, even from here.”

I drew in a steadying breath and then gave him a nod.

The Barista was warning me.

He could see all souls, perks of being the Grim Reaper. Or, ex Grim Reaper...

He didn't claim souls for Death now.

He had refused that path.

“Oh, and I expect her to still work here. She signed the papers.”

I snorted. “Fine,” I agreed, “I'll try to make sure she's here tomorrow.”

With that, I was out of the cafe and into the cold dusk. Quinn and Luna broke apart, both of them turning to look at me. Luna's eyes gleamed brighter than the moon. And Quinn?

Her gaze was one of pure lust.

“Hi,” she said, studying me. “Definitely a werewolf,” she mumbled, her eyes sliding down to my cocks.

I was harder. Harder than I'd been in a long fucking time. Luna's scent was already enough to make me want to beg, but with Quinn? Her scent?

Fuck.

“We can go to the B&B,” I said quickly.

“No, I don't want the lady to hear,” Quinn squeaked.

I barked out a laugh, “I'll send her on her way. We own the B&B, and I'm certain you're our only guest right now. Come on, I'll carry you.”

Luna rolled her eyes at me, shoving Quinn into my arms. She stumbled just enough, her hands planting on my chest and immediately gripping my shirt.

She looked up at me with wide hazel eyes. “God, you really are a wolf. A really, really sexy one.”

A soft growl escaped me, and I scooped her up, turning to plod down the street. Luna followed next to me, her dirty thoughts playing like a reel through my head.

Images of the two of them kissing while I ate her out...

Of the two of them riding me...

Of Quinn taking my knot...

“Stop,” I growled at Luna. “You're being a brat, Luna.”

I'm going to make you beg later, Luna.

I knew she heard me, although she hid her shiver of excitement well. She giggled, slipping ahead of me to lead the way.

Quinn also chuckled and surprised me by leaning up to wind her arms around my neck. "This is crazy," she mumbled. "But it feels right. Why does it feel right?"

"Because you're ours," I said softly, letting out a pant as she gripped my fur.

"How does it work?" she asked.

"You're meant to be ours," Luna called, hitting the button on the pole to cross the street. Snow was starting to fall again, sticking to us. Luna had shifted some, her feline body growing.

Luna came up to the two of us while she waited, reaching up to kiss Quinn again. Their lips met, Quinn's moan rising.

Luna also slid her claws across one of my cocks, causing me to growl. "Luna," I snarled. "Not on the street."

Luna snorted again and drew back from Quinn. "Don't listen to him. He secretly enjoys being tortured like that. One time, I crawled under a table and blew him while he was with a client. The client never even knew. I bet he'd rut you in the middle of the street, in front of God and everybody if he could."

Quinn moaned, looking back up at me. "Is that true?" she asked, her eyes darkening with lust.

I glared at Luna, counting in my head how many punishments I would give her for behaving like this.

"Come on, my big wolf," Luna chimed, dragging me across the street.

We came to the steps of our B&B quickly, Luna the first one inside. I carried Quinn in, looked at Flora (who immediately got up and left), and then slammed the door closed.

I set Quinn down, but she was reaching up for me, grabbing my face. She brought me close to her mouth.

I was at least two feet taller than her and only half-shifted. The primal side of me was already beginning to take over, demanding that I mate her here and now.

"Luna," I growled, "Take her coat off."

Luna came up behind Quinn, peeling off her coat. Quinn sucked in a breath as Luna took her time with the movement, making sure that her

touches lingered.

Luna was also much taller now, her skin now covered in soft fur. Her ears perked up from the top of her head, her tail waving behind her.

She was beautiful. My beautiful mate, the woman I had loved for so long. My chest burned with pride, with desire.

I would have to remind her who owned her soul, though.

Now we had our human. Our pack would grow, giving all three of us a family.

“Quinn,” I said calmly, drawing her attention. “Are you sure you want this? We’re monsters. Creatures. I’m a werewolf. I am controlling, fierce, and once you belong to me— I will never let you go. We’re in the same world that you came here to take revenge on.”

Quinn shivered, “I want this. I have a lot of questions, but I’ll ask them later. Right now, I just want *this*.”

I held her gaze for a moment, leaning in. Her scent hit me, one of lust and absolute need. I growled, tipping her chin up with a claw. I then looked at Luna behind her, enjoying the way her pupils expanded.

I *would* make sure to explain everything thoroughly to Quinn and make sure that she understood just how much she meant to us.

But right now, the need was primal. I needed to see Luna make our human cum, and I needed to bury myself into Quinn. I needed to mate with her, to make her mine.

We had been waiting for so long, waiting to find the soul that would fit with ours. I could feel the bond aching to be made.

“Quinn, there’s a dynamic to our relationship that I need to explain,” I said. “Outside of the bedroom, Luna is my queen— just like you will be. Already are. We are equals, and we make decisions together, just as you will now make with us. But in the bedroom,” I said, reaching past Quinn to grip Luna’s face. She let out a breath as I yanked her forward, holding both of their attention equally now. “In the bedroom, if I tell her to kneel, she kneels. And she might try to fight me,” I chuckled, “But that fight always ends up with her on her knees. She wants this, and I want this. But I don’t know what you want. And I need to know before we continue.”

Quinn sucked in a breath, her dark eyes wide.

“I understand,” she whispered. “I’m not new to this. I’ve always wanted....”

“Wanted what?” I asked directly, leaning into my patience despite the way my cocks pulsed.

“I’ve always wanted to have a dom. Someone that I can give myself to, that I can trust with what I want. I’ve been in scenes before, and I’ve participated in a lot of sexual activities, but...I’ve never been...really wanted. Or kept. Not that you have to keep me—”

“I’m keeping you,” I growled.

It made me angry that no one had ever shown her how beautiful this relationship could be.

“Do you want this?” I asked. I swallowed hard, studying her body as my question lingered. Quinn was beautiful, her heart-shaped face delicate. I liked the shocking blue of her hair, the blush that crept over her skin, and the way she smirked when she wasn’t lustful.

“Yes. I want both of you...” she answered, her eyes darting to Luna.

“Do you have anything you don’t want to do?”

“Not that I can think of. I like a lot of things,” Quinn said quickly. “I really like pain. I like submitting. I like impact play, primal play, being bound and gagged. You can slap me, scratch me, chase me. I like being chased... Even if I say no, you don’t have to stop.”

Her words caused Luna and I both to growl. Luna sucked in a breath, turning her gaze on me.

Oh, all of the things she wanted.

All of the things she was already desperate for.

I wanted her to be even further on that edge, waiting for me to give her permission to fall.

“I like...So many things. If I want you to truly stop, I’ll say ‘Safe’. If I can’t speak, then I’ll pinch one of you twice,” Quinn said. She looked from Luna to me and then back to Luna again.

I made a mental note of her safe word, thinking of her likes.

I wanted to chase her, I realized. I wanted to hunt her in the snow and take her body against a tree in a forest.

“Kiss her, Luna,” I commanded, releasing both of them. “She’s practically dripping for you, little sub.”

Luna didn’t wait, immediately drawing Quinn into her arms. Quinn moaned as they kissed, their tongues fighting for dominance.

Without another word, I sank to the floor in front of Quinn. My head was still level with her breasts, and I didn’t hesitate to cup them as the two

of them continued.

I slipped my long fingers beneath her clothing, tugging at her pants. The button to her jeans popped open, and I growled, drinking in her scent.

“Luna,” I growled, “Undress yourself.”

Luna moaned as she drew back from Quinn. She stripped out of her clothing, revealing her feline body. Quinn gasped, flushing with heat all over again.

“You’re a little furnace, kitten,” Luna teased.

I leaned forward and stripped Quinn of her pants, parting her legs with my massive hand. Against the soft skin of her thighs, I was reminded how different she was from me. Delicate, fragile.

“Spread your legs,” I growled.

She immediately obeyed.

I leaned in, pressing my nose against her clit through her lace panties. Her groan made me pant.

“Fuck, you smell good,” I growled. I sat back on my haunches, looking up at the two of them. “Take her upstairs, Luna. I’ll be there soon. You may look, but you may not touch.”

“But—”

My growl silenced her opposition, and she groaned.

“Come with me,” she said quickly, taking Quinn’s hand.

I watched her lead Quinn up the stairs, the two of them disappearing. I took a moment to catch my breath and strip off my clothes.

I locked the door to our B&B and then went up the stairs, listening for the two of them. The air was warm, thick with the smell of lust. I could taste their desires, and it showed.

My cocks were standing straight up, both pulsing with need.

It would take every ounce of control not to interrupt Luna and Quinn, but I would obey.

I heard the bed creak as I went down the hall, soft light falling onto the wood floors from the open doorway.

I stepped in, sucking my breath.

Quinn was completely naked now and sprawled out on the bed. Her hair splayed out around her, a splash of blue on the cream-colored duvet. Luna stood at the end of the bed, in her full feline form now.

“Oh god,” Quinn gasped.

“Still have time to tell us no, kitten,” Luna purred.

“Yes,” Quinn said, lifting her head. “I said yes, you crazy cat lady.”

I snorted, drawing Quinn’s gaze. Her mouth fell open, her eyes falling to my cocks.

“Holy shit,” she moaned.

Luna laughed, “Oh no, Al, I think she likes you.”

“Luna,” I growled.

She grinned, her sharp teeth gleaming. “Oh, come on, she likes being teased. Don’t you, kitten? Do you want me to touch you?”

“Yes,” Quinn gasped.

“Can I please touch her?” Luna asked, smirking at me.

I crossed the room, gripping Luna by her neck and sending her to her knees. She gasped, her expression turning from playful to obedient. Her pupils were now soft diamonds, her irises burning gold. Her dark hair fell in a curtain down her back, a soft clicking noise filling her throat.

“I told you no, didn’t I?” I growled. “But maybe you could convince me if you beg. Beg to touch our human, to make her cum on your pretty little tongue.”

“Please,” she gasped.

I chuckled, enjoying this way too much. “You can do better than that, and you know it.”

“I want her, Master. Please. Please let me have her. I’ll get her ready for you, ready to take your cocks.”

A soft moan drew my attention, and I looked up to see Quinn stroking her clit, her pussy shining and already wet.

“Stop,” I snarled.

Quinn’s hand froze, her breath catching.

“Remove that hand, pet.”

She slowly drew her hand back, her chest heaving now.

I looked back down at Luna. “You’ve misbehaved this evening, but I’ll be kind. Go make her cum, little sub. And pet,” I snapped at Quinn, “If you touch yourself without my permission again, you won’t walk straight tomorrow.”



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QUINN

“Spread your legs, Quinn,” Luna whispered.

I stared at her body in the room’s amber light, my mouth watering. Everything about her was glorious— her form was lithe and smooth. Her fur was turtled, a mix of black and brown. Her breasts were the most perfect shape, her nipples dark and hard.

“Show her your pussy, pet,” Al commanded, watching us from the end of the bed.

Her tail swished behind her as she crawled closer. She swept her dark hair back behind her shoulders, cocking her head as she stared down at me.

I was trembling like a damn virgin, and I didn’t know why. I slowly parted my legs, showing her how wet I was.

She leaned in, her fingers feather-light as she dragged them down my inner thigh. Her claws were out and teasing me.

Fuck.

I had been with women before. Had been with men before. I had done many dark things, been to plenty of sex clubs, participated in orgies.

But none of it was anything like this.

None of my past partners had made me feel...

Like this.

Her touch was commanding but refined. Smooth and skilled.

She knew where to touch me, where to let her hands linger.

“What a pretty pussy you have,” she murmured. “All that cream for me. For *him*.”

I heard Al’s soft growl, his quiet pant.

Her fingertips left my thighs, just barely brushing my clit. My entire body felt like it had been zapped, my cry escaping me.

Her soft laugh made my skin turn to goosebumps, my nipples peaking up. The sounds of the bed echoed around us but were soon drowned out by the rushing of my blood.

Luna leaned down, her rough tongue flicking over my clit. Her hands held my thighs apart even as I writhed against her, my body lighting up with pleasure.

A feline growl left her, her nails digging into me as she continued to lap. My head tilted back on the mattress, my moans rising.

I was so wet, so fucking wet.

Her tail surprised me by curling around my ankle, her fur soft. Her tongue slipped from my clit, burying into me. Her arms suddenly lifted my thighs, lifting me up so she could go even deeper.

I screamed, an orgasm taking me. My pussy convulsed around her tongue, my gasps ragged. My blood roared in my ears, heat flooding me.

She licked all of the juices up, her eyes holding mine for what felt like an eternity in both heaven and hell.

She drew back for a moment, licking her full glistening lips. Then, she turned to look at Al.

“Pet?” His strong voice asked.

“Yes,” I gasped, looking up at him.

“Yes, *Sir*.”

“Yes, *Sir*,” I moaned.

“Do you want her to fuck you?”

“Yes,” I whispered. “Please. Please let her.”

Al came to the side of the bed, looking down at the two of us. He reached forward, drawing Luna close to kiss her. His tongue penetrated her mouth, the motion sending a spear of desire through me.

I wanted that monstrous tongue inside of me.

“Go get your toy, little sub,” Al said to Luna. “There’s one downstairs, in the back closet.”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered, sliding off the bed.

I watched her disappear and swallowed hard.

Now, I was alone with *him*.

He reached down, grazing his claws across my body. I arched beneath his touch, fire filling me.

“Get on all fours facing the headboard.”

I obeyed, turning over immediately. My limbs were like jello, my heartbeat still racing.

I sucked in a breath as the mattress shifted. Al gripped me, holding me up while he slipped in front of me.

He was completely different from the man I thought I had seen at the coffee shop. His body was muscled and covered with soft fur, snout long and narrow. His eyes burned like the moon, a soft golden glow there.

He was a monster, in every sense of the word.

But fuck, he was *my* monster.

And now he was in front of me, his legs spread and cock waiting to be sucked.

My eyes widened, my words dying as my gaze fell down.

Not cock.

Cocks.

Two cocks with knots, dark pink and pulsing. Begging to be touched, to be licked. Drops of cream leaked from both tips, glistening beneath the vintage room lighting.

Fuck.

“Taste me,” he said, gripping my hair and pulling me forward. “Just a lick.”

I lapped up the drip of precum, the flavor bursting in my mouth.

My senses exploded, all of the lust turning into a craze. I drew back for a moment, confused.

This was... this was different. There was something about being with him, being near him.

I wanted to obey him, please him, be fucked by him. I had never wanted anyone more in my life, aside from Luna.

I heard her enter the room. Al held me in place as she crawled onto the bed behind me, her hands running up my calves.

“Do you want her to fill you, pet?” he asked roughly. “Do you want her to fuck you, to make you cum again?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Good. You’re such a good girl, pet,” he purred. “You look so pretty submitting to me. Spank her and then get her good and wet, little sub,” he said, looking up at Luna.

My entire body flushed with pleasure and pride. I wanted to make him proud of me, wanted to be *good* for him.

Luna’s hand smacked my ass, and I cried out, screaming as her tongue began to lap at me again. She was playing with my ass, not just my pussy and clit, this time.

My bones felt like mush, and my arms caved, my face burying into one of the pillows.

She was a goddess, a queen. The orgasm I’d just had was still making me tremble, but she was quickly pushing me back to the edge again.

He was pushing me back to the edge, using *her* to do so.

“Claw her, little sub.”

Claws suddenly raked down my back, and I cried out, tears springing to my eyes. My pussy quivered, the pain turning into a lightning bolt of pleasure. Al’s massive hand gripped my chin, forcing me to look up at him for a moment.

“Are you sure you like pain?” he teased, his voice gruff.

A low growl emanated from him as I stuck my tongue out, panting. “Yes. Fuck. Yes.”

“Oh, I like that look a lot. Look at me, pet,” Al snarled. “I like that cross-eyed gaze you have right now.”

I moaned, forcing myself to look at him. I was getting tag teamed by two monsters— a werewolf and a werecat. Two creatures that, until today, I would have sworn to never even speak to.

Luna’s soft groan floated around me, and her claws dragged across my skin again, the pain intensifying. I cried out as the fiery streaks burned down my back. Al’s grip on my face tightened, and he smirked, running his tongue over his sharp canines.

“How are you feeling, kitten?” Luna purred from behind me.

“I feel good,” I gasped.

“You’re about to feel better, sweetheart,” Al chuckled. “Open your mouth. I want to taste you before you suck me.”

His words had my blood boiling with lust.

The moment my mouth opened, Al kissed me— his large tongue exploring my mouth.

He tasted good. More than good. I sank into the kiss, into the way that he made me feel. I felt like I was being kissed for the first time again as I fumbled with him, nicking my tongue on one of his fangs.

He drew back, running the claw on his thumb over my bottom lip. The tip nicked my skin, a drop of blood welling.

“Such a good girl,” he whispered. “A good little pet. Are you ready?”

“Please,” I begged.

“Fill her, little sub.”

I felt the tip of a cock press against me, and I started to turn to see, but Al held me firmly in place.

Luna gasped, and I felt the shaft of the strap-on slowly enter me. I squeezed my eyes shut, crying out.

Luna thrust forward, filling me completely. I groaned, pleasure pulsing. I was stretched around her, my pussy clenching the shaft.

I would have fallen forward, but Al was now keeping me up, his hand gripping my bright blue hair. He guided my mouth to the tip of his first cock.

“Milk me while she fucks you, pet,” he huffed softly.

I groaned as Luna began to thrust, every movement driving me closer and closer to the edge. I gripped Al’s thighs as I leaned in, starting at the base of one of his cocks, where the knot pulsed. I licked it, breathing in his scent.

There was something intoxicating about him. For the first time in my life, I found myself gulping in smells. His essence was something I wanted to bathe in, to breathe with every moment I lived.

“She’s going to go into heat,” Luna moaned. “Fuck.”

I didn’t know what that meant, and I didn’t care. All I could focus on was the way she was fucking me and the taste of Al’s cock. I licked the knot between cries, licking up his shaft. The veins throbbed, Al’s grip tightening on my head.

Pleasure sent me flying again, and I came from Luna pounding into me.

“Good girl,” he praised as she thrust even harder, my cum dripping down my thighs.

“Oh god,” I gasped, holding onto Al. “Why do I feel like this?” I whispered.

Luna slowly pulled out of me, her hands running down my body. She kissed up my back while I caught my breath, my thoughts running wild.

Al was waiting patiently for me, stroking my head. “Breathe for a few moments,” he said gently.

Tears sprang to my eyes again as a wave of fire crashed through my body, turning my skin hot. I sat up suddenly, alarmed. “Why do I feel like this?” I asked again, my voice hoarse.

Panic. Absolute panic overcame me at this foreign feeling. It was uncontrollable, different.

“Hold on,” Al said, “Luna, *heel*.”

It wasn’t my safe word—it was one of theirs. I felt the room shift, even Luna changing out of the mindset.

“Come here. Let me hold you.”

I wanted to protest, but I found myself crawling into his lap, his burly arms cradling me against his massive chest. Luna moved closer, cupping my face with a concerned look.

“How do you feel?” she murmured, frowning.

“Like I’m on fire,” I gasped. “Maybe I’m allergic to monster cum.”

Luna grinned, although it was still split with worry. “No, kitten,” she sighed. “Shit, I think that we rushed this without thinking.”

“Rushed what?” I whispered, squeezing my eye shut as yet another molten wave burned through me.

It was like someone was pumping fire into my veins. The heat wasn’t painful, but it wasn’t pleasurable either.

It was an ache.

An ache for something I didn’t quite understand.

“No, don’t cry, little one,” Al crooned, lifting his fingers to my cheeks.

I was crying, I realized.

I didn’t get to finish him, and I felt guilty for that. As if sensing that thought, Luna gave me a small hiss.

“Quinn, you’re doing fine. This has been amazing, and this doubt that you have has no place here. We’re yours, kitten. I know this is a lot, but I promise you, we’re yours,” she said softly. “Let me heal the scratches I gave you, I’ll get you some food, and then we’ll cuddle. Okay?”

“Okay,” I whispered.

She gave me a nod, and Al adjusted me so that she could touch my back. Her hands spread over it, and I felt the heat in my body turn from an ache to a soothing flow. It was like fire turning into water, and the current was easing all of me.

“What is that?” I murmured, resting my head on Al’s chest.

“Werecats can heal,” Al answered softly. “They’re special that way. They’ve always been close with magic, like the witches, whereas most creatures are not.”

“Indeed,” Luna said, drawing her hand back. “And hopefully, I was able to soothe the ache too. I’ll be back, kitten. Just rest with Al.”

She slid off the bed and then left the room, leaving me alone with the massive werewolf.

I looked up at him, trying to collect my thoughts. He hummed a little, petting the top of my head with his hand. “I’m sorry,” I blurted out.

“For what?” he asked.

“For not finishing you,” I said bleakly.

He snorted, “I don’t even care about that right now, little one. We’ll have plenty of time for everything. Right now, I’m more concerned about you and the heat.”

“The what?” I asked.

He cleared his throat, letting out a soft breath. “Well. So our kind goes through heat cycles... When we find our mate, it sets off the cycle. And even though you are human, you will feel it too..” He drifted off for a moment and then looked down at me. “I’m sorry, Quinn, we shouldn’t have rushed this. We both got carried away. You’ve been through a lot today, and rushing into this type of relationship was not the best decision. Hell, you’ve just now seen us for what we are.”

I swallowed hard and then reached up, holding his face.

He was beautiful in the wildest way. “I wanted this just as much as both of you did and still do. I just don’t know what to make of this...heat, as you call it,” I said.

His eyes softened. “Well, essentially, it means that until I knot you and breed you—the ache won’t go away.”

“What?” I blurted out, raising both of my brows. “Breed...”

“Don’t worry, we’ll take precautions. We shouldn’t have pups yet, although I’d like to see you swollen with them....”

His words made the fire inside of me even worse. My pussy clenched hard enough to make me gasp.

I wanted that. I wanted exactly what he had just said. To carry his pups, to be bred by him.

By a monster.

Hell, I knew I was kinky, but this was a whole different level.

He growled, his eyes darkening. “Fuck. Does that idea make you drip, little one?”

My pussy clenched again, even harder. I was still wet from all the pleasure Luna had brought me, and now...

He leaned forward, his fangs nearing my throat. “I’ll make you a promise. I’ll hunt you down and fuck you beneath the moon once things settle some, and I’ll breed you until you’re begging me to stop. I’ll use your ass, your pussy, your mouth. I’ll turn you into my little bitch. Does that work for you?”

“Yes,” I gasped, writhing against him.

He chuckled darkly and rolled me over, pinning me beneath his massive body. I felt his cocks rub against my thigh, liquid dripping onto my skin. “Fuck, Quinn, I’d take you now if I could.” He leaned in, licking one of my breasts all the way up to my neck.

I gripped his fur, the ache returning with ferocity. I breathed him in, my alpha.

He paused for a moment and then nipped my earlobe with a dark chuckle, rolling off me. “I’ll take care of you soon, love.”

A whole string of curses threatened to escape me, but they were interrupted by Luna coming back with a plate full of wonderful-looking food. My stomach immediately growled, my mouth watering.

I hadn’t eaten since this morning, and then I had only had part of a muffin and some coffee.

“Eat up, and then we’ll rest,” Luna promised, offering me a kind smile.

A loving one.

The ache in my chest returned, and I realized it was because for the first time since I could remember— I wasn’t alone. I wasn’t treated as a burden.

I was being taken care of.

Another tear escaped, and I quickly wiped it away. Al rubbed my shoulders, gentle despite how huge his hands were.

I took the plate from Luna and nodded, wondering what kind of world I had jumped into.



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5 / BLOOD SUCKERS SUCK

LUNA

The next morning, I slipped out of bed before Al and Quinn woke. I stood for a few moments as I stretched, watching the two of them.

Al's massive arm had trapped Quinn against him, his fur a dark background to her bright blue hair and creamy skin. She was beautiful, and while sleeping, she looked much younger. She wasn't worried, wasn't stressed, wasn't ready to fight the world.

I hated that a creature had put that feral rage in her. I wished that I could have been there to stop the monsters from turning her life into hell, from taking those that she loved.

Al's eyes slowly opened, meeting my gaze through the hazy dreams that slowly went up in smoke.

There had always been a warmth in my heart when I saw Al. To think that I could feel that for two souls amazed me.

But I did.

It had been a day. We had moved too fast, bringing her to bed with not just one of us— but both of us. But I couldn't bring myself to regret it.

Quinn was ours to protect, to have, and to hold. She would be our precious human, loved by both of us.

You're worried, his voice murmured.

I am worried about her, yes. She's already feeling a heat, and she doesn't know what that means. Then there's the problem with the vampire.

I thought I might pay him a visit, Al grumbled, his golden eyes narrowing over the top of Quinn's head.

I smirked. *I think you should keep her with you while I go visit him if that's alright.*

She's supposed to work today.

"She can't," I mumbled. "Not smelling like she does."

It was true. Now that our three souls had met, we had started a primal process that we couldn't undo.

She would experience a heat, just like we did. She would be irresistible to other creatures, too, especially given that she was unmarked.

I'll go talk to the Barista, I said, winking at him.

Al nodded and then cocked his head, reading something that I didn't feel until this very moment. He slowly sat up, getting out of the bed as carefully as he could.

Quinn still slept on, curling up a little more without his warmth.

Both of his cocks were hard, begging to be touched. I felt my own desire pulsing, making me wet as he grabbed my wrist and pulled me from the room.

He was quick and brutal, shoving me into another room and shutting the door. I gasped as he spun me around, bending me over a chair.

"Did you think I forgot about you?" he snarled, pressing the tip of his lower cock against my pussy.

"Fuck," I breathed, moaning.

Maybe I had. Maybe I had thought he wouldn't want me right now, even if that was ridiculous...

"I'm going to fill your cunt with my seed, and you're to walk around with it still on you, scenting you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I moaned.

With a rough thrust forward, his ten-inch shaft filled me. I cried out, my claws raking over the fabric of the chair. I then felt the tip of his other cock against my ass and cried out as it filled me there too.

He reached around, gripping my body. I felt the heat of his breath as his jaws came around the back of my neck, his fangs digging into my skin.

"Fuck, *Master,*" I cried out.

He began to thrust in and out of me, holding me in place. All I could hear were the sounds of his cocks going inside me, his knots getting closer and closer to popping into me.

He set a fierce rhythm, fucking me senseless. I sank into a place where all I could think of was him, of him mating me. Controlling me, owning me.

He let go of my neck, growling. “*Cum*, little sub.”

I was so close to the edge, and he sent me spiraling as he rubbed my clit. I came with a cry, collapsing against the chair as he gave one final thrust— his seed filling me in both holes.

The two of us melted into a pile of breaths and moans. He gave my body a gentle stroke, trailing kisses down my spine.

“I’ll knot you soon,” he promised.

He always kept his promises.

He slowly pulled out of me, and I felt our juices flood out of me, dripping down.

He moaned. “Fuck. Go get dressed before I take you again and have Quinn watch.”

His words were like a zap straight to my pussy, but I still listened.

I went to the other room and grabbed my clothes off the floor, taking a moment to get dressed and to smooth out my hair. I could feel where his cum was, the smell making my mouth water.

I left the room, pausing to give Al a kiss in the doorway. He winked at me, going back to the bed with Quinn.

I would run by the cafe, talk to the Barista and vampire, run home and change, and then catch up with Al and Quinn.

It would be good for the two of them to bond for a while. I wanted her to trust him, to know that he was hers.

He’d soothe her fiery heat too.

Reluctantly, I left the B&B, sliding out into the cold morning. The sun was out, the snow nice and fluffy. The town was quiet, with only a few cars driving carefully down the road.

I made my way to the cafe, thankful for the warmth of it once I arrived. I stepped inside, narrowing my eyes on the Barista.

He was behind the counter, his back turned. I could see the tension in my friend, heat emanating off him in waves. He fixed up a cup of coffee, coming around the bar with it in his hands.

The cafe was quiet, but he wasn’t alone.

To my left, three vampires lounged at a table, one of them barely sparing me a glance.

“Barista,” I said coolly, crossing the cafe to him.

He turned, his eyes telling me almost everything. The way he gripped his coffee mug, the way that he stood... He was angry and barely holding on. His knuckles still had flecks of blood on them, and his veins were black.

“They’re here for our hostage,” he scoffed, holding his coffee mug to his lips. He took a sip, the foam of the latte sticking to his mustache for a moment. He groaned, closing his eyes for a moment.

If humans thought they had a caffeine addiction, they hadn’t met the Barista.

“Yes, and you have yet to release him,” one chimed.

I tossed a seething look their way, silencing the three of them. One was very obviously the leader, with short blonde hair, pale skin, and red eyes. He was dressed in entirely too much leather and had embraced the trope that vampires wear black. The other two were more human passing, their faces somewhat distinguishable but not by too much.

The Barista chuckled, but the vein in his forehead was ticking.

Did this blood-sucking trio know who they were annoying this early in the morning, or were they that stupid?

“The vampire is none of your business,” I said, crossing my arms.

“And who are you?” The blonde asked, rising from his seat. “And why do you smell like—”

“I’m about to be the motherfucking death of you,” I snarled.

The Barista’s hand rested on my shoulder, “Stop. Both of you. We will need to come to an agreement on this. Quinn is supposed to be here—”

“She is not coming today,” I snapped, turning to look at him. “She has already started feeling the effects of heat.”

We stared at each other for a few moments, and I knew that the Barista was struggling to keep his temper under wraps.

“We came here for our friend, who has been kidnapped by the Barista,” the blond one sneered.

I snorted, my blood boiling. “Your friend almost killed my mate yesterday morning, vampire. I think that you and your friends have some things to answer for.”

“Whatever he did, it had to be in the past,” one of the others said. He had dark brown hair that was drawn back into a bun and an unreadable expression. “Our coven doesn’t harm humans. And that’s what your mate is, correct?”

“You will need to explain a lot if you’re going to get him back,” the Barista said, leaning against the bar. The coffee had soothed his rage, turning him into the unmovable wall of a demon that I knew him for. He turned his burning gaze on the three vampires, and all of them flinched. “I will end him unless you are able to.”

“And risk starting a battle—”

“I think you should choose your next words very carefully. I was there when the first vampire was created, and his power is a drop in the bucket compared to mine.”

A low growl crept into my chest, and I found myself chiming in. “Starting a battle with *the* Grim Reaper would be the end of your precious coven.”

Silence settled over the cafe, and I watched the three stooges finally understand what they had walked in to.

The Barista took another sip of his coffee, smirking. “You didn’t need to tell them that, Luna, daughter of Bastet.”

I rolled my eyes, ignoring the soft gasps of the bloodsuckers. “Really?”

He shrugged, “I guess they should know who took their *friend* hostage.”

“Daughter of Bastet?” One of them hissed.

This time, when I looked at them— they all cringed, averting their gazes.

I rolled my shoulders, trying to decide if I was going to kill the three of them or just—

The door to the cafe swung open, the bell chiming. Trixie came in, loaded with groceries, her purse, a backpack, and god knows what else.

The Barista immediately set his coffee down, meeting her before she could take another step so that he could grab all the bags.

“We’ll reconvene later,” the Barista said gruffly, tossing the three vamps a smoldering look. No one could mistake what he was saying.

Get the fuck out of my cafe.

“When—”

“I’ll call you,” he growled, carrying groceries to the back.

Trixie gave the trio an uninterested look before giving me a grin. “Hey, where’s the new girl?”

“She’s uh—”

“Luna is filling in for her today since she can’t make it, and it’s entirely her fault,” the Barista called.

I narrowed my gaze, wishing that there wasn't a wall between the Barista and me to block my vehemence. "Excuse me, I'm a computer scientist, not a waitress."

He poked his head around the corner, raising one of his brows. "First, you're a hacker. Second, you either work in her place, or I'm dragging her ass to the cafe. We're gonna have another busy day, and I need people, Lun. Also, you three—" he barked, "Get the fuck out of my cafe before I flay you and bake you into bloody nut loaves."

Trixie and I watched the three leave, not without receiving glares from all of them first.

Trixie blew out a sigh, shaking her head. "I don't know what's going on now."

"You don't want to," I muttered, shaking my head.

I reached into my pocket and withdrew my phone, shooting a text to Al.

I've been tricked into working at the cafe today.

WOLF: *Tricked?*

You know how he is.

WOLF: *What about the vampire?*

There was a trio here trying to retrieve him, but we'll have to deal with it all after the cafe closes. Just keep Q close, maybe try to make her breakfast :P

WOLF: *Are you sure you don't want me to rescue you?*

*I'm sure. It'll give the two of you some time together. Maybe take her to our home? I think there are supposed to be guests checking in later...
Have fun*

WOLF: *I love you kitty, don't poison anyone*

I snorted and tucked my phone away just in time to catch an apron. I glanced up at the Barista, and he grinned like a boy for the first time in a while. I lifted it for a moment, shaking my head. It was plain black with the cafe logo (that Trixie had designed because the Barista couldn't draw to save his life).

“Oh, that's too big,” Trixie giggled, moving behind the counter. “Let me get you a different one, and then we'll get started. This will be fun!”

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6 / NICE BREAKFAST

AL

I read through Luna's texts one more time, rubbing my chest. Part of me wanted to rescue her from the cafe, but if she really wanted to leave, I knew she would.

I closed my eyes for a moment, thinking about her. She was lovely, fierce, independent. I trusted her more than anyone else in the world.

A hand slid up my thigh, and I looked down, startled.

Quinn was staring up at me, her dark eyes wide. She blinked a couple of times and then sat up like something had hit her.

"Fuck," she breathed.

I raised both of my furry brows. "Are you okay?"

"No. None of this is okay," she whispered, looking around wildly. "Shit. What am I thinking?"

"What are you thinking?" I echoed, scowling.

"I can't be with creatures," she mumbled, her body moving to roll out of bed.

Before she could escape me and flee, I caught her wrists and tugged her into my lap.

She immediately stilled her chest heaving. I became painfully aware that I was still naked, and so was she. "Let me go," she whispered.

"No, I think I'd rather keep you right here. What's wrong, Quinn?"

"I can't be with creatures. This is insane. First, the two of you are a couple, and I don't even know if you want this and—"

I growled, my grip tightening. “Quinn, I most definitely want this.”

“— not only that, you’re just like the vampire—”

“We’re not like the vampire.”

“— not only that, I still have to avenge my brother and my mother, and I can’t—”

I scooped her up into my arms, lifting her from the bed as I stood. She let out a squeal, her words dying as I pinned her against the wall— one of the paintings immediately crashing against the floor.

“Quinn,” I said firmly, doing my best not to growl. “We will help you avenge your brother. Luna and I are not like the vampire, just like you aren’t a criminal or a murderer. What can I do right now to help you?”

She stared up at me, her eyes watering up. I could see the fight, the way her muscles tensed as she battled herself.

I drew in a breath and then slowly set her down, sinking to the floor in front of her. She immediately ran her fingers through my fur, caressing the top of my head. I pressed my forehead against her, breathing her in.

“I will do anything to make you trust me,” I said, swallowing hard. “Whatever I have to do to help you see that I’m not like him.”

“No, I’m sorry. I’m not being fair. I panicked,” she said, sighing. “I don’t know how to be truly wanted. I’ve been in relationships before, but this is something entirely different. And then there’s this...this want. This craving. Like I need you, need Luna more than food or water. I wanted to be held by both of you, to bring you pleasure. And that’s like a blaring horn behind all of this other bullshit.”

I nodded and rose, offering her my hand. She took it, barely able to grip my palm.

“You’re so big,” she whispered reverently.

Her eyes moved from my hand to my two cocks. She licked her lips, sending a bolt of desire through me.

“Quinn,” I growled. “Let’s go have a nice breakfast, and then we can talk more about what needs to be done.”

“Or you could chase me,” she whispered.

My eyes darkened, my body heating up. Her eyes darted to the door, but I grabbed her, knowing what she was thinking. “You are going to go shower,” I growled. “And then you are going to pack your things and come to our home. You’ll have your own bedroom. Then we are going to have a nice breakfast together, and if you’re good— we’ll see about that chase.”

She smirked and then had the balls to stick her tongue out at me.

My eyes narrowed, and I let out a low warning growl. “You think you’re being so brave, even though I could turn you into my next meal.”

“I will be your next meal,” she whispered. “Oh, but you want a *nice breakfast*.”

She slipped free of my grip, running out of the room. I heard the bathroom door slam shut and a giggle.

She would pay for that later when I fucked her so hard she wouldn’t remember her name.

By the time I made it to the house with Quinn, I had experienced five other erections.

She was as much of a brat as Luna.

The drive had given me time to think about all the ways I would punish both of them. Orgasm denial, bondage, breath play...

I quite liked the idea of choking Quinn with my cock.

“I thought we were going to go see the vampire today. Luna told me she’d show me how to hang a man by his balls.”

I snorted as I opened the front door of our two-story cabin, stepping aside to let her in.

It was very lived-in but extremely cozy. A safe haven for Luna and me, and now I hoped Quinn as well. When we had built it, we had done so with the dream that one day we would have a pack. A family.

“There were three vampires that went to the cafe to get him, but the Barista stopped it. It sounds like we are all meeting later when the cafe closes,” I said, closing the door quietly.

Quinn took a step towards the living room and looked around with wide eyes. “Wow,” she whispered. “This is like...this is a dream. Look at all these books.”

I preened, happy to see her happy. “You can take a look around. There are three spare rooms upstairs, you’re more than welcome to choose any of them. I’m going to get started on breakfast.”

Quinn smirked, and I watched her step further into the house, her shyness shedding away. She was curious, and I knew that she liked what she saw.

Indeed, this house was a home. One that Luna and I had put a lot of work into. The living room was my personal library, with large windows that allowed in the morning light.

There were other creatures like us that preferred mansions or modern homes. There was nothing wrong with that, but I enjoyed the rustic feeling of living in a cabin. I liked being deep in the forest, away from everything. It was about thirty minutes to Creature Cafe from here and about an hour from the heart of the city.

It allowed me to remember how life used to be before cars, phones, and TVs. Perhaps I was a little outdated at my core, although I did enjoy those things too.

Still, I had lived a long time. And this house was where I could relax.

I went to the kitchen, searching the fridge for ingredients. I could whip up some decent omelets and hash browns.

My ears perked up as I heard the floors creak above. I smiled to myself, guessing which room she had chosen. As I pulled out a pan and started cooking, I thought about the things she had started to tell me.

Her brother had been killed by that vampire back at the coffee shop. Her mother had taken her own life after, unable to stand the loss. And now, her father was in some type of facility because he had lost them both.

She had taken care of herself by herself for too long. I wanted to be there for her, to show her that Luna and I could be trusted.

I wanted to tear that vampire apart.

It would take a lot of control not to do so. Not that I had much to worry about as far as starting problems with other creatures, but I still didn't want to deal with a vampire's coven.

Not all vampires were bad, but a good portion of them were. Their blood lust made being around humans more difficult than it was for other monsters.

I heard Quinn come downstairs, felt her enter the kitchen.

"I want to tell you something."

I turned, looking at her. She stood in the doorway, her arms crossed and her eyes solemn.

"I came here for revenge. And part of that revenge was that I wanted to write articles to expose creatures to the rest of the world. I realize now that doing that would probably make me look crazy and also get me into more trouble."

“It would,” I answered, turning down the flame of the stovetop. I added cheese, bacon, and some green onions to the center of the omelet and then folded it over.

“I can’t make this feeling go away. No matter how hard I try.”

“I understand,” I said, looking up at her again. “I know what you feel right now, and I know how infectious it is.”

“If I’m not going to do revenge how I thought, then what am I supposed to do?” she whispered.

I immediately turned off the stove, plated the omelet, and then crossed the kitchen to her. I pulled her into a hug, wishing that I could fight her internal demons for her.

She buried her face into my chest, clutching my shirt. “I feel the burning again,” she whispered.

Her heat.

I closed my eyes, drawing in a deep breath.

She wasn’t in full heat yet. It was still at least a day or two away. Which would give us time to hopefully help her.

I tightened my grip around her. “We’ll talk to the vampire and figure out what happened exactly. Maybe that will give you the closure that you need. And then, if you wish him to meet his true end, the Barista and I will take care of it for you. I don’t want you to kill anyone, Quinn. It won’t satisfy you the way you think it will.”

“I just want to know why.”

“There might not be a reason why,” I said, looking down at her. “He’s a monster, a creature. He has primal instincts that tell him when to drink blood. It’s a thirst that is extremely difficult to fight.”

She melted against me, and I could feel her finally...trusting.

Trusting me.

I breathed her in, cherishing her.

“Also, I live in Miami,” she mumbled.

“I know, the Barista told me,” I chuckled.

“He knew?!” she exclaimed, taking a step back.

“He knows almost everything, I hate to tell you.”

“Oh my god,” she groaned.

“He matchmakes monsters and humans. He thought you might be a good fit with Luna and me, which I rather you hear from me than anyone

else. Well, aside from Luna. But I don't want there to be any lies or unknowns between us, Quinn," I said.

I could see her thoughts turning and decided to give her a moment, turning back to the kitchen bar. I grabbed her plate, plucked a fork from the drawer, and then took everything to a small table near a window.

We would need a bigger table, I realized. One that could seat all three of us comfortably.

"Come eat," I said. "I'll get you some water and coffee."

She hesitated for a moment and then came to the table, taking a seat. "Thank you for this. It feels weird to be cooked for, but also nice. Plus, this looks better than what I can make."

I smiled as I poured her drinks. "Luna is the real chef. She cooks fantastic meals for creatures and monsters. We have a deal that she cooks, and I clean up. But, I can make decent breakfast foods."

Quinn grinned as I brought her drinks and took the other chair at the table, settling in.

"How long have the two of you been together?" Quinn asked, taking a sip of water.

Good. I wanted her hydrated before I—

I pushed the thoughts away, trying not to think of fucking her while we were having a normal conversation.

"400 years," I answered, smiling.

She choked on the water, nearly spitting it out. "400 years?!"

"Yes. We live for a very long time," I chuckled.

"Oh my god, you're like an old man."

"Very far from it," I grumbled, narrowing my gaze.

She giggled, shaking her head. "This is really crazy. I wish that others knew about creatures."

"Most of them fear us. Understandably."

Over the next hour, the two of us talked about everything from what it was like to live long ago, to my thoughts on modern times, to her favorite kinds of food, and what she wanted to do with her life. Right now, she made a good living writing scathing articles, but eventually, she wanted to write a book.

I listened to her, enjoying the way she opened up. I wished that Luna was here to see it happen with me, but I knew that the two of them would have their moments too.

I cleared off the kitchen table and then leaned against the counter.

The time was now.

“Alright, little pet,” I said softly.

She immediately froze, her body reacting to the name. She lifted her dark eyes to mine, her scent becoming stronger.

“I think it's time we play a game,” I said.

I lifted a knife from the countertop, running the edge over my palm lightly. “Your word is ‘Safe’. You told me that you like breath play, knife play, pain, being chased. You want to be fucked mercilessly. You want to beg for it to stop.” I pointed to the front door with the blade, enjoying the way she squeaked. “We live in an area where no one can hear you scream. You have fifteen minutes to run and hide, and then I’m going to find you.”

My cocks began to swell as her scent became a delicious mix of lust, anticipation, and the right hint of fear.

“If I catch you, then I get to fuck you in the snow, however I please. If you manage to evade me, then you get to do whatever you want to me.”

As if she would manage to escape me.

I smirked, a low growl emanating from my chest. “The clock is ticking, pet. Better get running.”



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QUINN

I realized a little too late that hiding in a forest covered in snow was impossible.

Not only did my blue hair stick out like a sore thumb, my boots left tracks.

I still didn't stop running.

My heart hammered in my chest, my adrenaline at an all time high as a growl echoed through the woods. Birds scattered in the trees above, the branches rustling as a chilled breeze whipped around me.

I was being tracked by a monster.

I found myself falling into the headspace, my survival instincts kicking in.

The beast that had told me to run wasn't the same as the one who had cooked me breakfast and helped me face my inner demons.

No.

The beast that had told me to run was someone else entirely. Someone that was hunting me.

I was being *hunted* by a predator. I was his prey, and I knew he would do everything he could to have me.

A painful breath had me stopping and I bent over, catching myself. The coat I wore was entirely too hot, but also not warm enough. I sucked in more air, my lungs burning.

At home in Miami, I regularly ran on the beach.

The beach was nothing like a snow laden forest.

Another growl echoed, this time closer.

“Fuck,” I whispered.

Despite the way the cold feeling like daggers, I took off running again. My blood rushed in my veins and I felt *it*.

I screamed as a dark blur crashed into me, knocking me into the snow. I immediately kicked and clawed, slipping out of his monstrous grip.

“No! Let me go!” I screeched.

I managed to land a kick on his chest, the heavy thump stalling him long enough for me to get to my feet.

It didn't matter how fast I was though, he was even faster.

His claws curled around my ankle and I was yanked down, my body hitting the ground. I was pinned beneath his weight, a terrifying growl freezing me.

“Keep fighting, my prey, I liked hearing you scream.”

I did, shoving against his massive chest. I couldn't scratch him, his fur protected him. He was too heavy to push off.

“Let me go! Let me go!” I screamed.

One of his clawed hands grabbed my neck and squeezed, cutting off my air. My wails were cut off and I stilled as he held up the knife from the kitchen, the blade gleaming in the bright daylight.

“I caught you,” he snarled. “I caught you and now I'll fuck you exactly how I want to, whether you like it or not. I'm going to mark you as mine, prey.”

His voice was entirely different, deep growls that formed words. Menacing words.

My heart was thrashing in my chest.

I couldn't stop fighting.

I shoved against him and he laughed, his head falling back. He let out a soft howl, loosening the grip around my neck to let me suck in air.

“Such a pretty little thing,” he growled, baring his teeth.

The knife was slipped beneath my clothing and I grew very still. I heard the sound of fabric being cut, felt the cool kiss as I was exposed to the elements.

He leaned in, “If you move, I might cut you,” he chuckled. “And if I cut you, I'm going to have a taste of your sweet human blood.”

His words sent a bolt of desire through me, and I felt my pussy clench.

He froze, snarling. “You like that, don’t you? Like knowing you could die if I chose to make it happen. You can’t escape me, *prey*.”

My shirt was cut open, along with my bra. He tore a strip of fabric and grabbed my hands, tying it around my wrists.

I was jerked up and rolled over. I yelped as the cold snow brushed against my hard nipples.

He had me on all fours, but then he grabbed my bound hands. There was a tree right in front of me, and I gasped as he drove the knife through my restraints, into the trunk.

I immediately tried yanking free, but then realized...

I was trapped.

Fuck.

My ass faced him now, my head dipping down so that I could watch him spread my legs. I tried kicking him again, managing to make another blow on one of his thighs. He grunted, and my kick was repaid with a him tearing my pants in two, along with my panties.

“Fuck,” I gasped. “Fuck you! Let me go, you fucking monster!”

He growled, his hot breath blowing against my pussy. My screech turned into a soft moan and then back into yell.

I yanked harder against the knife in the trunk, but the bastard had truly buried it to the hilt.

“You ever wonder what it’s like to be knotted, *prey*?” he growled.

I shivered as his hot tongue brushed over my ass, drawing a cry from me.

“No, no. Not there!”

He chuckled, his furred hand cupping my bare pussy.

“Just a taste,” he grunted, plunging his tongue into my ass.

“NO!” I screamed, writhing against him.

I had never been touched there before, and within a few moments I found myself gasping as pleasure rocketed through me. His tongue plunged in and out, my pussy throbbing— wanting to be touched next.

“You bastard,” I cried, but it was far from angry or upset.

I was already close, wet from running. Wet from the chase, from his force, from the way he made me feel *so damn good* even though he was a monster.

His tongue drew out and he panted, “Your ass and cunt are mine, *prey*. Do you understand?”

“Never,” I snapped, tears sliding down my cheeks. My shoulders were beginning to burn, and I found the pain...

Enthralling.

Addicting.

“Never?” He laughed. One of his sharp claws dragged down my lower back and I cried out, arching. He didn’t stop drawing bloody shapes into my skin. “You know what this says?” he snarled as he made the last line.

My safe word was on the tip of my tongue for just a moment, my mind reeling.

But I wanted this.

I wanted this darkness, this primal release.

“It spells mine,” he growled.

His tongue swept across the fresh cuts and I moaned as he tasted my blood.

“Fuck,” he growled, “You taste good, *prey*. I’m going to fuck your pretty cunt and ass now, and you’re going to take my knots like a good girl.”

“No,” I moaned, but it was half hearted.

I wanted his cocks, his knots. I wanted him to mate me, to breed me.

“I want your pups,” I whispered without meaning to, the words slipping out of my mouth.

He paused for a moment, a vicious sound coming from him. A possessive one. The desperate fire filled me again, hot enough to melt the snow beneath me.

I *needed* him inside of me.

“Is that what you want?” he whispered, his body leaning over mine.

I felt his cocks press against both openings, the tips wet with precum.

“You want to carry my pups, little prey?”

“Yes,” I gasped, unsure of where this desire sprang from.

I wanted his seed. I wanted him to use me, breed me.

His hot breath blew against the back of my neck and I squealed as his teeth clamped around it. His teeth pressed into the skin without breaking, and I felt both of his cocks slowly fill me.

“Oh god,” I gasped.

“*Not god,*” he snarled, thrusting forward.

I screamed again as he began to fuck me, filling me in ways that I had never been before. Before I had a chance to adjust to the new sensations,

the knife was plucked from the tree, and I was seated upright in his lap. I leaned against his chest as he began to bounce me up and down, his clawed fingers finding my clit.

“No!” I cried out, but it was too late.

I was already cumming, his touch sending me into a spiral of absolute ecstasy.

I felt his knots pop into me, his hand gripping my throat as he held me still. I panted, the orgasm leaving me stunned.

“Fuck, you’re already making me cum,” he gasped. He sounded more like himself now, not as monstrous.

I felt it, his hot cum flooding me. I moaned, reveling in the feeling of being caught, being taken, and being mated.

He held me to his warm chest, the two of us panting as his knots swelled inside of me. I leaned into him, moaning.

This was a different type of feeling, something that felt insanely right.

The ache that had been plaguing me since last night dulled, turning into a deliciously dark thrill.

All of the thoughts I’d had about creatures was out the window now. I had come here to wreak havoc on their world, but now I wanted to be in it. A part of it.

I settled against Al’s chest, his warmth chasing away the cold. His arms held me close, his cocks still pulsing.

With a soft growl, his tongue brushed my shoulder. “You’re so good, Quinn,” he murmured. “Mine. All mine.”

“And Luna’s,” I whispered, tears filling my eyes.

I wanted this more than anything, I realized.

“Yes,” he chuckled. “She’ll be aching for you later, when she gets home.”

I moaned a little, thinking about her. Part of me wished she was with us right now, but I did enjoy having Al to myself for a bit.

“Relax, love,” he murmured, nuzzling me. “I can feel you clenching me again, and I don’t think you can take round two right now.”

I snorted, twisting to look at him. “Is that a challenge?” I asked, clenching my pussy.

He groaned, his head falling back. “Woman...”

His grip tightened on me as I flexed my hips, feeling just how stuck we were. His knots swelled even more, causing me to gasp.

“You’ll make them even bigger,” he grunted.

“How long does that last?” I asked, smirking.

“It can last hours if you keep teasing me. I’d like to get you home in warmth and with food,” he said, giving my shoulder a playful bite.

I smirked, but ultimately decided to relax again.

I wanted him to knot me for hours on end, but it was also colder than hell out in the forest. Beautiful, breathtaking, but cold.

“We’ll give it a little longer and then we’ll try to free you,” Al chuckled, licking me again.

I shivered against him, moaning. “If you lick me like that, I’m going to get turned on again.”

“Mmmm,” he hummed. “Can’t have that, can we?”

But then he licked me again.

I shivered again, this time with the smallest whimper. My pussy pulsed all over again, a wave of heat crashing over me.

“Fuck,” we both said.

“Somehow, I’m getting us back to the cabin,” he chuckled, “And then I’m going to make you scream all over again.”



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8 / BASEMENT

LUNA

"Yes. Goodbye. Farewell. We'll see you next time. Yes, come back. Okay, GOODBYE," I snapped abruptly, damn near shoving the last customer out of the door. As soon as it clicked shut, I let out a stream of curses.

Customer service would *never* be my strength.

I ripped off the apron, spinning to glare at the Barista. Trixie looked between us and then held up her hands, "Hold on, I want out of here before you two argue."

I waited patiently for her to grab her stuff, even gave her a brief hug before she slipped out of the cafe and into the snowy evening.

"What?" he asked blankly.

"Don't *what* me," I snapped. "I want to talk to the fucker and go home."

His eyes narrowed on me for a moment, and then he raised his brows. "Alright, well, let's go. Also, Al and Quinn should be here soon. We'll talk to him first, and then they can join, then we'll reach out to the three idiots."

I nodded and then smirked.

I wanted to know what Al and Quinn had been up to.

"Oh, and by the way, I'm never working here again, *and* you're paying me with free catnip mocha's for the next month," I sneered.

He laughed even as he led the way, taking us to the back of the cafe, to a small closet door. "Is it really that bad, Luna?"

"For me, it is. There was that bitch earlier that wanted her drink remade because she said the milk tasted like it had fat in it instead of being fat-free.

Who the fuck cares?" I hissed, my claws lengthening at the thought of her snappy tone.

"Well, did you give her fat-free milk?"

"I don't fucking know," I groaned.

He laughed again, obviously amused by how much I had hated the day. "Alright, well, this will cheer you up at least."

He opened the closet door, revealing a dark set of stairs that led down below Creature Cafe. He flicked the light on, despite the fact that neither of us needed help seeing in the dark.

I heard the groaning, the panicked muffled breaths. The Barista went down first, and I followed, sucking in the rage-tinted air.

This place was one I didn't particularly care for, a dungeon of sorts. There were bloodstains, the scents of many who had passed, and the taste of fear. It was a cage for monsters, the kinds that were served justice.

It was moments like this that I was thankful to have befriended *the* Grim Reaper.

"I can smell you," the vampire snarled as we stepped into the basement.

He was bound to a chair, chained down, with a blindfold on.

"They'll come for me," he sneered.

The Barista chuckled, and I watched the happy coffee shop owner turn into something much more dangerous.

"What happened with the human?" he asked, stepping towards the vampire.

We were met with silence.

I growled, my body shifting.

I might have preferred to fight from behind my computer, but when in Rome...

I stalked closer to him, tipping his face up with the tip of one of my claws. "I promised her I'd show her how to hang a man by his balls. How do you feel about that, vamp? And to think all you have to do is tell us about your pathetic past."

He hissed, baring his sharp teeth.

I hissed back, and mine was a lot fiercer. His expression faltered, and I watched his Adam's apple bob in his throat.

I yanked off the blindfold, forcing him to look at me. Beads of sweat dripped down his sullen face, his eyes blood red.

"Your coven came looking for you," I purred, leaning closer. I ran my claws through his sweaty hair, grinning. "They wanted us to give you back. And it's your choice. Back alive or back in pieces? I know you vampires are immortal, but you're not resistant to death by dismemberment."

"Indeed. And it would be pretty easy to do with my scythe," the Barista growled, stepping up closer.

He held the ancient weapon in his hands, the blade gleaming in the darkness.

I swallowed hard, stepping back from my friend. I trusted him, but his weapon had an aura that was disturbing. I could feel my soul shrinking, the scythe whispering promises of death.

"Fuck," the vampire whispered. "Fuck. Fine. I never did anything to her, but I did take her brother. He's my coven leader's mate. He's still alive, but he can't interact with his family ever again. Those are the rules once you turn."

"Is your coven leader the blonde piece of shit with a stupid mouth?" I asked.

He blinked and then snorted. "No."

"I see," the Barista said slowly. He lifted his blade slowly, drawing out a hoarse cry from the vampire. "Who is your coven leader? I need a name."

"No," he gasped, tears sliding from his eyes. "No. No, I can't give it."

"You absolutely can," the Barista snapped, pressing the scythe against the vampire's neck.

His scream was enough to make me jump.

Footsteps had me spinning around and the Barista drawing his blade back.

Quinn hit the bottom step, her eyes wide and her lungs heaving.

"Where's Al?" I asked immediately, frowning.

"Oh, he's coming, he's bringing a 'bag of things that make bastards talk'," she said quickly.

She looked straight at the vampire and marched straight up to him, hitting him square across the jaw.

I winced as bones cracked, at Quinn's yelp and the fact that she had thrown that punch wrong.

"Kitten," I groaned.

She shook her hand, cursing under her breath.

"Quinn, you should go back upstairs," the Barista growled, taking a step back into the shadows.

I realized that he had hidden his blade from Quinn, stepping between her and it. The energy in the room was shifting, changing into one of dark thirst.

Fuck. Before she could protest, I grabbed her, pulling her with me up the steps. "Sorry, kitten, he's a little dangerous right now."

Quinn started to argue, but I still got her up the steps.

"Luna, I want to—"

I spun around and pulled her into my arms, breathing in her scent. It was a breath of fresh air, helping me shake the darkness that permeated from the basement.

Quinn relaxed a little, leaning into me. "Hi," she breathed out. "I think I missed you a lot. Also, holy shit, I kind of want to talk about his cocks."

I laughed harder than I had in a long time, looking down at her happily.

"Talk about *what*?"

We both looked up to see Al crowding into the room, a bag slung over his shoulder. He was back to looking like a lumberjack professor werewolf, with his flannel shirt and dark jeans and glasses. He blinked a few times and his ears perked up.

"Did I hear what I think I heard?"

"No," we both giggled. I pulled Quinn back into my arms, winking at him.

"She's *mine* now, right? Since you have things to do," I teased.

He narrowed in on both of us and then shook his head, grumbling. "Two brats. Not one, no. Two. May the gods help me," he huffed, heading down the staircase.

We watched him go, and then Quinn winced. "Ah hell, I really thought I'd land that punch, but his jaw was made of steel."

I grasped her hand and tsked, cupping it between my palms. I focused on healing her, tapping into my magic to erase the pain. She sucked in a breath, moaning a little.

That's when it hit me, her scent. This time charged with lust, with need.

I could smell that Al had been with her and fucked her.

I realized my throat was clicking, turning into a sultry purr.

"So he mated you," I said, smirking. "How was that, kitten?"

"I want to do it again, but I'm sore," she whispered. "But then I keep feeling hot and needy all over again. I'm trying to focus on the vampire situation, but it's kind of hard with you two."

I nodded, pulling her back into my arms. I wanted to cuddle with her, to kiss her, to play with her. I wanted to hide her away from all of the bad monsters.

"Quinn, I have to tell you something," I whispered, swallowing hard.

"What is it?" She asked.

"The vampire said that your brother wasn't killed. He was changed into a vampire and is the coven leader's mate. I rather you hear this from me, kitten," I said.

I felt her freeze in my arms, her body turning to stone. "No..." she whispered, lifting her gaze to mine. "That's impossible. There's no way, Luna. He's dead. They found his body."

"It takes time for them to convert over. Usually, they are retrieved by their creators," I said, trying to be gentle but honest.

Part of me wondered if she would run from me now, but instead, she slowly melted against me. Her face pressed into me, and I heard the softest sob.

"Let it out, kitten," I whispered, rubbing her back. "It's okay to cry. That's what I'm here for. You're my little love, and I want to do very bad things to those that hurt you."

With that, she let herself break.



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9 / SHOULD HAVE STAYED DEAD

AL

I could feel Quinn's heartbreak and the way Luna held her together when it happened.

Now, the vampire was in a body bag in the back of the Barista's car, and we were driving straight towards the coven. It was in the city, and we had the exact address.

The vamp wasn't dead yet, but wouldn't be waking up for a while.

I'd asked Luna to take Quinn home so the two of them could do whatever was necessary to feel better. I wanted to be with them, but putting an end to one of Quinn's demons was more important.

I glanced at Luna's text, swallowing hard. Right now, she was anchoring me to the human part. The part that could so easily be overpowered by my primal side.

***MoonKitty:** I've picked up two things of ice cream and Italian food. We're going to watch a weird medieval fantasy show and then try to sleep. It's bad timing. Her full heat is almost here. I'm taking her to our nest.*

I sucked in a breath, growling on release. "We need to make this quick," I said.

The Barista was already driving as fast as his car could take without risking lives on the road. "It will be. We'll get in and out. What do you want to do about her brother?"

I clenched my hands into fists, my bones cracking. "I want to end him, but I'm not going to do that. We can't force him to see her. If it really is their way, and I'm certain that it is, then who am I to change it? Quinn will be better off without him."

"What if he wants to see her?" The Barista asked.

It was something to think about. What if he did want to see her? "I don't know. I don't like this. It's always something."

"Indeed. Perks of being alive."

I snorted, smirking at his grim joke. "I guess so. Once we take the vampire back, I'm going back to Quinn and Luna. We will be occupied for a week."

"I know. We'll put up barriers around your home. I'll make sure no one goes near the three of you."

His promise soothed me, and I relaxed a little. "I don't know how you do what you do. I know it's part of who you are, seeing souls, but it's still amazing."

The Barista was silent for a moment. "It's nice for others. It doesn't work for me."

I glanced over at him, feeling a pang in my chest for my old friend. "One day, it will."

"I don't think so," he said softly, a rare tone for him. "But I enjoy seeing others happy after thousands of years of pain. And I hope that once Lucifer comes back and I kill him properly, I won't need to worry about anything for a while."

I thought about his words for a moment, wondering if Death was the true answer for the situation with Lucifer.

I didn't know everything about the Barista. I didn't know exactly what made him turn his back on Death, but I knew that it had cost him much. I didn't know exactly what had ruined his bond with Lucifer, but I knew it hurt him—even if he acted like the devil had no hold on him.

Our world was a dark one.

"We're here," he muttered as he pulled in to the parking lot of an abandoned warehouse.

We both stared for a moment, and I rolled my eyes, opening the door and freeing myself of the vehicle. "Of course, it's here. Why would a vampire's coven be in anything but an abandoned warehouse?"

The Barista snorted as we both slammed the doors shut. We weren't hiding the fact that we were here, and I could already feel the presence of others.

A piercing breeze picked up, making me thankful I had fur to keep me warm. There wasn't much snow on the parking lot, only patches of ice here and there.

We went around to the trunk and popped it open. I lifted the body bag out and slung it over my shoulder.

A soft hiss had us both looking up.

Four vampires stood at the front of the car now, fanned out like a boy band.

"Greetings, bloodsuckers," I said. The Barista and I moved closer to them, and I tossed their friend to the ground. "He's alive, just dreaming, I'm sure."

A blonde vampire immediately grabbed the bag, unzipping it quickly. He let out a snarl, lifting his gaze to us.

"You dare come here?" He snapped, his fangs glinting. The other three watched us with cold eyes, rage the warmest thing about them.

"Yes. We're here to talk to Darcey," the Barista said, jerking his head towards the warehouse.

The two of us started to move towards it. The four of them started to try and intercept us, but one smoldering look from the Barista froze them in place.

"Fuck, man, I'm not fighting that," one of them whispered.

The blonde one let out a vicious snarl. "Whatever you think you're going to get from this, I promise you won't."

I glanced over my shoulder at him and bared my teeth.

The four of them winced.

I smirked as we went to the warehouse door.

It was yanked open, another vampire emerging. One that was significantly older, even though he didn't look a day over 19, less annoying, and familiar.

"What do you want?" he sighed, leaning against the doorframe. "What did my coven do? We stay away from all of you on purpose, you know."

"Darcey. So good to see you. Didn't realize you had your own coven now." The Barista crossed his arms with a glower, his presence intimidating.

"Yes. I know. I wanted it to stay that way," he snapped, looking directly at my friend.

Darcey had high cheekbones, dark brows, and even dark hair that was cut short. His eyes were piercingly blue, unnaturally bright. Everything about him was manicured and polished, despite the dingy warehouse he was in. There was an air of power to him, although I found myself relaxing now that we had met him so easily.

Of course, to start a war with the Barista was stupid. Only Lucifer would do such a thing.

Every other creature would willingly kneel before the former soldier of death, even myself.

"Darcey, we have some questions. Are you going to let us in, or are you going to be an asshole?" I asked.

His gaze pulled from the Barista and fell on me. He cocked his head, drawing in a long breath. He scowled. "Why do you smell familiar?"

"Because your mate is his mate's brother," the Barista answered. "Both of you get inside, now. I won't tolerate stupidity. I want to finish this and go home. I have a cafe to be running at the ass crack of dawn."

There was a flicker of something in Darcey's electric eyes, something I couldn't put my finger on. He stared a moment longer and then caved, shaking his head. "Follow me, then."

The Barista glanced at me as we followed him, a warning.

It was easy for the two of us to let our guards down. Both of us had lived a long time, had fought plenty of battles, and were strong. I was one of the larger werewolves, and my strength had always been something a simple vampire could not match.

Their strength was in numbers.

We followed Darcy down a hall, the smell of fresh blood washing over me. My stomach clenched, my senses heightening.

There was something off about this place.

We were led to another door, one that was pushed open quickly. The inside of the warehouse was spread before us, giving me a good look at what could only be described as hell.

"What the fuck," I whispered.

Darcy turned to look at us, a shadow falling over his face. "Before you kill me, you should know that I'm not the leader of this coven. My mate is.

When we turned him, he took over. This is his doing, not mine, but I will support him regardless."

The Barista was frozen, just like me.

The warehouse was filled with at least forty bodies, all lying on cots. They were bound, unconscious, and alive.

I knew they were alive because I could hear their heartbeats. They were a rhythm, a roar of life holding on by a thread. Fresh blood was being pumped from them, filling bags.

Rage curled around my heart and twisted. "How fucking dare you?" I whispered.

I lunged for Darcey, but the Barista was faster. The bastard was grabbed by the neck and slammed straight down onto the concrete floor, bones snapping. The Barista's veins turned to fire, his skin crackling.

I heard a snarl and spun just in time to intercept one of the vamps, throwing him across the room. A growl erupted in my chest, echoing through the warehouse as several vampires emerged from the shadows.

"CALL THEM OFF!" The Barista roared.

A painful scream tore from Darcey's throat, one that was twisted with fear. "Stop!" he cried.

His coven mates all let out sneers and growls, creeping closer but not attacking. They eyed me, hungry to take me down.

But they wouldn't.

The Barista's voice was now monstrous, deeper than even my own. He had Darcey pinned, his hand slowly burning into the vampire's neck.

"Where is your mate?" he asked.

"He's..."

Darcey choked, blood sputtering from his mouth. The other vampires around us let out more noises, this time ones of concern.

"Don't kill him," one of them whispered.

"He's going to turn his sister," Darcey rasped.

My blood turned cold, my chest clenching.

The house was protected but not entirely warded.

And just like I had told Quinn, there was no one around to hear anyone's screams.



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QUINN

I stared at my phone, at the unanswered text I had sent my dad.

He wouldn't respond. Even if I called, it would take him days to return it.

My grip tightened for a moment, and then I tossed it back onto the couch, sighing.

"Here, kitten," Luna said, coming back into the living room. "Take this. It's hot chocolate with *fat milk*."

I snorted and then laughed as I took the mug from her. Luna had told me all about her day in the cafe, about the customers and all of the annoying things that had happened.

She settled on the couch next to me, relaxing.

"I love you," I sighed happily.

I froze, shocked that I had just said that. Heat burned through me, and I damn near choked on my own spit.

"Oh, I mean—"

"Oh my god, you're so cute," Luna moaned, interrupting me before I could flail. "I love you too, kitten," she said, taking my face between her hands. "I loved you the moment I saw you at the coffee shop. You're mine," she purred.

I set the mug of cocoa down quickly, meeting her kiss with a moan.

Fuck, she tasted like heaven. Her arms came around me, and I was pulled into her lap, straddling her. She dragged her claws down my thighs,

kissing down my neck.

Warmth filled me, my pussy aching. I breathed in her scent and the comfort there.

Being with Luna was completely different from being with Al. With Al, I obeyed him even when I challenged him. I wanted him to breed me, to fuck me until I couldn't think of my name.

With Luna, we were on equal footing. I wanted to explore every part of her body, to taste her cum. I wanted her to make me scream, to claw me until the pain blended into pure pleasure.

She balanced out the crazed mindlessness I felt with Al.

Her body was starting to shift, becoming more and more monstrous beneath me.

"I love it when you're like this," I whispered, running my fingers through her soft hair. I paused to touch her ears, enjoying the little moan it drew from her. "Am I crazy?"

"A little," she chuckled, pushing my sweater up. She freed one of my nipples, immediately latching on with a suck.

"Oh fuck," I rasped, my hips immediately flexing.

She sucked harder, her fangs piercing my skin. I cried out, my head falling back.

She released me and then reached around, unclasping my bra with an ease that most men would be jealous of. She immediately sucked my other nipple, still cupping the other breast with her hand.

"Luna," I gasped.

"Arms up, kitten," she purred.

I put my arms above my head, and she pulled off my clothing, tossing them to the floor.

"I'll remake your hot chocolate," she said, gripping me and pushing me to the side.

I landed on the couch cushion, squeaking as she pulled my jeans off.

All that was left now was my underwear. She gripped my calves, lowering her head between my legs. She pressed her nose against my inner thigh, breathing me in.

"You smell so fucking sweet," she sighed, kissing me there.

If I wasn't wet before, I was now. I trembled as I watched her kiss her way down my thigh to my pussy, her face burying against my underwear. I felt her tongue stroke me, and I moaned.

This type of pleasure was agonizing. Her lick was like the kindle of a fire before it turned into an all-consuming flame, a tease.

I felt her tongue again, her claw cutting the fabric right where my clit was. I was exposed now, her breath hot against my clit.

“Oh my god, please don’t stop,” I begged.

“You smell like our mate,” she purred. “You smell like his cum. Did he breed you earlier, kitten? Did he give you his pups?”

I was going to cum just from her words, from her tantalizing touches. “Yes,” I cried.

“Good,” she rasped, burying her tongue deep inside of me.

My entire body reacted like I’d been struck by lightning. “You feel so good!!”

She ate me out like I’d never been eaten before, stroking my clit and only stopping every time I was about to cum. I was panting, my body an inferno that could only be doused by her.

Luna drew back, licking her lips. “You’re slick,” she whispered, licking her lips again. “Fuck, you taste like heaven.”

She started to lean in but was interrupted by a knock echoing through the house.

We both froze, and I frowned, confused.

Luna sat back, the mood immediately turning dark. Silence settled between us as we listened.

Another knock, coming from the front door.

“Get dressed,” she whispered. “We’ll finish this later. I want you to go hide in the nest that I showed you.”

I was trembling, adrenaline overtaking me. Luna slid off the couch, slowly standing.

The knock came again, and I watched her move out of the living room, giving me a warning look.

I threw on my sweater and pants as quickly as possible. I then scrambled out, going past the staircase to a back room. My heart pounded, fear creeping in.

There was something wrong, and I knew it.

I gripped the doorknob to open the door and then stopped, my heart still pounding.

I couldn’t leave her alone.

I was a human, but I still couldn't leave her to deal with whatever was at the door.

I had chosen them, hadn't I? Chosen Al and Luna.

Which meant that I needed to be there to help them, not hide behind them.

"Fuck," I whispered.

I immediately turned around, steeling my nerves. I marched back down the hall towards the front door.

It was open, Luna standing in front of me. As soon as I neared, she spun around, snapping at me.

"*Quinn*, I told you to fucking hide!"

The moment she turned, I could see who was at the door.

My breath left me, my knees caving. I would have hit the floor, but he was on me in a moment— catching me.

"No," I rasped, not believing it.

It was impossible. It wasn't real. It simply wasn't.

He was *dead*.

I immediately tore away from him, a scream tearing from my throat. "You're not Jason!" I screamed.

"I am," he said, reaching for me.

I was immediately dragged back by Luna, her arms encircling me.

Jason, or fake Jason, stared at us, his lips lifting into a snarl.

"I *am* him, Quinn. I'm Jason. I'm just a vampire now," he snapped.

"There's no way," I whispered, tears streaming down my cheeks.

There was no way this was real.

Luna's grip on me tightened. "What are you doing here?" Her tone was aggressive, fierce, protective.

"I came for my sister, you stupid beast," he snarled.

He still looked like he had the last moment I saw him, except colder. Stronger. He was tall, with sandy hair and tan skin. He wore a black leather jacket, one that was filled out by hardened muscles.

It was his eyes that scared me. They were no longer dark brown like mine but blood red.

And his teeth?

They were sharp, just like the other vampires.

"You're coming with me," he said, giving me a flat look. "And if you don't, then I will kill your little werecat."

Luna's grip tightened even more on me, but she still laughed. It was the kind of laugh that promised destruction.

"Oh, you're cute," she said, still chuckling. "I'm no mere werecat, boy, and I will end you if you do not leave my home. You are not welcome here, brother of Quinn's or not. I can feel that you have bad intentions for her, and *she* is mine."

"She is not yours. She's my sister, and she will become a vampire now that she's shoved her way into my world. She will join my coven," he snapped, not even looking at me.

"You're telling me," I whispered, tugging myself from Luna. She stood with me, her hand settling on my lower back. "You're telling me that you have been alive this whole time?" I asked.

We stared at each other for one beat...two.

All of my adrenaline funneled into pure anger.

He had been alive, and he hadn't come home.

My mother had died, and he had stayed hidden.

My father had gone crazy, and he's never once shown up.

I had flown across the country *hellbent* on a revenge plan, and he hadn't interjected until this very moment.

All because I had 'shoved' my way into his world.

Well, it wasn't his world anymore. It was *my* world. I belonged with Al and Luna, and there was no way in hell I would allow myself to become like him.

I jabbed a finger at him, not even flinching as he hissed. "Mom is dead. Dad is crazy. And you're alive, but you know what?!" I screamed, taking a step closer to him. "I'd rather fucking die than become like you!!"

He lunged for me, but Luna intercepted— shoving me to the side. I yelped, tripping backward out of the doorway and onto the porch.

The sounds coming from inside the house were horrifying. I realized that I had never seen Luna fully shifted until now— and she was indeed a monster. A glorious one, but still a creature.

Jason was tossed through one of the front windows, and I gasped, covering my mouth.

Luna squeezed out of the doorway, a seven-foot werecat snarling at me. "*Get to the car and drive away, go to the cafe. I won't let him catch you, kitten,*" she snapped.

Jason screeched, and I screamed as he jumped up, running straight for me. He was tackled by Luna, the two of them hitting the snow and tearing into each other.

This was a nightmare.

I watched for a moment longer and then turned to run, my vision blurring as I choked on a sob. Luna's car was parked in the drive, and I threw open the door, climbing in.

The keys were still in the ignition, and I turned them, cranking the engine to life. Luna and Jason still fought in front of me, the pale white snow glistening with red. The moon burned in the sky above, casting long shadows across the yard.

I started to reverse, but the glass of the passenger window shattered. Arms reached in, arms of another vampire, and I screamed at the top of my lungs.

The entire car bounced from an impact, and I realized that Luna's massive form had been thrown onto the hood.

This car was going nowhere, and I was going to die.

"Come here," the vampire snarled, gripping my arm.

I punched him as hard as I could, even though my hand still hurt like hell from the punch I'd laid on the other vampire earlier. He snapped at me like a rabid dog, determined to get me.

The vampire climbing into the window was suddenly yanked free, a ferocious howl turning my blood to ice.

"Al," I whimpered, finally drawing in a breath.

I watched as my werewolf boyfriend ran past the car, a monster in the night. He dove straight into the battle with Jason, followed by my fierce Luna.

"Quinn," a voice said to my right.

I looked, surprised to see the Barista. His eyes burned in the darkness, his red beard burning.

"You're on fire," I squeaked, covering my mouth.

"It's normal. Come on, let's get you out of here and back inside," he said gruffly.

I nodded, kicking the car door open. The Barista came around and met me, immediately scooping me up. His touch burned, but it was still better than being trapped in that car.

He carried me past the fight, and I twisted to watch, filled with horror.

Horror and satisfaction.

Luna and Al had Jason pinned now.

“Don’t kill him,” I whispered, my throat squeezing.

Al’s ears perked, and he turned to look at me, his full-fledged form staring at me with a wildness that sparked fear.

But through the wild, there was still him.

“They won’t,” the Barista said, bounding up the steps and into the house.

He took me to the living room, plopping me back on the couch. “Here,” he said, handing me my cup of hot chocolate. At his touch, it started to steam again, going from cold to burning. “Sip on this, please, and try to breathe. We’ll be back inside in just a few minutes.”

I took the cup between my hands and stared down. The milk trembled in the cup, and I realized that it was me that shook.

My whole world had really been turned upside down. Pain, betrayal, sadness, guilt. All of it swirled inside of me.

My brother was a vampire.

I was happy he was alive, just a little, I realized.

But I wish he would have just stayed dead.



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LUNA

“We can’t kill him,” the Barista said as I turned back into my more regular form.

Al immediately pulled me into his arms, holding me against him. “Fuck, you scared me,” he whispered, nuzzling me.

I held onto him, breathing in his comforting scent. “You made it in time,” I sighed.

I was a little banged up and bleeding, but it wasn’t anything I wouldn’t heal from within the next couple of hours. Both Al and me could feel Quinn, her fear. Her pain.

The three of us were linked, and this bastard had almost pulled us apart.

I turned to look at him, the vampire named Jason. He looked much different from Quinn, but there were a couple of similarities in their face that was enough to show they were related.

“Why would you try to turn her?” I asked, staring at him.

He lifted his head, meeting my gaze. “She should be with me.”

“No, she shouldn’t. You left her,” I reminded him. “You left her. She thought a vampire had killed you. Your mother killed herself, and your father isn’t functioning the same way anymore because of it. I’ve only known Quinn for a couple of days, but I know that you doing this has hurt her more than any weapon ever could.”

“The only reason you’re not dead is that she asked us not to kill you,” Al said. “The only reason your entire coven isn’t ashes is that we want to

know your motives.”

“What we saw in the warehouse is illegal and unacceptable,” the Barista said. “Even by my standards.”

“Who made you god, huh?” Jason muttered, looking at the Barista. “Everyone fears you, and I don’t understand why. You just own a coffee shop.”

“Indeed,” the Barista said. “That’s all you need to know about me.”

“We’re taking fresh blood so that people aren’t murdered when they are turned. All of the humans in the warehouse have signed documents, committing to being turned into vampires. But they have to donate blood for a year before,” Jason said. His eyes narrowed, and for the first time, I saw a flit of panic. “Where is Darcey?”

“Alive, but I don’t think he’ll speak again,” the Barista said. “I burned his throat.”

“You WHAT?!” Jason roared, trying to stand up.

He wasn’t going anywhere. Al had bound him up, and the Barista had him trapped with his power.

The moon was high in the sky now, casting pearlescent light on all of us. The snow was marred with blood, the soft blankets turned up from our fight.

I leaned into Al, his strength holding me together. Keeping me from ripping the vampire apart.

“Darcey will be fine, I’m sure,” Al said. “If we let you go, are you going to go after Quinn again?”

“If you do, I will end your line,” the Barista said casually, crossing his arms. “And not without pain.”

“You aren’t welcome here again,” Al growled. “And I will smell you if you step foot on our land. And then I will be the one to end you.”

Jason stared at him for a moment and then looked past him to the house. He stared for a few moments. “Can I still see her?”

“No,” Al and I both said.

“Not unless she wants to,” I said. “If she chooses to, we will arrange a meeting. You just tried to kill her, though, so...”

“I wasn’t going to kill her,” he snapped, “I was going to turn her.”

“Against her will,” Al snarled.

“No...Look, I’m not actually a bad guy. And what you saw in the warehouse— it’s not as bad as it looks.”

“You’re sure as fuck not *good* either,” the Barista said. “Alright. I’m taking him back to the warehouse, and then I’m going to sort out some things with his coven. I’ll call Icarus.”

Al and I both raised our brows, surprised. Icarus was a creature lawyer, one that was known for being ruthless. He was a phoenix, his powers both beautiful and deadly.

“The Icarus?” Jason asked, his voice trembling.

“Yes. We’ll need to have those contracts you had humans sign reviewed and your coven locked down,” the Barista said happily.

We watched him haul Jason to his feet, dragging the vampire across the yard to his car. “You two are safe,” the Barista called. “I’ll place some wards and have them reinforced. Go take care of your mate. She needs you.”

Quinn was sitting on the couch, staring off into space with the hot cocoa in her hands. Half of it was gone, the other half now cold.

Al let out a breath, kneeling down next to her. “Quinn,” he said softly.

She blinked, startled by both of us. I knelt down on the other side of her, worry eating at me. She looked at him and then me, her eyes widening.

“You’re hurt,” she whispered, a single tear slipping free.

“I’m okay, kitten,” I promised, taking the mug from her gently. “I really am. Just a couple of scratches.”

“Is he dead?”

“No,” Al answered, letting out a shaky sigh. “No. The Barista is taking him back to his coven, and he’s contacting a lawyer to help transition the vampire pack out of a bad territory. He’ll be okay.”

“I don’t know if I want him to be,” she murmured, looking down. “I’m sorry for this. He’s my brother and I...”

“Quinn,” Al said, tipping her chin up. “Quinn, none of this is your fault. And I know that everything feels terrible right now, but you will be okay. We’re here for you, for whatever you need.”

“Yes. So now you can move into our house,” I said.

That drew a laugh from her, her shoulders finally relaxing. “I guess I shouldn’t care that we’re just jumping in. We did already say I love you.”

“You what?” Al asked, blinking.

I grinned, giving him a sassy wink. “Beat you to it, big guy.”

“That’s worth a punishment, I think,” he mumbled, but he still grinned.

Quinn laughed again and leaned forward, pulling both of us into a hug. “I’m glad I came here, even if it was out of rage, and I found out I have a psychotic brother.”

“I’m glad you did too, kitten,” I murmured, nuzzling her head.

“Both of your full monster forms are wild,” she whispered. “You were like two gods. Or a god and goddess.”

Al chuckled, his arms encircling both of us into a big hug. “I have an idea,” he said.

“Oh yeah?” I asked, my hand sliding up his thigh.

His gaze narrowed. “Yes. How about we all shower and then cuddle in the nest.”

“Does cuddling include orgasms because my brother cock blocked us earlier,” Quinn mumbled.

“Thirsty brats,” Al muttered.

“What if you fucked Luna while she ate me out,” Quinn said.

Al growled, and I knew his cocks were already hardening. “How about I fuck both of you until you can’t remember your names?”

“How about you fuck me until I’m pregnant with your pups?” Quinn challenged.

Al let out a string of curses. “Quinn, we aren’t leaving here until your heat ends. That burning you feel?” He asked, leaning in close to her. She whimpered, her lips parting. “That’s just the start. All you’re going to want is to be fucked for the next few days. Knotted over and over again. You’ll be raw and used by the time I’m done with your cunt, and then I’ll have Luna take you again.”

Her mouth fell open, her eyes going wide.

“Both of you have until the count of three to get your asses up and in the bathroom.”

Both of us stared at him, and I smirked.

His eyes darkened, a low growl sending both of us to our feet. “One…”

A bolt of excitement ran through me, and I turned, running for the staircase. I heard Quinn behind me, following too.

“Two…”

“Fuck,” she gasped as we hit the top of the stairs.

“Three.”

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12 / DOUBLE TROUBLE

AL

I pushed both of them down onto their knees and then circled them.

Both were still wet, dripping from the shower. Luna's hair went all the way down her back, her lips curved into a knowing smile. Quinn's blue hair was dark and swept to the side, her eyes dark with lust.

Our nest smelled like heat and promised orgasms.

I knew that they hadn't been able to finish playing earlier, and that energy was still waiting to complete. I also knew that both of them needed this to keep from falling apart.

Hell, I needed this to keep from falling apart too.

The evening had turned sour, and I had feared that I would lose my girls. Both of them meant the world to me. My love for Luna was as strong as ever, and our love now brought another to us. Someone that we both loved already.

Quinn was ours.

I sat down in a massive chair in front of them, spreading my legs.

"Make her come. Finish what you started," I said, pulling my cocks free from my pants.

Quinn let out a soft whimper and turned to look at Luna, her eyes glistening with desire. Luna immediately gripped her hair, dragging her into an open-mouthed kiss. They rolled to the floor, and Quinn was quickly pulled into a straddle over Luna's face.

Fuck. My cocks hardened as I watched them please each other, Quinn's loud groans mixing with my own. She was vocal, always making little noises that made me want to fuck her so hard she lost her voice.

Luna began to lap at Quinn, plunging her fingers into her. She was already dripping, signaling that the coming heat was upon us.

When Luna and I had met, our heat had been immediate. With Quinn, we had been lucky to at least have a couple of days. Enough time to at least explain what was happening to the three of us.

I could see it now, though. The raw hunger. The greediness. The need to be taken over and over again.

My veins burned at the sight of them fucking, their bodies rubbing against each other as they tumbled towards the edge.

Their scents made my mouth water, and I leaned forward as Quinn came on Luna's tongue, breathing in deeply.

Luna was next and I watched as Quinn slid down her body, burying her face into Luna's pussy with a moan. The sound of her licking like her life depended on it made me groan.

Luna's head thrashed, her lips parting. "Good girl," she moaned. "Such a good girl, kitten. Are you going to make me cum?"

Luna gripped Quinn's bright hair, holding her in place as she began to move against her lips. Quinn moaned and I watched as she slid three of her fingers inside of Luna, thrusting them in and out.

Luna's cry made me shiver with anticipation, the scent of her driving me crazy with lust.

"Keep going," I growled, moving my hand up and down my top shaft. "Don't stop licking her until she cums all over you."

They were magnetic, perfect together. I let out a little gasp as Luna cried out with her orgasm, watching as Quinn lapped everything up like such a good girl.

The two of them sank against each other, both breathing hard. I chuckled, cocking my head.

"Both of you were good, weren't you? Now— come here. I want both of you on your hands and knees in front of me," I rasped, swallowing hard.

Both of them stayed put for a moment, panting, and then Quinn slid off Luna. The two of them got into position, their asses facing me.

"Like this?" Quinn teased, tossing me a sassy look over her shoulder.

Fuck.

“Are you in heat now?” I asked, reaching out with both hands to touch them.

I buried my fingers into both of their pussies, enjoying the chorus of cries.

“Yes! Fuck,” Luna gasped. “Can’t you feel it?”

“I’m on fire,” Quinn moaned. “Fuck, you feel good.”

I could feel it. I could feel how wet they were, both slick from their orgasms.

I pulled my hands free and leaned back, spreading my legs further.

“What do you want, little pet?” I asked, knowing that Quinn would respond to her pet name.

Her muscles tensed, and I could see the tremble in her thighs. “I want... I want each of us to ride one of your cocks while we kiss and touch.”

“Mmm. And you, little sub?”

Luna let out a breath. “That sounds pretty good.”

I smirked and rose from the chair, stepping between both of them to go to our nest.

Our nest was a pile of soft blankets spread over three mattresses and tons of pillows. It smelled of fresh cotton and Luna.

Now it would smell like Quinn too.

I lowered myself down onto my back, facing the two of them. My head and upper back were propped up so I could look at both of them and so they could look at my throbbing cocks.

They were being so obedient. I smiled and lifted my clawed hand, quirking a finger. “Crawl to me,” I growled.

Quinn did immediately, her eyes dark as she stopped right next to me. Luna smirked, still a brat through and through, before crawling up to my other side.

“Is that what you want too?” Luna asked, smirking still.

“Get on my fucking cock, little sub.”

She snorted but then straddled my top cock, slowly lowering herself onto me. Both of us groaned, and I gripped her hips, feeling how wet she was.

I then felt Quinn’s tongue swirling the tip of my other, and I cursed. Her mouth took me, her hands gripping my knot and balls.

“*Pet*,” I snarled, bucking my hips.

Luna gasped, letting out another moan.

It was hard to control myself, hard to keep my cocks from immediately cumming.

Luna tipped her head back, her long hair falling down her back. I reached up and gripped it, giving it a pull.

“Little pet, seat yourself before I cum in your mouth,” I snarled.

Quinn giggled but still listened. I released Luna and moaned as she helped Quinn take my lower cock, sheathing herself all the way to my balls.

“Fuck,” I growled.

My knots pulsed, now seated deep inside of them. I could feel their slick dripping down onto my thighs and stomach, and I groaned, my mouth watering.

I would drink their essence if I could.

Quinn grabbed Luna’s face, pulling her in for a kiss. They began to move together, grinding against themselves and me. Pleasure shot through my body as I watched them dance, their hands roaming their bodies.

Luna broke this kiss with a gasp, her movements becoming more and more erratic. “God, this feels good,” she cried. “Master, you’re so big.”

That made my knots swell even more. I growled as heat burned through my body.

Quinn suddenly pushed Luna back and leaned forward, licking her stomach. I wrapped my arms around Luna and raised my legs, thrusting into both of them hard.

Quinn gasped. “Fuck, this is amazing. Breed us!” she cried.

Luna came, her body straining against my hold. I listened to her whines, her breathy moans.

Quinn continued to take my cock, her pussy gripping me.

I was going to cum in both of them at the same time, but not until she came again.

“Are you going to cum for me, little pet?” I growled.

“Soon,” she gasped.

Luna had melted against me, but I could feel her watching Quinn. The two of us watched, entranced, in love.

“Fuck,” Luna moaned. “Cum for him, kitten.”

Quinn’s eyes widened, her lips parting. I watched as her skin flushed red, her hair giving her a wild look. With one final thrust, she fell forward with a cry. I felt her cum, her entire body shivering as her orgasm took her.

It was enough to push me over the edge.

I came with a grunt, both of my cocks spurting streams of cum into both of them. I felt my knots swell, tying me to both of my mates and keeping any drops of my seed from escaping.

The three of us were a pile of moans, cum, and lust.

I relaxed into the mattress, enjoying the weight of both of them on top of me.

“We’re going to be here for a while,” Quinn giggled, resting her head between Luna’s breasts.

I reached up to pet her head, stroking the two of them. Luna chuckled, letting out the softest sigh of contentment.

“I love you,” I whispered, swallowing hard. “Both of you. So much that my chest aches.”

Quinn made a noise, raising her eyes to meet mine. “I love you too. Both of you. This is crazy, but I wouldn’t trade it for anything in the entire world. I’m yours.”

“Our little piece of sass,” Luna teased.

Quinn grinned and then attempted to wrap her arms around both of us, gripping my fur.

“And the two of you are my monsters,” she said, relaxing.

“Your mates,” I murmured, my chest swelling.

Our little pack was growing. I had been given two of the most wonderful mates I could ask for, and I knew that soon we’d have our own pups.

I closed my eyes and drifted off, happier than I’d ever been.



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13 / ONE MONTH LATER

QUINN

I had been lucky that my lease in Miami was about to be ready for renewal. I had terminated it last week, flying down to pack up and sell all of my stuff with Luna to help. The two of us had taken a girl's trip, one that had been more enjoyable than any I'd been on before.

We'd stopped by to see my dad and his caretaker, a woman named Helen. He'd barely acknowledged me.

I'd felt guilty for leaving him, but when I'd told him I was moving, he had actually spoken.

"Good. Leave me, little Q. I'm already gone."

That had broken me all over again, but Al and Luna had been there for me.

Aside from that darkness, everything else had been perfect.

I had kept my job writing articles, of course, and was able to put out some good ones that dragged in the big bucks. Ultimately, I had decided to keep helping the Barista, though.

Creature Cafe was the place to be, and I enjoyed all of the creatures I met.

My first heat had been glorious, although I was glad it was over. I had been in the nest with Al and Luna for FIVE DAYS. *Five days* of trying to break it, of screwing until the 'fever' stopped.

Being with two creatures meant my life was full of surprises now. The three of us were fully mated, which meant that I sometimes had side effects

(like the heat). We were working through it, and I had never been happier.

"Hey, Quinn, can you hand me the sign? I'm going to lock the door," Trixie said, giving me a smile.

We had closed the cafe together and had sent the Barista home early. Really, Trixie had sent him home.

"Sure, but are you going to tell me when you're going to ask him out," I teased as I grabbed the sign from behind the counter.

Trixie rolled her eyes, trying to blow off my words. She had changed her hair recently to a bright magenta, which fit her really well. "It's not like that, Quinn."

I raised a brow. "Of course it's like that. He literally can't stop watching you while you work. It's painful sometimes," I laughed.

She leaned against the counter, sighing. "I've known him for three years, and he's never ever asked me out or shown any interest. I think he's just thankful I'm here to help him with the cafe."

"Yeah, you run this place," I agreed.

Trixie really did. She was the only reason everything was ordered on time and that we even opened. The Barista handled finances and roasting coffee, but Trixie made the menu, came up with new ideas, trained all the staff, and much more.

"I still think he's got a thing for you," I said, giving her the sign.

"The Barista is too...professional," she said, sticking her tongue out at me.

"Well, do you have feelings for him?"

She paused, nearly biting her tongue. Her cheeks turned pink.

"I've told you about my heat and *slick*. You can tell me about your crush!" I exclaimed.

"Oh my god, Quinn," she laughed as she crossed to lock the door. "Yes, I have a crush on him. It doesn't mean anything, though. He'll never do anything about it. In fact, I need to start actually dating again instead of... Well, yeah. It would be healthy for me to have a life outside of here..."

I raised both of my brows surprised by her comments. There was so much more that I wanted to say, but I bit my tongue instead.

Since Al and Luna were the closest with the Barista, I was now getting closer to him. It was easier to see how much he had to control himself around my new friend and also how insanely in love she was with him.

But who was I to say anything?

I smirked and grabbed my bag, following Trixie to the back of the cafe.

"Did you hear that we're getting live music on Saturdays?" Trixie asked as we walked out the back door. She locked it behind us.

Al was waiting in his car for me, the tug of desire damn near making me run to him.

"Yeah, I heard! I'm sure it'll be fun," I said.

Trixie nodded, giving me a brief hug. "Yeah, the musician's name is Dalus. He's a phoenix shifter. I've only met him once, but I'm pretty sure he'll get us some traction on the weekends. His twin brother is that lawyer guy, Icarus."

I paused, trying not to shiver.

I'd met Icarus. Only once to sign a restraining order against my brother.

He had been...different, to say the least.

"Dalus is sweet, though, and he has a great voice. Anyways, have a great night! I'll see you tomorrow," Trixie said, heading to her car.

"You too!" I called, heading to Al.

He leaned over to open the door for me, and I climbed in, giving him a kiss. His tongue slipped into my mouth, his claws digging into my thighs.

"Oh," I gasped.

He drew back and smiled. "How much energy do you have in you, little pet?"

I moaned, already knowing where this might be heading. "A lot for you."

"How about a chase? From Luna and me. And whoever catches you gets to tell the others what to do."

"Fuck yes," I breathed, buckling up quickly. "Let's go."

Al chuckled, and we peeled out of the parking lot, driving off into the night.

A NOTE FROM THE BARISTA

HELLO, MY LITTLE MONSTER LOVING **CREATURE**.

I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT THESE THREE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

BUT MY JOB ISN'T OVER YET.

ONE CREATURE HAS COME TO ME, TO MAKE A DEAL TO FIND A MATE FOR HIS BROTHER. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW, THIS LITTLE SONG OF PAIN WILL BE HIS OWN TOO.

COME OVER TO CREATURE CAFE TO READ ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

SINCERELY,
THE BARISTA

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CLIO'S CREATURES

Hello Creatures 🥰

My name is Clio Evans and I am so excited to introduce myself to you! I'm a lover of all things that go bump in the night 🦋, fancy peens 🍆, coffee ☕, and chocolate 😊

IF you had the chance to be matched with a monster- what kind would you choose?!

Let me know by joining me on FB and Instagram, or [Patreon](#) for **exclusive content**. I'm a sucker for werewolves to this day 🦋👽

P.S.

Join my Newsletter by clicking here- I won't spam you, but I will offer you fun rewards for being one of my monster loving creatures.

[Clio's Creature Newsletter](#)



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