



MONSTER

PUCKER

*A HOCKEY MONSTER
ROMANCE*

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ASHLEY BENNETT**

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CLIO EVANS
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Clio's Creatures

Also by Clio Evans

About Ashley

Also by Ashley Bennett

*For everyone who wanted us to do a co-write.
Happy Holidays ;)*

CONTENT WARNING



This novella contains the following:

Instalove, fated mates, praise, degradation, DVP, DP, spanking, light Dom/sub dynamics, voyeurism, size difference, blackmail, snowballing, excess amount of fluids, breeding kink, pregnancy epilogue, flavored cum, threat of physical harm (not by love interests), photos taken without consent (not by love interests), knotting, and more.



CHAPTER 1

HOLLY

I'd done many things in my journalism career to get ahead, but being stuck in a hockey player's locker had to be the worst of them all.

I breathed through my mouth, trying not to inhale the stench of sweaty fur and gods knew whatever else. It was absolutely rancid. All the fantasies I'd ever had of dating a hot hockey player seemed to go up in smoke now that I was trapped inside this hell hole.

Breathe in. Breathe out.

It was my fault, really. My stupid ex was here trying to outdo me. He could have gone to any other game, but of course he'd chosen the Michigan Growlers vs. the Colorado Claws. Mike was a sports journalist like me, which was how we'd met.

Two years of bliss and a ring on my finger, only to catch him in bed with his intern. My whole life had crumbled one year ago, just in time for me to spend the holidays utterly alone and miserable.

Bastard.

Because I wanted to show the douchebag that I was better than him, I'd snuck into the locker rooms to overhear whatever I could about the biggest rivals in the league. Any bit of gossip or drama I could catch might help me one up the asshole.

But now, I regret doing that. I'd climbed into a locker to escape a security guard who had done a sweep of the room, only to find myself trapped inside it. I'd spent a good ten

minutes trying to slam my shoulder against the metal door, but it was no use.

I was stuck.

The good news was that monster hockey players' lockers were roomy. I was a big girl, but this thing made me feel like a doll in a box.

The bad news was that it smelled absolutely disgusting. And it wasn't like I could call for help. I didn't want to get fired.

Fuck.

I wasn't even sure how long I'd been in here now. All the players had come through already and left. I pressed my face to the grated holes, trying to peek through.

A soft moan floated through the locker room.

"Klaus...."

Klaus?! *The* Klaus?

The Growlers were one of the most popular teams in the NMHL: National Monster Hockey League. Their team had two star players, and Klaus was one of them.

I'd only seen him up close once or twice, but he was hot... Nine feet tall, not including his massive horns, which required a custom helmet. He was muscular with a down of fine ashen gray fur, and abs for days...

"Oh fuck. Klaus..."

My eyebrows shot up, my eyes widening. That... sounded...

A growl echoed through the room, and I stifled a gasp as two monsters came into view. I knew that ass and tail from anywhere. Klaus slammed another monster into the lockers across from this row, pinning someone there.

I could see a flash of white fur...

Fuck.

"All the other players are gone, Flurry. Get on your knees."

Flurry? FUCK.

Frank “The Flurry” Murry was the rookie center on the Growlers, but was already second line. He was on his way to being one of the most impressive hockey players the NMHL had ever seen.

Klaus, on the other hand, was one of the most famous first line center snipers in the league. There had been rumors that there was a lot of tension between the two players because of their roles.

Maybe this was how they worked that tension out.

“Are you sure we’re alone?”

“Get. On. Your. Knees,” Klaus snarled.

My thighs squeezed together, my breath hitched. I covered my mouth as I watched the massively sexy yeti get on his knees in front of Klaus.

Oh gods. Oh gods, oh gods.

I felt a flush of panic and...something else. I bit my lower lip, unable to look away. It was completely inappropriate, completely unprofessional, but I had to watch.

Klaus let out a low groan. I could only see his back and his hips, and the way they were moving. The low growls and gasps...

My pussy throbbed. This had to be the most unprofessional thing I’d ever done.

“Take it deeper, champ. I know you can,” Klaus huffed. “Your punishment for getting distracted by that pretty journalist.”

Flurry moaned, pulling back on a breath. “I don’t know who you’re talking about—*mmph*—”

“You know exactly who,” Klaus snarled, pumping his hips harder. I heard Flurry’s head hit the locker. “Naughty little slut. You missed the fucking goal because of *her*. How are you ever going to take my spot if you can’t even shoot straight?”

Who? I had to know who. That could be an interesting story, although I'd feel bad for whatever journalist got mixed up in a romance with hockey players. The media were vultures.

"You were *bad*," Klaus growled. "Fuck. I can feel your throat gripping me."

My mouth fell open. I'd never heard dirty talk like this before. Every nerve ending in my body flared to life, my thighs now squeezing together as tight as possible.

I couldn't stop watching. Even though I felt like a pervert spying on two lovers, I couldn't find a moral shred of remorse or guilt. I sucked in a breath as Klaus kept going, his hips thrusting in a brutal rhythm.

Flurry's moans filled the room, echoing louder and louder.

Gods, Klaus' ass is perfect. How is his ass so perfect?

I shook my head, my cheeks hotter than irons. When in Rome, right? At this point, I was in it for the whole ride.

My hand slid down my body. I was wearing high-waisted palazzo pants with a tucked in blouse and blazer. I unbuttoned the top of them quietly, slipping my hand down towards my pussy.

This is so wrong.

"Naughty, naughty," Klaus chuckled.

For a moment, I felt a flash of fear that he was talking to me. My heart pounded in my chest as I touched myself, still watching them hungrily.

I couldn't take my eyes off of them. I watched as Klaus thrust into his mouth harder. He finally let out a guttural growl and pulled back.

My nipples hardened, pleasure rolled through me as I played with my clit. I was so wet from watching. I knew I had somewhat of a voyeur kink, but this was way more intense than I could have ever dreamed.

Klaus turned and grabbed Flurry, gripping his fur and dragging him into a kiss. Klaus was massive, but Flurry was even more so. He was at least a foot taller, his shoulders broad. His fur was bright white with tufts of steel blue here and there, his hands ending in retractable claws. He didn't have massive horns like Klaus, but he had two tusks protruding from his mouth, similar to that of an orc.

There had been many nights I'd fantasized about riding tusks like that...

Fuck me. I was doomed. I bit back a moan as I kept circling my clit. It was getting harder and harder to be quiet, but I had to be. I couldn't get caught.

I wasn't sure what would happen if they discovered me, but it wouldn't be good.

Klaus paused for a moment, breathing in deep.

"What is it?" Flurry whispered.

"A scent," Klaus hummed. He scowled, glancing around the room.

"Is someone here? You know I don't have the same heightened sense of smell as you."

"This is pretty strong..."

"Sorry, all I can smell is the sweat from the team," Flurry teased.

Klaus was silent for a moment, but then spoke. "It's nothing. Just a hint of something...*delicious*. It's gone now. Why aren't you still sucking my cock, Flurry?"

"You're the one that kissed me—"

Klaus shoved him against the lockers, the metal rattling. "Get back down. I want you to swallow a load before I put another inside you. Then you can go to dinner with your fake date with my cum leaking from you."

He whimpered, letting out a soft growl. Before I knew it, Flurry was back on his knees. He hit the tile flooring hard with

a thud, groaning. This time they were turned so that I could see them better, which was bad for me.

Really bad for me.

I could feel the edge of an orgasm getting closer. My eyes widened as I caught sight of Klaus' cock.

Holy shit.

My mouth fell open as I stared. His cock was unlike anything I'd ever seen. It was thick and dark crimson, a knot at the base. But his shaft...it *moved*. His cock was prehensile, which meant it could grab, grope, twist all at his will. It ended in a tapered head, pre-cum dripping from the tip.

I'd heard rumors he was packing at least ten inches, and those rumors appeared to be true.

Flurry opened his mouth, grunting as he took every inch.

Every. Inch.

Fuck.

Desire pumped through me like a heavy drug. I sucked in a breath, circling my clit faster as I watched them. I'd never done something so devious, and it only turned me on more.

I was getting so close.

Klaus paused again, letting out a dark growl. Flurry pulled back, looking up at him.

“What is it?”

“Keep sucking.”

He dragged Flurry's head back, holding him in place. He looked around the room as he used Flurry's mouth.

I gasped as an orgasm suddenly crashed into me. I arched, my head falling back as pleasure burst through with an intensity I'd never felt before.

A moan slipped from me before I could stop it.

Oh no.

The orgasms ebbed, and I pulled my hand free. I refocused, my heart still pounding.

“Naughty, naughty girl.”

Every muscle in my body froze, terror icing my veins.

Pressed against the locker door was Klaus.

His eyes met mine, his grin devilish.

I yelped as the locker door was suddenly ripped off the hinges; the metal squealing as it snapped.

“Oh my gods,” I gasped, staring in shock.

He put his arms to either side of the opening, his massive body blocking any sort of escape.

The Growlers’ star player had me caged in.

I’d been caught.

My eyes slowly moved down.

His cock was still hard.

I blushed from head to toe. Like I wasn’t already redder than a godsdamned tomato. I was shaking like a leaf. “I-I can explain,” I croaked.

He slowly smiled, revealing his very sharp teeth. “Can you?” Klaus whispered. “You’re the pretty journalist that distracted my player earlier. We almost lost because of you.”

“Wh—what?” My voice was trembling.

“Oh yes,” he said menacingly.

I felt like I was going to faint.

“And then here you are, distracting us again. You aren’t supposed to be in here, are you? This atrocious locker scent was a good disguise, but I can still smell *you*. She’s a little voyeur, Flurry.”

He leaned in. I could feel tears blurring my vision as he drew in a sharp breath, his black eyes holding mine.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I’m so sorry. I came in here hoping to overhear something good enough for a story to beat my stupid

ex for a byline. And then I jumped inside the locker when I heard the security guard coming. And then I got stuck. I know I'm not supposed to be in here, but oh my gods, I am so sorry."

I squeezed my thighs together, trying not to think about the fact that I'd just come from watching him and Flurry...or that my pants were still unbuttoned.

Klaus raised a furry brow. "Your scent makes me want to bend you over and spank you for being such a naughty girl. You really are in trouble here, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry," I said again.

Klaus moved back, crossing his arms. I looked from him to Flurry.

Flurry made a soft noise. "Aw, Klaus. You've scared the poor thing. You should say sorry for that."

"I think she liked it," he chuckled. "And now we have to decide what to do. She's seen us."

"I won't tell anyone if you won't," I promised.

He laughed, a boisterous, evil sound. "I have a *different* idea."

"Okay. Whatever it is, I'll do it as long as you don't get me fired for this." It didn't seem like I had any other options.

Klaus looked at Flurry, the two of them exchanging silent words.

"Alright," Flurry said, looking at me. "How about a date?"

I damn near fell out of the locker. "A *date*?"

"A secret date," Klaus said. "With both of us."

"I..." I trailed off, unsure of what to say.

"You clearly *like* us," Flurry teased, sniffing the air. "But if you would rather not, we won't pressure you."

I felt like a deer in headlights. Two of the hottest hockey players in the entire world were asking me on a *date*.

All I could think of was my ex choking on his food if he found out.

But aside from a bit of sweet revenge...

They were both hot. And they were right. Clearly, I did like them.

“Alright,” I said. “I’ll go on a secret date with both of you. When?”

“Tomorrow night after practice,” Klaus said. “Assuming you’re staying in the city until then.”

“I am,” I said. “I travel with the team during the season. Well, not officially, of course, but...”

“We’ve seen you,” Flurry said, smirking. “Well, *I’ve* seen you. I think Klaus is seeing you now too, given that his cock is still hard—”

Klaus smacked him on the shoulder, growling. “Not another word from you.”

Flurry just smirked, his easygoing attitude a fresh breeze to Klaus’ grumpiness.

“A date then,” I said.

“Meet us outside the stadium tomorrow at 3 P.M.,” Flurry said. “Oh, and...what’s your name? And phone number...”

“Holly,” I said, finally stepping out of the locker.

I rattled off my phone number, swallowing hard as Flurry found his phone and put it in.

Part of me was still in shock. This was really happening.

Excitement fluttered through me at the thought of going on a date with these two monsters. I craned my head back to look up at them. I was 5’11” and, come to think of it, I had never gone on a date with anyone that I had to crane my neck to look at, let alone two someones.

Flurry held out his hand. I slid my palm against his, aware of the rough feeling. He leaned down, pressing his lips to it.

“Tomorrow, Holly. We’ll meet you then.”

CHAPTER 2

FLURRY

I had to force myself to concentrate during practice. Not only was I distracted by Klaus, but by the excitement of our date with Holly.

Holly.

That curvy little reporter had captivated me from the moment I laid eyes on her. I remembered it clearly; her sitting in the front row at my first post-game interview wearing a white button-down blouse that was unbuttoned just low enough to make my imagination go wild. I'd watched as she tapped her full lips with her pen, her brown eyes scrutinizing everything. It appeared that investigative journalism was her style of choice.

Journalists and public figures weren't supposed to mix, but I couldn't keep myself away from her. There was something there, drawing me in like a moth to a flame. I wanted to know more about her.

The poor woman had looked scared to death when Klaus wrenched the locker door open. I could smell the fear rolling off of her in waves.

I'd been torn between chastising him and laughing. I was used to how he could be sometimes. For just over a year, I'd been secretly mated to him. I knew him better than anyone else. Almost everyone was a little frightened of him, but the big scary krampus was also secretly a teddy-bear.

Holly would see that side of him soon, I was sure. Her getting stuck in the lockers while we'd happened to be in the

room had been a twist of fate.

All I'd been able to think about was what our date would be like. What we would learn about her. I wanted to know everything.

What was her favorite color? Her favorite ice cream? Did she like rom-coms or action movies or something else?

We'd find out soon.

"*Flurry!*" Coach barked from across the ice, snapping me from my Holly-filled daze. "Quit day-dreaming. Get your ass over here."

The old gargoyle was working us hard to prepare for the playoffs. Last year, injuries plagued the team, and after failing to make it to the finals, they brought in some fresh blood. I had a lot to prove as the first-round draft pick vying for the starting line. Perhaps it was a crazy goal, but I liked to dream.

It just so happened that the monster I was fighting for the starting line was the same monster I was fucking.

Klaus "The Powerhouse" Bauer was a nine foot tall wall of muscle with a heart full of hellfire. In his prime, he dominated the ice. He'd slap goals left and right and never backed down from a fight. He was a nasty old Krampus, but if last season was any indication, his age was finally catching up to him. Monsters might have a longer life than humans naturally did, but even we hit a point where retiring was necessary, especially in a sport that demanded everything from our bodies.

I skated to the other end of the rink where Coach stood with Klaus in front of the goal. Our orc goalie, Ehrokk, was splayed out between the posts, stretching his groin and humping the ice. I'd played hockey all my life, but I still found that stretch hilarious.

Coach looked at us and smirked. "Ehrokk here needs to get warmed up. I was thinking we could have a little shoot-out."

Klaus' helmet obscured most of his face, but I could tell from the wrinkles etched between his eyebrows that he was scowling. Normally, he was the one who warmed up Ehrokk,

and Coach wanted us to have a shootout? This was going to be interesting.

“I love shootouts.” I smiled sweetly and looked over at Klaus. “You know, I lead the minor league in shootout goals.”

“That was the fucking minors,” Klaus snapped, glaring at me like he wanted me to spontaneously combust.

Either that, or he was thinking about fucking me. Both possibilities excited me.

My skills on the ice always struck a nerve with the old man. I loved him more than anyone else, but when we were on the ice, I liked to press every button I possibly could. It wasn't like we could show any sort of tenderness anyway, given that being mated was a secret from the world.

“Enough chit chat,” Coach bellowed. “Get on the line and shoot on the fucking goal.”

With a paint bucket full of pucks separating us, I took one side of the line and Klaus took the other. Ehrokk stood between the posts and snapped his neck from side to side.

Coach leaned up against the boards. “You're up first Flurry.”

I puffed out a breath and dropped the puck on the ice in front of me. Knowing that Klaus was laser focused on my every move, I gave my hips a little wiggle before slapping the puck, hoping my body would throw him off his game.

The puck soared through the air, ricocheted off the top bar with a metallic ping, and landed in the net.

“Fuck,” Ehrokk said, thumping his gloved fists against his helmet.

The guy was good, but I'd been studying him for weeks. The top left corner was his weak spot.

“You're up, Powerhouse.” I didn't keep the teasing tone out of my voice.

Without any dramatics, Klaus threw the puck on the ice, barely letting it stop bouncing before his stick made contact. It

flew across the ice and Ehrokk dropped to his knees in an attempt to stop it, but it zipped right past his stick and into the goal.

This was why Klaus had kept the starting position for so long. He made it look effortless. I swallowed hard, wondering how long it would take for me to do that with such ease.

“Nice one,” I said, meaning every word.

Inside, I was still that hockey obsessed kid who fawned over his idols.

“Fuck you,” he growled.

I lowered my voice to a whisper so only Klaus could hear. “No, that was yesterday. Today I’m fucking you.”

Klaus’ tail slapped against the ice like a whip and he stared straight at the goal, refusing to look at me. It was too easy. I was already getting him flustered.

Plucking another puck from the bucket, I tossed it down on the ice and gave it a whack. Again, the puck soared through the air, whizzing by Ehrokk’s glove and into the net.

“For fuck’s sake, Ehrokk,” Coach said, slapping his clipboard against his thigh. “How many times do I have to tell you to watch that left side?”

“Sorry, Coach.” The orc shook out his body, readying himself for Klaus’ shot.

Again, Klaus placed the puck onto the ice, letting out a sigh as he slapped it with his stick. He might have lacked enthusiasm, but it was another picture perfect goal, slipping right past Ehrokk’s knee and into the net.

I raised my brows and gave Klaus a tusky grin.

The old man still had it.

I grabbed a puck from the bucket and sat it on the ice, readying myself for my last shot. I needed to make this one. I had to.

Focusing myself with a deep breath, I hit the puck with as much force as I could pack into my shot. It jetted towards the

goal, leaving a trail etched in the ice behind it. Ehrokk tried to track it, but it was too fast. It sped between his spread legs and into the goal before he could clamp them shut.

“Gods damn it, Ehrokk!” Coach thundered.

While Coach ripped Ehrokk a new one about keeping his legs closed and watching his left side, I took the opportunity to taunt Klaus.

“You know I’m coming for that starting spot, don’t you?” I leaned against my stick casually, like I wasn’t stressed about making the shot two seconds prior.

A deep growl rumbled out of Klaus’ chest. “Over my dead body.”

“What’s up your ass today?” I asked him with a smile, knowing that later it would be my cock.

“Stop it,” he snarled. “Don’t say another fucking word.” I could feel his anger and frustration, as well as his underlying lust.

Coach left Ehrokk, calling out to us. “Again, boys.”

“You know, maybe we could do that later. Put on a little show for Holly again. You smelled how much she liked it.”

Klaus hit the puck so hard it cut through the air like a bullet. Ehrokk just happened to be in the line of fire. The puck made contact, and he crumbled to the ground.

“Motherfucker,” he gasped, clutching his stomach.

“Fuck,” Klaus growled.

There was a brief hush as everyone seemed to realize what had happened. Some of the players made shocked noises, the rest of us were quiet.

“What the hell is wrong with you, Klaus? You trying to sabotage the team by putting our goalie out of commission?” Coach shook his head and rushed over to Ehrokk. “I need medical! Stat!”

“Fuck you, Frank,” Klaus snapped, rushing over to Ehrokk and Coach.

I felt the sting of him using my full name. It wasn't often that he did.

I watched in stunned silence as Ehrokk was carted off by medical. Klaus and Coach spent a few minutes talking, and then Coach called practice early. The puck had hit him hard enough to do some damage, but it wasn't exactly clear how much. The team filed into the locker room, but Klaus and I stayed behind.

There was tension between us, and not the fun kind.

"What the fuck was that?" I ripped off my helmet and chucked it onto the ice. "We were playing a little game, and you had to go and take it too far. You could have seriously hurt Ehrokk. Do you know how fucked we would be if our starting goalie had to sit out this season?"

Klaus unclasped his helmet and slipped it off, revealing his handsome, albeit menacing, face. "Why did you have to provoke me like that?" His lips pulled back in a sneer, revealing the sharp tips of his teeth. "You know how I get when I'm worked up. Especially when it comes to competing with you. And Ehrokk will be fine."

"So it's my fault, then? Unbelievable." I tsked and lowered my voice. "I'm your mate, and you still can't handle the fact that I might take your spot."

Before he could get a word in, I headed across the ice towards the locker room.

"Flurry." He burst through the door behind me.

I ignored him and stripped off my sweat-soaked gear, shoved it in my locker, and hit the shower. Leaning with my palms against the cool tile, I dipped my head and let the warm spray dribble down my face. Our date with my dream girl was in a few hours, and Klaus had soured my mood.

Being his mate *and* teammate complicated our relationship. Sometimes he was my biggest fan, and others, he was a jealous prick that couldn't handle fading from the limelight.

I felt his presence at my back.

“Flurry,” he murmured, running a clawed hand along my side affectionately. “I’m sorry. I lost control out there, which isn’t like me. The last thing I want to do is harm one of our players. Coach was livid. I’ve been on edge since yesterday because I’m excited but worried about us meeting Holly. I know things could change. We might not be able to keep hiding our relationship...”

My hands tightened into fists, and I huffed. “I hate that it’s like this, Klaus. I don’t even want to hide it, but I know it’s better off this way. The media would go crazy.”

I breathed out, trying to relax. This was the part of our relationship that I struggled with most. We always made it work, though. It was worth it, even when we had moments where our communication was lacking.

The fact was, I had pushed him too far, knowing that he might snap.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry I egged you on. I know how to push all your buttons and I was being careless. I didn’t mean to truly fluster you, but I did. I’m just as responsible for Ehrokk as you are.”

He stepped closer until I felt his cock press against my ass and his warm breath against my ear. “Apology accepted. I think we’re both idiots.”

“We are,” I muttered.

“You know I love you, don’t you?”

“Do you love me because you choose to or because of the mate bond?”

“Because I choose to.” His hand slid over my waist and down to my cock, giving it a slow stroke that made me groan. “Just like Holly will.”

The thought of Holly made me thrust into his hand.

What would she taste like?

Would she be able to take us both?

“I want her to be with us,” I breathed, leaning into him as he jerked my cock.

Klaus chuckled darkly, the deep rumbling sound making my spine tingle. “You smelled her yesterday, Flurry. The attraction is undeniable.”

Something about her scent made me believe she was meant for us. But would she accept us as her mates?

“She could reject us,” I whispered.

“There is a chance, yes. But I don’t think we need to worry about that right now. Are we okay, Flurry?”

“Yeah,” I said. “We’re good.”

“Good.” His long tongue snaked out of his mouth and slithered up and down the shell of my ear. “Why don’t you fuck me? It might ease your nerves before our date.”

Need hit me hard. My hand darted down to his, stopping him mid-stroke.

A big part of our relationship was that we were both switches. There were times that he would dominate me, like yesterday, when Holly had stumbled on us. Then there were times like right now where I was going to put my mate on his knees.

“I’m going to finish my shower, and when I get out, you better be bent over the bench and ready to take me.”

“Mmm,” Klaus hummed in my ear. “Yes, sir.”

I heard the click of his hooves as he started back toward the locker room.

I smiled to myself. I did like being called sir, especially from him.

When I returned to the locker room, Klaus was bent over the monster sized bench with his ass in the air, waiting, just like I’d instructed. His furry cheeks were parted while he prepared himself with two lubed fingers, pulsing them in and out and circling his hole. I stood there for a second and watched, my cock instantly hard at the sight of my mate.

“You’re going to need more fingers than that,” I purred, dropping my towel and sidling behind him. The thick length of my cock jutted out towards him and I ran my hands over his cheeks. “You’re such a good boy, Klaus. So obedient. Obedient boys get rewarded.”

I spread him wide and notched the weeping tip of my cock at his entrance. His body trembled with anticipation, and when I began to ease myself inside, he let out a ragged breath.

“Fuck,” I groaned, slowly pushing deeper.

He felt like heaven, so warm and tight around my shaft, I had to fight the urge to pound into him. I knew that was exactly what he wanted—how he liked it—but he had to wait. We were moving at my pace and I planned to make him beg.

I gripped his waist tight, pulling out slightly, then slowly pushing back in, teasing him.

“Flurry,” he growled with need.

His tail snapped back and forth and I snatched it, making him whimper like the cockhungry sub he was. I tugged and used it as leverage, moving faster and fucking him hard and deep. Even with the scent of gym equipment and our arousal filling the locker room, Holly’s sweet aroma still lingered in the air.

“Do you think Holly would like this, too?” I asked, slamming my hips into Klaus. “Watching me use your tight little hole?”

He moaned at the mention of Holly, and it delighted me to know that he was just as affected by her as I was. I could feel the blood rushing to my knot, that delicious drag that drove Klaus wild.

“Yes,” he hissed. “I want her to watch us again. And I want to watch you with her, too.”

I could picture it, my massive body pinned beneath Holly while she rode me. Klaus’ deep black eyes fixed on us while his prehensile cock fucked his hand...

I grunted, pounding into Klaus so hard that the bench threatened to rip out of the floor. With each thrust, my knot grazed his prostate, making him pant. His grip on my cock tightened until it was almost unbearable.

“Knot me,” Klaus groaned. “Please, Flurry. I need it.”

“Fuck,” I mumbled.

I thrust harder and harder until I felt like I was about to explode. I growled as I pumped into him one last time, this time pushing my knot inside his tight hole. He groaned as he took me.

I came hard, loads of hot cum shooting inside of him. I grunted, my head falling back as I held him in place, filling him. My knot swelled, locking him to me.

“You feel so good,” he rasped. “There’s so much...”

“Yeah,” I grunted, floating on cloud nine. I leaned over him, reaching around to grip his cock. The end wrapped around my wrist as I began to stroke him. “I’ve been thinking about all sorts of things. It’s probably a good thing I’m filling you up now...who knows what we’ll end up doing later.”

“Fuck,” he growled, his hips moving involuntarily.

Gods, I loved seeing him like this. I held him there, locked to me as I stroked him over and over.

“I can’t wait to see her take us,” I whispered. “I bet you’ve thought about spanking her, huh?”

His cock jerked, another moan leaving him.

“How are you going to keep your cool with her so close? Her scent will drive you wild...”

“Flurry,” he growled, thrusting into my hand harder.

Each movement tugged on my knot, which felt really good. Good enough that I was still hard inside him, throbbing.

“I wonder if she’s waiting for us now,” I whispered. “We’re almost out of time. You need to come for me so we can go get our girl. I can’t wait to suck your cock and spit your cum into her mouth...”

“Fuck!” he roared, finally releasing.

He moaned as he came, his cum spilling into my hand. He grunted as his orgasm finished, the two of us fully sated.

For now.

Within thirty minutes, we were cleaned up and walking out the stadium doors.

“There she is,” I said to him.

We both spotted our date across the parking lot. She gave us a wave; her smile was like a beam of sunshine even from here.

“There’s our princess.”

CHAPTER 3

KLAUS

I breathed in Holly's sweet scent as she stepped through the doorway of my home. Flurry took her midnight-blue peacoat off like the gentleman he was, despite absolutely railing me in the showers only a bit ago.

I still felt a prick of guilt over losing my cool during practice. The good news was—Ehrokk was fine. The puck had left a nasty bruise on his ribcage, but the orc was tough.

Flurry knew how to push my buttons, but that was one reason I loved him. He also knew how to excite me...All his talk about Holly had sent me over the edge.

We'd met her in the parking lot after practice before all piling into my car. The drive here felt like it had taken forever yet at the same time, it felt like it passed by in the blink of an eye. All three of us were nervous because this was new, but it was also thrilling. I was truly flustered for the first time in my life, which had even shown up in practice.

There was something about Holly. I wanted to know her, to know more about her, and I knew Flurry did, too. He'd been crushing on her for so long, I'd even teased him about it when we were together.

Her being in the locker room had really just been the opening we needed to finally ask her out.

And now, here we were.

The woman I had been pining over for weeks was in my home with me and my secret mate.

Holly's eyes widened as we stepped into the living room. The fire was already roaring in the hearth, the massive vault ceiling flickering with the warm light. My house was a modern cabin with an open design, a rustic finish that reminded me of my childhood. Still, it had never felt like home until Flurry was in it.

And now Holly, too.

I wasn't oblivious to the tug in my heart. The moment I smelled her scent, I'd known. Holly belonged with us. She just didn't know it yet.

"So this is his massive house," Flurry said. "He even has a butler. All that seasoned hockey player money."

"Shut up," I grumbled. "Marco isn't a butler. He's a chef."

"Who also cleans your house, runs your schedule, and keeps you from turning into a complete grump like Coach."

He wasn't wrong.

I had hardly slept last night thinking about this date. Instead, I had planned out the menu for our date and Marco would prepare the meal. Everything would be perfect.

I was starving, and I knew that Flurry was, as well. It would be a beautiful meal with vintage wine and the excitement of discovering every single thing we could about the human.

I had many, *many* questions.

"Old man Klaus has to have everything perfect," Flurry teased.

In one swift motion, I grabbed one of his tusks and pulled his face close to mine, letting out a low growl. His eyes widened, the scent of lust already filling the room.

"You best behave before I bend you over my knee," I said. "We're entertaining a lady, *Frank*. Act like it."

He wrinkled his nose at the use of his first name. I released him and chuckled, refocusing on Holly. Her pretty brown eyes were as wide as saucers, her red lips parted.

“Follow me,” I said, holding out my clawed hand.

She slipped her smooth palm against mine, so much smaller. All I could think of for a moment was her attempting to grip my cock.

I, too, had to behave.

I led her through the living room to the dining room. She gasped at the view from the large windows overlooking the forest below. Part of the reason I had bought this house was because of that view.

The sun was setting, casting a fiery fuchsia tone over the evergreens in the distance. I could see snow clouds rolling in slowly over the city. There was a storm coming, but we had plenty of time for our date.

“Wow,” she said. “*Wow*. This is stunning. Way better than my apartment.” She let out a soft, feminine chuckle and walked closer to the windows. Her expression was dreamy, enchanting me.

I wanted her to look at us that way.

Flurry bumped my shoulder with his, his hands gripping mine for a moment. I held him, the two of us watching her.

Part of being a monster meant that when we found *the one*, we knew immediately. It was easy to jump off the deep end. But humans usually needed more time than us. I had an old friend who had retired from the NMHL once he found his mate. His entire life had changed in a matter of three days.

Now that we had found Holly, what would happen?

It's only the first date. Relax.

“Thanks for meeting us here instead of at a restaurant,” Flurry said.

“Of course. I know how everyone is,” she said, turning back towards us. “There are some people that would...not be pleased I was even here.”

I felt a flicker of concern, but Flurry didn't seem to.

He snorted, unphased. “May the rumors abound. How about I crack open some wine? Or are you a cocktail gal?”

“Wine sounds wonderful.” She grinned at him, lighting up the whole room.

Flurry winked at me and left for the kitchen. I stood there awkwardly for a moment, unsure of what to do with myself. I had so many questions for her and no idea how to ask them. What if I said something wrong?

She came closer to me, her cheeks pink with blush. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course,” I said.

“How come you and Flurry don’t just date openly? I know it’s none of my business, but it’s not like it’s against the rules. Right?”

I raised my hand and tapped the end of her nose, making her laugh. “Because then little journalists like yourself would follow us way more. And I am a private creature. Plus the two of us are on the same team, so it could be an issue.”

“That makes sense,” she said. “Sorry to pry.”

“You can ask us anything. Can I ask you something, Holly?”

“Yes,” she whispered. “Of course.”

“I thought you were going to run away from us yesterday, but you came here. On this date. Why?”

She exhaled slowly, her eyes meeting mine. “I want you. Both of you. Clearly, as you *smelled* yesterday, which is kind of embarrassing. But...I feel a pull. It’s hard to explain.”

“Nothing to be embarrassed about, Holly,” I whispered. I stepped closer to her, cupping her face gently. She leaned up on the tip of her toes, although that didn’t make much a difference. I was much taller than her.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about the locker room,” she whispered. “It wasn’t just seeing you together, there was something else too. I’ve never felt this way before. It’s like...”

“You’re desperate for our touch?” I asked.

“Yes,” she breathed.

I ran my hands down the curves of her body, fighting every carnal thought. I had a dirty mind and planned to use it...but later.

Still...I leaned down, my lips almost bushing hers. “Do you want me to kiss you?”

“Very much so,” she whispered.

“Have you ever kissed a krampus before?”

“No,” she breathed out. “But I’m sure I can figure it out.”

“Or I can teach you.”

“Oh yes,” she said. “Teach me everything you know.”

Her teasing only made me hard. I slid my claws into her chestnut curls, gripping gently. A soft moan parted her lush lips, her eyes fluttering.

She was stunning. I was enamored by her as I leaned in, teasing her lips with the tip of my long tongue. She gasped, her cheeks full blushing now. And oh, how I loved that shade of red.

Her tongue met mine tentatively at first, but then she tipped her head back, seeming to realize what I intended to do. I thrust my tongue deeper, tasting her as I pushed it down her throat. Holly moaned, her fingers gripping my fur as she took me, as if deep-throating a cock.

I pulled back with a low growl, pressing my forehead to hers. She was panting, her fingers still knotted against me.

“That was different,” she rasped.

I could smell her arousal. The delicious scent that had been haunting me since yesterday.

I couldn’t wait to taste every part of her.

A throat cleared, and we both looked up, seeing our smirking yeti. Flurry held up three glasses of wine. “Sorry to interrupt.”

“You’re not,” she said, clearly embarrassed. “Oh gods. Is it okay that we did that? We haven’t really talked about anything.”

“Yes, it’s more than okay,” Flurry said. “We wouldn’t have asked you on a date with us if it wasn’t.”

“Flurry and I are mates,” I said. “But...” I trailed off.

Did I tell her now about my suspicions? I’d already told Flurry all about them.

“No pressure,” Flurry said. “But we suspect you are our mate as well, Holly.”

“Mate...”

“Yes. How about you come take this wine, snow angel, and we can talk about everything over dinner?”

She nodded and went to him, taking her glass of wine. I gave Flurry a nod. “I’ll join in a moment. I’m going to check on the food.”

Flurry smirked and led her back to the living room. I watched them go, warmth flooding through me.

Just a taste of her was already sending me over the edge.

I drew in a steadying breath and went to the kitchen. Marco, a grumbly old vampire that had an obsession with cooking, was pulling out a dish from the oven. Marco wasn’t a butler, despite what Flurry thought, but he did a lot for me. More than I could have ever dreamed. He’d been with me for three years now and kept my diet on track for the seasons.

“I smell potatoes,” I said, my mouth watering.

“Of course. I figure you could use some carbs after all of your recent *workouts*,” he said. He leaned back against the marbled countertop, slinging a dish towel over his shoulder. He raised a dark brow. “That’s the last of the food. Are you certain you need nothing else?”

“No, take the night off,” I chuckled. “Get some fresh air before the storm hits.”

He snorted. “Right. Have fun with your date, Klaus. She smells delicious.”

In the blink of an eye, he turned into a black bat. I shook my head as he flew past me, heading for the front door. I heard it open and close, his vampire abilities allowing him to do such things.

Now the three of us were truly alone.

I stood there for a moment, letting the feeling rush through me. I couldn’t wait to get to know her more.

I took a few minutes to set all the food out on the table, listening to the trickle of her laughter through the house. Flurry’s chuckles followed, his voice carrying.

It felt right with them here.

“Food is ready!” I called.

I felt a flutter of nerves as they came back to the dining room. It was silly for me to feel so giddy, but I couldn’t help it.

I was about to sit down for dinner with the two people I wanted most in the world.

CHAPTER 4

HOLLY

Between Flurry and Klaus, I was a complete goner.

Never in a million years had I expected to end up going to dinner with two of the hottest hockey players in the world. I also hadn't expected to feel the way I did with them.

Since the moment I said yes to this date yesterday, I thought about canceling several times. Now that I was here, I was glad I'd chosen to still show up. I was so embarrassed by the way we met, but neither one of them seemed to care.

My stomach fluttered as I took a sip of my wine, my cheeks flushing. The food, the house, the conversations—everything was more than I had ever dreamed of. Both of them were romantic, while also being sexier than anyone should be able to be.

I glanced up at the massive windows that overlooked the forest outside. The snow clouds were getting closer, the wind howling. Part of me wondered if I should check the forecast. The other part of me wasn't against getting stuck here with these two...

"So," Flurry said. "Our relationship."

"You don't have to tell me," I said, swallowing hard. "I don't want to pry and—"

"We both want you, Holly, so I think it should be part of our conversation," Klaus said. "It's not you prying."

I nodded. I was so used to being the annoying reporter everyone wanted out of the room. It was something that I had

mostly come to terms with, but I was struggling with the idea that I would appear too nosy to them.

“*Holly*,” Flurry said softly.

The way he said my name had me all twisted up.

“I know that you’re a reporter and we’re hockey players, but that’s only one part of who all of us are. A date is for learning about those other parts.”

I nodded, breathing out. “You’re right. Sorry. I just don’t want you to feel like I’m trying to find out all your secrets or something.”

Klaus chuckled. “I’ll tell you all my secrets...if you tell me all yours.”

I wrinkled my nose and smiled. “I see how it is.”

The tension finally melted away. I took a bite of one of the roasted potatoes and groaned. It was absolutely perfect. Garlic butter chicken, roasted root vegetables, a Greek salad, and soft rolls spread out on the table, all delicious.

I could feel both of them watching me.

Flurry cleared his throat, raking his claws through his fur. “Right. That’s a pleasant sound. I need my brain to work.”

I winked at him. I enjoyed seeing him so flustered.

“Klaus and I have been dating for a while. And we are mates, but we are both certain that there is something between the three of us. We both want you, want to be with you, want to know you. I loved watching the two of you kiss,” Flurry said. “It was hot. It turned me on. And I’m pretty certain Klaus would love to watch us kiss, too.”

“I would,” he confirmed. “I’d like to see a lot more than kissing.”

My pussy throbbed at the thought of doing more. Already, kissing Klaus had been one of the hottest things I’d ever done. It made my sexy times with my ex look like a bucket of vanilla ice cream.

“What kind of things do you like, *Holly*?” Klaus asked.

“Do you mean like...sex things?”

“Yes,” they both said.

Fuck me. I felt like I was going to faint. I took another sip of wine, trying to gather coherent thoughts that weren't simply *‘anything the two of you want to do to me’*.

The thing was, there were many things that I've always wanted to do. Many kinks that I have never been able to explore. And now that I was dating again, I promised myself I would make sure to try things I wanted.

I had a feeling that these two monsters could bring every fantasy of mine to life.

“I love being spanked,” I said. “For starters. Well, I love the idea of being spanked. I haven't been able to do a lot of exploration because I was with someone for a while and, well...we didn't do much. But I love the idea of being man-handled, especially as a plus-sized woman. Blindfolded, maybe some wax play.”

“What about being called a good girl?” Flurry asked.

“That sounds hot,” I whispered.

“What about being called a *naughty* girl?” Klaus asked.

“That also sounds hot,” I said, squeezing my thighs together.

“Is there anything that is a definite no for you?”

“I think that with degradation, I'm only open to going so far. And I don't like the idea of being humiliated.”

“Communication is key,” Klaus said, giving Flurry a look I couldn't quite understand. “And I'm glad that you told us that. You should never be afraid to tell us if something doesn't work for you.”

“Kink is about getting what you want and satisfying a deeper part of you,” Flurry said. “I've learned so much about myself since I've been with Klaus. He's a wonderful teacher.”

“I'm going to be very blunt, Holly,” Klaus said.

I looked at him, holding his dark gaze. “Okay. I like blunt.”

“We want you. We want to fuck you. We want to please you and explore this instant connection we are feeling. But is that what you want? There is no pressure on doing anything tonight other than enjoying a meal together. What would you like to do?”

“All I’ve been able to think about since I saw you in the locker room is getting on my knees with Flurry,” I said. Klaus let out a low rumble, clearly pleased. “And I want to be with both of you. I desperately want to do...everything.”

Flurry chuckled, leaning back in his chair as he looked at Klaus.

“I told you,” Klaus said. “Fate always finds a way.”

I wasn’t exactly sure what he meant by that, although he had mentioned *fate* and *mate* several times now. I knew monsters were a little different from humans. I’d heard about the bonds that could happen between two or more people, and it was something that was not normal for humans. If that’s what they were talking about, then I might have been biting off more than I could chew.

But I also couldn’t find a shred of desire to leave.

“So,” Klaus chuckled. “How did you end up becoming a sports journalist?”

“I’ve always loved sports,” I said. “I love writing and taking pictures. I started off covering local high school sports, and finally last year got promoted to covering the NMHL. I love covering the triumphs and failures, and seeing resilience and sportsmanship. Also, the fights don’t hurt.”

“You’re really good at it,” Flurry said. “I’ve read some of your stuff. Although you were a little harsh on Coach last season.”

I winced. “Sorry?”

“Don’t be,” Klaus snorted. “The old gargoyle needs some pressure sometimes.”

“Do you have any family?” Flurry asked.

I shook my head, feeling a stab of sadness. “No. Not that I speak to, anyway. I was engaged and close with his family, but... that didn’t work out. He cheated on me.” I sighed, taking a sip of wine. “And that’s the only time I’ll mention that.”

“His loss,” Flurry growled, glowering. “Our gain. I’m sorry that happened, Holly.”

“It’s okay. Like you said, his loss. What about the two of you? Well...I know you have family. But not much about them.”

“Too much family,” Flurry mumbled. “I have three brothers and four sisters. And all of them are a handful.”

“I have to say I’m an only child to two krampus’,” Klaus said. “Ma and Pa are very proud and good parents. And I have cousins I talk to sometimes.”

“Ah, yes. An only child,” Flurry teased. “Everything makes sense now.”

“Shush.” He rolled his eyes, but smiled. “I think they’d love both of you.”

“How could they not? We’re amazing,” Flurry said.

I grinned. I quite liked the idea of knowing their families... maybe one day. I could dream, right? Having a family of my own was something I’d always wanted, especially since it had never really been something I’d had.

“Do you want kids?” I asked.

Fuck. Maybe it was too soon to ask that.

“I like this. Asking the big questions first,” Flurry said. “I want many kids. A whole bunch of them. I want to have a whole cluster of children and be the sports dad that teaches them how to play hockey or whatever.”

“I also want children...maybe not a whole cluster,” Klaus said. He smiled thoughtfully. “But yes. I would retire, though.”

A silence settled over the table. Flurry was clearly shocked, staring at him in disbelief.

“You’d retire?” Flurry asked. “You’d give it all up?”

“Yes. I would want to be there for every moment. And I’ve made plenty of money, clearly. That doesn’t mean anyone else would have to retire. Besides, my time is coming. I can’t play hockey forever.”

Flurry was still startled. Finally, he seemed to relax. “You’d become the guy on the diaper commercials.”

“Happily,” Klaus snorted. “Easy paycheck. ”

I smiled, listening to their banter as we ate and talked. There was something about being with them that just felt right.



After dinner, I followed Klaus to the massive couch in the living room. Flurry brought in three steaming mugs of hot chocolate with whipped cream on top. I grinned as he handed me one.

“I feel spoiled.” I sighed happily. It was perfectly cozy here, and I couldn’t complain about being fed by two handsome monsters. “Dinner was wonderful. This is too. Thank you.”

Flurry grinned and sat down next to me on my left. Klaus was on my right. I was now sandwiched between the two of them.

The fire crackled in the hearth; the lights dimmed. It was cozy and warm. I let out a low hum as I took a sip of the hot chocolate.

“This is perfect,” I said.

“It really is,” Flurry agreed. “I think Klaus has outdone himself.”

Klaus rolled his eyes, but smiled, his sharp teeth gleaming. “I do like dates. And we have Marco to thank for the wonderful dinner.”

“That we do,” I said, relaxing between them.

“That being said...I think the storm is going to be more intense than we thought,” Flurry said. “After hot chocolate, would you like us to take you home?”

My heart beat a little faster.

Did I want to go?

“I think I’ll stay if you’d both like me to,” I said.

“You might be stuck with us for the night,” Flurry said.

“Do you want me to go home?” I asked.

Klaus let out a soft grumble. “No, we don’t. He’s just being a gentleman.”

“Then I’ll stay,” I said, smiling over the rim of the mug.

Every moment that went by, the sexual tension in the room was getting hotter. I glanced from Klaus to Flurry, my imagination already going over all sorts of scenarios.

Of the things they might do to me...

I licked the whipped cream from my upper lip and felt the weight of their gazes on me. Flurry set his hot chocolate on the coffee table in front of us.

“Can I touch you, Holly?” Flurry whispered.

“Yes,” I said.

“Can I undress you?”

“Yes.”

I watched in awe as the hunky yeti slid to the floor in front of me. *Fuck.*

I was wearing knee-high boots over my leggings. He ran his massive hands up my calves, gripping them with ease.

I was already wet.

Klaus moved closer to me, and I leaned against him. My breath hitched as Flurry slowly unzipped my boot and pulled it off, setting it aside. He massaged my calf, drawing out a low moan from me.

“Holy fuck,” I groaned, my head falling back.

He worked my muscles, his hands sliding down my leg to my foot. He started to rub it, working it with just the right amount of pressure.

No one had ever given me a foot massage before. I gasped, pleasure fluttering through me combined with absolute bliss. I felt something hot splash onto my chest and cursed, looking down.

Hot chocolate and whipped cream slid between my breasts.

“Here, let me get that,” Klaus said.

I felt like an absolute idiot. He took the mug from me and set it down, turning my face with his clawed hand.

“I’m going to lick it up,” he said.

“Please,” I whimpered.

I was going to explode. My head fell back on the cushion as Flurry slowly unzipped my other boot, massaging my leg and foot. Klaus leaned down, his tongue slipping between my breasts and lapping up the mess I’d made.

I groaned, my fingers digging into the couch. I sucked in a breath as they doted on me.

Heaven was getting the princess treatment by two hot hockey monsters.

Gods, I could come just from this.

Klaus lifted the hem of my tunic and pulled it up, tossing it to the side. I was wearing a black lace bra underneath, one that he paused to appreciate.

“You’re beautiful,” he huffed. “Lift your hips.”

I did as he asked and he pulled my leggings down. I blushed as they admired me. He leaned down, his tongue

tracing over my stretch marks. I groaned and tried to squeeze my thighs together, but Flurry kept them parted.

“Stunning,” Flurry echoed as he pulled my leggings free. “You’re so wet for us already.”

“Fuck,” I mumbled.

“I want to devour you,” Klaus growled.

“This feels so good,” I moaned as Flurry kept rubbing me. “No one has ever given me a massage before.”

“My poor little snow angel,” Flurry crooned. “I promise to give you all the massages.”

Klaus licked up a trail of hot chocolate from my stomach to my breasts, and then up my neck. I parted my lips for him, taking his tongue like I had earlier. Pleasure and need came in waves as he devoured me, his chest rumbling with another growl.

I bucked my hips as Flurry kissed up my legs. He pushed my thighs apart, spreading them so he could press his face against my pussy.

Klaus drew back, his claws knotting in my dark hair. “How do you feel?” he asked.

“Good,” I whimpered.

“Do you need more, princess?”

“Please,” I said. “I need more.”

He ran his claws over my chest, the sensations sending shivers of anticipation through me. Flurry’s tusks rubbed against my thighs as his tongue rolled out, licking my pussy through the thatch of lace.

“Fuck,” I groaned.

“She’s so ready for us,” Flurry said.

“Be a good girl for us, princess, and turn over. Bend over the edge of the couch so he can lick your pussy and I can use your mouth,” Klaus said.

“Okay,” I whispered.

I did as he asked and turned over onto my knees, bracing my arms on the back of the couch. Klaus stood and came around as Flurry slowly pulled down my panties.

“I want to bite your ass,” Flurry mumbled. “But not yet.”

I moaned as I felt his tongue between my thighs, running over my pussy. The sound of Klaus’ belt being undone turned me on even more. I looked up at him as he undid his pants, pushing them down. He stripped completely, his cock coming free.

“*Oh,*” I gasped.

I’d been shocked in the locker room, and I was shocked again here. His cock was even more enthralling up close.

He reached down, gripping my hair with his claws. He raised my head, holding me firmly.

“Part those pretty lips, princess. I want you to suck me while he pleases you. How does that sound?”

“That sounds perfect,” I breathed.

“*Good girl.*”

CHAPTER 5

FLURRY

I gripped Holly's soft thighs as she took Klaus' cock between her lips. Klaus met my gaze with a groan, pleasure shooting through me as I watched him take her. The firelight flickered over us, highlighting every beautiful curve of her body.

I drank in the sight of them.

My cock was throbbing with need, my knot desperate for her. But not yet. I needed a taste of her, to feel her come for me before she took a cock the size of mine.

I wasn't sure she'd be able to...But that was a later us problem. And we would certainly give it our best try.

I leaned forward, my tongue dipping between her thighs. Her back arched with a surprised sound as I licked her pussy, the taste of her sending my every instinct and sense over the edge.

Being with the two of them added a different energy, one that was carnal. My claws dug into her soft skin as I circled her clit, my tusks rubbing against her.

Klaus pulled back, letting her breathe for a moment. She let out a soft whimper and gasp.

"Fuck, this feels good," she rasped.

"You taste so good, snow angel." I drove my tongue inside her.

She cried out, her muscles shivering as I thrust it in and out. I reached down to touch my cock as I did so, but Klaus let out a low snarl.

“I don’t think so, Flurry. You’re not to touch yourself yet,” he said, his dark eyes glowering. His horns stretched above him, glinting menacingly.

Hell, he turned me on when he was like this.

Mentally, I cursed up a storm. But, I’d listen, of course. Right now, I was enjoying the feeling of submitting to him while tasting the woman who was bound to change our lives.

Still, I held up a hand and flipped him off. Klaus raised a furry brow, but smirked.

“Such a naughty boy, aren’t you? Make her come, Flurry.”

Her moans grew louder as I continued to ravage her. I reached around and cupped her breasts, teasing them as I fucked her with my tongue. Klaus grabbed her hair and thrust his cock forward, filling her mouth.

She was taking us so well.

I could feel pre-cum dripping down my cock. I moaned, my eyes fluttering as I took her. I could feel her pussy milking me, pulsing and squeezing.

Fuck, the sounds she made. They were delicious.

Klaus pulled back with a growl. “Turn over, princess. Let him please you.”

“What about you—”

I flipped her over with ease. She squealed, her eyes widening as they met mine. She was now sitting, her back against the cushion, and pussy right there just for me. Her cheeks were flushed, her nipples hard.

“My gods,” she giggled. “I’ve never been man-handled like this. Or...monster-handled?”

I smirked. “You like that, huh?”

“More than I can say,” she said.

Klaus chuckled and leaned over the couch, cupping her face gently. “Should I hold you in place?”

She swallowed hard, parting her thighs for me. Her pussy glistened, wet with arousal. I admired everything about her, completely floored that this gorgeous woman was sharing the night with us.

“Fuck, Holly,” I whispered. “You are so godsdamned beautiful.”

“You are,” Klaus whispered softly.

For a grumpy bastard, he sure could be sweet. I leaned down, tracing her inner thigh with the tip of my tongue. She whimpered, squeezing her thighs together—but Klaus leaned forward, his hands gripping her knees and keeping them spread as far apart as possible.

“Sorry, baby girl,” I murmured, “But, you’re not escaping us. You’re going to have to just sit there and come for us like a good girl.”

Her head fell back as I buried my tongue deep inside her. I carefully used the pad of my thumb to rub her clit in circles, teasing her.

“Fuck,” she cried.

“Such a bad word,” Klaus said. “Our good girl has such a naughty mouth.”

She whimpered, her hips moving, body writhing. Klaus kept her in place for me, even as her fingers curled into my hair.

“I’m about to—*fuck*—”

Her voice echoed through the house as she came, her pussy clenching my tongue. I groaned against her. The feeling of her orgasm on my tongue nearly made me burst.

I drew back, licking my lips. She melted into the cushion, panting heavily.

“You’re stunning when you come, snow angel,” I murmured, kissing her pussy gently.

She shook her head. “The two of you are going to drive me crazy.”

“We plan to,” Klaus said, kissing her forehead. “Again, Flurry.”

I grinned. “As you wish, *sir*.”

The way he looked at me told me I’d be getting a spanking sooner rather than later.

I traced her stomach with my tongue, kissing all the way back down to her pussy.

“Flurry,” she whimpered.

“Yes, baby?” I asked, just barely touching her clit with the tip of my tongue.

It was like a lightning bolt through her. She moaned, her head falling back helplessly.

“You’re so sensitive,” Klaus said. “Do it again, Flurry.”

I did as he asked and she cried out, her hips jerking. We held her in place.

All I wanted to do was knot her to me, but I had to hold out...

I ate her out again, lapping at her, drowning in the taste of her perfect little cunt. She writhed and groaned, huffing as more pleasure rolled through her.

I breathed her in, her scent driving me wild. I circled her clit with my thumb again, more intensely this time.

“Fuck,” she growled.

“Don’t fight it,” Klaus said, his voice low and gravelly. “Don’t fight it, princess. You deserve every orgasm you can have. Let him please you. Let him fuck you with his tongue.”

She cried out, another orgasm rocking through her. I held onto her, feeling every muscle go from tense to completely relaxed. I leaned back on my haunches, enjoying the sight before me.

Klaus was like the devil on her shoulder, his smile wicked. “Have you ever been knotted, princess?” he asked.

“No,” she panted. “No. Never.”

Her gaze met mine...and then slid down to my cock. I reached down, stroking myself in front of her, using the pre-cum to lube myself.

We'd need a lot more, though.

"Stay like this," Klaus said, reading my mind. "Both of you. You can stroke yourself, Flurry."

I nodded, a low growl rumbling in my chest. He winked and left us, going to get everything we'd need.

"I want you," she whispered. "I want to feel you inside of me."

Fuck. "Angel," I groaned. Her words were teasing me, taunting me.

And she seemed to realize that.

"I can't wait to take you," she said. "Every inch. And I've never been knotted before..."

"If you keep taunting me like this, I won't wait for Klaus," I growled.

She only smiled. And it was a beautiful fucking smile, one that melted every single part of me.

"Please," she whispered. "I need to feel you."

I stroked my cock harder, my breath hitching. "Remember that when you're screaming my name."

I heard Klaus' hooves on the hardwoods as he came back to us holding lube and a couple of soft towels. Part of me was surprised he hadn't brought a flogger or paddle with him...but the night was still young.

I drew in a quick breath as more pleasure rolled through me. I was holding on by a string. I desperately wanted to bury my cock inside of her. I looked up at Klaus as he came around the couch.

"I actually think we should move this to the bedroom," he said. "For comfortability."

I nodded and then, before Holly could get up, I picked her up and tossed her over my massive shoulders.

“Holy shit,” she gasped, laughing.

Her laughter brought me an insane amount of joy.

I carried her to the bedroom, becoming painfully aware of Klaus’ gaze on my ass as he followed.

I went down the long hall, enjoying the way she gasped as she saw all Klaus’ medals and posters. I went through the massive door at the end of the hall and into the bedroom, carrying her straight to the giant bed at the center.

Certainly large enough for all three of us to do all sorts of activities in.

I plopped her into the center beneath me, crawling on top, pinning her in place. Her eyes widened, and she smiled, reaching up and gripping my tusks.

“Kiss me,” she whispered.

“With pleasure.”

Pleasure rippled through my muscles as I kissed her, the taste of her absolutely divine. I felt the bed dip behind me as Klaus positioned himself, reaching around my hips with a lubed hand to stroke my cock.

“Fuck,” I mumbled against her lips.

She smiled as she kept kissing me, her hands roaming over my massive chest.

“You’re so fucking hard for her,” Klaus said.

She spread her legs, cupping my face. “I need you inside of me,” she whispered.

Between the two of them, I wasn’t sure how long I’d last.

I groaned as Klaus began to stroke my cock, getting me closer and closer to the edge. He knew what he was doing, pushing me. I had a lot of self-control, but it was slowly slipping away. I needed to fuck her *now*.

“Holly,” I moaned. “Are you sure you want me?”

“I want you,” she said. “I want both of you. Please fuck me. Please.”

Her pleas sent a bolt of pleasure and need so strong I felt weak for a moment.

“I’m going to fuck him while he fucks you,” Klaus announced.

Fuck. Of course he was.

I reached down, positioning the head of my cock against her entrance. She moaned, her arms looping around my neck as I slowly began to push into her.

“You’re so tight,” I groaned.

“You’re so big,” she countered, gasping as she took just the head of my cock.

“Take it slow,” Klaus warned. “She’s human.”

“I know.”

I grunted as I held her gaze, watching as her lips parted on a gasp. She took more of my cock, squeezing me so damn tight. Every muscle in my body was coiled up tight, pleasure pounding through me. She felt so fucking good.

Holly whimpered, lifting her hips ever-so-slightly. “More,” she moaned. “I can take you.”

I growled, digging my claws into the blankets. I gave one thrust, filling her as much as I could. Her legs wrapped around my hips, holding me to her as she stretched around my yeti girth.

“You’re taking him so well,” Klaus said.

I leaned down, sucking on one of her nipples as I moved. She cried out as I dragged my cock back and then thrust into her again, filling her. I started slowly, giving her time to truly adjust.

I felt Klaus’ tongue on my ass, just the tip.

“Ah, fuck,” I grunted. “You’re going to make me come too fast.”

Klaus chuckled. “Then get a grip on yourself.”

Holly laughed and then groaned as I fucked her harder. Klaus gripped my ass and shoved his tongue inside of me, all while I fucked our human.

Her long hair splayed out around her, cheeks flushed and lips parted on a cry. I closed my eyes for a moment, the feeling of them both driving me closer and closer to the edge.

His tongue moved in and out of me, my cock pumped in and out of her. Over and over, a rhythm of bliss overtaking the three of us.

“I’m about to come,” Holly moaned.

“Come for us,” I rasped.

Holly curled her fingers into my chest fur, gripping hard as she cried out. I gasped as I felt her come, her cunt squeezing me like a vise.

I couldn’t take it anymore.

I thrust in and out of her through her orgasm and then buried myself deep inside of her, growling as I came. My hot cum spilled inside her, filling her quickly.

Klaus pulled back, clearly admiring us.

“That was amazing,” Holly huffed.

“We’re nowhere near done yet,” Klaus said.

She raised her head. “Oh?”

“Oh yes,” he said, his tone devilish.

I smirked as I pulled out of her, and then pressed my face between her thighs. She gasped as I drove my tongue into her, lapping up all of my cum.

Instead of swallowing it, I held it in my mouth, gathering up as much as I could. I raised my head, hovering over Holly.

For a moment, I felt a flicker of panic that she wouldn’t want to do what I had in mind. But she opened her mouth for me, nodding.

Fuck.

Fucking hell, she was perfect.

I spit my cum into her mouth.

“Don’t swallow. Give it to our krampus. A little holiday gift.”

She held my yeti seed in her mouth as she sat up. Klaus sat on the bed, his long legs stretched out and cock hard. She straddled his lap and gripped his horns like a fucking goddess, French kissing him and giving him my cum. He groaned against her, the head of his cock tracing over her pussy. She pulled back with a gasp, licking her lips.

She looked back at me, her eyes wide. “Your cum tastes like peppermint.”

I raised my brows, exchanging a knowing look with Klaus. Yeti cum only tasted like something special to their mates.

My heart skipped a beat. Instead of saying that aloud, I smiled. “Pretty good, huh?”

She smirked. “I’d say so.” She looked down at Klaus’ cock, biting her lower lip. “Are you going to fuck me?”

“Yes. But not until you’re begging me to,” Klaus said. “Bend over my lap, princess.”

I watched as they moved to the edge of the bed so she could lay across him with more ease. And I, wanting a better view of what was about to happen, opted to grab a chair that sat right in front of them. I settled into it, my hand already sliding to my cock.

“Oh I see,” Holly teased me. “You’re just gonna watch, huh?”

“For now,” I said. “I want to see your ass jiggle as he spansk it.”

She winked at me as she bent over his lap. He slid one arm under her chest, holding her in place as he traced the back of her thighs with his claws.

“How are you feeling, princess?”

His voice was soothing, caring.

“Maybe the best I’ve ever felt...and maybe a little anxious. But in a good way...”

“Is it because you’re bent over a monster’s lap?”

His question hung in the air. Her scent of arousal became stronger.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“You’ve never been spanked, have you?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“But you’ve been a naughty girl, hmm?”

“I have,” she rasped. “I really have.”

“Well. Let’s see what we can do about that.”

CHAPTER 6

KLAUS

My cock throbbed with need as I held Holly over my lap. She let out a soft moan as I rubbed her ass cheeks, admiring them.

Our little princess was absolutely perfect. I squeezed her ass cheeks, warming them up and bringing blood to the surface. Watching Flurry take her nearly made me come, but I had a lot of self control. Enough of it to last through spanking her and then making her come again.

Then I'd fill her.

I bit back a groan as I continued. Her scent was intoxicating, her little noises driving me wild. I looked up at my mate. He watched us with a raw intensity, stroking his thick cock. My mouth watered at his scent, too.

Between the both of them, I felt like all of my primal senses were going wild. There was a deep-rooted need to breed them both.

I cupped her ass and squeezed it before lifting my hand, slapping one of her cheeks. She moaned as I struck it again, this time harder. Her ass jiggled and my cock throbbed, watching as my handprint bloomed on her skin.

"Fuck," she whimpered.

"How does that feel?"

"Good," she squeaked. "I want more."

My grin was entirely devilish. "And more you shall receive."

I spanked her other ass cheek, finding a rhythm between the two. Impact play was still one of my favorite kinks to act on, especially when the partner was so enthusiastic. She gasped as I spanked her harder, the sound of my hand on her ass echoing through the room.

She squeezed her thighs together, writhing against me. Her ass was bright red now. I growled in satisfaction at the sight of my hand imprinted on her soft skin.

I spanked her again and again until she cried out, trembling. I then slid my hand down between her thighs, slipped two fingers inside her wet pussy with ease.

“My, my,” I whispered. “Such a naughty girl. You’re so wet from being spanked, princess.”

She bucked against my hand, moaning. I thrust my fingers in and out, working her pussy. I tightened my grip around her with my other arm, holding her in place as I worked her little cunt, listening to her cries rise. I could feel her trembling, her muscles tensing.

Right as she arched her back, I pulled my fingers free.

“What the fuck?” she rasped.

I heard a little fire in her voice. I slapped her ass hard, enjoying her curses.

“I was so close.”

“I know,” I said. “Ask me to let you come.”

She lifted her head, turning to look up at me. Her dark brown eyes held feistiness, as if she’d be able to win me over right now. “No,” she said. “What if I don’t want to?”

Flurry let out an amused snort. “Are you going to be a brat, snow angel?”

She bit her lower lip, fighting back a smile.

“Brats are naughty?” she asked.

“Yes,” I grumbled. “And to answer your question, if you don’t ask, then you don’t get to come.”

And that just seemed to confirm that she wanted to be a brat.

“If you don’t ask now, then you’ll be begging later,” I warned.

Of course, that didn’t do anything. Instead, she started to move off my lap. I growled, holding her in place.

“Where do you think you’re going, naughty girl?”

“Away from you,” she answered, wriggling.

I chuckled, and in one swift motion, lifted her up. She squealed as I turned her with ease, holding her upside down by her calves.

“Fuck,” she yelped.

I laughed, holding her in place.

“If you want to be a brat, then be a brat,” I said. “But face the consequences of being monster-handled.”

Instead of asking me to put her down like I expected, or even begging me to, she did something else entirely. She reached out and grabbed my cock, shocking me to my core. I cursed as she brought the tip to her mouth.

Flurry stood up and came to us. But instead of gripping her like I expected, he moved behind me and knelt, grabbing my ass cheeks.

Fuck. Both of them were in it to surprise me, apparently. I growled as she sucked my cock, and in the same moment, Flurry pressed his tongue against my ass.

“Fuck you both,” I snarled.

I received a couple of muted laughs. I smirked despite myself, tipping my head back as pleasure rolled through my body. Being pleased by both of them at the same time was a sort of bliss I’d never experienced before.

I readjusted my grip on her, wrapped my arms around her hips. Her pussy was right there in front of my face, her scent driving me wild as she continued to suck me.

Flurry's tongue worked its magic, the two of them drawing out a growl from me. My hips bucked, thrusting into her mouth.

She gasped and then moaned. Flurry pulled back. I took the moment to turn, laying her on the bed. I reached down and lifted her head for a moment, enjoying the dazed look in her eyes.

Flurry moved onto the bed next to her, stretching out so he could watch us. His cock was hard again, his cum dripping from the tip as he stroked himself.

“Open your mouth, brat,” I commanded.

She clamped it shut.

A dark laugh left me.

She was cute, but she wasn't going to stop me.

I shook my head and leaned down, letting out my most menacing growl. She blushed even more, her eyes widening. I grabbed her jaw, forcing her lips to part as I moved over her, guiding my cock into her mouth.

Holly moaned as I thrust into her, my cock moving down her throat. I could see the bulge in her neck, her nipples hardening, and fingers digging into the blankets.

I reached for her pussy as I fucked her mouth, rubbing her clit with two fingers. She writhed and bucked, choking on my cock as I sent her over the edge. She screamed around me as she came, her hands lifting and gripping my thighs.

“Beautiful,” Flurry murmured huskily, watching us and jerking his cock faster.

I continued to pump into her, enjoying the way she trembled with the aftermath of her orgasms. I was getting close, so fucking close. My eyes shut, a growl tearing through me.

I wanted to come inside her.

I pulled back quickly, cupping her head as she caught her breath. Saliva wet her face, her chest rising and falling quickly

with pants.

“Get on all fours, ass facing me,” I snarled.

She did as I asked this time, turning over. Flurry moved closer to her, grabbing a handful of her hair.

“Fuck,” she moaned.

I knelt on the edge of the bed and positioned my cock, thrusting into her in one motion. She cried out, her back arching as she took me. I growled as I went as deep as I could, pulling back and doing it again.

She reached for Flurry’s cock and he moved closer so she could suck him while I fucked her. I groaned as I pounded into her, giving her as much as I could with each thrust.

“She’s taking you so well,” Flurry said. “How does it feel knowing my cum is inside her too?”

The carnal part of me reveled in it. Knowing that I was pumping his cum, already inside her, even deeper.

“Choke on it, angel,” he whispered to her.

His words sounded so damn sweet. She took his cock deeper, her head moving up and down.

My claws came out, digging into her hips and leaving red marks. She moaned as she took me, her pussy gripping me. Her cunt throbbed around me, her ass red from her spankings.

Fuck, I was going to lose it.

I thrust harder until I let out a guttural roar, hot cum shooting inside of her. Flurry growled too, his head falling back as he came in her mouth, filling her with me.

I finished and sat there for a moment, breathing deep. Holly pulled her mouth off Flurry’s cock, swallowing his cum with a moan. I gently pulled back, watching as our seed dripped from her cunt.

It was the perfect sight.

She collapsed onto the bed and I laid down next to her, sandwiching her between us as we all caught our breaths.

“That was amazing,” she whispered.

I turned my head, watching her. Warmth spread through me, the type of warmth I’d only ever felt with Flurry. Her dark hair stuck to her face, a sheen of sweat glistening on her skin.

Flurry slid his hand over her hip, gently stroking her. He met my gaze and winked.

“I have an idea,” Flurry said.

“I like ideas,” she whispered.

I smiled, slipping my hand into hers. She smiled back, letting out a satisfied sigh.

“I think we all should have some water, a shower, and then hot chocolate and a movie,” Flurry proposed.

“Deal,” she said.

“Excellent idea,” I agreed.

Really, everything about tonight had gone better than I could have ever dreamed.

CHAPTER 7

HOLLY

The scent of sizzling bacon wafted up my nose, rousing me from sleep. I tried to roll over, but I was trapped between two sturdy bodies.

Flurry *and* Klaus.

The three of us were naked, snuggled together in their monstrous sized bed. There was more than enough room, but they'd plastered themselves on either side of me when we finally called it a night.

The memories of all the ways they'd fucked me flooded my mind, making me clench my thighs together. I was sore, but it was a pleasant type of sore. A lingering reminder of them. It wasn't like I needed a reminder, though. Being spit roasted by a yeti and krampus wasn't something you forgot.

"Holly," Flurry groaned, sliding a rough palm over my bare waist. "You have to get yourself under control, angel. I can't go for another round right now."

Shit. I forgot about their whole 'I can smell your arousal' thing. I fought back a smile.

Klaus wrapped his arm around me, reaching for Flurry's hand. I watched as their fingers intertwined together. "I agree with the yeti, Princess. You ran us ragged."

I giggled and snuggled deeper into the bed. "Trust me. Sex is the last thing on my mind. I am hungry, though."

Klaus sighed. "Marco *will* be pissed if we let the food get cold."

Flurry planted a soft kiss on my head, then rolled out of bed. I couldn't help but steal a glance at his muscular back and tight, furry ass as he strolled into the bathroom.

"He truly is a work of art," Klaus said.

I could hear the adoration in his voice, the love for his mate.

"He is." I twined my fingers with Klaus'. "And you are too."

A pleased sound rumbled out of his chest, a deep, gravelly purr that made my limbs feel heavy.

Flurry returned from the bathroom and beamed at us. "He must like you, snow angel."

He was wearing a blue robe with the Growlers' logo embroidered on the chest, and he passed one to Klaus and me.

"Sorry," Klaus said, noticing that I was swimming in a sea of blue fleece. "I'll make sure to order one in your size."

My heart stuttered.

Order one in my size...

It was a clear indicator that *this*—whatever it was—would happen again.

Flurry grabbed my hand to help me out of bed, his significantly larger one practically swallowing mine whole. I liked that they were bigger. For the first time in my life, it was nice to feel small—dainty, even. Knowing that they could manhandle me, throw me over their shoulders and toss me around, was such a turn on.

Flurry's grip tightened, and I looked up at him, noticing his flaring nostrils. His expanded pupils obscured his blue eyes.

Oh, right. The arousal thing.

"Sorry," I murmured. I could feel the blush creeping up my chest, along my neck, until it warmed the apples of my cheeks.

He ran his thumb along the back of my hand with a gentleness you wouldn't expect from a lumbering giant of a

monster. “No need to apologize, snow angel. I liked getting a glimpse into that pretty little head of yours.” He lowered his voice. “Especially when it comes to how turned on we make you.”

Klaus chuckled warmly behind us, ushering us out of the bedroom and down to the dining room. The moment we crossed the threshold, more appetizing scents hit me, making my mouth water. Flaky, buttery croissants, a tray full of scrambled eggs, the bacon that called to me with its siren song; all of that and more was spread out on the table.

Like the gentleman he was, Klaus pulled out my chair, and I shimmied into my seat.

“Marco has really outdone himself.” I surveyed the food, eager to load up my plate. After last night, I’d worked up quite the appetite.

Flurry snorted. “He *has* outdone himself. This certainly isn’t the treatment I receive.” He gave Klaus a knowing look, his blue eyes glinting like tourmaline.

Klaus cleared his throat. “I wasn’t sure what you liked, so I thought it best to cover all my bases.”

Tears blurred the edges of my vision, threatening to glide down my cheeks and into my plate of home fries. I wasn’t used to that type of kindness or treatment. I’d never been in a relationship with someone who seemed to constantly go out of their way for me.

“Princess.” Klaus reached out and gave my forearm a reassuring caress. “It’s part of our nature to want to provide for you. To keep you safe and comfortable.”

Their nature?

Did that mean what they mentioned yesterday, about them suspecting I was their mate?

My confusion must have been clear on my face.

Flurry smiled softly, his tusks making little indents in his upper lip. “Don’t think about it too hard. Just play it by ear. What happens, happens.”

Klaus chuckled into his coffee, and steam billowed over the lip of the cup. “Yes, just play it by ear.”

His remark made me even more confused.

Was there something they weren’t telling me?

I didn’t dwell on it long, though. The delicious breakfast Marco had prepared for us pulled our attention away from the mystery of mating bonds.

We quietly dug into our food and when I was on my third strip of bacon, Marco rushed into the dining room with a tray of beignets. A snowy layer of powdered sugar dusted the fried pillows of dough.

Snow.

“Thank you for breakfast, Marco. Has the snow stopped?” I asked, reaching for a beignet.

“Ah, ah. They’re still hot,” he scolded, sliding the tray just out of my reach. “I can’t have you burning yourself. I’d be fired. The snow stopped late last night and on my flight in, it looked like most of the main roadways were already cleared.”

“Oh.” I sounded just as forlorn as I felt. I was in no rush to leave Klaus and Flurry, to get back to work, and the real world, and a life where I wasn’t sandwiched between two attractive males who fed me bacon and beignets.

Technically, it was Marco who fed me, but that was beside the point. He was employed by Klaus, so it meant just as much.

“Well, then.” Klaus squinted at the gilded clock on the wall separating the dining room from the kitchen. “I suppose after breakfast we should get ready for practice and drop Holly off at her car.”

A pang of disappointment made my chest constrict. I knew our date wasn’t going to last forever, but I had hoped the snowstorm would buy us some extra time.

Damn the efficiency of the Michigan road maintenance crew.

Flurry must have noticed my expression drop. “What about later, snow angel? Any plans this evening?”

I couldn’t hold back my grin. “No plans. Absolutely none at all.”

“Would you like to meet us after practice again?” I could hear the hope in Flurry’s voice.

“I’d love to.” I’d have a few hours to get myself cleaned up, ice my lady bits, and maybe, just maybe, there would be a round two in my future.

From out of the corner of my eye, I saw Klaus flash Flurry a satisfied grin before hiding his smile behind his coffee cup.

Those two were going to be my undoing, and I wasn’t mad about it one bit.



After finishing breakfast, we piled into Flurry’s truck and made our way back to the stadium. Marco was correct in his aerial assessment. The roads were clear, not that Flurry’s monster SUV would have had an issue, anyway. And I had a lingering suspicion that as a yeti, he didn’t have any problems navigating through the snow.

“Here we are,” Flurry said as he pulled the truck to a stop next to my beat up Honda.

Klaus gave my car a disapproving look. “Are you sure you’ll be able to make it home alright? We don’t mind dropping you off at your—”

I cut him off. “No, it’s fine. Really.”

They had already done so much for me in the last twenty-four hours. I could handle driving myself home.

The two of them hopped out of the truck and Klaus held out his hand to help me down from the cab.

“Thank you,” I said, loving how warm his hand felt in mine.

For being a krampus with a reputation of harshness, he was actually really sweet. I never would have pegged him for being the involved father type. And quitting hockey to do it?

Flurry had looked just as shocked as I felt.

As a reporter, I knew there was tension between the two of them on the rink, but as mates, they were perfectly in sync. It was adorable to see.

Klaus placed a soft kiss on the back of my hand, drawing me out of my thoughts.

“We’ll meet you after practice. Unfortunately, I don’t think keeping you in our lockers will work out,” Flurry teased.

I laughed. “Probably not.”

“Same time?” Klaus asked. His deep, rumbling voice made my toes curl.

I nodded. “Yes, same time.”

When Klaus finally released my hand, Flurry wrapped me in his arms, bringing his mouth to mine for a chaste kiss.

“Show off,” Klaus mumbled under his breath.

Flurry pulled away and, using one of his massive hands, he gently tucked a windblown strand of hair behind my ear. “Take care, snow angel. Text us when you get home.”

Not to be outdone, Klaus swept me away from Flurry and cradled me in his arms. He dipped me low, his tongue teasing along my lips in a not-so chaste kiss. I parted them with a soft moan, letting his tongue slip inside my mouth to swirl against mine. The stiff length of his cock wiggled against me, making my core clench.

“Fuuuck,” Flurry groaned, obviously enjoying the show and the scent of my arousal.

Klaus pulled back and ran the pad of his thumb over my swollen lower lip. “Until we meet again, princess.”

He sat me upright again, and for a moment, I stood there dazed and breathless, wishing I didn’t have to go. Wishing that they could take me in the locker room right then and there.

But that wasn't a risk I was willing to take. Not yet, at least. I'd spent so much time establishing myself in a male dominated career, and there was a strict 'no dating the hockey players' rule.

A scandal like that would jeopardize everything.

I took a deep breath, waved goodbye to Klaus and Flurry, and slipped inside my freezing car. Thick frost coated the windshield. If I hadn't been so distracted by goodbye kisses, I would have used the autostart the moment we got close enough to my car.

While I waited for the windows to defrost, I decided to catch up on my work emails. One from a strange email address caught my eye—and there was an attachment.

I hesitated before opening the message, remembering the tech guys talk about phishing scams, but tapped it anyway.

I saw you with them, you fucking slut. One hockey player just wasn't enough for that sloppy pussy, was it? It would be a real shame if the NMHL found out about this. Do you think it's worth it? Risking your career for some dick?

I could be persuaded to keep these pictures under wraps.

For the right price, I can make all of this go away.

Leave me \$150,000 under the statue of Growly Growler the night before the next game. If I don't get that money, the entire stadium will get a nice little surprise during the game. You don't want to be subjected to that type of humiliation, do you?

Get me the money, Holly.

I clicked the attachments, and a strangled noise worked its way up my throat. Pictures. Tons of pictures taken with a zoom lens. Me getting in the car with Klaus and Flurry. Me crossing the doorway of their home. Me with Klaus' tongue snaking its way into my mouth. Me on all fours between them.

There were pictures of all of it.

Fear and shock rolled through me at the same time, tears blurring my vision. I was horrified and embarrassed.

None of us had known someone was watching us. I felt like throwing up at the thought of being stalked. Whoever had taken these photos must have used a telephoto lens, the pictures were grainy but you could still see everything.

I looked at them again, forcing myself to think like a journalist. I was used to asking questions. I could look past things and try to dig into small details.

My hands trembled. One more look through, and the only information I had gathered was that the stalker had been in the woods. Some of the photos had blurred evergreen edges, and the snow had disrupted many of the shots.

Whoever had done this had it out for us, truly. With the storm last night, it must have been difficult to get these.

Their determination to ruin our lives only made me feel worse.

I wrapped my arms around myself, hugging my coat tight to my chest. I felt scared. Exposed. Those were private moments. Wonderful, beautiful moments that some creep infringed on just to make a quick buck.

What was I going to do?

Not just me, but *us*.

Klaus and Flurry were involved in this too, and those pictures being released would ruin everyone's careers. Everything we had spent our lives working for would be ruined.

I sat my forehead against the cool leather of the steering wheel and took a deep breath. I wiped away my tears, my mind racing.

I had to tell Flurry and Klaus. There was a part of me that wanted to make it all go away, but it would be wrong to not tell them. It wasn't just photos of me, it was photos of all of us.

When I saw them later, I'd tell them, and we could work out our next step from there—together.

CHAPTER 8

FLURRY

After last night's activities and with the promise of another date with Holly, practice seemed to drag along. I was happy to see Ehrokk behind the goal again, looking stiff but no worse for wear after Klaus' little outburst yesterday.

There was no animosity or tension between Klaus and me during practice. Apparently, feral sex with the woman we suspected to be our mate served as a soothing balm to the tension we'd been experiencing on the ice lately.

Holly seemed to balance things out between us, like the puzzle piece our relationship had been missing. I was trying not to get my hopes up, but I wanted her to be ours. I wanted her nestled between us each night after all of us came more times than we could count. Waking up to her this morning, seeing her peaceful expression and how the sunlight caught her hair, I wanted to live in that moment forever.

Our mate.

Holly was our mate.

I just hoped that she was open to it.

The warm spray of the shower hit my body, matting down my fur. I heard the locker room grow quiet and the sound of Klaus' hooves echoed through the tiled room. Like yesterday, his clawed hand ran over my hip to just above my cock, making me groan.

"Let's wait until later," I murmured, tilting my head back against Klaus' muscular body and letting the water cascade down my chest.

“Yesss.” The tip of his tongue slithered over the shell of my ear with the word. “I have plans for you and our little princess later. Plans that involve our cocks and her tight cunt.”

“Shit,” I hissed. Despite my intent to wait, my body had a mind of its own, seeking relief, but Klaus pulled away with a laugh.

“Payback for yesterday’s practice.” He stepped under the showerhead next to me and lathered up his toned body.

Between Holly sleeping over and practice, we hadn’t really had the time, or privacy, to discuss yesterday’s events.

“So you think it’s true, then?” I asked, my heart practically beating out of my chest.

Klaus stared at me, one corner of his lip pulling up in a smug smirk. “Where has that unshakeable confidence gone, Flurry? I’m not used to you needing so much reassurance. You certainly didn’t when it came to *our* mating bond. I’m not sure if I should be honored or offended.”

“Oh stop it,” I scoffed. “The mate bond is different with humans and you know it.”

For us monsters, it was strong. Natural. It just made sense. And even if Klaus and I had some rocky moments initially, things had happened quickly and with ease.

But humans often needed more time to warm up to the idea. I worried we would be too much for her. I feared that our passion would chase her away.

“Everything will be fine.” Klaus held my gaze and slid his hands down the front of his body, cupped his balls, and gave them a good rinse.

My cock twitched, and I dug my tusks into my upper lip. “You’re such a bastard.”

His amused laugh echoed through the locker room. “I am. And you love every second of it.”



KLAUS: WE ARE STOPPING FOR COFFEE WHAT DO YOU DRINK PRINCESS

I snorted at the text Klaus had sent. He had started a group chat between me, him, and Holly after grabbing her number from my phone.

“Gods, you even text like an old man,” I said.

Klaus dropped his arms with a huff and scowled at me. “I do not.”

“Yes, you do. All caps. No punctuation. That’s how my granny texts.”

Holly: A medium caramel macchiato, please!

Me: Roger that, snow angel. Can’t wait to see you.

“You’re cute when you’re like this,” Klaus whispered, and held the door of the coffee shop open for me.

We stepped into a warm atmosphere and the delicious scent of holiday treats fresh out of the oven. I licked my lips as I looked at their display case. With the holidays upon us, this cafe always had the best assortment of baked goods.

“Like what?” I asked, shoving my phone in my pocket.

He stepped in line next to me and gave my hand a stealthy caress. “In love.”

Suddenly, I didn’t care about the baked goods anymore. My heart raced, and I was tempted to kiss him right then and there—but it wasn’t time yet. Not until we discussed things first.

For just a second, I twined my pinky with his.

The sound of hushed conversation and the hiss of the espresso machine drowned out our words. I could feel people staring at us, some even pulling out their phones to take pictures of us. I took a step away, putting some distance between us.

“With the two of you in my life, I just can’t help myself,” I murmured, knowing only he would hear.

Klaus looked down, fighting back a smile. If he wasn't furry, I would have bet money that he was blushing.

The barista cleared her throat, and we jolted out of our moment.

Unaffected by our awkwardness, she flatly asked, "What can I get you two?"

"Hi. I'll have a medium caramel macchiato, a small flat white." I looked over at Klaus. "Your usual?"

Shit.

I mean, friends knew their friends' coffee orders, right? I felt like my ears were burning. I hated this part of being a hockey player.

Everyone was watching us.

Just two bros and our lattes. Bro'ing it up.

Fuck my life, man.

"A large red eye, please," Klaus said, smiling across the counter at the barista, totally unbothered.

Weird.

Once our drinks were ready, we grabbed them from the end of the counter and slipped out of the cafe and headed towards the park.

"Sorry about that," I murmured against the lid of my cup.

Klaus took a deep swig of his drink and nodded. "About that," he said once he swallowed. "I think we should go public soon."

My brows drew back. "Really? You want to go public?"

It was the last thing I expected from my grumpy, competitive mate.

"Yes. I think it would be for the best. Especially since Holly is involved now."

I puffed out a breath. "Didn't have that one on the bingo card for today. What if Coach doesn't want us on the same team?"

Klaus stopped walking and looked directly at me. His expression was completely serious. “Then I’d retire.”

“You’d what?” I stammered. My drink and Holly’s threatened to slip out of my hands.

“I’d retire.” He stepped into my space until we were practically chest to chest in the middle of the sidewalk. “Things are different now, Flurry. It isn’t just the two of us having some silly little competition on the ice and fucking like rabbits behind the scenes. I’ve had my moment in the spotlight and now it’s time to focus on other things. And even before meeting Holly, this had been on my mind.”

The mate bond thrummed and warmth radiated through me. Gods, he could be a complete and total asshole, but he was one of the most romantic assholes I had ever met.

“I don’t want to hide my love for you anymore.”

“You mean that?” I asked, tears threatening to spill out of my eyes.

“Absolutely.” He cupped my face, bringing me in for a sweet kiss, not caring that we were out in public.

As he pulled away, the scent of Holly’s arousal swirled in the air between us. We both looked up, neither one of us surprised to see her standing there blushing.

“See something you like, Princess?” Klaus asked, giving her a wink that made my cock jump to attention.

“She *does* like watching.” I chuckled and passed her drink to her. “Hi, angel.”

“Hi,” she murmured, accepting kisses on the cheek from Klaus and me.

When we pulled away, I noticed that her head was on a swivel, her gaze sweeping across the park like she was looking for something—or someone. Something about her felt off. I had expected more excitement over our reunion, and I hoped to gods we hadn’t scared her off last night.

Klaus cleared his throat and gestured to the path that snaked through the park. “Shall we?”

We walked on either side of Holly, slowing our monstrous pace to meet hers. Even post-snowstorm, it was a beautiful day. There was a massive Christmas tree at the center with glittering lights, a small frozen pond behind it where kids were zipping around on ice skates. It was picturesque, like a holiday postcard. This was one of my favorite seasons. I had a large family and so the holidays were always an event for everyone.

I couldn't help but imagine taking Klaus and Holly with me to a family get together. Everyone would love the two of them so much. My ma would be so pleased.

That thought was ruined by me wondering if Holly was going to end things between us already. The silence worked its way under my skin until I couldn't take it anymore.

"Is everything okay?" I asked Holly, watching her eyes scan the park once again.

She looked down and traced her finger over the lid of her to-go cup. "I—There's something we need to talk about. Something that involves the three of us."

Fuck, I thought. This was it. The moment that she rejected the mating bond and utterly destroyed Klaus and me.

Klaus must have been thinking the same because his expression dropped. "Let's take a seat and talk." He placed his hand on the small of Holly's back, directing her toward a monster sized bench that would accommodate all three of us.

We sat on either side of her and waited for her to speak.

"Well." She puffed out a deep breath. "I don't know how to even say this."

Klaus and I tensed.

"Maybe it would be easier if I showed you."

Showed us?

Her manicured fingers tapped on her phone screen, bringing up her photo gallery. An image of the three of us filled the screen—a very *explicit* image.

What the fuck?

White-hot rage filled me and I gripped my cup so hard it crumbled, spilling milky espresso over my clenched fist.

“Motherfucker,” Klaus hissed, sharing my anger. “Who took these?”

“I got an email from an unknown address,” Holly whispered. From the waver in her voice I could tell that she was on the verge of tears. “They’re blackmailing us.”

She pulled up the email so Klaus and I could read it.

The asshole was demanding \$150,000, or they were going to release the photos of us together at our game against the Furies.

A protective growl rumbled out of my chest. I was horrified, enraged, and concerned. “Do you have any idea who could be doing this?”

Holly shook her head. She sniffled, setting her phone down on the bench. “I don’t know, but I feel—I feel violated. I’m sorry this is happening. I feel—”

“Princess, this isn’t your fault. You have nothing to be sorry for. They had no right,” Klaus snapped, and possessively gripped Holly’s trembling thigh.

I hated seeing her upset, hated that *our mate* felt exposed and unsafe.

“Holly,” I said, fighting to rein in my anger. “Whoever is doing this, we’ll find them and put an end to this. They aren’t getting that money and no one else will see these pictures.”

Klaus nodded in agreement. “You have nothing to worry about, princess. We’ll handle it.”

“How?” she asked, looking up at Klaus with watery eyes.

He stroked his thumb over her red cheeks. “Don’t you worry about that. I have my ways.”

His lips curved into a smirk and something devious flared to life in his eyes. Whatever it was he had in mind, I knew I was on board.

“Come on,” Klaus said, rising to his hooves and extending his hand out to Holly. “You look like you’re freezing to death. Why don’t we go back to my place and we can discuss this further?”

“Okay.” She took Klaus’ hand and he helped her to her feet. “I can drive my car and meet you there. I don’t want to leave it here at the park.”

“Do you want me to ride with you?”

Holly grinned despite everything. “I’ll be okay.” She slipped her arm in mine, leaning into my body and giving me a sense of reassurance. “I’ll meet you both there. Walk me back, though?”

“Of course,” I said.

As angry as I was, I felt a sense of relief as we walked Holly back to her car. A stalker we could handle, but rejection from our mate would tear Klaus and me apart.

CHAPTER 9

KLAUS

What Holly had revealed to us stoked a fire in me I had never felt before. For the first time in my life, I felt the full weight of being a public figure. Someone had watched us last night. Someone had taken moments that were precious to the three of us and turned them into blackmail.

I pulled into my driveway and got out, slamming the door hard enough that the entire truck rumbled. Flurry got out and came around to me as Holly pulled in behind us. I felt Flurry's hand on my shoulder, rubbing my tense muscles. I couldn't relax.

What if they were watching us now? What if they were waiting in the trees somewhere, trying to get more photos?

Rage had my hands curling into fists.

"We'll figure this out," Flurry said. "But for right now, I think we could all use a little relaxation. We're all scared and angry. I'm worried about Holly."

What I needed was to find this creep and give them the true krampus experience. The one that haunted people for decades, enough that the legends and stories had stuck around for generations.

Holly got out of her little Honda and walked towards us. I cursed as her boots hit a patch of ice and she slipped. I caught her before she could fall, pulling her close to me.

"Klaus," Holly whispered.

I took a deep breath. Flurry was right. We needed to take a moment together for comfort, but before that, I would need to check the area around the house.

“I would like to check the woods,” I said. “It won’t take me long. I want to make sure we aren’t being watched tonight before we do anything else.”

“I can help,” Flurry said. “Divide and conquer.”

“What should I do?” Holly asked.

“Each room has a window control and you can make them dark so that no one can see in. I hate that I didn’t even think about this last night. We’ve had no security issues before. Wherever he set up was far enough out to escape three monsters.”

Flurry gave me another gentle squeeze. I could feel his apprehension too, but he was always more easy going than me. He would keep me from leaving the house tonight to hunt down the bastard doing this.

I held Holly tighter for a moment, pressing my face against the top of her head.

“We’ll figure this out, princess,” I whispered.

“I know,” she said, looking up at me.

Before she could protest, I lifted her and carried her up the rest of the drive, not letting her go until we were inside the foyer.

“Thirty minutes, tops. And then when we return, I promise that we’ll make you forget everything for tonight.”

Her brown eyes softened, her brows drawing together. “Only if that means you can forget for the night, too.”

I was silent, but Flurry spoke from behind me. “We’ll make him forget, snow angel.”



I'd lost track of how many times I'd circled the house. I'd gone through the forest, further out than I ever had before, looking for any signs of someone being there.

I found nothing.

I was frustrated, but a good portion of my rage had worked itself off. I was still angry, but I wasn't blinded by it.

We needed a plan. A plan of how to find this stalker and stop him. My thoughts ran through a million scenarios as I approached the house, but they all fell away when I saw Flurry standing, holding a piece of fabric in his hands.

I cursed, rushing to him. He held it up, his eyes dark with anger. It was a bright red piece of nylon. I took it and sniffed it, not recognizing the scent.

"This was all I found," he said. "I looked everywhere, and that was the only sign of someone being in the woods."

"Where?" I growled.

"South of the house. There is a clearing on top of a hill that has a perfect view of our bedroom. They must have set up a hardy tent to weather the storm. They were determined, which only pisses me off more. I can't think of anyone who has it out for the two of us."

The thing was, I couldn't either.

I worried they were after Holly. She was the one that had received the message, after all.

Our PR team would have a fucking field day with this.

"There isn't anyone here tonight, Klaus."

"I'm going to rip them to shreds."

Flurry clapped my shoulder, snow shaking off the two of us. "We will. But right now, we need to be here in the present."

I stared at him for a moment and then sighed, nodding. "I need you both," I whispered softly.

“And we need you. Come on. Let’s go get in the hot tub, maybe do some massaging...”

I smirked despite everything. “I like where your head’s at.”

He stepped closer to me, tugging me close and kissing me. I damn near melted against him, my eyes fluttering closed. The heat between us was explosive, enough to have me panting as he pulled back.

“Come on. She’s waiting for us,” Flurry said.

I followed him inside, welcoming the wave of warmth. I shook the snow off my fur, breathing in the scents of Flurry and Holly.

She was sitting on the edge of the couch, clearly stressed. “Did you find anything?” she asked.

Flurry glanced at me and then went to her, sitting next to her. “We found a piece of fabric. Neither one of us recognizes it.”

“Flurry found it,” I grumbled, taking it to her.

She took it, scowling.

“Have you seen this before? I know that’s hard because it’s just a piece of fabric.”

She shook her head slowly. “I don’t think so. The color is familiar, but I can’t think of anyone in particular.”

She sat it down on the coffee table and then looked up at me. I stepped closer, cupping her face gently.

“I have an idea,” I said.

“We love ideas around here,” she whispered.

Flurry chuckled. I reached for him too, enjoying the surprise in his gaze as I cupped his face with my other hand. Both of them looked up at me, their adoration sending a spear of warmth through me.

“I say that we undress and go get in the hot tub. Have a massage and relax and see where everything takes us.”

She smiled. “I think that sounds perfect.”

“Good,” I huffed, tracing her bottom lip with the tip of my claw. “Both of you strip for me.”

I released them both and took a step back, appreciating them as they stood. Holly smirked, her cheeks flushing as she lifted the hem of her shirt, pulling it free. I felt my knees weaken, my gaze falling to her breasts and the lace that cupped them perfectly.

I let out a low growl, stepping forward. I needed to rip it free, the desire rolling through me.

“I’ll buy you a new one,” I huffed.

“What—*oh*—”

She gasped as I reached for her bra, ripping it apart with ease. The fabric tore, her chest flushing and scent pumping through the room.

Flurry let out a low groan. “Fuck, baby girl.”

I tossed it to the floor, cupping her face and pulling her between Flurry and I. He pulled off his clothes quickly, but then took his time with her.

“What happened to me taking them off?” she teased.

“You’re too sexy for us not to help,” I said, circling her nipples.

Flurry slid his hands down her body, pulling her leggings and underwear down. He lowered himself behind her, trailing kisses down her back and ass.

My cock throbbed with need. It would be cruel to all of us, but I was going to tease the hell out of the two of them and then take us to the hot tub.

“Spread your legs,” I whispered.

She did as I asked, whimpering. I knotted my fingers in her long hair, gripping her head as Flurry continued to kiss her. He slipped two fingers between her thighs, his growl rumbling.

“She’s so wet for us.”

“I know she is. Give me a taste.”

She moaned as he eased his fingers inside of her, teasing her dripping cunt. He pulled them free and then stood, pressing his cock against her ass as he offered me his fingers. I kept my grip on her hair as I leaned forward, holding Flurry's gaze as I sucked her essence from him.

He swallowed hard, his gaze reflecting the same carnal reactions I was feeling.

I smiled and released her. "Alright. To the hot tub."

"*What?*" she hissed.

"You heard me, princess."

"You're a mean old krampus," Flurry sighed, although he was smiling too.

She let out a soft curse and groaned. "You both got me all worked up."

"By the time we actually fuck you, you'll be begging for it," I said, turning her and guiding her through the living room. "To the hot tub."

I admired her ass as she led the way. She went through the kitchen to the door that led to a porch, one with screens drawn so that we could see the landscape but no one could see in.

She squealed as she stepped out into the cold.

Flurry snorted. "Little humans and their lack of fur."

"Not fair," she said, wrapping her arms around her breasts.

I exchanged an amused look with Flurry, and then nodded towards the hot tub. He paused as he passed me, reaching for me to plant a kiss. I took it eagerly, just as turned on as him.

He let out a soft grumble, releasing me.

I watched as he went to Holly, scooping her up in one swift motion. She gasped, holding onto him tight as he carried her towards the hot tub. Her laughter rang out around us, bringing me a sense of joy.

It was moments like this that would stick with me forever. Even if Holly didn't accept us as her mate, I would still remember every moment with her fondly. I so desperately wanted for this to be our future. For us to enjoy each other's presence, to make each other laugh, to be together.

He climbed into the hot tub, pulling her legs around his waist as he settled into the burbling water. Steam rose from it, wisps circling the two of them.

My cock was hard, desperate for attention, but I was a patient krampus.

"Are you going to just stand there with your cock hard, or are you going to join us?" Flurry called.

I snorted and then crossed the wooden porch to them. The hot tub was massive, able to hold two hockey monsters and more. I stepped inside it, groaning as I settled into the steaming water.

Flurry turned Holly around in his lap. She leaned her back against his chest, her head falling back on his shoulder. His hands roamed over her body, cupping her breasts, teasing her nipples, keeping her thighs spread.

Watching the two of them together only turned me on more.

"How does your pussy feel?" Flurry whispered to her.

"I was a little sore this morning, but I'm more than fine now," she said.

My throat suddenly felt dry. I was sitting directly across from them, and so I decided that maybe I would touch myself while I enjoyed the show.

My muscles appreciated the jets in the hot tub as I leaned back, reaching underneath and gripping my cock. I grunted, pleasure rolling through me.

"I see how it is," Holly teased.

"Just enjoy the heat, princess," I said.

She made a face at me, but then her eyes fluttered, her head falling back hard on his shoulder again. Flurry slid his fingers over her pussy, undoubtedly teasing her clit.

The urge to mate her suddenly overcame me, so strong that I felt my head spinning. I let out a snarl, releasing my cock before I came. Flurry growled too, clearly affected by my rush of desire. He stilled, holding her in place, his eyes searching me.

Our mate bond didn't always echo our emotions, but it certainly was doing so now. He'd felt the urge, too.

Fuck.

It was getting harder to be patient.

I spread my arms, gripping the sides of the hot tub as I watched. All I wanted to do was sink my fangs into her soft skin, to taste her and seal the bond that was for sure between us.

Her eyes widened. "Are you okay?"

"He wants to mate you," Flurry said, his gaze locked with mine. "I can feel his desire in the bond we share. It's potent enough that I almost just bit you, snow angel."

"I want it," she whispered.

Both of us stilled. My heart beat faster, my blood rushing.

"Do you?" I asked.

Flurry was quiet, clearly shocked. The hope shining on his face made my heart ache. Earlier, he had thought that she might reject us with how she was acting. He wanted this just as badly as I did.

"Can you...tell me how it works? And what exactly would it mean? Because you've mentioned it several times and I think I know what it means, but I want to make sure."

"Yes," I said, moving closer to them.

Flurry lifted her gently and set her on the ledge next to him, his expression serious.

“A fated mate is someone that you are destined to be with. Typically, when you meet them, the relationship happens very fast because there is an instant connection. When Flurry and I met, it was...”

“*Tumultuous*,” Flurry chuckled. “Neither one of us wanted it at first, but that quickly changed. Clearly.”

“Very clearly,” I said warmly. “He drives me insane sometimes, but I love him more than anything.”

Flurry swallowed hard, his eyes watering. “I love you too.”

“It’s a deep bond,” I whispered. “It’s a connection unlike anything else. It’s beautiful. It’s life changing. But one can reject it if they choose to. We know that you are meant to be ours, Holly. We can feel it. But neither one of us wants you to feel pressured by fate. You can choose to not be with us. You can choose to not have this.”

She sniffled, shaking her head. Flurry and I tensed, unsure of what to make of her reaction. Tears swelled, and she wiped them away quickly.

Pain lanced me as I readied myself for rejection. If it happened, I would need to be strong for Flurry. I would need to—

“Of course I want this,” she whispered. “I have wanted to be loved and cherished for so long. I’ve dreamed of having a family and of being with someone and just...” She let out a soft laugh, leaning back against the hot tub wall. “A relationship isn’t something that I need to be happy. Breaking up with my ex made me realize that. But finding two people that the universe brought me to? Finding that sort of connection is something I’ve always dreamed of. Yes, I want that with both of you.”

Flurry exhaled slowly, tipping his head back for a moment. I reached for him, slipping my hand into his and squeezing.

“Did you really think I would say no?” Holly asked.

“I never doubted for one second,” I snorted, earning an eye roll from Flurry. “I think he needs a hug, princess.”

“I think I can do better than a hug.”

She straddled his lap, grabbing his tusks. He let out a soft moan as she kissed him, and then she turned, reaching for me and dragging me into a kiss too.

I held them both close, unable to fight off my fiendish grin.

Holly wanted to be our mate.

CHAPTER 10

HOLLY

I couldn't get enough of them. I groaned as Klaus ground his cock against my ass, holding me between him and Flurry. The water splashed around us as they kissed me, their mouths hot on my skin.

I wanted to be with them more than I had words for. After hearing more about what it meant to be mated to monsters, I knew it was right for me. It was quick, it was sudden—but the connection I felt to Flurry and Klaus was undeniable.

A moan escaped me as Flurry cupped my breasts, sucking on my nipples.

“Fuck,” I mumbled, pleasure spreading through me. “I want both of you at the same time.”

They froze. Klaus let out a low growl, sliding his claws around my neck and pulling my head back. “At the same time, princess?”

“Yes,” I rasped.

He let out a devious chuckle, squeezing my neck gently. I sucked in a breath, relishing in the feeling of being held by both of them. I groaned as Flurry kept kissing my chest, his cock hard against my cunt.

“Let's take things to the bedroom,” Klaus said.

Flurry leaned back with a sigh. “But I was just getting started, old man.”

“We can start *more* once she's in our bed, begging us to fuck her together.”

He had a point. My cheeks were already flushed, but I swear I blushed more.

I pulled Flurry back in for a kiss, holding onto one of his tusks as I pressed my lips to his. Then, in one smooth motion, Klaus lifted me out of the water.

I held onto him as he stepped out of the hot tub. I should have been cold, but between the heat radiating from him and the way they were making me feel, I could have melted the iciest lake in Michigan.

They took me to the bedroom. My skin prickled with the need to be touched by them. I gasped as Klaus moved me with ease, pulling my legs around his waist as Flurry stepped close behind me. I got lost in the feeling of their kisses, their touches, my pussy throbbing as my monsters devoured me.

My monsters.

It was tender and hot. My head was spinning, a groan leaving me as Flurry kissed my neck, his cock pressing against me. Klaus was hard too, the tip stroking my wet cunt.

“Gods,” I whispered.

“Yeah, we are, baby,” Flurry teased. “I can’t believe you’re all ours.”

“I am,” I rasped, my fingers digging into Klaus’ shoulders. “How...how do we make the bond?”

“We bite you,” Flurry explained. “If we’re mates, which we know we are, the bond will come to life. It might hurt initially, but then you’ll feel pleasure unlike anything else. For monsters, we typically bite each other, but when mating with humans...we only need to bite you. Most human teeth can’t really bite into a monster.”

I nodded, swallowing hard. Fuck, I wanted it so bad.

“Open your mouth, princess,” Klaus said.

Klaus groaned as I parted my lips for him, taking his hot tongue down my throat. Pleasure pumped through me, dragging me into its heavy mist. Every touch and kiss only lit another fire.

“We’re going to breed your little cunt together, snow angel,” Flurry whispered in my ear. “I can’t wait to see our cum dripping from our mate. Do you want that, baby? Do you want us to fill you?”

Klaus pulled his tongue from my mouth. I panted, finding words. “I want that, please.”

“So eager,” Flurry murmured. “Our eager little mate.”

Fuck. Every time he called me their mate, my pussy throbbed. “I love it when you call me your mate,” I huffed.

Both of them growled. I squeaked as Klaus turned and knelt on the edge of the bed, setting me down in the center. Flurry was already going to the bedside table, grabbing a massive bottle of lube.

Their hungry gazes raked over me, making me feel like a fucking goddess.

I slid my hands down my body, spreading my thighs. I ran two of my fingers over my cunt, circling my clit as they watched.

Klaus watched me with menacing need, his eyes shining with desire so potent I felt like I was under a spell.

“Do you like that I’m touching myself for you?” I whispered to them.

“Fuck, baby,” Flurry mumbled, opening the bottle of lube.

He knelt on the bed next to Klaus, pouring lube generously into his palms. He reached down, gripping Klaus’ cock. I kept fucking myself with my fingers as I watched Flurry stroke his cock, getting him ready for me.

Pre-cum dripped from their cocks. In the back of my head, I wondered how in the hell I was going to take the two of them together.

“Don’t worry,” Klaus chuckled, reading my mind. “We’ll make it fit, princess.”

I had faith they would. I moaned as I rubbed my clit, pleasure rushing through me. I was already on the edge and we

were just getting started.

Klaus thrust his hips into Flurry's hand, his head tipping back. The warm light from the bedroom hearth cast a shadow of his horns on the wall behind him.

Fuck, that only turned me on more.

I was about to be bred by my monster mates.

A soft whimper left me as Klaus grabbed the bottle of lube and poured some into his hands, stroking Flurry's cock. He let out the softest curse, a lustful sound.

They stroked each other until finally, Flurry couldn't take it anymore. "I need to fuck her or I'm going to come," he groaned.

"Get under her," Klaus rasped.

Flurry laid down next to me. I turned over and straddled his hips, bracing some of my weight with my thighs. I hovered over him, unsure of what to do. I'd never ridden a guy like this and I didn't know—

"Sit on me," he growled. "All the way, baby."

I blushed, but then Klaus grabbed my hair, yanking my head back.

"*Sit* on him," he growled.

"Fuck," I mumbled, sitting all the way down.

My pussy throbbed against his lower stomach, the head of his cock slapping against my lower back.

"Good girl," Klaus said. "We can toss you around like a doll, princess. You know that, right?"

"Yeah," I mumbled, blushing more. "I just have never..."

"Been with someone who wants to die between your thighs? I'm going to be feasting on your cunt once we fill you," Klaus said.

His words turned me on even more. I swallowed hard. I shouldn't have been surprised by their feral words, but everything felt more intense than before. It was like my body

knew what was about to happen, that I was giving in to the two monsters I'd know the rest of my life.

"Baby," Flurry whispered softly, running his hands down my thighs. "Are you sure you want this? Do you want our mating bites? And cocks?"

"Yes," I said. "I've never been more sure of anything else in my life."

I leaned forward, planting my hands on his broad chest. I gasped as I felt the head of his cock against my pussy. Klaus moved behind us, straddling over Flurry's thighs. He grabbed my ass cheeks, squeezing with a low growl.

"You have a couple marks from last night..." Klaus said.

"Oh," I whispered, licking my lips. "I like that."

"Do you?"

"I do," I said. "I like knowing you were there..."

"Fuck," Flurry mumbled. "You're perfect for us."

I started to speak, but all my words failed as I felt the tip of Klaus' cock, too. I gasped as they both thrust forward, just enough to shove the heads both inside of me.

"Oh," I groaned. "Oh, fuck."

Already, I could feel my pussy stretching to fit them. I moaned, but then pushed my hips back, taking more of them. The three of us made a variety of sounds, a combination of growls and groans blending together.

Flurry gripped my hips, holding me in place as he sat up, sandwiching me between the two of them. He kissed me hard on the mouth, the two of us moaning.

"You're so fucking tight, princess," Klaus huffed. "Fuck."

"Bite me," I moaned. "Bite me as I take you."

Their chests rumbled. I felt Klaus' breath on my right shoulder and Flurry's on my left.

The anticipation was killing me. I rocked my hips, taking more of their cocks. My pussy stretched around them, pleasure

rolling through my body as I tried to take more.

There was a deep carnal part of me that craved their bite. I wanted to be mated to them. I wanted to be bonded together.

Both of them sank their teeth into my shoulders. There was a sharp stinging pain, but then I was flooded by such pleasure that an orgasm crashed through me. I cried out, squeezing their cocks as I came.

“Fuck,” I moaned.

It wasn't just my pleasure; it was theirs too. Suddenly, I could feel my connection with Klaus and Flurry. Something that was so much deeper than I could have ever imagined.

Tears filled my eyes as they held me, their cocks pulsing inside of me. They gently withdrew their fangs, nuzzling the bite marks. Blood rolled down my chest, but Flurry caught the drop with his tongue, letting out a soft growl.

“You're ours,” Klaus whispered.

They both thrust their hips, filling me with as much of their cocks as possible. I arched against them as I was lifted, their arms holding me as they began to fuck me. The pleasure shared between our bonds was intense, beautiful, and already sending me straight towards another orgasm.

Klaus growled, sinking his teeth into me again. I cried out, my voice echoing through the entire house. I came again, hard enough that I felt hot liquid squirt from me.

“Fuck,” I rasped.

“That was beautiful. You made her squirt,” Flurry huffed. “*Fuck*. I'm gonna come.”

They fucked me through my orgasm until Klaus and Flurry let out dark snarls. I felt their hot cum burst inside of me, filling me as they came. I held onto them, reveling in their releases.

The three of us relaxed against each other. My heart thundered, my head spinning. I leaned back against Klaus' chest, letting out the softest contented sigh.

The last two days had been crazy. An absolute whirlwind. But everything about it felt right. Klaus and Flurry were meant to be mine, just as much as I was meant to be theirs.

Flurry nuzzled my neck, breathing me in. “I’m in love with you,” he murmured.

Tears sprang to my eyes. I wrapped my arms around his neck, holding him closer. “I love you too,” I whispered. I then leaned back, craning my head to take a peek at Klaus. “And you, my sweet krampus.”

He *sniffled*.

Flurry let out a startled snort. “My gods. You made the old man cry, snow angel.”

“Shut up,” he mumbled, but he smiled. “It just feels right with the two of you. And I just...I don’t even have the words. I love you both. I know I’m an ass sometimes and grumpy and *difficult*, but...”

“Oh shush,” Flurry said, reaching up to grab one of his horns. He dragged Klaus into a kiss, their tenderness making my chest warm. “You’re ours, baby. All ours.”

Now, I teared up again. “Fuck,” I mumbled, letting out a soft laugh.

They’d turned me into a ball of emotions, and all the while, their cocks were still buried inside of me.

“When we pull out of you, there is going to be cum everywhere,” Flurry chuckled.

“Wasn’t Klaus going to clean up...?” I teased.

“Oh, you little devil,” Klaus whispered.

I squealed as I was lifted, their cocks slipping free. I gasped as I was rolled and lifted again—and suddenly I was sitting on Klaus’ face, his tongue lapping at my pussy. My hands fell forward, bracing against his chest as he brought my cunt down on his mouth.

I gasped, crying out as another bolt of pleasure worked through me. Because of course they weren’t done with me

yet.

“Oh fuck,” I gasped.

His long tongue pushed inside of me, slurping up their seed.

Flurry smirked and then spread Klaus’ legs, his cock already hard again. I licked my lips, watching as Flurry lubed up his cock again and then lined up the head with Klaus’ ass.

Fuck. I really did like watching.

Klaus lifted me for a moment, only to let out a low curse. “Fucking hell. Fuck me hard, Flurry. Her taste is driving me crazy.”

I squeaked again as he went back to fucking me with his tongue, my pussy throbbing around him. Flurry let out a low growl and thrust forward, filling our mate completely in one pump.

I moved my hips, gripping Klaus’ fur as he fucked me. I felt him moan against my pussy as Flurry moved, thrusting in and out of him.

Flurry leaned forward, catching my mouth with his. I kissed him, pleasure echoing through all our bonds. It felt like a wildfire of lust had caught, spreading through all of us with a dangerous carnal heat.

I felt every insecurity I’d ever had completely melted away. The way they touched me, loved me, *devoured* me—it made me feel like I was truly their queen.

Flurry deepened our kiss, his thrusts hard and measured. I felt an orgasm coming closer, Klaus’ tongue working magic on me. My cry was muffled by our kiss as I came, my hips moving fervently against my mate’s mouth.

Klaus let out a low groan as I slid off his face, collapsing onto the bed next to them. Every muscle in my body was relaxed, my pussy throbbing with the aftermath of coming so hard.

I watched as Flurry and Klaus kissed, Flurry’s cock thrusting in and out. Over and over. Their pleasure was my

own, spreading through me as I watched.

“Fuck, I’m gonna come,” Flurry growled.

“Fill me,” Klaus rasped.

He gave one more thrust and then groaned, coming inside Klaus. Flurry stayed like that for a few moments, his face one of pure bliss. He then slowly pulled out, letting out a satisfied grunt as he looked down at the two of us.

“Man,” he whispered. “I’m so lucky. How did I get so lucky?”

I grinned as he crawled to the other side of me, centering me between the two of them. I was quickly finding that being snuggled by a yeti and krampus was one of my favorite things.

I closed my eyes, basking in the afterglow. I had so many emotions running through me. Happiness, pride, excitement, desire, lust...love. So much love.

Worry. Worry about the blackmail and that someone was trying to hurt us. I tried to push the thought away, but it lingered enough that I let out a soft sigh.

Klaus kissed the top of my head. “We’re going to figure everything out, princess. I can practically hear your mind going.”

“I’m worried,” I whispered.

“It’ll work out,” Flurry promised.

He intertwined his fingers with mine, giving my hand a gentle squeeze.

Maybe if I were doing this alone, I wouldn’t have believed it would work out. But I wasn’t. I had Flurry and Klaus, and the three of us were in this together now.

All we needed was a plan...

And then maybe we’d be able to put this mess behind us.

CHAPTER 11

FLURRY

I tugged at the collar of my dress shirt, feeling strangled by the stiff material. When I started playing hockey at a competitive level, I knew that showing up to the stadium before the game dressed to the nines was required, but I didn't think I'd hate it this much.

Klaus reveled in it. Tonight, he dressed in an expertly tailored, slate-gray, Tom Ford, three-piece suit with a white dress shirt. The deep red of his tie and pocket square complemented the color of his fur.

To put it simply, he looked like a fucking snack. Sex on hooves. The hottest krampus I'd ever seen.

From the way Holly was staring at his moonlit silhouette, I could tell she agreed.

We were parked in the shadows at the back of the stadium parking lot, waiting for the little blackmailing shit to arrive. Our plan was simple.

Find out who they were, intimidate them until they saw how stupid it was to blackmail two monsters and their mate.

"Do you really think he'll show?" Holly whispered. She leaned forward and peered out the front windshield.

Klaus scoffed from the backseat. "Of course he'll show, princess. Would you trust someone to pick up \$150,000 on your behalf?"

"No," she said thoughtfully. "I guess I wouldn't."

Headlights flashed across the parking lot and an old Volvo parked across from the statue.

“That’s our cue,” I told Klaus.

He shrugged off his suit jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his dress shirt. The bulge of his forearms served as a momentary distraction.

Why was that so hot?

“You stay put, princess,” he said. “Flurry and I will handle this.”

A pathetic wisp of a man hopped out of the car and darted towards the statue, but Klaus and I were quicker. We were on him within moments, with me at his back and Klaus standing in front of him, blocking his access to the bag we’d filled with dirty jock straps.

“Who the fuck are you?” Klaus bellowed, his deep voice echoing out over the parking lot.

“I, uh—” Trying to put some distance between him and Klaus, the man stepped backward and collided with my chest. His head swiveled back and forth between us, a pathetic whimper slipping past his chest.

I let out a snarl as I recognized the jacket he wore. There was a small tear on the sleeve, the fabric matching what we had discovered in the forest.

This was definitely our guy.

Klaus’ nostrils flared, his fangs bared. I growled, anger rolling through me.

“Do we scare you, you pathetic little shit?” Klaus’ mouth twisted into a crazed smile, his eyes sparking with hatred. “You should be fucking terrified.”

I gripped the man’s shoulders tight, holding him in place. “We won’t ask you again—what is your name?”

He swallowed hard. “M-Mike.”

Klaus grabbed the lanyard hanging around Mike’s neck, making him yelp.

“Hmmm,” Klaus said, tapping a claw against the laminated badge at the end of the lanyard. “It says here you’re a member of the press. A reporter, I take it.”

I dug my fingers into Mike’s shoulders. “I thought you looked familiar. You wouldn’t happen to be Holly’s ex, would you?”

His body went rigid in my grip.

“Answer me,” I growled.

“Y-yes,” he sniveled.

Klaus snarled. “Oh, Mike. You are fucking with the wrong people. How dare you blackmail us and our mate.”

“You-your *mate*?” he stammered. “Holly is your mate? I thought she was just some chick you were both fucking.”

“Don’t you ever talk about her like that,” I seethed, fighting the urge to wrap my hands around his throat. “You aren’t even worthy of speaking her name.”

“I just—” Mike started, but Klaus cut him off.

“You just what?” he bellowed. “Thought you could blackmail *our* mate to make a quick buck, you despicable little rat.”

Klaus thrust his arm forward and Mike lurched against my chest with a shriek.

His balls.

Klaus literally had the guy by his fucking balls.

“Listen here, you piece of shit. I should rip off your pathetic excuse for a dick and shove it down your throat.”

“No!” Mike cried. “Please don’t!”

“As if begging will help you...” Klaus stood there for a moment, giving Mike enough time to truly feel fear. “Because I have a speck of humanity left in my monstrous heart, I’ll let you keep it. Under *one* condition.”

Klaus’ shoulder tensed and Mike screamed again. Klaus must have tightened his grip.

“You’re going to delete those photos. You’re going to quit your job. You’re going to take a trip somewhere far, far away from here.” Klaus leaned in, his face only an inch away from trembling Mike. “And if I see you around the NMHL, Holly, or us, ever again—Flurry and I will find you and we will tear you apart *limb from limb*.”

Mike let out a sob.

Klaus jumped back suddenly, slinging his hand back and forth. “You motherfucker. You fucking pissed on my hand.”

I couldn’t help but snort over the fact that we scared the guy so badly he pissed himself—and the fact that Klaus got pissed on.

His face scrunched in utter disgust, Klaus wiped his hand on Mike’s jacket and growled under his breath. “Do I make myself clear, Mike? You’re going to fucking disappear or we’ll make you disappear.”

I knew Klaus was bluffing. We would never harm someone or break the law, but Mike didn’t know that. Klaus was damn scary when he went all krampus.

Mike’s body vibrated, and he gave a slow nod of agreement.

Klaus leaned in again, his tongue slithering out of his mouth to dance in front of Mike’s face. “Now get out of my sight.”

I released Mike’s shoulders and he couldn’t stumble away fast enough.

We watched him scramble into his car and pull off before we made our way back to the truck.

“Mike, that jerk,” Holly said the moment we opened the door. “I should have known it was him.”

“You could tell it was him?” Klaus asked, squirting a generous amount of hand sanitizer into his hands and vigorously rubbing them together.

“It all clicked. The car, the short stature, the part of the letter that mentioned humiliation. Now that I think about it, it’s

so typical of him.”

“Is it typical for him to piss himself?” I asked, breaking out into laughter.

Holly’s perfect mouth gaped. “He pissed himself?”

“Unfortunately,” Klaus sighed. “Right on my hand.”

“Oh gods,” Holly laughed. “How?”

I grinned. “Klaus threatened certain parts of his anatomy.”

“And I don’t regret a single second of it, princess,” Klaus said, puffing out his chest. “No one threatens me and my mates.”

I leaned over to whisper in Holly’s ear. “I think he was into it, to be honest.”

“Oh shut up,” Klaus snapped over Holly’s laughter.

“So it’s over?” she asked when her laughter subsided. “We don’t have to worry about the pictures.”

“It’s over,” I reassured her.

“And if not, we’ll hunt him down and do what we threatened,” Klaus added.

Holly furrowed her brows. “And what was that?”

“Well,” Klaus puffed out a breath. “I might have said I’d shove his dick down his throat and that Flurry and I would tear him limb from limb.” He shrugged, as if dismemberment was some nonchalant thing.

Holly gave us a wobbly smile. “That’s the most romantic thing I’ve ever heard.”

Yep.

She was our mate.

I reached out and stroked my finger over her cheek. “We would do that for you and more, Holly.”

Klaus nodded in agreement. “You complete us.”

My phone vibrated, and I tugged it out of the tight pocket of my dress pants.

Coach: Where the fuck are you? You said you wanted to meet before the game and I'm here. Waiting!

"Shit," I mumbled under my breath. "Sorry to ruin the moment, snow angel, but Klaus and I have to run."

"It's okay," she said knowingly. "Get ready to kick some ass. I'll be there to cheer you on."

"You better." Klaus gave her a quick kiss, and I did the same.

We said our goodbyes at the stadium gate, watching Holly walk through the press entrance before we hurried to Coach's office.

"Do you think she has any idea?" I asked Klaus.

"She might. But this is what's best for all of us. I want her to be happy. I want us to be happy."

He casually slipped his hand into mine, giving it a soft squeeze. The gesture shocked me, but soon enough, it would be out there in the open.

I stopped in front of Coach's office and grabbed the lapels of Klaus' jacket, pulling him close. "Are you sure about this?" I whispered. "We can—"

"Flurry." Klaus wrapped his hands around my neck. "I've never wanted anything more."

He brought his lips to mine, his fingers tangling in my fur and his long, slippery tongue swirling rhythmically against mine. Arousal, lust, *love* lit me up from the inside out. If we had more time, I'd—

With a whoosh of air, the door to Coach's office whipped open.

"Fucking Gods in the heavens, I knew it," Coach chuckled, taking in the sight of Klaus absolutely claiming my mouth.

I pulled away and awkwardly cleared my throat. "Coach."

He looked at Klaus and me and shook his head. "Come on in, lovebirds. Have a seat."

Coach plopped down in his chair and we sat in the plush chairs across from him.

“So,” he said, cocking a brow. “I take it you’re mates?”

“We are,” Klaus said, possessively placing his hand on top of mine.

“How did you know?” I asked.

Coach leaned back in his chair and chuckled. “Do you really think that a team of monsters wouldn’t be able to tell by your scent? The whole locker room reeks of you two fucking.”

I dug my tusks into my upper lip.

How had we overlooked that little detail?

Oh, right. We were too busy making each other come for it to cross our minds. That and the fact that we were probably scent blind to one another.

Klaus tightened his grip on my hand. “If everyone was aware, why didn’t anyone say anything?”

“Why didn’t the two of you say anything?” Coach said, pinning us with his stare. “The league has strict rules when it comes to outing mates or infringing on those bonds. They’re sacred.”

Klaus and I looked at each other, surprise scrunching up both of our faces.

“Jiminy crickets. Does anyone read their contract or the fucking rulebook?” Coach groaned. He pulled a tattered rulebook out of his desk, flipping it open and pointing to a bullet point. “Article sixty-three, section five. The league will not interfere in matters of mates. Mates on the same team will be allowed to play together. Should the situation arise where mates on opposing teams are scheduled to play against one another, one mate will sit out for the game to avoid cheating allegations. It will be the decision of the mated pair which mate will sit out for the game.”

We had never heard of mates playing the same competitive sport, let alone being on the same team. It had never crossed

our minds that there were rules regarding our exact situation and the way the league would handle it.

I leaned forward in my seat. “Is there anything in the rulebook regarding hockey players and, let’s say—reporters?”

Coach sucked in a deep breath, obviously tired of explaining things to us. “If that pretty little human reporter you make heart eyes at is your mate, the same rules apply. There’s nothing the league can do.”

“You mean to tell me I got pissed on for nothing?” Klaus mumbled under his breath.

We both knew it wasn’t for nothing. Our sexual exploits with our mate being broadcast over the rink for everyone to see wasn’t something we would ever be okay with. Not to mention, making Holly’s shitty ex piss himself was deeply satisfying.

“You know what this means,” I whispered to Klaus. “You don’t have to—”

He shook his head. “Yes, I do. This is what I want.”

“Am I missing something here?” Coach asked.

Klaus sat up straight. *Proud*. “I’ve decided that after this season, I’ll be retiring.”

CHAPTER 12

KLAUS

“Get your shit on, Powerhouse,” Coach shouted over the roar of the crowd.

We were tied four to four in the last period of the game, and Flurry looked completely exhausted, like he was ready to just drop on the ice.

“Am I subbing for Flurry?” I asked, fastening my helmet.

Coach grinned and shook his head. “No, for Jennings. Get out there with your mate and show me what you two can do. Jennings!” He barked.

I normally played center, the position Flurry filled, but Jennings played right wing. Coach must have been curious how we’d play together, and what better time to test the waters than the final minutes of a high stakes game.

Jennings skated to the box, and I hopped out. Flurry perked up when he saw me, his tusk smile widening behind the cage of his helmet.

Time ticked by as we fought the Furies to regain possession of the puck. Erickson, the leading scorer for the Furies shot on goal, targeting Ehrokk’s left side, but the goalie blocked the shot with ease.

“Someone’s been practicing,” I shouted across the ice to Flurry.

“About time,” he screamed back, shaking his head.

I gave Ehrokk our signal, a barely perceptible nod, and broke away toward the Furies goal at the opposite end of the

rink. My muscles screamed as I pumped my legs, driving myself across the ice. I looked up at the stands while I moved, noticing Holly where she sat in the press box. She was leaning forward, nibbling on her nails while her deep brown eyes darted between Flurry and me.

We wouldn't let her down.

Another subtle nod of my head and Ehrokk cleared the puck, sending it flying over the ice past the Furrries, and right to my stick. I moved to shoot, skating close to the goal and drawing the defense with me. But at the last minute, I passed the puck across the crease to Flurry. The defense had left him wide open.

He raised his stick, slapping the puck right past the goalie and into the net a second before the buzzer rang.

The stadium erupted, and I skated over to my mate, drawing him into a tight hug and pointing at where Holly was absolutely losing her shit in the stands.

It felt perfect.

It felt right.

The three of us were right where we were meant to be.

"I love you," Flurry whisper shouted over the madness.

"I love you too. Now let's go get our girl."



Coach had arranged for a post-game press conference for Flurry and me. After our performance during the game, it would have seemed like business as usual. They certainly weren't expecting the bomb we were about to drop on them.

Flurry and I shimmed behind the long table that was set up in front of the Growlers banner, each of us taking a seat behind a microphone. Holly sat in the front row of a buzzing sea of reporters, and I quickly scanned the crowd for Mike's face. The primal part of me was delighted when the little prick was nowhere to be found. I caught Holly's eye, and she beamed up

at Flurry and me. She seemed totally unaware of what was happening. I hoped she'd still be smiling once we made our announcement.

I cleared my throat and leaned over the microphone. "I'd like to make an announcement before we take questions."

All the hushed chatter ceased, and every eye in the room focused on me.

I opened my mouth to speak but snapped it shut, feeling anxiety creep over me. Flurry leaned over and gripped my leg with one of his large palms, drawing my gaze to him. He grinned and nodded.

"After this season, I'll be retiring," I said bluntly, the little reassurance from my mate giving me all the confidence I needed.

There was a collective gasp from the room, the click of camera shutters, and the frantic scribbling of pens on paper. I pushed all of that aside, though, delighted by Holly's shocked expression and the 'o' shape of her plump lips.

Lips I hoped would be wrapped around my cock later.

Pushing those thoughts aside, I continued. "I've found my mates and I'll be pursuing life outside of my hockey career. The life I've always dreamed of with the people that I love."

I was met with a barrage of questions from the media.

"Who are your mates, Klaus?"

"Care to comment on your mates, Powerhouse?"

Flurry glanced over at me and smiled before speaking into his mic. "Well, one is me."

The room broke out into utter chaos. Reporters shouted questions, photographers surged forward to capture shots of the two of us together.

"Enough!" I bellowed, drawing all the noise out of the room. I gave Holly a sincere smile. "Come up here, princess." There was kindness in the way I whispered, a tenderness in my voice that I reserved only for my mates.

Holly bit down on her lip, then slowly rose from her chair. I had to fight the growl that threatened to tear from my chest as every gaze in the room followed her up onto the stage.

I slid my chair back and patted my wide thigh, encouraging Holly to sit where she belonged. She sat on me, wiggling her plump little ass until she was comfortable, and making my dick as hard as steel.

Fuck.

I had half a mind for Flurry and I to take her right there. Stake our claim in front of the media and everyone watching the broadcast.

Holly felt tense in my lap, her body rigid and her breaths coming out as sharp pants. Flurry sensed her discomfort and scooted closer, until the three of us were snuggled together. He placed a reassuring hand on Holly's thigh, and her body seemed to relax.

"It's alright, snow angel," he murmured. "Sorry to spring this on you, but it's for the best."

I leaned against her temple and pressed my lips to her ear. "And don't worry about your job. The rules don't apply to mates." She let out a deep breath, letting her stress go with it, and leaned into me, giving me the acceptance I needed to continue. "This is Holly. A sports journalist assigned to the Growlers, and our mate. Go on, princess."

She cleared her throat and moved closer to the mic. "H-Hi."

The press went wild once again.

"Holly, can you tell us what it's like to be mated to two of the best hockey players in the NMHL?"

"Flurry, how does it feel to replace Klaus as first line center for the Growlers?"

"Klaus, are you retiring to start a family? Is Holly pregnant?"

Holly swallowed hard, and my hands instinctively wrapped around her stomach. She wasn't pregnant, not that I

knew of at least, but part of me was delighted at the idea of her body swelling with our child.

Flurry grinned at me, like he was reading my thoughts. “We’re not expecting. Not anytime soon, at least. This is all very new and we’re enjoying our time together as mates. We won’t be taking any further questions at this time, thank you.”

He grabbed Holly’s hand, leading her offstage, and I followed close behind them. We were silent as we filed down the hallway that led out of the stadium, waiting for Holly to scold us, but she didn’t say a word.

I couldn’t take it anymore. “Holly, we—”

She whipped her head to look at me with tears in her eyes. “You’re really retiring?”

I smiled softly and nodded. “Yes, princess. It’s about time. Flurry will still play and we’ll travel with the team. The three of us will still be together, but I’ll have time to devote to you.”

Holly looked at Flurry. “And you’re fine with this?”

He stroked his hand over her cheek. “I love you and I love Klaus. If this is what he wants, then it’s what I want.” Flurry leveled his blue eyes on me and smirked. “Besides, we both know the old man is slowing down.”

I scoffed. “You certainly don’t seem to think so when I’m pounding your ass.”

Flurry broke out into laughter, and Holly’s cheeks flushed red. The scent of her arousal filled the hallway, drawing our attention towards her.

“Come on,” I purred, grabbing Holly’s hand and then Flurry’s. “I want to go home, take a shower, and fuck my mates.”

They didn’t protest as I tugged them along beside me.

“What was with them assuming I’m pregnant?” Holly huffed. “Of course, their minds would automatically go there.”

Flurry pushed into her shoulder. “Don’t act like you don’t get off on the thought of us breeding you, little mate. I’m sure

it's only a matter of time before you're begging us to put a baby inside of you."

Holly fought back a smile, but her scent gave away her true feelings.

I gripped her hand tighter and nuzzled her head. "And until you're ready, we'll have plenty of fun trying."

This was just the beginning. The media was sure to hound us, pressing for more details of our personal lives, but we'd handle it together.

CHAPTER 13

HOLLY

C HRISTMAS EVE

Warmth spread through me as I sat on the edge of the couch, a cup of hot chocolate in one hand and my phone in the other. Flurry and Klaus both settled down on the floor, a pile of presents stacked between the three of us. The fire crackled in the hearth, we were all full from a glorious dinner, and our stockings were ready to be filled.

It turned out that Christmas was one of their favorite holidays. I'd never really had a true holiday like this before, and Flurry and Klaus had gone all out. Decorating the tree in the corner was one of my favorite parts.

“Smile,” I told them.

“Oh my gods,” Klaus groaned. “You’re making us take pictures.”

“Oh, come on. You know you want to. Flurry, make him smile.”

Flurry leaned over and kissed Klaus hard enough that he lost his breath. I grinned as I received two happy fanged smiles from my mates. I snapped their picture with a laugh and then tossed my phone to the side.

“I don’t think so, princess,” Klaus said. “I want a picture of all of us too. Come here.”

I faked a dramatic sigh and set my mug down, grabbing my phone and going to them. I squealed as I was pulled into Klaus' lap, Flurry pulling us close. I laughed as I fumbled to take selfies, many of them coming out blurred.

Fucking hell, I was so happy. Being with them was everything I could have dreamed of.

Beyond the fact that we were out in the open with our relationship, I loved the two of them so much. For the last couple of months, our lives had been a whirlwind. Mike had, thankfully, quit journalism and rumor had it that he'd moved to the other side of the country. I'd moved out of my tiny apartment and into Klaus' house with Flurry. After our announcement, I'd ended up being asked to be the official photographer for the Growlers—which was way better than having to report any sort of gossip.

Everything had worked out in the end.

For New Years, we planned to visit their families. But since this Christmas was our first holiday together, we'd all agreed to spend it together.

Plus, that meant we could give some fun presents...

And I had a couple surprises up my sleeves.

My hand nearly settled on my stomach just at the thought, but I reminded myself not to do so. I didn't want to give anything away.

I slid out of Klaus' lap, smirking as I sat cross-legged on the floor next to them.

Klaus narrowed his gaze at me, already suspecting something. "What are you up to, princess?"

"Nothing," I said, leaning over to grab my mug again. "Just excited for presents, of course."

"I'm ready to open my gifts," Flurry announced excitedly, eyeing the three boxes in front of him.

"Let's take turns," Klaus said. "Flurry is first."

Flurry *loved* gifts. I winked at Klaus as he picked up the present we'd chosen for him together.

Each one of us had three gifts. One chosen by the other two, then one each individually chosen.

Gods, he was cute. His face lit up as he shredded the wrapping paper. Underneath was a black box. He pulled off the lid and let out a wicked chuckle, drawing out a beautifully crafted leather flogger, a leather harness, and leather handcuffs.

"Fuck," he said. "These are beautiful."

"Holly and I agreed that you'd look hot as fuck in a harness," Klaus said. "And well...the cuffs and flogger are fun too."

"I love them," he said, holding the leather to his nose and breathing in. "I love the scent of leather."

"Me too," I said.

That was something I'd learned about myself with them too. All the kinks I'd discovered just by being with two people who were open to exploring without shame. I loved floggers and cuffs. I loved being tied up too.

"Thank you," he said, grinning. He reached for another box, this one just from Klaus. He opened it, his eyes widening. And then he looked confused. "Hmmm..."

"What is it?" I giggled. Klaus had refused to tell me.

"You'll understand soon," Klaus said.

"What is it?" I asked, leaning forward.

In Flurry's box was only a key. I raised a brow, sitting back. "Interesting..." Now I was even more excited to see what else there was in these boxes.

Flurry reached for the present from me. I grinned as he opened it quickly.

A couple of weeks ago, Flurry had mentioned how much he wanted a new watch since he'd lost his other one. I'd found the perfect one and had our names engraved on the back.

“Aw baby,” he said, his eyes widening. He pulled out the watch and grinned. He turned it over, his expression softening. “This is perfect. I’ve been needing one, and this is even better with your names on it.”

“I’m glad you like it,” I said.

He made a soft noise and reached for me, kissing me gently. “I love you, snow angel.”

“I love you too.”

Klaus chuckled. “Now my turn.”

He reached for the box from Flurry first and unwrapped it, letting out a loud laugh. He pulled out a wooden paddle that said ‘NAUGHTY’ on it. “Oh yes,” he said deviously. “This is perfect.”

He then opened up the box from me, pulling out a nice set of horn polish with a soft cloth. His eyes glimmered with heat.

“I was thinking we could rub your horns...” I said.

“Fuck,” he breathed. “I would definitely like that. Maybe while you’re riding my cock, princess.”

I laughed as he reached for the other box. I exchanged a knowing look with Flurry, trying to hold back my smirk. Klaus opened up the present, pulling the lid off the box.

We had picked out several items. All of them were kink related. He pulled out a set of rainbow rope first, followed by several shibari thorns that would slide over the rope and dig into skin. Then, there was the remote controlled butt plug...

“This is amazing,” Klaus laughed. “And I am very excited to try out all our new equipment...”

“Me too,” I said, trying to keep the wave of nervousness I felt away.

Nervousness and excitement

“Your turn, princess,” Klaus said.

“Okay,” I said.

I reached for the present from Flurry first and opened it. Inside, there was a hockey puck in a frame that said ‘Monster Pucker’. I laughed so hard I nearly cried, pulling it out. Underneath it, there was a beautiful set of lingerie.

“Oh gods,” I said, pulling it out.

“I say we try that on tonight...just to make sure you like it, of course,” Flurry said.

I laughed. “It’s beautiful. Thank you, baby.”

I grabbed the gift from Klaus and tore into it. Inside, there were several vibrators, all of which came with a remote they could control. There was also a spreader bar...that could only be unlocked by Flurry’s key.

“Fuck yes,” Flurry said. “I am going to cherish this key forever.”

I bit my lower lip, already turned on. “I can’t wait to use these.”

“Mmhmm,” Klaus said. “I have a lot of...ideas...”

The final gift was from both of them. I opened it up and felt my eyes water. Inside, there was a team jersey that had their numbers, SNOW ANGEL, and PRINCESS printed on it.

“This is perfect,” I breathed.

“Both of us have a fantasy of fucking you while you’re wearing our jersey...” Flurry said, trailing off.

“I love it,” I said, holding it to my chest. I sniffled, holding back tears.

It was time for the final present.

I got to my feet, earning a couple of concerned looks.

“Are you okay, princess?” Klaus asked.

“I’ll be back,” I said. “I actually have one more...present.”

They exchanged confused looks as I left them, going to our bedroom and grabbing a bag. I came back to the living room, trying to keep myself from crying.

Damn hormones already.

“Baby, are you okay?” Flurry asked, alarmed.

I wiped away a couple of tears and started laughing. “Yes.”

I handed them the bag and sat back on my heels, my heart pounding.

Klaus and Flurry looked at each other and then leaned in, the two of them pulling the tissue paper out. Flurry pulled out two ball caps that said ‘HOCKEY DADS’ and the two of them stared.

“Wait,” Flurry whispered.

I could see their brains short circuiting in real time as Klaus reached into the bag, pulling out the pregnancy test.

I blinked back tears, holding my breath.

They were silent for a moment, and then Klaus burst out crying.

“We’re going to be dads, princess?” he choked out.

“Oh my gods,” Flurry whispered. “Oh my gods.”

“Yeah,” I whispered, sliding my hand over my stomach. “I’m only a few weeks along. It’s why I’ve been avoiding alcohol.”

“Oh my gods,” Flurry said again.

Klaus let out another little sob and reached for me, pulling me into his arms. I held onto him, letting out a laugh as he kissed the top of my head over and over again.

“I’m going to be a dad,” Flurry whispered. “Oh my gods.”

I turned in Klaus’ lap, snorting. “Are *you* okay? Is this bad?”

Flurry blinked, looking up at us. And then he gave me the biggest grin I’d ever seen in my life.

“I’M GONNA BE A DAD!” he yelled, his voice echoing through the house happily. “I’m in shock. Baby, this is the best news I’ve ever had in my entire life. We’re going to have a family.”

“We are,” I whispered, letting out a soft cry.

Klaus pulled Flurry in close, the two of them holding me tight. They kissed me, lovingly touching me.

“I can’t believe it,” Flurry whispered, kissing me hard. “I’m still in shock. I might be in shock forever.”

“I’m so happy,” Klaus said.

“I am too,” I said. “I know it’s soon but...everyone has a different timeline. And this feels right, I think.”

“I think so too,” Klaus agreed.

“It’s perfect,” Flurry said.

And everything was. I’d gotten my happy ending in the arms of my two monster mates.

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. I'm a sucker for werewolves (and plague doctors ;)) to this day.

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ABOUT ASHLEY

Ashley Bennett

Ashley loves to write spicy-sweet monster romances. You can expect fluffy vibes and all the feels from her characters and stories. She enjoys brown sugar oatmilk iced lattes, stockpiling candles, the perfection of fall weather, thrifting mid-century modern furniture, and a good nonhuman romance. **She also loves to commission NSFW art.**

If you're interested in learning more about her upcoming projects or receiving special content, sign up for her newsletter [here](#).

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