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Ménage Amour

UNSPOKEN DESIRES

Stormy Glenn



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Tri-Omega Mates 5

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MENAGE AMOUR



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Letter from Stormy Glenn

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Dear Readers,

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With deep gratitude,

Stormy Glenn

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STORMY GLENN

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Prologue

Wolfrik Ranch

“Think of it as a reunion of sorts, Leyland,” Daniel said to the smallest member of his wolf pack. “Everyone will be there, all of your friends and the other tri-omegas. It’s a Wolf Council meeting. Members from every known wolf pack have to attend.”

“So, you’re saying we *have* to go to this wolf clan meeting thingy?” Leyland asked.

“It won’t be that bad, Leyland. Vadim has offered to host it at Vourdala Island this year,” Jake McAlester, the Wolfrik Pack Alpha, insisted. “While the alphas are all meeting together, you, Sasha, Ryland, and all the other omegas can hang out together and make trouble.”

Daniel hid his grin behind his hand when Leyland Summers glared at his mate, Jake. Leyland seemed to care less about Jake’s status as alpha of their pack. If he had something to say, he said it, consequences be damned. Daniel loved that about the little spitfire.

“I resent that!” Leyland exclaimed.

Jake smirked even as his arms snaked around Leyland’s waist and pulled the smaller man down to sit in his lap. “Resent away, baby, but you know I’m telling the truth. You, Sasha, and Ryland in the same

place is bad enough. Add in Cary and Micah from Hunter Pack, and I have no doubt that all hell will break out.”

Leyland harrumphed. He crossed his arms over his chest as he continued to glare at Jake. Jake chuckled. “Since when have Sasha, Ryland, or I ever caused trouble?” Leyland asked.

Not even Daniel, who seriously preferred to keep out of the arguments between Leyland and his two mates, Jake and Lucas, could stay out of this one. “You can’t be serious, Leyland. The last time we visited Vourdala Island, the three of you got grounded to your rooms on three separate occasions for causing trouble.”

“It’s not my fault if some people don’t know how to have a little fun.” Leyland cast a look at Jake and Lucas before rolling his eyes.

“Leyland, there’s fun and then there’s fun.”

“We didn’t cause any damage, and no one was hurt,” Leyland insisted.

Lucas laughed. “Yeah but you were lucky.”

Daniel felt bad when Leyland ducked his head and buried it in Jake’s neck. He knew Leyland meant well. He always did. It just seemed that sometimes he didn’t think before he did things. It had gotten his cute little ass in trouble more than once.

Daniel didn’t envy his pack mates, Jake and Lucas, in their endeavors to control their wild mate. It took a lot of work to keep up with Leyland. Besides Leyland being a tri-omega, Daniel suspected Leyland’s shenanigans were part of the reason he had two mates. It took two of them just to keep him out of trouble.

If Sasha and Ryland were added into the mix, the fireworks were sure to go off and had on a couple of different occasions. The three of them together were becoming nearly legendary. Daniel couldn’t even imagine the mischief they could get into if Cary and Micah joined them.

Having just recently met Cary and Micah, tri-omegas from the Hunter Pack, Daniel knew that they had the same wild streak that

Leyland did. He was beginning to wonder if it were a trait common in tri-omegas.

“Leyland,” Daniel began, wanting to make the man feel a little better, “we all know you mean well. You’re just trying to make us happy. It’s just that sometimes, the way you go about it is a little...odd.”

Leyland glanced up at him. His brow drew together in a frown. “Odd?”

Daniel chuckled. “Okay, maybe odd isn’t quite the word to use. But you do have to admit some of your more outlandish ideas have been pretty far out there. Remember the time you tried to plan an outdoor picnic and swim for everyone?”

“Yeah,” Leyland replied. He still looked confused.

“Wouldn’t it have been easier to just get some food and blankets together and invite everyone down to the lake? You didn’t have to get a backhoe and try to dig a canal to bring the lake up to the house. It took Vadim a week to fix the yard alone.”

Leyland’s face flushed. He shrugged his shoulder. “It was hot out.”

“Leyland! Neither you nor Sasha knew anything about driving a backhoe,” Jake snapped out. “You both could have been seriously injured.”

“It seemed like a good idea when we thought of it.”

Daniel laughed. “I’m sure it did, Leyland, but next time, check with someone before you do something like that. It’s not so much that you wanted to make things better for us but how you went about it. None of us wants to see any of you hurt.”

Daniel watched Leyland frown again. “Think of it this way, Leyland, how do you think Jake and Lucas would have felt if something happened to you? They can’t survive without you anymore than you can survive without them. They would have been devastated.”

Daniel could see that his words were getting through to Leyland when the man's face paled and quickly reached for both of his mates. Leyland had no doubt that for as much trouble as he caused, Jake and Lucas were his world, and he would do anything for them.

The look of adoration on Leyland's face as he looked at Jake and Lucas and the mirrored look on their faces sent a small sliver of pain through Daniel's chest. He wanted someone to look at him like that, and he knew it would never happen.

His chance to have a mate had come and gone. Or maybe it was that it came and left. Daniel could never figure out which. He just knew that he was destined to be alone for the rest of his life, going from one meaningless one-night stand to another.

Daniel buried his depressing thoughts behind his usual mask of indifference and focused on Leyland once again. There was no sense in wishing for things that could never be. He needed to concentrate on things he had control over because God knows he didn't have control over his love life.

"Leyland, not one of us believes that you mean anything bad by the things you do. I know for a fact that both Jake and Lucas love that you try to care for them the way that you do. You're always thinking of them."

"He's right, baby," Jake said. "We're always thinking of you, too."

"We just want you to think a little bit before you do things. If you have an idea, fine. But is it an idea that's going to get your little butt in trouble?" Daniel asked. He chuckled and held up his hand in a submissive gesture when Jake growled at him. "No offense, Jake."

"Then stop talking about my baby's butt."

"I'm just saying—"

"Well, don't. No one gets to talk about Leyland's butt except Lucas or me."

Daniel grinned, shaking his head. "Fair enough," he said.

Leyland smacked Jake on the arm. “Be nice. Daniel is just trying to help.”

“It’s okay, Leyland. Jake is trying to protect his mate. I am without a mate, and you are pretty darn cute. He’s just protecting what is his.”

Leyland laughed. “Well, maybe you’ll find your mate when we visit Vourdala Island for this stupid meeting and then he won’t have to worry about it anymore.”

Daniel shook his head. “I don’t think that’s in the cards for me, Leyland.”

Leyland giggled. “It could happen.”

Or not, thought Daniel. “We’ll see.”

Chapter 1

Vourdala Island, 3 weeks later...

“Vadim, we can’t thank you enough for hosting the Wolf Council meeting here on Vourdala Island,” Jake McAlister stated as he stepped off the ferry and shook Vadim Miroslav’s hand. “Leyland has been looking forward to spending some time with Sasha and Ryland.”

Vadim chuckled. “Which is the main reason that I’m hosting this council meeting. I love my mate, but he’s been driving me crazy. I don’t think Sasha has stopped talking about it since my father brought the idea up, damn him.”

“I understand you already have quite the turnout?”

“Oh yes, Caleb Hunter and several from his pack arrived last night. I thought Sasha was going to lose his mind when he met Cary and Micah. They’ve been as thick as thieves since they laid eyes on each other.” Vadim shook his head. “I don’t know how the Hunter Pack does it. Can you imagine having two tri-omegas like Cary and Micah in the same pack? Sasha is a regular pack omega. Ryland is the only tri-omega I have to deal with in my pack. Even still, the two of them are more than enough for me to handle.”

Jake nodded. “I had a chance to meet Caleb when we discovered that Cary is actually Lucas’s brother. And, of course, you know that Thomas used to be a member of my pack before he mated with Caleb and Micah.”

“No, I didn’t realize that,” Vadim replied. “With Gregory also being one of your old pack members, this should be like a family reunion for you.”

Jake chuckled. "Yeah, something like that." He turned to look for his mates, Leyland and Lucas, smirking when he found them. Leyland, Sasha, and Ryland were talking a mile a minute, all under the watchful eyes of Lucas.

Another man stood off to the side talking with Gregory and Viktor. Gregory used to be a member of Jake's pack until he mated Ryland and came to Vourdala Island where they met their third mate, Viktor. Viktor Stylianos was Vadim's beta.

"Who's the man talking with Gregory and Viktor?" he asked.

Vadim turned to look. "Oh, that's Brom McGregor. He's the son and beta of Alpha Angus McGregor."

Jake's brows drew together in a frown. "Angus McGregor? Where have I heard that name before and why don't I like it?"

"The man is an ass, Jake. Just in the three days that he's been here I've had to break up three different fights, smooth over the ruffled feathers of two restaurant owners after he refused to pay his tab, and keep two fathers from demanding justice for their daughters. He's bad news."

Jake whistled. "Now I remember where I heard his name. He was friends with my father before I left my pack."

"Before you were kicked out, you mean," Vadim added.

Jake nodded. "Semantics, Vadim. Needless to say, my father and Alpha McGregor were close friends. I don't envy you the next few days." He pointed his finger at Vadim. "Keep an eye on that pack, Vadim. They're trouble."

Vadim nodded. "I've kind of come to that conclusion, although Brom doesn't seem that bad. He tries to keep his pack reined in, as far as I can tell. The only one he doesn't have any control over is his father."

"Too bad Brom wasn't the alpha," Jake replied as he watched the man. His gaze was drawn by the sight of Daniel coming off the ferry with their luggage. Daniel's steps seemed to falter, his face draining

of color. Jake couldn't remember ever seeing such a look of horror on Daniel's face in the five years that he had known him.

Jake followed the direction Daniel was looking. His eyebrow went up in surprise. Daniel was staring at Brom McGregor as if he had seen a ghost. "Well, that's interesting."

* * * *

Daniel chuckled as Lucas and Jake argued over whose lap Leyland was going to sit in. Leyland just stood to the side, rolling his eyes. That seemed to be a regular occurrence with those three. Daniel had seen it time and time again since the three men had become mated.

He saw it in the other people that sat around the small fire pit as well. Ryland was curled up with his mates, Gregory and Viktor. Cary sat between his mates, Saul and Ryce. Micah sat with his mates, Caleb and Thomas. Even Sasha was curled up with Vadim.

Daniel was the odd man out. Not even Niko, Vadim's brother and pack beta, was around. Niko was off spending time with his father. Daniel sat all alone with no mate to cuddle with. As miserable as that was, Daniel was used to his single status, even if he didn't like it. And that fact was pretty sad.

"You're the last unmated member of the pack, Daniel." Leyland giggled from where he now sat in Jake's lap. "We're going to have to find you a mate now. There are plenty of single men on the island to pick from."

Daniel gave Leyland a half smile. "I'm good, Leyland, but thank you."

Sasha scoffed at Daniel from his position on Vadim's lap. "Daniel, how can you say that? Having a mate is, well, it's everything we search for our entire lives. We need our mates."

This *so* wasn't a conversation Daniel wanted to have. "I'm fine, I promise you."

“Daniel, you’re not fine,” Leyland argued. “You need to find your mate. You need to have the bond that a mate brings to you.”

Daniel grimaced. “Please, Leyland, let’s just drop it.”

“Daniel—” Leyland started only to be interrupted by Jake.

“Baby, you need to drop it,” Jake said. Daniel sent him a grateful smile. “Daniel will find his mate when it’s time.”

Daniel’s gaze looked out beyond the firelight as he mused over Jake’s words. He had never explained to Jake about his life with his former pack beyond saying that he had been kicked out for being gay. Some things were just too painful to discuss.

A movement out by the lake caught his eyes. Daniel looked closer. His gaze settled on the figure of a lone man walking along the edge of the lake across the meadow from where Daniel sat.

He could just make out the man’s striking face from where he sat, but what he couldn’t see in the fading sunlight, Daniel could see in his head. He knew the man had a strong, masculine face, blond hair the color of straw, and eyes as blue as the deepest ocean.

A scar ran from the corner of the man’s left eye down to the edge of his square jaw line. The soft smattering of hair across his muscular pecs was dark brown. It matched the dark shadow that always seemed to be on his face no matter how often he shaved.

The hands he had shoved into the pocket of his jeans were thick and callused from hard work. Daniel knew that as rough as they were, they could be soft and gentle and drive a lover to distraction.

And the deep, raspy voice that could whisper sweet nothings enough to make someone swoon could deliver a killing blow, ripping the heart out of even the strongest man. Daniel knew because it had happened to him.

His eyes never wavered from the lone figure, even as he clenched the beer bottle in his hand until the brown glass shattered. He barely heard the gasps of those around him or the words of concern. He only saw the man walk away until he was out of Daniel’s sight.

“Daniel?”

Daniel looked down to see Leyland kneeling at his feet, concern written all over his face. It was only then that Daniel realized that he had a broken beer bottle in his bloody hand. He swore under his breath and shook his hand free of any loose glass.

He used the firelight to light his hand and pulled out any remaining glass. Pulling his shirt over his head, he wrapped it around his hand. He felt like an idiot. Daniel climbed to his feet with the intention of leaving his circle of friends before he embarrassed himself any more. He had walked just beyond the edge of light when Leyland's voice stopped him.

"Is he mad at me? I didn't mean to make him mad. Was it because I kept telling him he needed to find his mate?" Leyland's quiet voice wavered as he spoke. Daniel knew he couldn't let Leyland think it was something he had done.

"No, Leyland, it was nothing you said," Daniel said quietly.

"I'm sorry if I upset you, Daniel," Leyland said quickly. "I guess I'm just so happy with Jake and Lucas that I want everyone to feel that way. I want everyone to find their mate."

Daniel's eyes strayed to the edge of the lake again. He desperately searched the area for one last look of the man that haunted his dreams. Or maybe they were his nightmares. When he found none, he turned and smiled weakly at Leyland.

"I already found my mate, Leyland, several years ago." Daniel looked down at the ground before anyone could see the tears gathering in the corner of his eyes. He would be so embarrassed if anyone found out how much misery that that statement caused him.

"You've already found your mate?" Leyland cried out.

Daniel nodded, not lifting his head. "You remember that man at the pier, the tall one with the straw-colored hair and deep blue eyes? He was talking with Gregory and Viktor when we arrived. His name is Brom McGregor. He's my mate."

"If he's your mate, then why in the hell aren't you two together? Doesn't he know you're mates?" Leyland asked.

Daniel smirked. “He knows.”

“Then why—”

Daniel looked up at Leyland. He tried to smile at Leyland but knew he had failed miserably when Leyland’s sad little eyes looked back at him. Daniel felt a single tear fall down his cheek. “He doesn’t want me.”

Chapter 2

Daniel was nervous about the huge meet and greet cocktail party Vadim planned. The chances of him not running into Brom seemed slim to none. Every pack member that arrived for the big council meeting was supposed to attend. That included Daniel.

He tried to convince Jake that he didn't need to attend without giving away the details of why, but Jake wasn't having it. He insisted that Daniel attend as a member of Wolfrik Pack, and it came as an order from his alpha. There wasn't any way that Daniel could refuse.

Daniel ran his finger under the collar of his shirt. He felt like he was choking, or maybe it was the lump in his throat that he couldn't quite swallow past. Add that to the sweaty palms, the nervous tick in his jaw, and he was doing just peachy.

He couldn't do this. He just couldn't. He was going to have to talk to Jake and explain everything. Seeing Brom, being in the same room with him, it just wasn't something he could do. He wasn't that brave.

Daniel left his room and walked down the hallway to his alpha's room. He took a deep breath for courage and then raised his hand and knocked. Just as he did, he suddenly didn't want to face Jake and tell him the most humiliating experience of his life.

Daniel turned to leave, but his heart fell when the door opened. Christ! It was Jake. As much as he wanted to see his alpha, he also didn't. He'd much rather go back to his room and hide. Hell, he'd rather get off the island all together and just go back to the ranch.

"Daniel?"

Daniel turned back. He gave Jake a small, wobbly smile. "Hey, Jake."

Jake frowned. "Did you need something?"

Daniel stroked his hand through his hair, frustrated that he even needed to have this conversation. "Yeah, do you have a minute?"

"Certainly." Jake stepped back and motioned for Daniel to enter his quarters. "Come on in."

Wishing he was anywhere but where he was, Daniel stepped into the room. He immediately spotted Leyland lounging on the couch, Lucas sitting next to him. Oh crap! Daniel turned back to Jake.

"Is there somewhere we can speak privately?"

Jake frowned. "You know I don't keep anything from Lucas and Leyland."

"Yeah, I know, and I figure you'll probably tell them later." Daniel grimaced. "I'd just rather do this without an audience."

Jake regarded him for a moment and then nodded. "You understand that I'll discuss this with them later, right?"

Daniel nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"Very well." Jake turned to Lucas and Leyland, who were looking at Daniel curiously. "Would you two mind going for a walk while I talk to Daniel?"

Lucas and Leyland climbed to their feet and crossed the room to Jake. Daniel turned away, knowing that they were going to kiss their mate before leaving. Giving them a moment, he walked over to stare out the window.

He heard the door close but didn't turn around. Daniel could feel Jake staring at him. The man had a presence that took up an entire football field. Daniel had always thought that it was part of what made Jake a good alpha. He commanded attention without speaking a word.

"Do you remember what I told you last night about Brom?" Daniel asked, his eyes still out on the night sky. It seemed easier this way, not having to look Jake in the eyes as he confessed his weakness.

“That he was your mate?” Jake replied. “Yes, I remember. What about it?”

“I know you ordered that all pack members attend this cocktail party tonight, but I just can’t, Jake. I can’t be in the same room with him.”

“He’s your mate, Daniel.”

Daniel shook his head negatively. “Doesn’t matter.”

“I still don’t understand how you can say that. I’ll admit that I’m confused as to why you two aren’t together if you both know you’re mates but surely you can—”

Daniel turned around to face Jake, letting him see all the anguish and misery he felt. “No, Jake, I can’t.”

“Fuck, Daniel, what happened?” Jake asked. “What did he do to you?”

Daniel’s laugh was bitter when it came out. “I think it’s more like what he wouldn’t do to me. He wouldn’t mate me.” Daniel rubbed his face with his hands before dropping them to his sides and pacing around the room. “Damn, Jake, you should have seen us. We were walking hormones. We fucked so much I thought my dick would fall off.”

“What happened?” Jake asked quietly.

Daniel shrugged, his hands fisting as he tried to keep control. “Who knows? Family, politics, life, everything seemed to get in the way. He was the alpha’s son. He had obligations he couldn’t turn his back on, pack obligations.”

“Cubs?”

“I think that was part of it.” Daniel turned to look at Jake. “I think part of it was that he couldn’t face the pack and tell them that we were mates. When push came to shove, the pack was more important to him than I was.”

“Daniel, man, I’m sorry.”

Daniel nodded. He walked over and sat down on the couch, his head bent as he studied his hands.

“Is that why you left?”

“I would have stuck it out. I loved him. I thought he loved me. I would have faced the pack and told them to go straight to hell.” Daniel paused, trying to gather his thoughts. “He told me to leave, that he would never mate me.”

Daniel twisted his hands together as he stared down at them. “He told me he never loved me, that it had just all been for fun. He wanted me to leave, and if I didn’t, he’d tell his father to make me leave. So, I left. There didn’t seem to be any point in staying.”

Daniel felt Jake sit down beside him. A hand rubbed his back. “He was married the week after I left. Last I heard through the pack grapevine, his wife had just given birth to their second child.”

“I’m sorry, Daniel.”

“I can’t see him, Jake. I just can’t.” He glanced over at Jake. “I don’t think I’m brave enough to see him and not want him. I just don’t have that much courage.”

He could see the sympathy in Jake’s eyes. He could also see the resolve. It made Daniel’s heart ache. He knew what Jake was going to say even before he said it. It made him want to rage against the helplessness he felt.

“You have to come, Daniel,” Jake said. “All pack members have to be there. It’s council rules. I’m sorry.”

Daniel inclined his head. He knew he didn’t have a choice, but he had to try. “Very well, I’ll be there.” Or die trying.

“However, the rules don’t state exactly how long you have to be there, just that you have to be there.”

Daniel’s head popped up. “What?”

“Everyone has to be there for the opening ceremonies of the council meeting. If you felt the need to leave after that, no one would stop you.” Jake shrugged his shoulders. “It shouldn’t be more than ten minutes or so.”

Daniel felt relief flood his body. It was almost overwhelming. The tension in his neck faded away. The anxiousness that had been his

constant companion since spotting Brom on the dock left. He started to grin. "I guess I could do ten minutes."

"I wouldn't ask this of you if it wasn't required, Daniel," Jake said. "You know that, don't you?"

Daniel nodded. He knew that. Jake was a good alpha, unlike many. He truly cared about the members of his pack. He would never force Daniel to do something unless he absolutely had to. It just wasn't in his nature.

Standing, Daniel straightened his shoulders and cleared his throat. "Thanks, Jake."

"Anytime, Daniel," Jake said as he stood up beside Daniel. "But you know you should have come to talk to me earlier. We could have avoided this whole thing by leaving you at home. Only members that actually attend the council meeting are required for the opening ceremonies."

Daniel paused on his way to the door to look back at Jake in astonishment. "I thought everyone had to attend."

"No." Jake shook his head. "Only the members that actually come to the council meeting have to be present during the opening ceremonies. Can you imagine how damn big that meeting would be if every member of every pack had to attend?"

Daniel chuckled. He could just imagine. He also felt like a dope. If he had come to Jake earlier, maybe none of this would be an issue. It wasn't like he ever thought he'd see Brom again. He didn't even know that the McGregor Pack was part of the Wolf Council. They always kept kind of to themselves.

And that worried him. "Hey Jake, this is going to sound a little strange, but don't let your guard down around any member of the McGregor Pack. Angus McGregor isn't known for his fair play or morals."

"Yeah, I kind of remember him from when I was with my birth pack. Angus McGregor was good friends with my father." He smiled.

“That right there gives me enough reason to keep my eye on the man.”

“It’s not just him, Jake,” Daniel warned. “I’d be wary of anyone in his pack.”

“Does that include Brom?”

“I want to say it doesn’t, but I just don’t know.” He dipped his head slightly. “He used to be the most honest, ethical man I ever met. He’d do anything for a member of his pack, give them the shirt off his back, provide them with protection and support, anything.”

“Sounds like a good man,” Jake said.

“He reminded me a lot of you.” Daniel shook his head indecisively. “Now—now I just don’t know.”

“Fair enough.”

“And I know I should have come to you sooner,” Daniel said. He shrugged his shoulders in resignation. “It’s just hard, you know? No one wants to admit that their mate doesn’t want them.”

“Are you sure that’s what happened?” Jake asked. He put his hand on Daniel’s shoulder in a show of support. “Could he just have been caught up in pack politics?”

Daniel shook his head in dismay. “No, he made it quite clear that he would never claim me as his mate.”

* * * *

Daniel smiled and dipped his head when he noticed that the members of his pack had encircled him. He was surrounded by them. He knew Jake had discussed his issue with Lucas and Leyland. He always did. Leyland must have squealed to everyone else.

He felt a warm glow flow through him at the show of support by his pack members. They had been the one good thing that had happened to him since leaving his birth pack. They always had his back.

People were milling about, pack with pack, as everyone got situated and waited for the Council of Elders to begin the opening ceremonies. As the words of the elders began to flow, Daniel gathered his strength.

He knew from the strong earthy, aroma that was uniquely Brom's that the man was directly across the room from him. A part of him reveled in the heady scent that had been missing from his life for over five years. If he lifted his head just a little, he would see him.

Pushing his curls back from his ears, Daniel leaned his head back and gazed across the room. His breath caught in his throat. The sight of Brom after so many years was almost more than he could bear.

Even in a crowd, Brom's presence was compelling. He had an air of authority and the appearance of one who demanded instant obedience. But there was a restless energy about him as if he were waiting for something. Daniel was curious as to what.

"Is that him?" Leyland asked.

Daniel nodded back to Leyland without looking away from his mate. He couldn't. He was mesmerized. Daniel thought that five years would have lessened the spell the man had over him. He was wrong. Brom was still as devastatingly handsome as he was the day he kicked Daniel out of his life.

Daniel's jaw clenched. He raised his chin with a cool stare in Brom's direction. He was not going to let the man get to him. Brom didn't want him? Fine. But Daniel wasn't about to let the man know how much anguish that still brought him.

Cold dignity kept a stony look on Daniel's face when Brom's steel-blue eyes settled on him. The man's expression showed shock, then stilled and grew somber. For an instant, wistfulness stole into his expression and a spark of some indefinable emotion filled his eyes.

Daniel smiled smoothly and nodded, betraying nothing of his tension. He'd slit his own wrists before he let Brom know that he was still affected by the man. But Brom's eyes seemed to plead with Daniel for understanding as they pierced the distance between them.

Brom folded his hands together in front of him. He made a subtle show of glancing down at his hands. When he looked back up at Daniel, he seemed to try to impart a message to him. His brows flickered a little.

Daniel looked down at Brom's hands and then wished he hadn't. He felt a muscle quiver in his clenched jaw as he tried to hold himself together and not fall into a million pieces right there in the middle of the council ceremonies.

Settled on Brom's pinky finger was the simple, gold braided ring Daniel had given the man when they had declared their love for each other. Daniel had a matching one on a leather thong around his neck. He never took it off.

It was the one concession he had given himself when he had left. It was his last tie to his mate, the mate that didn't want him. Even knowing that Brom didn't want him, Daniel hadn't been able to give it up.

For a brief, undefined moment, hope flared in Daniel's heart. Brom still wore his ring. That must mean something. Maybe Jake had been right. Maybe Brom did what he did because of pack politics. Maybe Brom still wanted him.

Just as quickly as that hope blossomed in his heart, it died a cold, hard death as a slinky blond woman walked up to Brom and handed him two small cubs. Daniel felt an acute sense of loss when the woman leaned up and kissed Brom on the cheek.

Daniel's heart froze solid. He pressed his lips together as anger and grief overcame him. He tilted his chin up, gave Brom his frostiest smile, and turned away.

His smile faded the moment he faced the other direction. He strolled towards the exit as if he hadn't a care in the world, nodding to people as he moved. The Council of Elders were only half done with their opening ceremony, but Daniel didn't care. Grief and despair tore at him. He had to leave before he totally lost it.

The moment he passed into the hallway, Daniel leaned up against the wall. He closed his eyes, his heart aching with pain. He was abruptly caught by the elbow and firmly escorted down the hallway.

“Move,” Brom commanded. His tone was relatively civil despite the anger blazing in his blue eyes.

Daniel dug his heels in, refusing to take a single step. “Bite me,” he replied in a low voice, taut with anger.

Brom’s blue eyes darkened until they were nearly black. “I just might.”

Daniel ripped his arm away from Brom’s powerful hold. “You don’t have the right to tell me what to do. You’re not my alpha, and we both know you’ll never be my mate. Go fuck yourself.”

Daniel’s anger was like a cloak around his shoulder, shielding him from everything, as he stormed down the hallway to his room. He could feel Brom’s intense stare follow him every step of the way. Daniel refused to turn around and give Brom the satisfaction of knowing how much the man’s presence upset him.

He fumbled with the lock until another hand grabbed his key and pushed it in. Daniel’s heart raced as he realized that Brom had followed him. He was helpless to stop the man as he was pushed into the room. The door slammed and locked behind them.

Air rushed from Daniel’s chest as Brom pushed him up against the nearest wall, covering his body with his own. Brom’s handsome face was kindled with a sort of passionate beauty as he glared at Daniel.

“What in the hell are you doing here?” Brom growled.

Daniel struggled, pushing Brom away. “It’s called a council meeting, dumb ass.”

“I know what it’s called, Daniel,” Brom replied. “I want to know why you are here.”

“My alpha ordered me here, same as yours.”

“Who’s your alpha?”

“What the fuck do you care?”

Brom slammed his fist into the wall next to Daniel's head.
"Who's your alpha?"

"Jake McAlester."

Daniel leaned back, pressing himself against the wall when Brom leaned forward and sniffed his neck. There was no way for him to describe the feeling he got at having Brom that close to him, sniffing him. It went straight to his cock.

"You don't smell like him," Brom said, his voice low.

Daniel rolled his eyes. "Duh! I'm not mated to him."

"Are you sleeping with him?"

Daniel stared at Brom in shock. "You don't have the right to ask me that."

"You're my mate," Brom snarled.

"Not any more I'm not. You gave up that right when you sent me away and married that bitch."

Brom's head dropped forward until Daniel couldn't see his eyes anymore. The silence in the room was punctured only by their heavy breathing. Daniel's heart pounded as he waited for Brom to say something, do something, anything.

"Damn it, Daniel, you—" Brom suddenly stopped speaking, pushing himself away from Daniel to cross the room to the window. He crossed his arms over his chest and just stared out the window.

"You don't understand how things were, Daniel," Brom said softly.

"I understand exactly how things were," Daniel snapped. "You made it more than clear to me that last time I saw you." Daniel stormed across the room to grab Brom's arm and spin him around. "You remember that, don't you? That's when you told me that you never loved me and that you would never mate me. It was all just fun, remember?"

"Daniel, I—"

“What?” Daniel asked when Brom stopped mid-sentence again. He felt overwhelmed at the stricken look on Brom’s face. He dropped his hold on the man’s arm and stepped back several paces.

He needed to get control of himself before he said something he would regret. Daniel rubbed his hand over his face and took several deep breaths. He was so close to begging Brom to take him back when it was Brom that had kicked him to the curb in the first place. He needed to remember that.

“Go,” Daniel ordered without looking at Brom. “Just go.”

“Daniel, I don’t want things to be like this between us.”

Daniel scoffed, turning to glare at Brom as his anger at the man flared back to life. “How in the fuck did you want it then? Am I just supposed to sit by while you have your little life, then make nice when you lower yourself to speak to me?”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Then what in the hell did you mean because I have to tell you, from where I sit, this whole thing sucks. You have the family you wanted. I have nothing. I’ve spent every night for the last five years alone.” Daniel waved his hand towards the door. “So you go back to your perfect little wife and your two little kids and live a long and happy life. Just stay the fuck out of my life because I never want to see you again.”

Even as he said the words, Daniel wished that he could take them back. As much as he needed Brom to go away and keep out of his life, he also needed him to stay. The agony produced by his indecision sat like a weight in his stomach.

Brom stepped towards him. Daniel leaned into the hand that gently cupped his cheek. It had been so very long since he felt Brom’s tender touch, years. And he missed it so much. That one simple moment of contact almost undid him.

“Is that what you want, Daniel?” Brom murmured quietly. “Is that what you really want?”

Daniel closed his eyes and bit his lip to keep from telling Brom what he really wanted. It wouldn't do him any good. Brom made his wishes clear years ago. Daniel couldn't force the man to mate him, no matter how much he wanted it.

"It's the way it has to be, Brom," Daniel replied just as softly. He opened his eyes, curious when he heard a small catch in Brom's breathing. The emotions flashing through the man's blue eyes made Daniel's heart pound rapidly in his chest.

Brom ignored him, his hand stroking the hard contours of Daniel's face, his thumb tracing over Daniel's lips. "I haven't heard my name on your lips for over five years, but I never forgot the way it sounds."

Daniel shook his head in denial. He knew what was coming, and he knew he wouldn't be able to resist. "Please don't do this, Brom."

"I have to, Daniel."

Chapter 3

Brom groaned as he leaned in and captured lips that hadn't touched his in over five years. No matter how many years it had been, he still remembered and hungered for the taste and feel of Daniel.

He closed his eyes and pulled Daniel into the circle of his arms. His heart hammered in his chest when he felt Daniel's arms wrap around him, one arm around his waist, one around his neck. A brief shiver of remembered moments rippled through him.

"Brom," Daniel whispered breathlessly.

Brom could hear the want, the need in the man's voice. It was answered in the silent thundering of his heart. He grabbed the hem of Daniel's shirt and pulled it up over the man's head.

His breath caught in his throat at what he found underneath. Daniel had filled out in the years they had been apart. Before, the man had been handsome, stunning. Now, he looked absolutely breathtaking.

Hard, contoured muscles and dark brown nipples graced his smooth chest. A rippled abdomen moved into a concave below the man's pant line. A small trail of reddish gold hair trailed down under Daniel's belt.

Brom's hand trembled as he traced the lean muscles of Daniel's chest. He moved down past Daniel's belt buckle to the large bulge still wrapped in black slacks. Brom quickly glanced up at Daniel when the man hissed. He squeezed the hardness beneath his hands again, watching in awe as Daniel's head fell back on his shoulders. A look of pure ecstasy played across Daniel's face.

Brom couldn't stand it. He quickly unbuckled Daniel's belt and slacks, pushing everything down Daniel's legs until his full cock bounced free. Brom dropped to his knees before Daniel.

His hand trembled as he reached out to touch the engorged flesh. It was hot to the touch, silky, jerking in his hand. A small drop of liquid pooled at the tip. Brom was unable to stop himself from leaning forward and licking the drop away, the distinct taste of his mate exploding across his tongue.

The groan that fell from his lips sounded agonized and needy even to Brom's ears. He felt his face flush at how needy he appeared. But he couldn't keep the desperate look off his face as he tilted his head back and gazed up at Daniel.

"Do it," Daniel demanded fiercely. "Suck my cock, Brom."

Elation flowed through Brom. It was quickly overshadowed by a desire so turbulent that Brom's eyes almost crossed. He looked back at Daniel's cock, anticipation flooding him as he leaned forward and wrapped his lips around the thick shaft.

He ran his tongue around Daniel's cock, over the small slit in the hood, then under the edges of the mushroomed head. Daniel's hands gripped Brom's hair. His hips bucked against him.

It was all the permission Brom needed to continue. He sucked the hard flesh into his mouth until the head butted against the back of his throat. The agonized groan that came from Daniel when he swallowed made Brom suck harder.

He could feel Daniel's legs tremble under his hands where he gripped them. The man's moans turned to continuous whimpers and cries of delight. Brom reached down and pushed Daniel's shoes off his feet, then pushed his slacks the rest of the way down until Daniel stood before him naked.

He knew Daniel wanted the same thing he did when the man spread his legs. Brom stuck two fingers in his mouth along side of Daniel's cock and got them as wet as he could then moved them back

around to the crease of the man's ass and stroked them over the small, puckered hole waiting for him.

Daniel felt so tight when Brom pushed his fingers in that he almost came in his pants right there and then. No one could be this tight if they were having regular sex. Daniel hadn't been lying when he said he slept alone every night.

Brom wasn't sure if that made him happy or sad. Both emotions seemed to war inside of him. He was glad that Daniel had denied this intimate act to anyone but him. He was saddened that Daniel had been alone all of these years. And he was happy that Daniel had been alone.

Brom tried his hardest over the years to not imagine where or who Daniel was with. The pain each imagined image brought him almost tore his soul apart. Despite what he said to Daniel, the man was his mate and always would be, even if they couldn't be together.

"Oh, God, Brom, harder," Daniel cried out. His hands pulled at Brom's hair. "I need you to fuck me."

Brom pushed his fingers deeper into Daniel. He added a third one and curved them just a bit until he found Daniel's sweet spot. He knew he grazed it when Daniel's cries suddenly increased, and his body stiffened.

Hot cream filled Brom's mouth. The taste, sweet and tangy at the same time, overwhelmed Brom. He was aroused to a fever pitch. Brom licked the last drop of seed from Daniel and then climbed to his feet. Daniel's eyes were dazed, his expression passion-filled.

Brom picked him up and quickly carried him into the bedroom, laying him down on the bed. It took just moments for Brom to pull his own clothes off and dig around in the nightstand for a bottle of lube that he knew was there. Daniel always kept a bottle of lube in his nightstand.

Brom climbed up on the bed and knelt between Daniel's spread legs. He squirted some lube between Daniel's ass cheeks before

lathering his own cock. Dropping the lube on the bed, he grabbed Daniel's legs and hooked them over his shoulders.

He paused long enough to look down into Daniel's eyes, silently asking for permission. As much as he wanted Daniel, he wouldn't take the man without his consent. He never forced Daniel in the past, and he wouldn't do it now.

Daniel's slow nod was all Brom needed to push deep inside of his tight grip. A moan of ecstasy slipped through Brom's lips as hot, silky flesh enveloped him. He felt passion rising in him like the hottest fire, clouding his brain.

Sensation took over as Brom began to move, slowly thrusting into Daniel. He felt Daniel's hands grip his arms. His face seemed rigid, his jaw clenched tight, but his beautiful green eyes sparkled with desire. Brom didn't think he ever looked more beautiful.

An overpowering need to claim Daniel, to bite him and sink his teeth into his soft flesh, rolled over Brom. He glanced down at Daniel's throat. He could see the small pulse moving, thumping. Just one small taste, that's all he wanted.

"Do it," Daniel whispered.

Brom raised his eyes to find Daniel watching him. His dark eyes smoldered with fire. "Daniel."

"Do it, Brom. Claim me," Daniel said before tilting his head back and baring his throat to Brom's gaze. Hunger unlike anything he ever felt in his life ripped through Brom. He leaned down and swiped his tongue over the rapid pulse there.

Sweet, hot, masculine flavor crashed into Brom. He let his canines extend, scraped them over the soft skin of Daniel's throat. Desperate need filled him. Brom started to sink his teeth in when reality reared its ugly head.

Brom closed his mouth tight and buried his face in Daniel's neck. Extreme sadness filled him. Even as he heard Daniel cry out, hot wetness filled the space between them. A hot tide of passion raged through Brom. He gasped nearly silently as Daniel took him over the edge.

His body shuddered, a flash of desire blinding him as he came, filling Daniel with his release. Brom panted, his chest rising and falling rapidly. He lifted his head to look at Daniel, his heart breaking at the silent tears falling from the man's eyes.

He reached up to touch Daniel's face, pausing before his hand made contact with the man. "Daniel, I—"

Brom moaned as Daniel pushed him away, rolling over onto his back. He watched him move to the side of the bed. Daniel's shoulders seemed to shake for a moment when the man stood up.

His face was clear of tears as he glanced over his shoulder at Brom but it seemed covered in misery. "I want you gone when I get back," Daniel said quietly, then turned and walked into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

Brom stared at the closed door for several moments. His mind couldn't get past the agony that filled Daniel's features. He knew he was responsible for Daniel's pain, and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

He and Daniel could never be together, not the way mates were supposed to be. And Brom could never fully explain to Daniel why. It was better to just let Daniel think the worst. Even if it sent unimaginable pain through his heart, Brom hoped that Daniel would find someone to love as much as Brom loved Daniel.

Chapter 4

Daniel poured himself another shot of whiskey and slammed it back, grimacing as it burned down his throat. A terrible sense of bitterness assailed him. He poured another shot and drank it down. He was bound and determined to get drunk and burn the memory of Brom fucking him out of his mind, even if it was just long enough for him to sleep.

Because, God knew, every damn time Daniel closed his eyes all he could see was Brom's handsome, rugged body moving over his, loving him. The image would instantly harden his cock every time.

And then Daniel would remember Brom's refusal to claim him yet again. Daniel had no idea what made him beg Brom to claim him. He obviously had lost his mind. He knew Brom wouldn't do it. Brom made that perfectly clear numerous times. Still, he hoped for a brief moment when he felt Brom's teeth scrape over his skin.

Daniel shook his head and poured himself another shot. He just needed to get really drunk and find someone to burn Brom's memory from his mind. Daniel doubted it would work, though. He'd been trying to do that very thing for the last five years.

"Hey, man, got another glass?"

Daniel glanced over to see Jake sitting down across from him. He frowned and handed the bottle of whiskey over. Jake poured a glass for himself, then one for Daniel. He held his up and looked over at Daniel.

"What are we celebrating?"

"My utter stupidity."

Jake raised an eyebrow and then clinked his glass against Daniel's. "Well, then, to you, Daniel. May your utter stupidity reign supreme." Jake chuckled and tossed the drink down.

Daniel swallowed his own and set the glass down on the table. He knew Jake had questions, and he'd probably want answers. Daniel had avoided any contact with Brom or his pack for several days. Jake would want to know why, and Daniel wasn't in the mind to tell him.

"I need to go home, Jake."

Jake nodded. "Yeah, you seem a little unsteady on your feet. Just how much have you had to drink anyway?"

"No, Jake," Daniel said. "I need to go home, back to the ranch. I can't be here anymore. I can't—"

"Daniel," Jake said, reaching over to place his hand over Daniel's. "It's okay. If you need to go home, go home. I understand. Do you want Lucas to go with you?"

Relief filled Daniel. He shook his head. "No, I probably won't be very good company anyway. You might as well keep him here with you and Leyland."

"Well then, what do you say we get you back to your room and get you packed? You can get some rest, and then leave on the morning ferry."

"Jake, I haven't slept in days."

"And you look like it, my friend."

Daniel stared down at the glass in his hands. "I can't stop thinking about him. Every time I close my eyes I see his face." He picked up his glass and waved it at Jake. "This isn't even helping."

"Then why are you drinking it?"

"Cause," Daniel cried out desperately, slamming his glass back down on the table, "I need just one damn night without seeing him in my head."

"Daniel, are you sure there's no chance for you and Brom?"

He wished!

“No.” Daniel shook his head. “Besides, he’s married now with a couple of kids. I’d never break up his little family.” Daniel turned to look out the window at the darkness. “It’s what he’s always wanted.”

Daniel was grateful when Jake didn’t say anything. Any sympathetic platitudes the man could have given him would have seemed lame considering the circumstances. Jake had the family he’d always wanted, too.

“Come on, let’s go.”

Daniel nodded and got to his feet, swaying just a bit as all of the alcohol he’d consumed seemed to reach his head at the same time. He reached up and put his hand to his head as he swayed.

“Whoa.”

“Hey, man, are you okay?” Jake asked, grabbing Daniel’s arm.

“I’m just a little dizzy.” Daniel laughed. “Guess I had one too many shots.”

“Come on, you lush,” Jake said as he wrapped an arm around Daniel’s waist. “Let’s get you home before you hurt yourself. I know you have a hard head, but it would still dent pretty easily if you fell down.”

Daniel chuckled and let Jake lead him out of the bar. Daniel’s steps were slow and rocky as they walked down the street, heading back towards the alpha compound. The air around them felt cool but not cold. The streetlamps lit the way, but the moon shining overhead outshone everything. Daniel started to think it might be a beautiful night.

Daniel leaned his head against Jake’s shoulder. “Did I ever tell you how much I admire you?”

“Oh Lord, you’re so drunk.” Jake laughed.

“No, I’m serious,” Daniel said, pulling Jake to a stop to look at him. “You’re always looking out for us, taking care of us. You’ve made our pack a family and not just a club of fur balls.”

“You are so going to hate yourself in the morning.”

Daniel chuckled. He wagged his finger at Jake. "Yeah, but I love you right now."

"You son-of-a-bitch!"

Daniel swung around at the sound of someone's angry shout to see Brom standing behind him. His face was so filled with rage it looked red. His hands were balled into fists at his side. He looked ready to rip someone apart.

"Brom, what—"

"It's been two days, Daniel, two fucking days," Brom shouted. "You couldn't wait longer than that?"

"What in the hell are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about, Daniel," Brom snapped. He stepped closer to Daniel until they were almost nose to nose. "Would you have stayed faithful to me if I had claimed you?"

Daniel frowned. "What do you care? You've made it more the clear you don't want me. It seems to me it's no longer your business who I fuck."

"It will always be my business," Brom spit out through gritted teeth. "You're my mate. You belong to me."

"No, I don't. You wouldn't claim me, remember? I can fuck whoever I want, and there's nothing you have to say about it. You gave up that right five years ago and again the other night."

Daniel stared at Brom in shock as he was grabbed by the arms and given a shake. He didn't understand where all of this anger and possessiveness came from. Brom had made it more than clear that he didn't want Daniel. What did he care who Daniel was with?

"You belong to me, damn it!"

"I don't belong to you," Daniel replied. "I never did."

"I can fix that!"

Daniel inhaled sharply, his eyes widening as Brom leaned in and sank his canines deep into the soft skin of Daniel's throat. His eyes drifted closed, his hands clenching in the fabric of Brom's shirt as his mate finally claimed him.

He could feel the mating bond forming between him and Brom. The connection was so strong it made Daniel's knees tremble. The elation and sense of triumph flowing through Brom seeped into Daniel, overwhelming him.

Daniel let out a small cry. His heart fluttered in his chest, a last ditch effort to protect itself before opening up and letting Brom move in. Daniel's knees buckled, the strong arms wrapped around him were the only thing keeping him from dropping to the ground.

Brom finally pulled his teeth free and licked the wound clean. Daniel looked up at him as the man leaned back. He felt an instant of pure desire and satisfaction. He wasn't sure if it came from him or Brom.

Apprehension filled him as Brom's eyes darkened, the white nearly bleeding out of them.

"Oh Christ, what have I done?" Brom whispered.

Daniel dropped his hands from Brom's shirt and backed away from him, pulling himself free from the man's grasp. He shook his head, trying to deny the dread he could feel coming from his mate.

This wasn't happening. It just wasn't. Brom refused to claim him five years ago and then again two days ago. They should both be feeling overjoyed. Instead, Brom seemed to be filled with so much horror that it overshadowed everything else the man felt.

Daniel felt his heart break like it was a physical act. He pressed his hand against his chest, wondering how he could possibly feel it beat beneath his hand when he knew he had died. Was this was hell?

Daniel couldn't say anything because he knew if he opened his mouth he would start screaming. He just turned and walked away. His steps were slow but steady, leading him somewhere down the road. He didn't really care where as long as it was away from Brom.

He could hear Brom and Jake arguing, but he didn't care what it was about. He didn't really care about anything at that point. Nothing seemed to matter. He felt nothing. He heard nothing. He was dead.

* * * *

Brom watched Daniel walk away, unable to clear the picture from his mind of the man's face. He couldn't remember ever seeing so much heartache on someone's face, and it killed something inside of Brom to see it on Daniel's, especially knowing that he put it there.

By the time his mind had cleared of the red haze of rage he felt hearing Daniel profess his love for another man, it had been too late. He'd already claimed Daniel as his mate. Even though horror had filled him, Brom couldn't deny the sense of satisfaction he felt knowing Daniel was finally his mate.

"God, you are one stupid son-of-a-bitch."

Brom turned to look at the man that had started this mess, the one that Daniel had professed his love to. He snarled at him. "Who the hell are you?"

The man seemed to eye him, his eyes raking Brom from head to toe. He shook his head. "I sure don't know what he sees in you, but I promise you this, I will do everything in my power to keep you away from him. Daniel deserves a lot better than the likes of you."

Brom stepped forward, his hands curling into fists again. "He's mine."

"Not if I have anything to say about it."

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Jake McAllister," the man replied. "I'm Daniel's alpha."

"He told me you weren't sleeping together," Brom said, confused by the man's hostility. If he and Daniel weren't sleeping together, then why in the hell did he care what happened between the two of them? Did Daniel lie?

"Daniel and I have never been intimate, and we never will be," Jake replied. "I already have two mates. I don't need another one. But Daniel is a member of my pack, and I will keep him safe from you. You've done enough damage."

"He's my mate." Brom insisted. "You can't keep him from me."

“Watch me.”

Brom frowned as the man turned away and followed the same path that Daniel took. Could Jake keep Daniel away from him? Wasn't the bond between mates more sacred than anything?

Even as Brom thought the words, he realized what he had done. After years of denying Daniel, he mated him then denied him again. With the mating bond in place, Daniel had felt everything Brom did.

Brom groaned. He rubbed the heels of his hands over his eyes. Why couldn't things ever be simple? He just wanted to settle down somewhere safe and raise his kids with his mate by his side. Was that really too much to ask?

Brom lowered his hands and rested them on his hips. He looked down the long road Daniel and Jake had walked down. There was no sight of them, and he had no idea where they were headed.

Knowing that they had a deep connection, Brom closed his eyes and concentrated on his mate. He knew he should be able to feel Daniel's emotions, to sense how his mate was. All he felt was coldness and the feeling of complete darkness surrounding him.

Brom's heart thundered in his chest as he considered the possibility that Daniel might have done something to himself. He started down the road after him, walking at first but then speeding up his pace as more urgency filled him.

If Daniel did something, Brom would never forgive himself. He'd be completely responsible. Brom wasn't sure he could live with himself if something happened to Daniel, but he had too many responsibilities to let himself follow Daniel into the afterlife.

People depended on him, needed him, people that meant as much to Brom as Daniel did. He didn't want to have to choose between them...again. Fear taking hold of him, Brom started running.

Coming around a small bend in the road, Brom skidded to a stop. Several yards ahead of him Daniel stood talking with his alpha and two other men. Jake had his arm around Daniel, leading him towards a large, lighted compound.

Brom watched until they walked from sight, entering the huge house. He waited a few more minutes until he saw a light come on upstairs. A figure passed in front of the window. Brom recognized it as Daniel. He'd know that man's form anywhere.

When Daniel paused at the window and looked out, Brom moved back to stand under the trees. He didn't want to be seen, but he needed to know that Daniel was safe. He waited until Daniel moved away and the light went out before heading back to the hotel he stayed at.

Brom had no idea what he would do now that he and Daniel were mated. He knew that no matter what he did, someone would be hurt. He just hoped it wasn't the innocent people involved in this mess.

"Brom?"

Brom turned quickly at the softly spoken word, his claws extended and ready to strike. He closed his eyes briefly and heaved a deep sigh of relief when he spotted Jaryn standing behind him.

Opening his eyes, he beckoned the man forward with his hand, wrapping an arm around him and holding him close. Brom buried his face in Jaryn's soft brown hair, inhaling his sweet scent before kissing the man.

He felt Jaryn's arms wrap around him as the man pushed his body close. The soft contours of Jaryn's body where belied by the hard shaft pressing against Brom's. It was an exquisite feeling that sent desire racing through Brom's blood stream.

He'd been denying himself the luxury of Jaryn's body since the moment he'd met him five years ago. At first, Jaryn had been too young. Now that he was old enough, Brom wanted Jaryn's first time to be special, not some hurried fumbling in the woods.

"Brom," Jaryn whispered. He rubbed his erection against Brom's. "Please, I've been so patient. I need you."

"Jaryn."

"Please," Jaryn pleaded again.

Brom could see the desperation in Jaryn's golden brown eyes. He could feel it in the hard push of Jaryn's hips as the man rode his leg. He was helpless to resist. Brom suddenly made a decision. He could at least give this to Jaryn.

Brom pushed his thigh more firmly between Jaryn's legs. Jaryn cried out, his head falling back as he thrust against Brom's leg. His hands gripped Brom's shirt. Brom stroked his hand down Jaryn's back and cupped his ass, pulling him more firmly against him.

He knew what they did was dangerous, but he just couldn't seem to stop himself. Maybe it was claiming Daniel earlier. Maybe it was because he denied himself for so very long. Brom just knew he needed this as much as Jaryn.

He licked his fingers and pushed his hand beneath the waistband of Jaryn's pants until his fingers grazed between the man's ass cheeks. Jaryn jerked against him, crying out. Brom dragged his fingers across the tight, quivering hole of Jaryn's ass.

"One of these days soon, Jaryn, I'm going to take you here," Brom whispered as he pressed his fingers against Jaryn's hole. "Daniel's going to take you here."

"Yes, please." Jaryn groaned. His entire body trembled against Brom.

"Would you like that, baby?" Brom asked, tapping his fingers against Jaryn's sensitive flesh before pushing in up to his knuckle. He pushed in and out several times before straightening it out until it bumped against the small button of Jaryn's pleasure.

Brom pushed in a second finger. Jaryn began to push back against the intrusion, riding Brom's fingers. Brom would push in, press up his fingers and rake them over Jaryn's sweet spot before pulling out then repeating the procedure.

Jaryn's breathing thinned as it sped up. His hands were tight fists in Brom's shirt. Brom watched the stunned amazement create a haze of golden light in Jaryn's eyes. The man looked breathtaking.

“Brom,” Jaryn suddenly wailed. His body jerked once and then shuddered. Brom felt wetness spread across his leg where it wedged between Jaryn. He chuckled, realizing that Jaryn had come all over both of them.

Jaryn panted as he leaned back to look up at him. Brom could see the wonder in his eyes, the delight. They had kissed several times in the last year but nothing beyond that and not before Jaryn turned eighteen. Seeing that look now on Jaryn’s face made Brom wonder how he lasted this long. Jaryn looked beautiful in his passion.

“Thank you,” Jaryn murmured, his face flushing, his head dipping down as if embarrassed.

Brom lifted Jaryn’s head and then leaned down to give him a small kiss. “No, thank you. It was my pleasure.”

Jaryn leaned back. His eyes glanced down to the aching, hard erection clearly showing in Brom’s tight pants. The man’s eyes darted up to his and then back down. Brom’s heart raced up when Jaryn licked his lips.

“You want me to take care of that for you?”

Now there was a loaded question, Brom thought. If he said no, he might as well shoot himself in the head for being the world’s biggest idiot. If he said yes, would it be considered taking advantage of someone so young?

“Jaryn—”

“Please?”

“Ah, hell,” Brom swore as he quickly unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down far enough for his cock to bounce free. He heard Jaryn whimper before the man fell to his knees, his hands moving out to grab Brom’s hard, jutting cock.

The tight grasp almost brought Brom to his knees. It had been so long since someone he cared about touched him intimately. Just the soft touch of Jaryn’s skin, the gentle tug of his hand as he stroked the aching flesh told Brom that he wouldn’t last long. The pleasure coursing through his body was too intense.

Brom spread his legs as far as they would go and locked his hands behind his head. He didn't want to inadvertently grab Jaryn and hurt him if he lost control, which was a very real possibility when he felt Jaryn's lips wrap around him.

"Ja— Jaryn." Brom groaned. He couldn't keep his hips from thrusting forward, driving his cock deep into the man's mouth until he felt the head bump against the back of his throat.

Brom thought for sure the inexperienced man would gag or at least push him away. Instead, Jaryn grabbed Brom's hips, anchoring him in place, and swallowed. Brom's knees nearly buckled as Jaryn's throat muscles tightened around him.

No one had ever taken him so deep. Brom could feel Jaryn's nose brush against his pubic hair as he was sucked down the man's throat. Then Jaryn pulled back until just the tip of Brom's cock remained in his mouth.

When Jaryn's tongue pushed against the slit on the head of his cock, Brom couldn't keep silent any longer. He groaned, biting his lip to keep the sound at a minimum. He began thrusting into the man's mouth.

Jaryn seemed to allow the movement, locking his lips around Brom's cock, creating the most exquisite sensation Brom had ever felt. Brom glanced down at Jaryn. The sight of Jaryn on his knees, the man's lips around his cock, was all Brom needed to send him barreling over the edge.

He cried out as his orgasm was ripped from him, Jaryn swallowing down every drop of his hot release. Brom's heart thundered. His legs trembled with weakness. He whimpered as Jaryn licked him clean.

When Jaryn finally released his softening flesh, Brom grabbed him by the arms and hauled him to his feet. His lips covered Jaryn's as he desperately tried to show his gratitude without words.

Jaryn groaned and leaned into the kiss, the man's tongue warring with Brom's. Taking the challenge, Brom deepened the kiss, his tongue delving deep to explore the recesses of Jaryn's mouth.

"You never did say what you were doing here, Jaryn," Brom whispered against Jaryn's lips when he finally came up for much-needed air. "You know this is dangerous."

"Something happened," the man replied. "I could feel it. I needed to make sure you were okay."

Brom stroked his hand down the man's hair, holding him closer. "Yeah, something happened, and it's not good." Brom couldn't resist him when Jaryn tilted his head back, golden brown eyes twinkling up at him.

Jaryn stared at him for a moment, his head tilted to the side as if pondering something. "You claimed Daniel," he murmured quietly.

"Yes." Brom couldn't lie to Jaryn. He'd rather cut off his arm. He didn't like lying to Daniel, either, but it truly had been for his own good. Even so, Brom was pretty sure he was going to go to hell because of the lies he told.

"Then we can—"

"Jaryn, this doesn't change anything," Brom said quickly, interrupting the man. "If anyone were to find out that I claimed Daniel or to find out about you—" Brom shook his head. He stroked his hand down the side of Jaryn's head, his eyes devouring the man's handsome features. "We have to keep this a secret, Jaryn. We can't tell anyone."

"You don't think they're going to know?" Jaryn asked. "Even I can tell that your scent has changed. They're going to know the minute that you get close to them."

Oh hell! Brom hadn't even considered that, but Jaryn was absolutely correct. He'd claimed Daniel. Once a werewolf claimed another, their scent changed, mingled with that of their mate. That's what told other werewolves that they were mated. Everyone would know.

“Oh fuck, what am I going to do, Jaryn?”

“We, Brom, what are we going to do,” Jaryn replied, cupping his hands around Brom’s face. “You’re not in this alone. You haven’t been since long before I came on the scene. And, after everything you’ve told me about Daniel, if you give him a chance, he’ll be there for you just as much as I will.”

Relief and deep admiration filled Brom as he leaned forward and rested his forehead against Jaryn’s. “I don’t know what I would have done without you these last few years, Jaryn. You’ve kept me sane.”

Jaryn smirked. “I’m not sure that’s an inducement, Brom. I still think you were crazy for sending Daniel away even if I understand why you did it. I’m just not sure you’re going to be able to convince Daniel.”

“I broke his heart, Jaryn,” Brom said as he remembered the agonized look on Daniel’s face when he had turned and walked away. “He’s hates me, and he has every reason to. I don’t think I can fix that.”

“If you love him, you can fix anything.”

“It’s not that simple, Jaryn,” Brom insisted. He pushed himself away from Jaryn to pace between two of the trees hiding them from everyone’s view. “Even his alpha knows what I did. I doubt the man will let me anywhere near Daniel.”

Brom stopped pacing when Jaryn grabbed his arm. He looked down at the man, wondering not for the first time how someone so beautiful could actually be real. Besides Daniel, Jaryn was the handsomest man Brom had ever seen.

“You have to talk to Daniel, Brom. You know what will happen when they find out you mated Daniel.” Jaryn shook his head, desperation in his copper eyes. “We won’t survive it. None of us will.”

Brom glanced past Jaryn’s shoulder at the building beyond the trees and the window he had spotted Daniel standing in. He wasn’t

sure Daniel would agree to talk to him unless he tied and gagged the man. Daniel had to be angry. Brom would have been.

Jaryn suddenly hissed. Brom glanced at him quickly. Fear filled him when Jaryn's face paled. The grip Jaryn had on Brom's arm tightened. "The cubs, Brom."

Jaryn didn't need to say anything more. Brom turned and started running back towards the hotel where his cubs were. He could hear Jaryn running behind him, but he didn't have time to stop and let the man catch up.

Brom didn't know what Jaryn had felt, but he had experienced enough of Jaryn's premonitions to heed them when they happened. If Jaryn said something was wrong with the cubs, Brom believed him.

Strangely enough, Jaryn's premonitions seemed to be tied to people he cared about. Brom wasn't sure what that meant. He was just glad that Jaryn cared about him and the cubs. It had saved Brom's butt on more than one occasion.

He ran as fast as he could, his breath coming and going in rapid gulps. Reaching the edge of the hotel, Brom came to a sudden stop and pressed himself against the side of the building before peering around the edge.

He didn't know what he might be heading into. While Jaryn had premonitions, he wasn't always good at pinpointing when they would happen or what exactly would happen. He just knew *something* would happen.

The front of the hotel seemed clear of people. Brom watched for a moment, waiting to see if anyone appeared. When no one did, he started to go around the corner until a hand on his back stopped him.

Brom turned, his heart pounding even after he found Jaryn standing behind him. "Damn, Jaryn, you're going to give me a heart attack."

"Let me go in first," Jaryn said.

Brom shook his head. There was no way he would let Jaryn walk into a potentially dangerous situation.

“Brom, I smell like I always have. No one will pay me any mind.”

Jaryn had a point even if Brom didn’t want to admit it. Jaryn’s scent hadn’t changed. Brom’s had. Jaryn was also a member of their pack. No one would think anything of him walking into the hotel and going to check on the cubs. He was always checking on the cubs.

If they smelled cum on him, they would just attribute it to him being a horny young man. As long as Brom didn’t claim him, no one would know what he and Jaryn did in the woods except them.

“Okay, go check on the cubs.” Brom finally agreed. “I’ll be waiting right here. If everything is okay, open the curtains to their room, and I’ll come up. If I don’t see those curtains move in ten minutes, I’m coming in.”

Jaryn nodded. He took a deep breath and smoothed his shirt down over his abdomen before walking casually around the corner and down the walkway to the hotel doors. Brom watched until Jaryn walked inside then stepped back into the shadows. He looked up and watched the upstairs windows where his cubs slept. The wait was agonizing.

Chapter 5

Jaryn tried to act casual as he walked through the lobby of the hotel his pack stayed in. That was nearly impossible considering how fast his heart beat in his chest and how much his palms sweated.

He just knew that any moment one of their pack members would jump out and accuse him of something. It wasn't like he did something bad. He was just walking through the hotel. He had done that a lot in the days they had been at Vourdala Island. He just never did it with this much fear pulsing through him.

Jaryn made his way to the stairs leading to the second floor, a small sigh of relief breaking free when no one stopped him. He tried not to hurry as he went up them, but everything in him said that the cubs' lives were in imminent danger.

The hallway seemed clear when Jaryn reached the second floor. He paused for just a minute to listen but couldn't hear anything out of place. He couldn't smell anything out of place, either.

Jaryn hoped his luck stuck with him as he walked down the hallway to the cubs' room. He paused outside of the door next door and leaned his ear against it, listening for sounds from inside. If Marla was in residence, things could get ugly.

Hearing nothing, Jaryn walked to the next door. He turned the knob slowly and opened the door. There didn't seem to be anyone inside beyond the two cubs sleeping in their portable cribs. Jaryn walked in and closed the door behind him.

He walked over and peered into each crib, smiling at the sleeping cubs. Brom made beautiful babies. Jaryn felt overjoyed that Brom

trusted him enough to be one of their main caretakers. He loved the two little boys like they were his own.

Jaryn tucked a blanket up closer around one and then bent over to give him a small kiss on the head. He stepped over and repeated the gesture with the other cub. Both boys, Cailan, barely three years old, and Iain, just a baby of six months, were perfect in Jaryn's eyes.

Satisfied that the cubs were okay, Jaryn walked over to the window to open the curtains. He needed to let Brom know all was clear. Just as he reached for the edge of the curtain, the door swung open.

Jaryn jerked around, blocking the window with his body. When he tried to speak, his voice wavered. "Marla."

Marla huffed and stormed into the room. "Have you seen Brom? He's supposed to be escorting me to a cocktail party given by one of the wolf packs, and he's late."

"He was out walking earlier," Jaryn said. If he said no, Marla would know he lied. He'd hugged Brom. He would have some small scent of the man on him. "Would you like me to go find him?"

Just then, one of the cubs started to whimper. Marla cringed, her face wrinkling in disgust. It was no secret in their pack that Marla didn't like cubs. She liked the prestige that came with being married to the alpha's son, but she didn't like the parental responsibilities that came with providing Brom with cubs.

"No, I'll find him," Marla said. She waved her hand over at the crying baby. "Can you deal with that? I'm going to be late as it is. Oh, and pack a small bag for them. I might want them to join us at the party. They are the grandcubs of the alpha, after all."

Jaryn smiled. "I'd be happy to."

"You would." Marla frowned. "I swear you should have been born a woman, Jaryn. There's not a masculine bone in your body. I swear the only reason I keep you around is to keep the other nannies off my husband."

"Yes, ma'am."

Jaryn held his breath as Marla swept from the room, her perfume clinging to the room for several moments after she was gone. He walked over and gently patted the baby until he quieted down and went back to sleep. It took but a moment.

Too bad Marla didn't have that skill, Jaryn thought as he walked over to the door to close it. He grabbed the doorknob and started to push the door closed when he heard voices coming from down the hallway.

Jaryn peered through the small crack between the door and the wall. He couldn't see anyone, but he could hear voices. They didn't seem to get any closer, but they sure got louder. Jaryn realized it was Marla and Brom's father, Angus.

"Have you seen Brom?" Angus asked. "I need to speak to him."

Jaryn could hear the anger in his alpha's voice. It sent a chill of apprehension down his spine. An angry Angus wasn't a good thing. People tended to get hurt even if they weren't who had made the man angry.

"He's out walking or something just as stupid," Marla replied. "He was supposed to be here to take me to a cocktail party being given by one of the other packs, but he's not back yet."

Jaryn could picture her waving her hand in the air as she said the word 'stupid.' The woman didn't seem to realize that she was the stupid one. She had the perfect family, and she always tried to get more, more money, more men, and more attention.

"If you see him, you tell him I want to talk to him immediately. He has some explaining to do concerning his behavior this evening."

Oh shit!

"Why?" Marla asked. "What's he done this time?"

"None of your damn business, woman," Angus snapped.

Jaryn covered his mouth to keep his laughter behind his lips as he pictured the look of indignation he felt sure covered Marla's face. She hated the fact that Angus treated her like a second-class citizen.

“Don’t be like that, Angus,” Marla crooned. Jaryn almost gagged. “We could go back to your room and discuss it.”

“I thought you had a cocktail party to attend?”

“I can go later,” Marla replied. “You’re more important than any old cocktail party.”

Jaryn held his breath as silence reigned in the hallway. Curiosity eating at him, he cracked the door open just a bit more and peered around the edge. Jaryn wasn’t surprised in the least to see Marla and Angus kissing. He’d suspected for some time that they were having an affair but had never been able to prove it. Now he knew.

When Angus lifted his head, Jaryn quickly jerked his head back into the room. He closed the door until just a sliver of light from the hallway remained, listening to what Marla and Angus said and hoping to learn something, anything.

“Go to my room and wait for me there,” Angus said. “I’m going to go check on my grandcubs.”

“I just checked on them,” Marla replied. “They’re both sound asleep right now, and I’d rather not wake them before the party.”

Thank you, Marla, Jaryn thought as he heard their footsteps walk away. He waited until he couldn’t hear their footsteps then peered out the doorway and down the hallway just in time to see Angus’s door close.

Quickly closing the door, Jaryn raced over and grabbed the baby bag. He packed it with as much baby clothes, diapers, and other baby paraphernalia that he might need. He then reached for another bag and packed it with toddler items. He put the bags on the floor beside the cribs and picked up a small front carrier, pulling it on and belting it around his waist. Grabbing the baby, he placed him inside the carrier, trying his best not to wake the infant.

Jaryn heaved a sigh of relief when Iain didn’t wake up but only cuddled in closer to his chest. He took a minute to catch his breath and let his heart rate slow down. The adrenaline and fear running through him right then could have sent a man to the moon.

Jaryn wrapped a blanket around Cailan and picked him up out of his crib. The toddler fussed for a moment until he got a whiff of Jaryn's scent then settled right down as he always did. The boy was used to Jaryn handling him.

With one last look around the room for anything he might have forgotten, Jaryn picked up the two baby bags and swung them over his shoulder. He cradled Cailan to one side of his body and Iain to the other in the front pack. Taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, Jaryn walked over to the door.

He cracked it open again, peering out. Finding the hallway empty, Jaryn stepped out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He walked quickly down the hallway toward the stairs, pausing briefly outside of Angus's door to listen. The only thing he could hear was the occasional moan or groan.

Jaryn shook his head and started walking again. He wondered if Brom actually knew about the affair his wife was having with his father. He doubted it. While Brom didn't love Marla by any means, they were married.

Jaryn just reached the bottom of the stairs when Brom walked into the lobby. Jaryn glanced around to see who else might be in the area. A couple of pack members milled about and some shifters from other packs. Other than that, the place was clear.

Still, they needed to play it safe. Jaryn glanced back at Brom and gave him a small shake of his head then plastered a wide smile on his face. He waited until Brom walked up to him then handed him one of the baby bags and Cailan.

"Brom, I'm glad I ran into you," he said rather loudly. "Marla wanted me to get the cubs ready for some cocktail party you're supposed to be attending. Apparently, she wants to show them off to the alpha's wife or something. Could you help me?"

Brom looked confused but nodded anyway. "Yes, of course."

"Marla's upstairs talking with your father," Jaryn said, seeing the dawning of the situation in Brom's eyes. "They should be along in a

little while. I thought I'd get a head start since these two weigh a ton and a half."

"Good choice." Brom chuckled.

Jaryn watched Brom cradle his older son to his chest and hook the baby bag over his shoulder. He gave the man a long look before starting towards the main doors. Fear pounded the blood through his body as more pack members walked in. He prayed they could get out before they got caught.

"Oh, Brom, your father wanted to talk to you about something," Jaryn said absently. "I heard him tell Marla and thought I'd pass the message along."

"Well, let's get these two over to the cocktail party first, and then I'll see what my father wants," Brom replied. "I don't want them out in the night air any longer than they have to be. You wouldn't mind watching them while I come back and talk with my father, would you?"

"No, of course not," Jaryn replied as he stepped through the main doors. "You know I love watching the cubs."

Once he was outside, Jaryn looked around and then hurried to the side of the building. He hugged the baby in his arms to his chest as Brom joined him. Brom opened his mouth to talk. Jaryn shook his head and gestured towards the woods they had come through before.

Brom nodded and led the way. Jaryn followed, having no doubt where they were headed. Besides the fact that it was the home of the ruling alpha of Vourdala Island, the compound was also where Daniel stayed.

When they reached the edge of the woods where they stood before, Brom stopped and turned to look at Jaryn. "Talk and it had better be good. A lot of shit is going to come down on our heads for this."

"Marla asked me to keep an eye on the cubs while she went to the cocktail party."

"Uh uh, you can do better than that, Jaryn."

Jaryn heaved a sigh. “Marla came into the room before I could signal you. She sounded pretty pissed off that you were late taking her to some cocktail party. I told her that you were out taking a walk.”

“That doesn’t explain why you snuck the cubs out of the hotel, Jaryn.”

“Your father showed up looking for you.” Jaryn raked a hand through his hair, desperation filling him. “He knows, Brom. I don’t know how he knows, but he does. I had to get the cubs out of there before something happened.”

“Fuck!” Brom exclaimed, quickly made shushing noises as Cailan whimpered. Once the toddler settled down, he looked back up to Jaryn. “Did he say anything else?”

Jaryn bit his lip and glanced away.

“What, Jaryn? Tell me!”

“He was too busy kissing Marla,” Jaryn replied as he looked back at Brom. There really was no good way to tell a man that his wife was being unfaithful to him and with his father at that. Jaryn wished he hadn’t been the one to do it.

“That’s it? He was just kissing Marla?”

Jaryn’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “Well, no, they went back to his room together at Marla’s request. Your father wanted to check on the cubs, but Marla told him they were sleeping.” He reached over and laid his hand on Brom’s arm. “I’m sorry, Brom. I wish I didn’t have to tell you about that.”

Brom shook his head. “I could care less about Marla sleeping with my father. I’ve known about that for months.”

“You knew?” Jaryn asked in shock.

“Of course I knew. I could smell my father all over her. I’m just grateful it didn’t start until after the cubs were born. At least I know that they’re mine. As far as I’m concerned, my father can have the conniving little bitch.”

“Brom!”

“The only thing Marla ever wanted from me is my position in the pack. My father handpicked her to marry me, and I suspect if my mother had been dead at the time, Marla would have married him instead of me.”

Jaryn knew Brom didn’t like his wife much. He hadn’t realized that he despised her. That made him feel a little less sad that he was essentially interfering in Brom’s marriage to Marla.

“So, what are we going to do?”

Brom turned and glanced at the alpha compound behind him. “We’re going to try our best to sneak into an alpha’s compound without getting caught. If we get caught, Jaryn, we’re screwed.”

Jaryn nodded. He kind of figured that. What he couldn’t figure out was how they were supposed to sneak into a building filled with werewolves with two babies and not get caught. If they pulled this off, they both should audition for jobs as magicians.

“Okay, let’s do this.”

Brom turned back, nodding. “Stay close to me, Jaryn, no matter what. We can’t be separated. From here on out, it’s just you and me and the cubs.”

“And Daniel.”

Brom smiled. “And Daniel.” He turned to face the house. “If he’ll have us.”

Jaryn had no doubt that once Daniel learned the truth about everything, he’d be all over Brom like white on rice. Brom had told him hundreds of stories of what things had been like before Daniel left. Brom seemed to remember those times with great fondness.

Jaryn hoped that they could all make new memories together, but that remained to be seen. First, Brom had to get them in the door with Daniel, and then he needed to explain about Jaryn and the cubs.

He followed Brom to a high brick wall. They walked along the edge until they came to a small stream that seemed to run under the wall. Jaryn didn’t like the way Brom looked at the water. He liked even less when Brom handed Cailan and the baby bag to him.

“What are you doing?” Jaryn asked, afraid he already knew.

“I’m going to swim under that edge there,” Brom said as he pointed to where the wall hung over the water. He started to pull his shirt over his head. “You’re going to hand me the cubs and the bags, then swim under yourself.”

“Oh, this is absolutely ridiculous.” Jaryn swung around and started marching toward the front gate. He heard Brom quietly calling his name but chose to ignore the man. They should be able to walk right through the front gate, not sneak in like thieves in the night.

Over the last several days, Jaryn had spent enough time with Sasha and Ryland and a few of the other omegas to know the alpha of Vourdala Pack was a reasonable man. If they were in trouble, he’d help. All they had to do was ask.

Jaryn walked right through the main gate and up to the front door, knocking. A moment later, the door was opened by an older-looking woman Jaryn remembered as Mary, the housekeeper.

“Hello, Mary, I was wondering if Sasha was available. I brought the cubs to meet him.”

“Who’s that with you?” Mary asked, glancing past Jaryn’s shoulder.

“Brom McGregor, the cubs’ father. He insisted on escorting me here. He said it wasn’t safe for the cubs to be out unprotected.”

“Yes, that is a wise decision, Jaryn,” Mary said as she stepped back and held the door open. “Well, come on in. Sasha is in the study with a few of his friends.”

Jaryn motioned over his shoulder for Brom to join him and then walked in. He heard Brom hurry in behind him. Turning, he handed Cailan back to Brom with one of the baby bags.

“Thus, we’re in.” Jaryn smirked.

“Yeah, but how many people saw us enter, and how many people are we going to run into before we get to Daniel?” Brom whispered. “Each and every one of them could tell my father where we are.”

“Brom, they’re not going to tell on us.”

“How can you say that? You don’t know these people. They could be just as bad as my father.”

“No, I don’t know them but Daniel does,” Jaryn replied. “Do you honestly think he would associate with people like your father? If he does, then he’s not the man you told me about.”

“Point taken, Jaryn, but remember that there is a lot at stake here. If you’re wrong, it could mean both our lives.”

“I’m not wrong, Brom.” Jaryn prayed he wasn’t. He didn’t think he was, anyway. The next few minutes would tell the truth.

He followed Mary down the hallway to a large, dark wooden door. He could hear laughter and voices from inside. It grew louder as Mary opened the door. Jaryn peeked past the older woman, his eyes widening at the total number of people inside. Maybe this hadn’t been such a good idea?

“Alpha Vadim?” Mary called out. “Jaryn has come to visit Sasha, and he’s brought the cubs.”

Jaryn heard a squeal as Sasha came running into view. He stepped back. At Sasha’s look of surprise, he motioned the man to step out into the hallway.

“Sasha, I need to talk to your mate,” Jaryn said. “It’s a matter of life or death. I need his help.”

Sasha’s face instantly became serious. “Of course. He’s in the study.”

Jaryn shook his head. “This might be better discussed in private.”

“Jaryn, I trust every man in that room with my life.”

“You might have to.”

Sasha merely raised an eyebrow. He looked all sorts of curious. Jaryn was just grateful the man didn’t start asking the questions he could see burning in his mind. “Well, come in then.”

“Is Daniel here?” Jaryn asked. His heart pounded. He’d seen the pictures Brom showed him, but he’d never actually seen the man in person. He couldn’t believe he might see him for the first time in the

next couple of seconds. He wished he'd had time to clean up a bit first. He wanted to make a good impression.

"Yes, he's right inside."

Jaryn stepped into the room, feeling all eyes looking at him. He searched around, his eyes landing on a lone, red-haired man standing next to the fireplace. His breath caught in his throat. Daniel was beautiful.

He took a step towards him, reaching out his hand to the man. "Daniel."

"Jaryn, no," Brom said swiftly from behind him.

Jaryn turned to look at Brom. "But—"

"No, Jaryn, it's not the time for that." Brom's eyes were filled with remorse. "We need to talk with Alpha Miroslav first."

Jaryn knew Brom was right, but Daniel was right there, so close Jaryn could smell him. And he smelled so good. Jaryn ached to go to the man. He just wanted to touch him, make sure he was real and not a figment of Jaryn's over-eager imagination.

"Please, Jaryn," Brom whispered.

Jaryn dropped his head, taking several deep breaths to control himself. He couldn't say no to Brom. He never could. The man had been his savior, keeping him safe and filling the last five years with hope for the future.

"You've waited all these years, Jaryn. Just be patient for a little longer."

He lifted his head and looked at Brom, nodding his head that he understood. Jaryn could give him a little more time. Brom returned his nod with a smile. Jaryn turned back to the multitude of men watching them.

He settled his gaze on Vadim Miroslav and then scooted past him to another man. There was something about the man that called to him more than Alpha Miroslav did. Jaryn bowed his head respectfully to both men.

"I request sanctuary for me, Brom, and the cubs."

Vadim's jaw dropped open. "You want me to give you sanctuary?"

Jaryn shook his head and pointed to the other man. "No, I'm asking for him to give us sanctuary."

Chapter 6

Daniel still couldn't get over the sight of Brom standing in Vadim's study. He truly thought he'd never see the man again. His bags were already packed, and he was slotted to leave on the morning ferry.

Now here stood Brom, in living color and looking just as gorgeous as he always did. Not even the apprehensive look on his face or the anguished glance he kept sending Daniel's way drew away from his stunning good looks.

Daniel didn't know if he could take being in the same room with Brom. Every time he looked at him it brought back the memory of Brom denying him again. Closing his eyes wasn't much better. Daniel could still smell him.

"No, I'm asking for him to give us sanctuary."

Daniel's eyes popped open at the softly spoken words. He hadn't paid much notice to the man that walked in with Brom, but his words were enough to get Daniel's attention. He was pointing at Jake.

"You want me to give you sanctuary?" Jake asked. "Do you know who I am?"

The man looked slightly embarrassed as he shook his head. "No."

"Then how can you ask me that? Shouldn't you be asking Vadim for help?"

The man shrugged. "I planned to until I saw you." He looked down at his feet, shuffling them about a bit. "You seemed like the better choice."

The man gasped suddenly as if he just realized what he said. His head came up, and he looked over at Vadim. "I meant no disrespect,

Alpha Miroslav. It's just that he—well, he—” He shook his head. “I can't explain it, but he called to me more than you did.”

“I take no offense, Jaryn,” Alpha Miroslav said. “And please, call me Vadim.”

“Thank you,” Jaryn whispered softly.

“Want to tell us why you feel you need sanctuary?” Vadim asked.

Daniel was particularly interested in that answer himself. Brom was not only the beta of the McGregor Pack, he was the son of the alpha. He had almost as much power in the pack as the alpha. Daniel couldn't think of a reason the man would need sanctuary.

Daniel felt pinned when Jaryn glanced over at him. He squirmed a bit, looking away from the man's intense, golden brown eyes. There was something shining in them that Daniel didn't want to exam too much. He knew if he did, it would somehow change his life.

“Now that I've mated with Daniel,” Brom said, “our lives are in danger.”

Daniel quickly turned and looked at Brom, taking a step towards the man before he could stop himself. “What do you mean your life is in danger? So you mated me. So what? It's not like we're going to settle down and buy a house with a white picket fence.”

“Daniel—” Brom started, but Daniel didn't really care what the man had to say. He held up his hand to stop him.

“No. Just leave me out of this,” Daniel said. “Whatever trouble you're in is on your head. I want no part of it.”

Daniel stormed across the room, heading for the door. He wasn't going to stick around to hear what trouble Brom got himself into. He told himself he didn't care. A hand on his arm as he went past Brom stopped him.

Daniel looked at the hand on his arm then up at Brom.

“Please, Daniel.”

“You can ask me that after denying me not once, not even twice, but three times?” Daniel scoffed as he yanked his hand away from Brom's grasp. “You have some mighty big balls, Brom McGregor.”

“He did it to save me,” someone said behind Daniel.

Daniel whipped around to face Jaryn, who had walked up behind him. “What the hell are you talking about? He did what exactly to save you? And who the hell are you anyway?”

Even as the words came out of his mouth, the answer slammed into Daniel. Shock vibrated through him, making his hands tremble and his legs shake. Daniel shook his head, trying to deny the knowledge of who Jaryn was.

“No!” he exclaimed. He waved his hand to the large man standing behind him. “It was bad enough that Brom denied me. I’m not taking it from you, too.” He jabbed his finger at Jaryn. “You just stay the hell away from me. Both of you stay the hell away from me.”

Daniel backed away a couple of steps. He ignored the imploring look on Brom’s face and the desperate look on Jaryn’s. Neither of them cared what Daniel went through every time Brom rejected him. Neither of them cared he had been alone all of these years. Neither of them truly cared about him at all.

Daniel turned and walked out the door. He kept going right down the hallway and through the main door of the alpha compound. He ignored the guard that called out to him and walked right past him.

He didn’t want to talk to anyone. If he did, he might lose it. His heart was breaking. It was no wonder Brom didn’t want him. He already had someone. He didn’t need Daniel. Just the thought sent a cold shiver through Daniel.

He knew he always held out some hope that Brom would change his mind, even after Brom claimed him and then denied him. That hope died a quick death the moment he realized who Jaryn was.

Daniel realized the man was also his mate. That didn’t mean he would want Daniel any more than Brom did. Two mates and he was still alone. Maybe it wasn’t Brom and Jaryn? Maybe it was him? Maybe there was something about him that kept his mates from wanting him?

Daniel suddenly stopped walking and dropped to his knees on the ground, his legs no longer able to hold him. He fisted his hands and rested them on his thighs as he looked up into the dark night sky.

He dropped his head back on his shoulders and roared out all of the pain and anguish flowing through him. The sound echoed through the trees, surprising even Daniel at its ferocity, but it felt good to finally release it.

Daniel felt cleansed in a way. He kept all of his pain and anger bottled up inside behind a mask of indifference for so many years. Letting it all finally go, giving voice to his emotions, freed something inside of Daniel.

He still hurt. Pain and anger still overwhelmed him but now he thought he might have a chance at actually dealing with it. His chest didn't feel quite so restricted, and he could breathe again without pain.

Daniel took several deep breaths, letting the clean, clear night air fill his lungs. He pushed his curls back from his face, frowning when he felt wetness beneath his fingers. He wiped at his face, blinking when he looked down at his hand. He was crying.

Except for the night he and Brom had fooled around, Daniel couldn't remember the last time he'd cried. Maybe not since Brom had sent him away all those years ago. Somehow it seemed telling to Daniel that every time he remembered crying, it involved Brom.

Daniel pushed himself to his feet. He rubbed his hands over his face, clearing the last of his tears. He tilted his head back again and looked up at the twinkling stars overhead.

He realized that he should probably go back inside and listen to what Brom and Jaryn had to say. As much as he didn't want to face them, he would be devastated if anything happened to them because he was too stubborn to listen.

Daniel heard a sudden rustling behind him. His claws extended, and he crouched down even as he spun around to face whoever stood

behind him. His breath caught in his throat when the man stepped out of the trees and into the moonlight.

“Brom,” Daniel said as he stood and retracted his claws.

The man looked unsure and apprehensive, his hands shoved in the pockets of his jeans as he looked across the space between them. “Hey, Daniel.”

“Where’s Jaryn?”

“He’s inside with the cubs.” Brom gestured back towards the house. “Can I talk to you? I promise I’ll stay over here.”

Daniel rolled his eyes. “Oh hell, get your ass over here.” Daniel walked over to a fallen log and sat down. A moment later, Brom sat down beside him, a good amount of space between them. Daniel felt like it could have been as wide as the ocean.

When Brom remained silent, Daniel glanced over at him. His arms rested on his thighs and he clasped his hands together between his legs. He seemed to be staring down at the ground.

“Tell me about Jaryn,” Daniel finally said.

“I met him about a week before you left the pack.”

“Before you told me to leave, you mean?”

Brom’s features tightened. “Daniel, please.”

Daniel hung his head. He knew that was a low blow before he’d even said it. Despite his anger, he still felt he should give Brom a chance, especially considering that he had been the one to ask for an explanation.

“Go on.”

“As I was saying, I met Jaryn about a week before you left. Of course I knew immediately that he was our mate, but he was just a young kid, Daniel. Hell, he’s only nineteen now. I wanted to tell you, but by then, my father had found out about us.”

“Your father?” Daniel asked in surprise. “What does he have to do with this?”

“Everything.” Brom’s laugh was filled with bitterness. “He gave me a choice. I could stay with the pack and marry the woman he

chose, producing the grandcubs he wanted, but only if I sent you away.”

“Or?” Daniel asked when Brom didn’t say anything more.

“Or I could die with you. He said he’d order a hunt if I chose you.”

Daniel gasped. Hunts were serious pack business, only ordered when someone transgressed against the pack in such a way that could never be forgiven. They didn’t just get kicked out of the pack, they got hunted down and killed.

Brom sighed. “I knew I couldn’t leave Jaryn alone in the pack, and he was too young to leave his parents. If my father discovered that he was our mate, Jaryn’s life would be over. So, I made my father a deal. I’d stay and do what he wanted if he agreed to let you go without hunting you down.”

Daniel’s mouth dropped open and then snapped shut when Brom looked over at him. The thoughts floating around in his head couldn’t be put into words. The anguish in Brom’s deep blue eyes mirrored the misery in Daniel’s heart.

“It seemed like the thing to do at the time.” Brom shrugged and looked back down at his hands. “My father said he’d agree to let you go without a hunt if I broke off all ties and never had any contact with you again.”

Daniel snorted as he remembered Brom claiming him earlier that evening. “Guess you screwed up on that one.”

“Yeah,” Brom said. “And he knows it, too. Why do you think Jaryn and I are here? My father is already looking for me. I have no doubt that once he finds me, he’ll kill me.”

“So, you wouldn’t be here if your life wasn’t in danger?”

Brom jumped to his feet and began pacing in front of Daniel. “You just can’t give an inch, can you, Daniel?” Brom asked. “Do you think any of this has been easy for me? Do you know what it’s been like living each day afraid that Jaryn or I would be discovered? You might have been alone but we weren’t. We had to watch each other

every single day and know that we couldn't even say hello to each other without my father wondering about us."

Daniel was stunned by the amount of anger on Brom's face when he stopped pacing and turned to glare at him. "Do you have any idea what that was like? Not only was one of my mates gone, but I was unable to claim the one that was left behind."

"You haven't claimed Jaryn?"

"Of course not," Brom replied, frowning as if he were confused. "He's a tri-omega. If I claimed him without you, he'd die."

Daniel dropped his head into his hands. "Fuck! I didn't even think about that."

"Well, you'd better. And you'd better think about what will happen if my father gets his hands on any one of us." Brom shook his head before looking Daniel straight in the eyes. "It won't matter how you feel about me or Jaryn. We'll be dead."

Daniel leapt up, his finger jabbing into Brom's chest. "You keep saying that. Why?" he shouted. "Why the fuck does your father care? You did exactly what he wanted. You kicked me to the curb, married the woman he wanted, and had a couple of cubs. Why should he care if you've mated me or not?"

"Because I won't be able to give you up this time and he damn well knows it!"

Daniel blinked.

"What?" he asked softly, his hand falling back to his side. He couldn't help gasping when Brom grabbed him by the arms and gave him a little shake. He stared at his mate, shocked to his very core.

"I gave you up once because I couldn't figure out any other way to save us. It was the hardest damn thing I ever did." Brom frowned. "Do you think I can give you up now that I've claimed you?"

"But you said—"

"I know what I said, and I know how it sounded to you, but it wasn't because I claimed you." Brom stopped and then chuckled lightly. "Well it was. I knew that once I claimed you, I would never

be able to give you up. That means a shitload of trouble is coming, and I don't think I'm prepared for it."

Daniel felt Brom's hand under his chin as his head was lifted. "That's what I meant, Daniel, I swear. I wasn't upset that I claimed you. It was the most amazing feeling in the world to know that you were finally mine. I'll never regret it."

"Brom," Daniel whispered.

"I've spent the last five years wondering where you were, if you were okay, if...if you'd found someone else to love," Brom murmured. "All the while trying to pretend I wasn't dying inside every single day I spent without you."

Daniel knew Brom told the truth. He could feel the emotions rolling through the man like a tidal wave. He inhaled sharply at the unspoken pain that was alive and glowing in Brom's blue eyes. A sense of incredulity tinged the edges.

Daniel never considered what Brom might be going through. He always figured the man was glad to be rid of him. He'd seemed eager enough when he told Daniel to leave. Knowing that Brom suffered all these years put a new slant on everything.

"So, what happens now?"

"That's entirely up to you." Brom's voice sounded apprehensive, resigned. His features firmed, his jaw clenched, as if he were bracing himself for something.

Daniel's mind whirled at Brom's response, a crazy mixture of longing and fear. Nervously, he moistened his dry lips. He'd spent so long being angry with Brom, feeling betrayed despite the love he felt for the man. He wasn't sure how to deal with this new picture of how things happened.

"I don't know what to say, Brom."

"Say you'll give me a chance."

"What about Jaryn?"

"That's between you and Jaryn," Brom replied. He stepped back and pushed his hand through his straw-blond hair. "I can't make

decisions for Jaryn. Whatever happens between you two is between you. But don't claim him unless you mean it."

"Claim him?" Daniel asked, stunned. He'd never even thought about claiming Jaryn. Hell, he hadn't even known about the man until a little while ago. He was too centered on Brom.

"He knows about you," Brom said. "I showed him pictures, told him stories of our time together."

"Why would you do that?"

Brom shrugged. "I wanted Jaryn to know you."

"Why?"

"Because I hoped that one day we'd be together again. I just needed to keep us all alive long enough for Jaryn to become an adult, and then I planned for us to leave the pack and come find you."

Daniel frowned. "You said Jaryn was nineteen years old. He was an adult over a year ago. Why didn't you come find me then?"

"Marla was pregnant again," Brom said simply. "I couldn't leave."

Only then did Daniel remember the other huge obstacle between them. Not only was Brom married, he had two cubs. Daniel had no idea if Brom cared for his wife, but he knew without a doubt he loved his cubs.

"Fuck! This is such a mess." He felt frozen in limbo where all decisions and actions were impossible. They were damned if they did anything and damned if they didn't. There just didn't seem to be any way out of this situation.

"Do you hate me because I had cubs?"

Daniel's gaze swung up to meet Brom's in shock. "God, no, you always wanted cubs, and it wasn't like I could provide them for you. You had every right to have them."

"I never loved Marla, you know. She was just the woman my father chose for me to marry. Except for the times we were trying to have a child, I've never been intimate with her." Brom chuckled as he

kicked at some pebbles at his feet. “Hell, she’s been sleeping with my father since right after Iain was born.”

“Iain?”

“My youngest boy.” Brom grinned. “He just turned six months old and already he’s rolling over and trying to crawl.”

Brom sounded like every proud father should. Daniel was mildly surprised the man didn’t whip out pictures and start telling stories.

“And the other child?”

“That’s Cailan. He just turned three.” Brom looked at Daniel and chuckled. “He actually reminds me a lot of you when you were a young boy. He’s always asking questions and getting himself in trouble.”

“Hey, I didn’t get into that much trouble.”

“Yes, you did.”

Daniel smirked. “Okay, maybe I did, but I was just curious.”

“So is Cailan.”

Daniel nodded. The smile slipped from his face, and he became somber as he realized the implications of their conversation. Not only did Brom have two cubs, but they were the grandcubs of an alpha.

“Oh, Brom, we are so fucked.”

“Told you.”

“Angus won’t give them up without a fight.”

Brom nodded as if he had already come to that conclusion. “And I won’t leave them behind, Daniel. They’re my cubs. I can’t.”

“No, no,” Daniel said, waving his hand at Brom as he started pacing. “I would never expect you to. We just have to figure out how we’re going to get you all away safely.”

“We?”

Daniel stopped pacing to stare at Brom. Everything he had always wanted seemed to be waiting for him just to reach out and grab it. Daniel was hesitant to take it, no matter how much he wanted it, in case it wasn’t real.

He could see the hope flaring to life in Brom's eyes, surrounded by apprehension. He knew the man felt uncertain of where their relationship stood. Daniel did, too, but he knew he wanted whatever Brom could give him.

Despite the anger and resentment he felt over the last few years, he loved Brom too much to give him up if he had the chance to keep him. Daniel walked over and cupped the side of Brom's face, smiling when Brom leaned into the small touch.

"Yeah, baby, we," Daniel whispered softly. Daniel fought hard against the tears threatening to fall from his eyes. "You and me and Jaryn, if he'll have me."

A cry of relief broke from Brom's lips as he lowered them to Daniel's. "He'll have you, Daniel," Brom whispered in between passionate kisses. "He wants you as much as I do."

Daniel prayed Brom was right. He couldn't imagine how things would work if Jaryn didn't want him. It was obvious that Brom cared about the man. Daniel wondered that he felt no jealousy over that. He thought he would. He just didn't.

Instead, elation filled Daniel as Brom's hands skimmed his body, pulled at his clothing. He could share this with Brom and Jaryn. Daniel didn't have to choose between them or give either of them up.

"Daniel," Brom whispered against Daniel's lips. "I want you to claim me."

Daniel shuddered. He'd waited so very long to hear those words, most of his life. To actually listen to them being spoken, it was almost more than Daniel could take. He felt his pulse pound and his legs tremble.

When Brom tilted his head to one side, Daniel could no longer control himself. He struck hard and fast, sinking his teeth into the soft flesh below Brom's ear. The sweetest nectar flooded his mouth.

Daniel heard Brom cry out. He felt the man's hand curled around the back of his head, holding him closer. When Brom's arm wrapped

around his waist and pulled him close, Daniel could feel the hard shaft in Brom's pants press against his.

He reached down and palmed the impressive swell with his hand, squeezing with his fingers. Brom jerked against him, thrusting his hips forward and driving the hard cock into Daniel's hand.

Daniel quickly unbuttoned Brom's pants and pulled the zipper down before shoving his hand inside the opening and grabbing the naked flesh with his hand. Thick, rigid silk warmed his hand. He stroked rapidly as he continued to suck the life essence from his mate's throat.

A harsh cry rang through the air as hot liquid splashed over Daniel's hand. Daniel pulled his teeth free of his mate and licked the wound closed. Leaning back, he looked into Brom's dazed eyes.

"Hey." Daniel chuckled. "Are you okay?"

Brom blinked several times, his face flushing as he dipped his head. Daniel grabbed his chin and lifted his head. He reached up with his other hand and wiped away a lone tear from Brom's eye.

"I've waited so many years for you to claim me," Brom whispered. "I didn't think it would ever happen."

"I didn't either," Daniel replied. His hand continued to caress the hard contours of Brom's face, his deep blue eyes, his aquiline nose, his full, lush lips. "I thought you were lost to me forever."

"I was never lost to you, Daniel," Brom said quickly. "I was always yours. I just—"

"Shhh." Daniel placed his finger over Brom's lips, stopping him from speaking. He could see the regret in the man's eyes, feel it in the emotions tumbling through him.

"I'm sorry, Daniel." Tears were suddenly flowing down Brom's cheeks. Misery ravaged his face. "I'm so sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen. I just didn't know what else to do. I never meant for you to—"

"Brom, stop!" Daniel said harshly. "You did what you thought you had to do. I don't agree with it. I don't like it. But I understand it."

I'd like to think I would have chosen another way, but I don't know if that's true. I would have done anything to keep you safe, just like you did."

"You would have figured out another way," Brom insisted.

Daniel shook his head. "We don't know that, Brom. I might have very well chosen the same path you did. And besides, it's irrelevant now. It's in the past. We need to deal with our present issues, like getting your sexy little ass out of trouble."

"Any suggestions on how we do that?"

Daniel stepped back and chuckled. "Well, you could start by zipping up your pants."

Chapter 7

Jaryn watched Brom and Daniel from the tree he stood behind. His heart ached, filled with joy that the two men had finally found each other again, and heartache because he felt like an outsider looking in.

He knew Brom wanted him and cared about him. The man had gone out of his way over the years to show Jaryn that he was cared for. They had shared stolen moments together, hiding their relationship from everyone.

As a young man, Jaryn hadn't understood the need. They were mates and should have been allowed to be together, but he had deferred to Brom's command to keep their relationship secret, no matter how hard it had been.

As he grew older, Jaryn realized the need for secrecy as he watched the way others in their pack were treated. Mated or not, gay men were ostracized and expelled from the pack under penalty of death. Jaryn understood the threat they were under.

And everything they had been through had been worth it to have Brom in his life. Brom promised that eventually they would be together with Daniel. Jaryn trusted Brom at his word. Seeing Brom and Daniel together meant he was right in his belief of Brom.

Still, watching the two of them together, watching them love on each other, made Jaryn's heart hurt just a little. He didn't begrudge them their time together. Convincing Daniel of the benefits of being with them was ultimately important. Without Daniel, they had nothing.

But standing there while Daniel claimed Brom made Jaryn feel like he wasn't needed. Brom and Daniel had a connection, a history. They'd had an intimate relationship together before Daniel left, memories of their time together.

What did Jaryn have? A wish? A hope that Daniel would want him as much as he wanted Brom? And Jaryn had no doubt that Daniel wanted Brom. He could see the want and desire on the man's face even from where he stood.

He was young and inexperienced. What did he have to offer either Brom or Daniel? Being a tri-omega meant more trouble rather than less, so that wasn't an inducement. Knowing what was required to keep him alive if Brom and Daniel claimed him wasn't either. Once he was claimed, neither man would have the choice to keep him. He'd die without them.

Maybe his best bet was just leaving and letting the two men have each other. They definitely had a better chance of getting away if Jaryn wasn't in the picture. Maybe he could even buy them some much needed time to escape.

Jaryn cast one more glance at Daniel and Brom, longing filling his heart before he turned away and started back towards town. He'd do whatever he could to give the men a head start. It was the least he could do for his mates.

Jaryn didn't make it more than a few feet before the hair on the back of his neck stood up. He stopped, standing perfectly still and sniffed at the air around him. The scent of forest and fresh air was thick. But he caught just a trace of something else.

He slowly turned in a circle and lifted his nose into the air, sniffing in each direction. The scent seemed to be coming to the south of where Jaryn stood. He peered through the darkness but saw nothing.

Jaryn glanced over his shoulder. He could just make out the forms of Daniel and Brom through the trees. Whatever was out there was getting closer, and it was headed directly toward his mates.

Jaryn took off running, moving quietly as Brom had taught him to do. He dodged trees and low hanging branches, jumped over brush and fallen logs. He ran as if his very life depended on it because it did. If anything happened to Brom or Daniel, he'd die.

It wasn't because he was a tri-omega. Daniel and Brom hadn't claimed him yet. He'd die because he couldn't live in this world if Brom and Daniel weren't in it somewhere, even if it wasn't with him. He had to know that they were alive and well, if not happy.

Coming to a sudden dip in the landscape, Jaryn froze at the top and sniffed the air again. The scent was stronger this time, smelling of werewolf and sweat. Jaryn didn't know if it was the chill in the air or the danger he faced, but a cold shiver ran up his spine.

He took low, shallow breaths, trying to calm his racing heart. It seemed to thunder in his chest, sounding as loud as the surf crashing ashore on a beach. He felt sure that whoever was out there could hear him.

Cocking his head to one side, he held his breath and listened. Jaryn could just make out the sounds of someone, or several someones, walking through the woods. The footsteps seemed too chaotic for them to be in werewolf form. They sounded human.

Jaryn thought that might be a good thing. Werewolf senses were less in human form. Of course, if he could smell them, they might be able to smell him. Jaryn could only hope that he could reach them before they reached Brom and Daniel.

Jaryn jumped across the small ravine, landing carefully on the mossy ground on the other side. He let his claws extend and his canines drop down. He pushed down his growl as he readied himself for the battle ahead. No sense in broadcasting his intent.

Creeping silently through the trees, Jaryn watched the woods carefully until he spotted movement off to his left. He paused until the movement took form, and he recognized Angus and four other pack members making their way through the forest.

He'd had a premonition that something was wrong with the cubs. Jaryn now wondered if it wasn't that they were in imminent danger and more that they were danger of losing their father.

Jaryn couldn't always interpret his premonitions. He didn't always know what they meant. He hoped that would come when Brom and Daniel claimed him. A tri-omega's abilities increased once they were claimed.

Watching the five men make their way through the woods, Jaryn realized that might never happen now. The possibilities of him coming out of this alive were slim to none, but at least he could do something for Brom and Daniel.

Jaryn crouched down next to a large tree and waited. He could practically hear the seconds ticking away in his head as he watched the five men move closer. Angus was the first to pass with the other four closely following behind him.

As the last man passed him, Jaryn sprang up and grabbed him around the neck, covering the man's mouth with his hand. He wasn't a huge man, but he wasn't a shrimp, either. He had held his own more than once.

Jaryn ignored the sharp claws digging into his arm and pulled at the man's head as hard as he could. He heard a loud snap then the man suddenly dropped to the ground. Stunned, Jaryn stared down at him for a moment, the realization that he had just killed a man roaring through him.

The snap of a branch off in the distance reminded Jaryn that he wasn't done. There were still four more men going after his mates. He pushed his guilt and regret to the back of his mind and took off after the others.

It didn't take Jaryn but a few moments to catch up to them. They walked slow, moving as quietly as they could. He slowed his pace, creeping up behind the last one in the line. Waiting for what he hoped was the right moment, Jaryn leapt on the man, pulling him back behind a strand of trees.

This man was a whole lot stronger than the last one. He struggled harder. Jaryn felt pain blast across his stomach as he fought the man, clawing at his throat. Jaryn felt a cold wetness splash across his face. It tasted bitter, coppery. It was blood.

If anything, it spurred Jaryn on. He renewed his attack, slashing at the man he battled with, using every ounce of energy he had left. Just as he felt the man go down, hands grabbed at him. Jaryn struggled, but the hands holding him were stronger.

Jaryn was forced to his knees, his head yanked back by his hair. He looked up to see his alpha, Angus McGregor, towering over him. The man did not look happy. Well, he never looked particularly happy, but currently, he looked pissed as well.

“Jaryn,” Angus said, “what’s the meaning of all of this?”

Jaryn glared up at the man, refusing to answer. One of the men holding him smacked him across the face. Pain vibrated up Jaryn’s cheek, but he wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of letting them see the pain they inflicted on him. He did turn to frown at the man.

“Oh yeah, that’s going to get me to answer,” Jaryn snapped.

“I’m your alpha,” Angus shouted. “I expect an answer from you.”

“You’re a pig!” Jaryn yelled back. “You’re fucking your son’s wife.”

From the slight gasps he heard from those around him and the tightening of Angus’s lips, Jaryn would bet that knowledge was not widely known. While things like this happened from time to time, it didn’t happen often.

“Don’t be ridiculous.”

“I’ve seen you two together. I wouldn’t be surprised if others have, too.”

“Marla is my son’s mate,” Angus reasoned. “I would never—”

“She is not his mate!” Jaryn exclaimed. “Daniel is Brom’s mate, but you didn’t want that, did you? You forced him to send Daniel away and marry Marla. If you didn’t, you threatened to kill them both, to order a hunt.”

Another harsh smack landed across Jaryn's face, this time inflicted by Angus. Jaryn could taste blood on the corner of his mouth. He stared up at the alpha, sticking his tongue out to lick the blood away.

"Don't like hearing the truth, alpha?" Jaryn sneered. "Don't like your pack members hearing how you broke one of the most sacred bonds known to shifters?"

Jaryn could smell the slight shift in attitude in the men holding him. It was thick in the air. Jaryn could also see his death in Angus's eyes. He knew the alpha would have to take him out before the loyalty of the pack turned against the man. It was one thing to order a hunt for someone that betrayed the pack. It was another to do it for nefarious reasons.

Jaryn felt the grip of one of the men holding him loosen just as Angus's clawed hand swiped out at him. He had just enough time to move back a fraction of an inch. It was enough to avoid having his throat ripped out but not enough to avoid the lethal blow all together, or the next one, or the next.

He felt cold as he fell back against the ground. A hand suddenly pressed a piece of cloth painfully over his throat, another over his abdomen. Jaryn tried to push it away, but no matter how much he struggled, the hand wouldn't move. It just continued to hold pieces of cloth over him.

Jaryn distantly heard shouting, yelling, and the sounds of a struggle. It all seemed to come through a funnel, loud but far away. Then he felt another set of hands on him. Jaryn looked up, surprised to see Brom leaning over the top of him.

"Br—Brom."

"Shh, don't talk, baby," Brom whispered.

"S—so—rry," Jaryn croaked. "Tr—ied t—to s—s—stop them."

"I know, Jaryn," Brom whispered.

Jaryn frowned. He could see tears streaming down Brom's face, but that didn't make sense. Brom was the strongest man he'd ever

met. Brom never cried. Jaryn reached up and wiped a stray tear away in disbelief.

“D—d—don’t c—c—ry.”

“Baby, you need to stop talking, please,” Brom pleaded.

“C—c—cold.”

Brom glanced over Jaryn’s head. “Your shirt, Daniel?”

A moment later, Brom laid Daniel’s shirt over Jaryn. The warmth was momentary but welcoming. Jaryn smiled when Daniel knelt down on the other side of him from Brom. He didn’t have tears in his eyes like Brom, but his face was filled with sorrow.

“Th—tha—nk you, D—dan—” He felt Daniel press a finger across his lips.

“Hey, no talking, remember?” Daniel said.

Jaryn tried to nod, but the strike of pain that motion sent through his body made stars flash in Jaryn’s eyes. He closed them for a moment, trying to catch the breath that seemed to be rapidly leaving him.

“Jaryn?” Brom cried out. “Jaryn?”

Jaryn opened his eyes again. It seemed harder to do this time. His eyelids were heavy, and he felt so tired. He just wanted to sleep for a little while. Jaryn focused his gaze on Brom. He tried to smile.

“Love you,” Jaryn whispered, surprised that he didn’t fumble over the words this time.

Brom sniffled. “I love you, too, Jaryn.”

Jaryn glanced over at Daniel. The hand he reached out to the man was quickly taken, held, and squeezed. While Brom was all tears and words of comfort, Jaryn could see the truth in Daniel’s green eyes.

“T—take g—g—good c—ca—re of Brom.”

Daniel nodded. His eyes started to sparkle with unshed tears. “I will, Jaryn. I promise.”

“He—he loves you.”

A quiet sob sounded on the other side of Jaryn.

“He n—needs you.”

“He needs you, too, Jaryn,” Daniel said softly. “I need you.”

“D—don’t kn—ow me.”

“I’d like to get to know you, Jaryn. Brom’s told you stories about me, but I know nothing about you. I’d like to. After you get some rest, maybe you can tell me what it was like knowing Brom, huh? I’m sure you have some good stories.”

Jaryn tried to laugh but ended up choking instead. The pain that throbbed through his body made him wince and cry out. His hands clenched into fists as his body stiffened, every muscle in his body seizing.

By the time his body relaxed, Jaryn felt like he’d run a marathon. His body just seemed to give out, every muscle he had collapsing in total exhaustion. Jaryn didn’t even have the energy to lift his arm.

“Tired,” he murmured as he let his heavy eyelids slide down.

“No, Jaryn,” Brom shouted from far away. “No, baby, you have to stay awake. Open your eyes, Jaryn. Come on, baby, open your eyes and look at me. Jaryn?”

Jaryn tried to open his eyes. He could hear the panic in Brom’s voice. But he was just so tired. Maybe if he just slept for a little while? Yes, that’s what he’d do. He’d just sleep for a little while. Then he could see Brom and reassure him that everything was okay.

The sound of Brom’s loud voice faded away as darkness fell in on Jaryn until everything was dark, everything was silent.

* * * *

“Jaryn!” Brom shouted again, giving the man a little shake to get him to wake up. “Please, Jaryn, please open your eyes, baby.” Strong arms wrapped around him, pulling him back from Jaryn.

“Brom, honey, you need to stop.”

“No, Jaryn needs—”

“Jaryn needs us to get him back to the compound where Ryland can take a look at him. Ryland’s a tri-omega, and he has healing abilities. He might be able to save him.”

Brom looked at Daniel desperately. He wanted the man’s words to be true, but he’d seen the damage to Jaryn’s body. Large gashes in his flesh, both on his stomach and throat, gaped open.

“Come on, honey, let’s get him back to the house where Ryland can take a look at him.”

Brom nodded. He picked Jaryn’s limp body up in his arms and stood to his feet. The amount of blood covering Jaryn concerned Brom a great deal. He’d seen the damage to Jaryn, but the man didn’t seem to be healing. He was a werewolf. He should be healing.

“Why isn’t he healing, Daniel?”

“I don’t know, Brom,” Daniel replied. “Maybe Ryland can tell us.”

Brom nodded as he hurried through the woods. His eyes went from the forest in front of him down to the man he carried in his arms. Jaryn’s head bobbed against his chest. His arms hung loosely past his body. Brom didn’t know if they would reach Ryland fast enough to save Jaryn.

“Please, baby, please don’t give up,” Brom whispered as he increased the speed of his steps. Brom didn’t know if he could make it if Jaryn didn’t. He loved Daniel with every fiber of his being, but Brom had always known that Jaryn would be the center of their family.

“He’s going to make it, Brom,” Daniel said from where he ran beside Brom. “He has to.”

Brom glanced over at Daniel, only then noticing the silent tears on the man’s face. He felt a gut-wrenching pain tear through him as he realized that he never thought about how this might be affecting Daniel. He’d been too wrapped up in his own misery.

“I love you, Daniel. I always have.”

Brom chuckled when Daniel gaped at him and nearly ran into a tree. Guess he surprised the man. He surprised himself. He knew he loved Daniel just as he loved Jaryn. He'd just never said it out loud.

Brom had always been taught by his father that it was unmanly to show emotion, to even verbalize emotions. It made a person weak, less masculine, he'd said. It gave people an opportunity to use those emotions against Brom.

Brom realized that even though he hadn't verbalized his emotions, his father had still been able to use them against him. What did that say about the way his father thought? Even doing as his father wished, he'd still lost.

He refused to lose anymore. He would keep Daniel and Jaryn, if he survived, and to hell with what his father thought. Brom promised himself that he'd tell his mates every day how much he loved them. He wasn't going to be his father's puppet anymore.

Brom was never more grateful than when the lights from the alpha compound came into view. Daniel ran ahead, shouting for help at the top of his lungs. More lights came on, doors opened, and people came pouring out of the mansion.

"Fuck, Daniel, what in the hell happened?" someone shouted.

"Is that Jaryn?" someone else asked.

"Who did this?" That voice Brom recognized as Alpha Miroslav.

Brom could hear the deep concern in their voices, but he ignored it, his eyes seeking out Daniel's. He sighed with relief when Daniel nodded and pulled another man forward.

"This is Ryland," Daniel said. "Let's get Jaryn inside, so Ryland can take a look at him."

Brom nodded.

"Come this way," another man called out as he beckoned for Brom to follow him into the house. "There's a spare bedroom right at the top of the stairs."

Brom recognized him as the one Jaryn had called Sasha. He was the mate to Alpha Miroslav. Jaryn trusted the man as Daniel seemed

to. Brom decided to let their trust lead his own and followed the man into the house.

“The cubs?”

Sasha glanced over his shoulder and smiled. “They’re fine. They’re sleeping upstairs in the nursery with our cubs.”

“Oh, thank God!”

“Vadim?” Daniel called out. “You might want to lock the alpha compound down until we get this all figured out. Jaryn was attacked by members of his own pack.”

Brom didn’t even pay attention as Alpha Vadim Miroslav began calling out orders for the compound to be locked down and extra guards to be placed at all the entrances. His sole concentration was on the unconscious man in his arms.

He was quickly led through the house and up the wooden stairs to a bedroom with a large bed. Brom crossed to the bed and carefully laid his precious bundle down, his hands quickly pressing the cloth back down over the man’s injuries.

He felt the bed give and glanced up to see the man Daniel had pointed out sitting on the other side. He looked so young, almost as young as Jaryn. Brom didn’t see how he could possibly heal Jaryn, but he hoped the man could. Brom didn’t think Jaryn would survive his wounds without it.

“Can you help him?” Brom asked.

“Honestly? I don’t know,” Ryland said. “He’s hurt pretty bad. I’ve never healed injuries this severe before. I’ll give it my best shot.”

“Please, just do whatever you can.”

Ryland nodded. “I need a bowl of warm water and a washcloth. We need to get some of this blood off of him so I can see what we’re working with. I also need someone to get his clothes off of him.”

Brom hurried to pull Jaryn’s clothes from his body, moving as carefully as he could so he wouldn’t jar the man’s injuries. He sliced his claws down what was left of his cotton shirt and pulled it off, dropping the blood-soaked garment on the floor.

He unbuttoned Jaryn's jeans and went to pull them off only to find Daniel at the end of the bed. He'd already pulled his shoes off and held the bottom hem of Jaryn's jeans. Brom braced Jaryn back against the mattress and nodded to Daniel, watching as he carefully pulled the pants down Jaryn's legs.

Someone handed Brom a bowl of water and a couple of clean washcloths in it. Brom grabbed one, Ryland the other. Simultaneously, they both began to wipe the blood from Jaryn's body.

With each swipe of the washcloth, more of Jaryn's injuries were revealed. He had four deep slashes in his abdomen that looked to be about four inches long and just like claw marks. They were deep but not as deep as the claw marks across Jaryn's throat.

Those gashes worried Brom the most. They were so deep that part of Jaryn's throat was exposed. Every time Brom wiped the blood away, more seeped out. Brom just didn't know if Jaryn could survive the wound.

"Okay, it's time," Ryland finally said. "Vik, Gregory, I'm going to need your help."

Brom lifted his gaze to see two men standing behind him, one with sandy brown hair and the other with dark brown hair. Their hands were clasped together between them. The sandy-haired man reached out and laid his hand on the skin of Ryland's back.

"Go ahead, baby," the man said. "We've got you."

"I'll need you to step back," Ryland said to Brom.

Brom hesitated, but Daniel reached for him and pulled him away. Brom grabbed him, holding him tightly to his side. Brom watched, holding his breath, as Ryland placed his hands over the tears in Jaryn's abdomen.

Brom wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, but a small, blue light seemed to radiate outward from Ryland's hands. The deep lacerations seemed to start sealing themselves together.

The process seemed to take forever, each second ticking slowly by, but inch by inch, the wound closed, turning a light pink, and the bleeding stopped. Brom heaved a sigh of relief when Ryland finally lifted his head.

The man looked extremely tired, dark purple smudges forming under his eyes. When he nodded and moved to Jaryn's neck, Brom became concerned. He wanted Jaryn healed but not at the expense of another person's life.

"Wait," Brom said as he stepped forward. He started to reach for Ryland's arm when a deep growl made him pause. Brom glanced up at the two men behind Ryland and held up both hands in a non-threatening gesture. "I just wanted to make sure he was okay. He's not looking so good."

Ryland chuckled. "Healing takes a lot out of me. I'll be fine." He waved his hand dismissively at the two men standing behind him. "They're just a little over protective."

"Can't say that I blame them," Brom replied. He nodded towards Jaryn. The wound on Jaryn's abdomen had taken a lot out of Ryland. The wound on his throat looked worse. "Are you going to be okay doing this?"

"We'll see."

Brom watched as Ryland again placed his hands on Jaryn, wrapping them around the man's injured throat. He took a long, deep breath and then closed his eyes. The blue light started to appear from his hands again.

The long rips in Jaryn's throat began to seal up much as the ones in his abdomen did. Brom gripped Daniel's arm again. He held his breath. If this worked, Brom swore to himself he'd never ask for another thing again in his life.

Ryland's head dropped forward. He seemed to sway just a bit. The two men behind him leapt forward and grabbed him before he could collapse down on top of Jaryn. Ryland's head flopped back, his eyes rolling back into his head.

“Is he okay?” Brom asked.

One of the men nodded. “This always happens when he has to heal large wounds. He’ll be up and around by tomorrow.”

At the man’s words, Brom’s eyes strayed back to Jaryn’s wound. His heart sank when he saw blood still seeping from Jaryn’s wound. He ignored the men who picked Ryland up and sat down on the bed.

Brom grabbed the washcloth and wiped away the blood. He could see that much of the wound had healed but not enough to stop the bleeding. Brom could only hope it was enough to save his life.

Brom glanced up when one of the men swung Ryland up into his arms. He gestured towards the unconscious man. “Please, tell him thank you for me?”

The man grinned. “You can tell him yourself when he wakes up. I imagine you’ll be here for a few days.”

Brom nodded, not so sure. “If Alpha Miroslav will have us.”

Chapter 8

Daniel watched as Brom slumped down in a chair by the fireplace and buried his face in his hands. The man looked so lost, dejected. Daniel knew he had to be out of his mind with worry.

They had patched Jaryn up the best that they could, wrapping his injuries with gauze. Ryland had healed much of his wounds but not all of them. The ones he had left worried Daniel as much as they did Brom.

He walked over and squatted down in front of Brom, grabbing his hands and pulling them away from the man's face. Lines of misery were etched in the man's features. Tears trickled from the corner of his eyes. Daniel used his thumb to wipe them away.

"He's going to be okay, Brom."

"We don't know that, Daniel. You saw him. You saw his injuries. Even your friend, Ryland, wasn't able to heal all of them. And he's not healing like he should be." A quiet sob broke free from the man. "What if—what if he doesn't make it?"

"He'll make it," Daniel insisted. Jaryn had to make it. Daniel couldn't lose both of his mates, and he had no doubt that's exactly what would happen if Jaryn died. He'd lose Brom, too.

"Daniel?"

Daniel turned to see Jake standing behind him. He was flanked by Vadim and Lucas. None of them looked particularly happy.

"Daniel," Jake said, "we need to know what's going on. You said someone in your pack attacked Jaryn? Why would they do that?"

"My father," Brom answered.

"Alpha McGregor?" Vadim asked.

Brom nodded. "Jaryn came across a group of them in the woods. I think they were coming for me. He tried to stop them and—" Brom's hand raked through his hair. "Well, you saw what happened."

"Why would your father be after you?"

"Because I mated Daniel," Brom whispered, looking down at Daniel.

Daniel cupped the side of his face, trying to reassure him. Brom's hand covered his. He was more shaken by the contact than he cared to admit. It was such a small thing, just a touch, but it seemed to bind them together more than almost anything else did.

"Tell them everything, Brom," Daniel said. "They need to know. It's the only way they can protect us."

Brom's eyes widened, but he nodded. Daniel stood up and walked around to stand behind Brom. He rested his hands on the man's shoulders. He needed to give his mate as much comfort and reassurance as possible. They had a lot of crap to get through and a small amount of time to do it.

Alpha McGregor might have been injured in the fight, but he certainly wasn't down. Daniel had no doubt that the man would be after them the moment he was able. Until they were granted sanctuary and had a hearing before the Wolf Council, they remained vulnerable.

"Five years ago my father declared a hunt on Daniel and me," Brom began. "He said he would nullify the hunt if I agreed to stop seeing Daniel and married the woman of his choosing, producing cubs for the pack as any good son should."

Daniel smirked at the round of snorts that seemed to fill the room at Brom's words. He felt Brom jump in response. Daniel knew the histories of most of the men in the room. He knew many of them had been kicked out of their birth packs for just the same reason.

"By then, I knew about Jaryn. He was just a young boy then and couldn't leave his parents." Brom shrugged. "So, I made the decision to let Daniel go and stay with Jaryn until he was old enough for us all

to be together. By the time Jaryn turned eighteen, my wife was pregnant with our second child, and I couldn't leave."

"So, what changed?" Jake asked.

"You know what changed," Brom replied. "You were there."

"Okay, so you claimed Daniel," Jake smirked. "So what?"

"Now that I've claimed Daniel, I certainly won't be giving him up. Considering how my pack thinks, I won't be staying with them, either. And that means Jaryn, my cubs, and I leave to be with Daniel. My father can't allow that. He'd rather see us all dead."

"You, me, and Jaryn, anyway," Daniel added. "You know he'd keep the cubs."

"And you and Jaryn and the cubs ended up here how?" Jake asked.

"Jaryn found out my father knows about Daniel. He was already looking for me. We took the cubs out of the hotel and came here." Brom reached back and laid his hand over Daniel's. "This is where Daniel was. It was all we could think to do."

"And that's why you asked for sanctuary?" Jake asked.

Brom nodded.

"Then why not ask Vadim for sanctuary? This is his island. Why ask me?"

"I don't know," Brom chuckled, looking as confused as everyone else in the room. "I thought we were going to ask Alpha Miroslav for sanctuary until I heard Jaryn ask you. Jaryn sort of has premonitions. I've spent enough time with him to know to go with them. If he thinks you're a better choice, well..."

"Fair enough," Jake said. "Do you think your father is still after you?"

"Oh, yeah. Until he either sees our dead bodies hanging from a spit or has the cubs back in his custody, he's going to come after us. He still might come after us even if he gets the cubs back. He has my wife on his side."

"Your wife?"

Brom nodded. "Marla and my father have been sleeping together for the last four months. I've known about it from almost the very beginning. To tell you the truth, I'm surprised it didn't happen earlier. My father can have the bitch for all I care."

"That's a little cold, isn't it?" Jake asked.

"Have you met my wife?"

"No, I haven't had the pleasure."

"Lucky you." Daniel felt Brom's shoulders lift under his hands as the man took a deep breath. "You need to understand, my wife and I were never in love. Hell, we can barely stand to be in the same room together. The only thing she wants from me is my position as the alpha's son. If she can get that from my father, I'm useless to her."

"You are the father of her cubs."

"And if something were to happen to me, my father would be all too happy to raise my cubs as his own, brainwashing them to be little monsters just like him. Of course, if my wife came along with the package, even better for him."

Jake smirked. "The alpha of the pack taking care of the grieving widow and her cubs? Yeah, that's sure to win him some brownie points with the pack, being the good alpha and father and all."

"Exactly," Brom agreed.

"Boy, you sure know how to get yourself into a mess, don't you," Jake said. It was more of a comment than a question.

Daniel felt Brom nod as he watched Jake walk to the liquor cabinet and pour himself a drink. Jake glanced over his shoulder, the decanter in his hand. "Would you like a drink, Brom? Daniel?"

Brom shook his head. "No, I need to keep a clear head. I still don't know where my father is or when he'll show up here because believe me, he will show up here. He knows Daniel is the first person I would go to, and I'm sure he's already figured out where Daniel is staying."

Daniel tightened his hands on Brom's shoulder to let the man know he heard the words and the underlying implication of them. If

they had been alone in the room, Daniel would have been all over Brom. As it was, he could barely keep himself from kissing the man.

Basically, Brom was telling them all that Daniel was the first person he thought of to go to when in trouble. It was a good feeling, one that Daniel hadn't felt in a long time. Not in maybe five years.

"How do you feel about all of this, Daniel?"

Daniel lifted his head from where he stared down at the top of Brom's head to see Leyland staring across the room at him. He could see that Leyland was in full mother hen mode, something that often happened when one of their pack members was involved.

"Why don't you come over here and tell me?" Daniel countered as he held out his hand to the man. He could feel Brom's confusion through their mate bond. *Boy, was he in for a surprise*, Daniel thought, chuckling softly to himself.

Leyland crossed the room to Daniel and took his hand. He stared at Daniel for several moments before nodding and dropping it. Leyland surprised Daniel when he held out his hand to Brom.

"Brom?" Leyland asked. "Would you mind?"

Brom looked totally bewildered. He cast a quick glance at Jake and Lucas but seeing no threat from them, held out his hand to Leyland. Daniel rolled his eyes. The unease and confusion rolling off of Brom could have knocked over a two-story building.

"Do you love Daniel?"

"Of course I do!" Brom snapped and then immediately flushed.

Leyland watched Brom for another moment then smiled. He dropped his hand and walked across the room to sit down in Lucas's lap like everything was right in the world. "Okay, I'm satisfied."

Daniel smiled down at Brom when the man glanced over his shoulder at him. He knew Brom was totally confused by Leyland's behavior. Daniel had lived in the same house as Leyland for ages now. He'd grown used to it.

"Guess that means you're in, babe." Daniel chuckled.

“What just happened here?” Brom asked, glancing over his shoulder to Daniel.

“Leyland can read emotions,” Jake said, a slight smirk on his face as he reached down and ruffled Leyland’s light brown hair. “He can also tell if someone is lying or not.”

“Leyland has a few other gifts, but we’ll talk about them later,” Lucas added.

“Every tri-omega has a gift of some sort. It’s what makes them so unique and sought after,” Jake explained. “Leyland can read emotions and tell if someone is lying. Ryland has the ability to heal someone. Micah can shift into the biggest damn two-footed werewolf you’ve ever seen, and Cary has premonitions like your Jaryn does.”

“I always knew Jaryn was special, but I had no idea it was because he was a tri-omega.”

“You didn’t know he was a tri-omega?” Jake asked.

“No, I knew that,” Brom replied. “It was kind of obvious what with both me and Daniel being mated to him. I just didn’t know that it meant his ability to know things was due to being a tri-omega. I just always kind of figured it was him.”

“Do you think your father knows?” Daniel asked. The mere asking of the question sent a chill down Daniel’s spine. Jaryn could be in even more danger than they thought.

“Maybe, but I don’t think so,” Brom said. “He’s never given Jaryn any more attention than he has anyone else in our pack. You’d think if he knew Jaryn was a tri-omega, he’d want to keep him under wraps or something.”

“Does he know that Jaryn is your mate?” Jake asked.

Brom shrugged. “Again, I don’t think so. Jaryn and I have worked very hard not to seem like we’re mates. After what happened with Daniel, I knew it was just too dangerous. We tried to never be together or anything. I tried not to show him any special attention.” Brom rubbed the heels of his hands over his eyes. “Fuck, the last few years have been a nightmare.”

"I don't think that the last few years have been any easier on Daniel," Jake said. "You know he thought you didn't want him?"

Brom looked up. Even from where he stood, Daniel could see the sadness and guilt in Brom's features. It showed even more in the slight slump of his shoulders.

"I know," Brom said quietly. "It was the only way I could get him to leave, and if he stayed, my father would have killed him."

"But you were mates," Leyland insisted. "That's a sacred bond that supersedes even an alpha."

Brom snorted. "Not in my father's world, it doesn't. You marry who he wants, or he orders a hunt."

"Sounds like Alpha Valeriya," Vadim said.

"Alpha Valeriya?"

"Alpha Valeriya was the alpha here on Vourdala Island before me. He ruled the place like it was his own little fiefdom. He isolated the pack from the rest of the world, and if you didn't do what he wanted, he killed you." Vadim snuggled the man in his arms a little closer, a loving look in his eyes as he glanced down at him. "Sasha was his omega, and things were pretty bad for him before I killed the alpha in a challenge and took over."

"Is Sasha a tri-omega?" Brom asked.

"No," Vadim replied, a wide, possessive grin on his face. "Sasha is all mines."

Jake chuckled. "I'm telling you, Vadim, you don't know what you're missing."

"I'll chance it, thank you," Vadim replied. "I don't share."

As Daniel watched Jake look tenderly down at Lucas and Leyland, he realized that he could have what they had with Brom and Jaryn, assuming that Jaryn survived. It suddenly became imperative to him that the little man's injuries be healed. He wanted to explore the mating bond the three of them could have.

“What are we going to do about Jaryn?” he asked. “Ryland couldn’t heal all of his injuries, and he doesn’t look like he’s going to be able to heal on his own.”

Brom sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping even more.

“*It’ll be okay, baby,*” Daniel said through their mating link, using it for the first time since they had claimed each other. He felt Brom jerk in surprise as the man gazed up at him.

“Forgot about that part, didn’t you?” Daniel chuckled. Brom, his mouth hanging open in shock, nodded his head. “*Just think of what it will be like when we claim Jaryn?*” Daniel sent to the man, laughing when Brom’s face flushed.

“I don’t rightly know why Jaryn isn’t healing,” Leyland said. “I don’t think that’s normal. I mean, I know a shifter can be killed from severe injuries but that’s like, losing their head or something, isn’t it?”

“Would your mother know, Leyland?” Jake asked.

Daniel felt like hitting himself in the head. He should have thought of calling Leyland’s mother. Lilla Summers seemed to be the premier authority on tri-omegas. Daniel began to think that a book on the *Proper Care and Treatment of a Tri-Omega* wouldn’t be a bad thing.

“Maybe,” Leyland said as he climbed off Lucas’s lap and headed for the phone. “I’ll give her a call.”

Daniel mentally crossed his fingers. He turned his hand over and gripped Brom’s hand as Leyland picked up the phone and dialed his mother. The waiting was nearly unimaginable. If Lilla didn’t have answers, Daniel didn’t know what they would do.

“Hey, Mom, it’s me,” Leyland said. “We need some tri-omega help.”

Daniel watched him nod several times. He felt like he stood on pins and needles as he waited.

“Okay, look, I’m going to put you on speaker phone, so you can talk with Brom and Daniel. They know more about what’s going on than I do.”

Leyland grabbed the phone and set it down on the coffee table between everyone, hitting the speak phone function. A quiet, warm voice came over the line.

“Hello?”

“Mrs. Summers,” Daniel began, “it’s Daniel James. I’m in the same pack as Leyland.”

“Yes, of course. I remember you, Daniel,” Lilla replied. “Please, call me Lilla. Mrs. Summers is my mother-in-law, and I am much younger than that.”

Daniel chuckled. “Yes, I remember.”

He glanced up when Viktor and Gregory walked back into the room without Ryland. He raised an eyebrow, concerned about the young man. Gregory placed his hands beside his face as if asleep. Daniel nodded.

“Thank you,” he mouthed. Gregory nodded back and went to sit down next to Viktor.

“What seems to be your problem, young man?” Lilla asked.

“Jaryn is our mate, mine and Brom’s. He was attacked earlier tonight and severely injured both on his abdomen and his throat. Ryland was able to heal the wounds on his abdomen, but the ones on his neck won’t heal, and he’s not healing on his own.”

“You say Ryland wasn’t able to heal him?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Well, that’s very strange,” Lilla replied. “As long as they’re claimed on a regular basis, a tri-omega is pretty much invulnerable. They can be injured, sure, but they can’t die unless their head is severed completely.”

Daniel’s heart thundered. “We haven’t claimed Jaryn yet.”

“Well, why in the hell not?” Lilla exclaimed. “If you don’t claim him, he’s going to die.”

“Wait a minute,” Daniel said. “Are you saying that as long as we both claim Jaryn on a regular basis, he can’t die?”

“Not unless he loses his head,” Lilla replied. “Well, he’ll grow old just like any other shifter and eventually die that way, but other than that, he should be able to heal from any injury given enough time. Tri-omegas and their mates create a triad that has to be unbroken in order for it to work.”

Daniel glanced around the room and saw every shifter in the room staring at the phone in shock. He’d bet a lot of money that all of the tri-omega triads in the room hadn’t known that little tidbit of information.

“You sure you don’t want to write a how-to book, Lilla?” Daniel chuckled.

“I’ve been giving it some thought,” Lilla replied dryly. “Usually, only one tri-omega is born every generation. Now we have several all at the same time. I’m not sure whether to be excited about that or concerned. It’s never happened before in recorded history, at least, not that I know of.”

“I can ask my grandfather, Stefan Dumitra,” Sasha put in. “He’s a scholar like my father was. He might know.”

“Could you, Sasha dear?” Lilla asked. “I’d be very interested in knowing what he finds out. Why don’t you have him give me a call, and we can discuss it. This is all very unusual.”

“In the meantime, do you think you could start writing some of this stuff down?” Daniel asked. “I think it would help a lot for us to know everything when dealing with tri-omegas, so we don’t make any more mistakes.”

“I would be happy to.” Lilla laughed. “You just go claim that young man of yours before he gets any sicker than he already is. Once you claim him, he should start to get better right away. And remember that you need to claim him every few days to keep him in the best of health.”

Jake burst out laughing. “And it’s best done while being intimate. The genetic additive you pass on to your tri-omega is strongest during sex.”

“And don’t forget that while your bond with your tri-omega will be stronger,” Viktor added looking over at Daniel, “you will also have a bond with Brom. You’re his mate as much as you’re Jaryn’s.”

“Hear that, baby?” Daniel silently asked Brom.

“I already knew that,” Brom replied through their link. *“I’ve always known we were mates.”*

Chapter 9

Brom closed the bedroom door behind everyone and leaned back against it, heaving a sigh of relief. He found everyone's advice invaluable and was grateful for each hint, but he was glad that they were all finally gone.

As much as he wanted to know everything there was about taking care of Jaryn, he really needed for him and Daniel to just claim Jaryn so he'd get better. Brom was brimming with impatience to see Jaryn open his eyes. He could feel it in the adrenaline racing through his body and making his fingers tingle.

"How are you holding up, babe?"

Brom chuckled and looked over at Daniel. The man stood next to the side of the bed, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. Brom felt his cock harden in his pants, instantly interested in the man's actions.

"I think I'm about to be much better."

Brom pushed himself away from the door and walked over to Daniel's side of the bed. He gestured down to Daniel's shirt. "Need some help with that?"

"Maybe."

Brom grabbed for Daniel's shirt. He looked down at the nice white cotton shirt and the small, round wooden buttons. "How much did this shirt cost you?"

Daniel glanced down at it. "I don't know. About forty dollars, I think." He looked up at Brom, confusion written all over his face. "Why?"

Brom grinned and yanked, the shirt tearing apart in his hands, buttons flying everywhere. Daniel looked shocked.

“Hey!”

“I’ll buy you a new shirt,” Brom said as he leaned in to lick at the mating mark on Daniel’s neck. “I’ll buy you a hundred new shirts, I promise.”

Daniel laughed, tilting his head back to bare his neck to Brom. His hands clenched in Brom’s shirt. “You just want to rip them off me.”

Brom lifted his head to look into Daniel’s eyes. “True.”

Daniel’s green eyes twinkled. “Anything else you want to rip off of me?”

Brom could think of one or two items, pretty much everything that hid Daniel’s sexy, naked body from his view. “I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.”

“Deal.” Daniel stepped back, his hands going to the buttons of his pants. Brom froze, unable to move and tear his eyes away from the skin Daniel exposed one inch at a time. Daniel was seduction personified. He had Brom’s full attention.

Daniel kicked his shoes off and pushed his pants down his legs, kicking them away before standing in front of Brom in all his glory. Brom drew in a ragged breath. Daniel just seemed to get sexier every time he looked at the man.

“I showed you mine, Brom,” Daniel hinted. “Aren’t you going to show me yours?”

Brom flushed, having been caught red-handed staring at Daniel. That drool wasn’t falling down his face surprised him. Brom quickly pulled his clothes and shoes off, kicking them aside before standing before Daniel just as naked.

It had been just a few hours since he had held Daniel in his arms, a few days since he had actually seen Daniel naked and made love to him. It felt like a million years ago. Way too much time passed between them.

Brom cast a quick glance down at the unconscious man lying in the bed next to where they stood. He waved his hand at him. “Uh, how are we going to do this?”

Daniel shrugged. “Not a fucking clue.”

Brom snorted.

Daniel frowned at him. “That’s not what I meant.”

“I know, I know,” Brom replied. “I just— that was funny, Daniel.”

“You’re not helping the mood here, Brom.”

“I’m sorry, baby. I think maybe I needed it though.” Brom stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Daniel’s waist, pulling the man towards him until Daniel’s body pushed up against his. “This is just all so serious. We’re supposed to make love because we can’t keep our hands off each other, not because we’re trying to save someone’s life.”

Daniel nodded. “I know.”

“What if we fuck this up?” Brom asked. “What happens to Jaryn?”

Brom turned his face into the hand that Daniel cupped around his cheek.

“Brom, you can’t fuck this up,” Daniel said. “It may have been awhile, but if I remember correctly, you were pretty damn good at *this*.”

“But what if—” Brom felt Daniel’s finger press against his lips, stopping him from speaking. He arched an eyebrow at the man.

“Less talk, more action,” Daniel ordered.

The deep tone of Daniel’s voice rumbled through Brom’s body. He’d forgotten how Daniel could do that to him with just a single word. When he got into this mood, Daniel’s voice sounded like sex itself, silky and deep and totally hot.

“Keep talking to me like that and you’ll see a lot of action.” Brom growled. He grabbed Daniel by the arms and aimed him back toward the bed until the man sat down. Daniel spread his legs as Brom dropped to his knees between them.

Brom’s lower chest was level with Daniel’s thick erection. It gave him enough room to lean forward and lick at the twin brown nubs on

Daniel's chest. They hardened right up, pebbling under Brom's tongue. It gave him enough leverage to nibble with his lips.

Brom grinned against Daniel's skin when the man let out a loud groan. The shiver that went through Daniel's body excited him beyond words. His cock hardened, bumping against the side of the mattress when his hips unconsciously thrust forward.

Knowing that he needed to speed things or up he'd end up coming all over the side of the bed instead of inside Daniel where he wanted to be, Brom kissed his way down the man's torso until his face ended up in auburn-colored curls.

He could see Daniel's hands clenching and unclenching in the comforter out of the corner of his eyes. The man's hips were pushing up in the air, his hard cock bouncing in Brom's face. Not one to turn down a good thing, Brom swirled his tongue across the head of Daniel's erection.

Drops of pre-cum scattered across his tongue. The sweet, tangy taste unique to Daniel filled Brom, overwhelming his senses. He would have told the man, but he was too busy swallowing his cock. Then Brom remembered their bond. He could barely contain his laughter.

"Your taste is addictive, baby."

"Just keep sucking, and you'll get all you want."

Daniel had the same deep, sexy voice when he spoke through their mate bond as he did when speaking out loud. And it had the same damn effect on Brom. Brom nearly came against the side of the bed again.

"Keep talking like that, and you won't get to do anything but feel my cock in your ass," Brom sent to Daniel.

Daniel chuckled. "Promises, promises."

Brom was determined to make Daniel eat his words. He had a lot of fantasies to feed his arsenal of tricks, just not practical experience. He hadn't been with another man since Daniel left five years ago.

Marla was the only woman he'd been with and then only when he absolutely had to. Since a female werewolf had a certain scent when she was fertile, the times he had been with her were carefully chosen and very few.

Brom began to bob his mouth up and down on Daniel's erect flesh. His hands moved down to stroke Daniel's ball sac, one hand moving further back to brush against the quivering hole waiting for him.

Brom suddenly sat up, Daniel's cry of protest ringing around the room. "Lube, Daniel, we forgot lube."

"You may have, but Leyland didn't." Daniel laughed. "He slipped me a tube before he left. It's in the pocket of my jeans."

"I'm really starting to like your pack, Daniel," Brom said as he searched around the floor for Daniel's pants. He spotted them several feet away and crawled over to them, squeezing the pants until he felt a bottle of lube in one pocket. He pulled the tube out and held it up in the air like the crown jewels. "Got it!"

"Then get your damn ass back over here and use it."

Brom laughed as he hurried back across the floor to kneel between Daniel's legs. He opened the bottle and squirted some of the cold gel out on his fingers. He held the tube out to Daniel.

"Hold this," he said. "We don't want to lose it."

As soon as Daniel grabbed the tube, Brom went back to the pleasurable work of driving Daniel out of his mind. His mouth dropped back down on Daniel's cock, and his hands went back to Daniel's ass.

He pushed one finger into Daniel's ass at a time, wanting the man to be plenty stretched. Brom didn't think he had the self-control to be gentle, and he never wanted to hurt Daniel. By the time he had three fingers deep into Daniel's tight grip, the man was moaning and thrusting his cock into Brom's mouth.

Brom sucked Daniel into his mouth as deep as he could and then suddenly curved his fingers, stroking them against the man's sweet spot over and over again. Daniel cried out, his body stiffening.

Hot, sweet cream filled Brom's mouth. Brom swallowed down as much as he could, all the while thrusting his fingers in and out of Daniel, making sure he rubbed them against Daniel's prostate every time.

Finally, when he could get no more out of Daniel, he raised his head to look up at the man. Daniel lay there, one arm tossed over his head, the other still clenched in the blanket. His eyes were closed, his mouth slightly opened as he panted.

Brom couldn't take the time for the man to catch his breath. He ached and not just his cock. His teeth actually hurt. He needed to sink both into his mate in the next few moments, or he just might lose his mind.

Brom got to his feet and grabbed the lube out of Daniel's hand. He squirted some on his cock and lubed himself up, then added a few drops to Daniel's ass. He grabbed Daniel's thighs and pulled the man to the edge of the bed.

He could see his cock nudging against Daniel's stretched hole, just the head slipping in. The sight was intoxicating. Brom moved his hips back and forth, watching the head of his cock move in and out of Daniel.

"Damn, baby, this feels so fucking hot!"

Daniel half laughed, half groaned. "You should feel it from my end."

Brom glanced up at Daniel in surprise. The man's face looked flushed, but the grin on his lips outshone everything. Brom couldn't help but grin.

"I'll take you up on that next time."

Brom glanced back down to where he was barely connected to Daniel. He slowly pushed in, watching Daniel's body swallow him up inch by inch until there was no more air between them.

His head dropped back on his shoulders, his hands grabbing Daniel's legs. Pleasure flooded his body as Daniel's inner muscles gripped and massaged his cock. He wasn't sure if he wanted to move or continue to let Daniel squeeze him.

"Brom," Daniel whispered, sounding desperate, "please."

"Okay, baby," Brom replied as he dropped his head forward and began moving. Brom couldn't figure out how he had ever done without this for so many years. Being this close to Daniel and knowing that he could was almost better than any orgasm he'd ever experienced.

Brom thrust into Daniel over and over again, the pressure building in his body. His heart thundered in his chest. He felt passion rising in him like the hottest fire, igniting every nerve ending in his body.

"Soon, Daniel," Brom groaned. "I can't—"

"Wait, wait," Daniel cried out. "We need Jaryn."

Brom blinked. Jaryn, right, the reason they were doing this. He shook his head and tried to clear it of the haze of lust he had slipped into. He looked at the man lying unconscious beside Daniel's head. Now, just to figure *how* to do this.

"Okay, get on your hands and knees and straddle Jaryn," Brom ordered.

He groaned when Daniel pulled away, and his cock slipped free of him. But Daniel was quick to roll over and straddle Jaryn. Brom climbed onto the bed and scooted up behind him. He grabbed his cock and guided it back into Daniel, pushing home with a loud sigh.

Brom had to take just a moment and savor the feeling of being back inside of Daniel before he could speak. He could feel Daniel's hand caressing the skin of his thigh. His fingers burned into Brom's tingling skin.

"Okay," Brom finally said, his voice sounding hoarse even to his ears, "Any chance you're going to come again?"

Daniel laughed. "Yeah, it's a possibility."

"When you do, bite Jaryn."

“And you?” Daniel asked, glancing over his shoulder.

“I’ll try to hold off until you do, then we’ll take it from there.”

Brom didn’t give Daniel time to reply before he thrust deep into the man and then pulled out. He placed his hand on the back of Daniel’s neck and pushed the man down, even as his other hand pulled Daniel’s hips up and back.

Reaching under him, Brom began stroking the man to the rhythm of his thrusts. He could immediately hear Daniel’s pants and soft cries spurring him on. Brom canted his hips and then thrust again. He knew he hit Daniel’s sweet spot when copious amounts of pre-cum dripped over his hand, and Daniel’s inner muscles tightened down on him.

“Brom,” Daniel cried out, “Brom, I’m gonna—”

“Bite him, baby,” Brom ordered. “Claim Jaryn.”

Brom watched Daniel turn his head and sink his canines deep into the soft flesh between Jaryn’s neck and shoulder, mere centimeters from Jaryn’s injuries. He felt the bond take place through his own bond with Daniel.

It was more than he expected and more than he hoped for. Tears of pleasure found their way to his eyes as something intense seemed to flare in his head. Brom’s heart jolted and his pulse pounded as Daniel cried out, covering his hand with wet seed.

“Move over, Daniel, just your upper body,” Brom sent to his mate. *“It’s my turn.”*

Daniel moved, seeming reluctant, so that his upper body was beside Jaryn. He turned his head and laid it on his folded arms, his eyes open and watching. Brom leaned down and licked a stray drop of blood off of Daniel’s lips before looking into his eyes.

“You ready?” he whispered.

Daniel nodded.

Brom leaned back up and started thrusting into Daniel once again. He moved slowly at first, then built the power of his thrusts until he was all but ramming into Daniel. He could feel his orgasm building, settling like a knot at the base of his cock before shooting out the top.

Brom had just enough time to lean down and sink his teeth into the skin over Jaryn's heart before he erupted. One of his hands clenched in the comforter on the side of Jaryn and the other dug into Daniel's hip.

The pleasure was so intense that Brom thought he might lose consciousness. Daniel's tight body held him snug inside as he shot load after load of cum into him. Jaryn's sweet blood filled his mouth.

The mating bond between the three of them kicked into place with such force Brom felt it. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up. A light flashed behind his eyes in a sudden flare, burning a permanent path into his brain.

Brom lifted his head and licked the small teeth marks in Jaryn's chest. He turned his head to see Daniel watching him, tears in his emerald-green eyes.

"You can feel it, can't you?"

Brom nodded, not quite able to put into words everything that flowed through him at that moment. It felt too intense. At the base of this throat a pulse beat and swelled as though his heart had risen from its usual place to envelope the two men he mated.

"Do you think it worked?" Daniel murmured softly, his eyes moving to Jaryn.

"It'd better, Daniel, because we're mated to Jaryn now. We can't live without him."

Daniel bit his lip. He seemed to take a deep, cleansing breath before looking back at Brom. Brom smiled, trying to reassure the man.

"Come on, baby," Brom said as he pulled back from him. "Let's get cleaned up."

"Can we come back and snuggle with Jaryn?" Daniel asked as he climbed over Jaryn and moved to the side of the bed. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind waking up being surrounded by his mates."

"I need to check on the cubs first."

“Christ!” Daniel exclaimed, suddenly looking bewildered. “I keep forgetting that you have cubs.”

Brom paused on his way to the bathroom to glance back at Daniel. “Is that going to be a problem?”

“No,” Daniel replied. “It’s just going to take a little getting used to.”

“You realize that if we’re all mates and living together that you and Jaryn are going to be parents to them, too, right?”

“You want me to be a parent to your cubs?”

“Our cubs, Daniel.”

“Wow, I never—fuck—I mean—wow.”

Brom chuckled. “You’re going to have to stop swearing, baby. Cubs pick up on that. Before too long, you’ll have a three year old running around screaming *fuck* at the top of his lungs.”

“Oh, hell!” Daniel exclaimed.

“That, too.”

“I’m not sure I’m ready for parenthood, Brom.”

Brom’s heart, bouncing and filled with happiness moments before, plummeted to his feet. He’d been afraid of this. While he took great joy in having his cubs, he wasn’t sure Daniel would be able to accept them.

He couldn’t give him cubs up. They were his cubs. And he couldn’t give Daniel or Jaryn up. They were his mates. He’d often envisioned how he would divide his time between them. Maybe they could have two separate homes. Jaryn and Daniel could live in one, Brom and the cubs in the other. They could date or something.

Brom turned away before Daniel could see the anguish in his face. He also knew he needed to put space between them so that Daniel couldn’t feel his emotions. He had no idea if the man could feel them through their mate bond.

“I understand,” Brom said quietly as he walked towards the bathroom, trying to look casual while dying just a little bit inside.

“You’re going to have to teach me, give me some hints,” Daniel said from behind him. “I don’t want to fuck this up.” Daniel grunted. “See, there I go again. Those cubs are going to be swearing like sailors inside of a week.”

Brom swung around. His heart pounded as it slowly began to climb back up his body. “You want me to teach you how to be a parent?” he asked. “You’re okay with the cubs being with us?”

Daniel frowned. “Where else would they be?”

“I thought—I thought you were saying—”

“Saying?” Daniel paused, kind of staring off into space. When he glanced back at Brom, he looked alarmed. “I said I wasn’t sure I was ready for parenthood. And you thought—” Daniel leapt across the room to wrap his arms around Brom. “No, Brom, no. I meant that I wasn’t ready for it as in I’m not sure I’m going to be very good at it in the beginning.”

Brom closed his eyes for a moment, relief pouring through him. He felt Daniel’s hand stroke the side of his face and opened his eyes.

“No, baby, I know that you and the cubs are a package deal. I’m okay with that. Like I said, it’s going to take a little getting used to, but I always fantasized that we’d be a family someday, ever since the minute I discovered you’d had cubs.”

“Yeah?”

Daniel smiled. “Yeah.”

Brom pulled Daniel closer to him, hugging the man to his body. He buried his face in Daniel’s hair, drawing in the sweet scent of his mate. The emotions flowing through him could no longer be held in, no matter how much that had been drummed into his head his entire life.

“You know I love you, Daniel, right?” he whispered against the man’s head.

“Yeah,” Daniel replied, “I’m beginning to see that.”

Brom leaned back and cupped Daniel's face in both of his hands. Sparkling green eyes blinked back at him. "I love you. I have always loved you. I know I haven't proved that to you, but I will. I swear."

"Just love me, Brom," Daniel replied. "That's all I need."

"You have that. Even when we were apart you had that." Brom shook his head a little. "I never wanted to be away from you. I did what I thought I had to do to save all of us. I regret the pain you went through, the time we were separated. I don't regret doing whatever I had to do to keep you and Jaryn safe."

"Just don't leave me again, and we'll call it even."

Brom was stunned. Never in any of his wildest fantasies had Daniel been so accepting of the things he'd done. It was a humbling feeling knowing that Daniel was a better man than he was. Brom felt pretty sure he'd be screaming and yelling about this point.

"We'll see." Brom dropped his hands and turned to head into the bathroom, but Daniel's words made him stop and turn around, shock soaring through him.

"You're going to leave me again?"

"Hell, no!" Brom exclaimed. "I just meant that I don't think we're even."

Daniel's worry fell from his face as he smiled. "We're even, Brom. Let it go. We need to think of our future and not our past."

"Why don't we concentrate on making sure we have a future first?"

Daniel frowned. "Yeah, that might not be a bad idea. I'm pretty sure that Jake has agreed to give us sanctuary even if it's not official, but we should make plans to get everyone back to the ranch as soon as we can."

"Ranch?"

"Yes." Daniel grinned. "I live on a ranch with Jake, Lucas, and Leyland. It's an actual working ranch with horses and cows and everything."

Brom chuckled as he led Daniel into the bathroom. "I'm mated to a cowboy. That is so hot. Do you have chaps?"

"Yes, and I'm going to see you in a pair as soon as we get you home." Brom felt Daniel's hand caress his butt. "This tight ass encased in a pair of leather chaps and nothing else? You might not walk right for a week after I'm done with you."

Daniel's grin was evil and wicked and made Brom's toes curl with the unspoken promises he could see in the man's green eyes.

"You do know why cowboys walk bowlegged, don't you?"

Amused, Brom shook his head.

Daniel winked and stepped into the shower. "You will."

Chapter 10

Jaryn's head felt like it would explode if he moved it even an inch. He decided not to. Instead, he cracked his eyes opened and glanced around as much as he could without moving. He knew he was in some bedroom because he lay on a bed. Other than that, he didn't have a clue as to where he was.

He tried to remember what happened, but nothing came to mind. His throat hurt. It hurt to swallow and turn his head. He touched his throat, confused when he encountered a bandage covering his skin. The flesh underneath was tender but not terribly so.

Jaryn's breath caught in his throat when something moved beside him. He slowly turned his head, shock rocking through him when he found Brom sleeping next to him. The covers were pulled up to the man's chest, but Jaryn still felt pretty sure he was naked beneath them. The bare leg rubbing against his was a dead giveaway.

Holy shit! Daniel slept on the other side of Jaryn, and he seemed to be just as naked as Brom. Jaryn held his breath and carefully lifted the blankets, glancing down. He dropped them just as fast, his head falling back against the pillow as he blew the air out of his lungs. Yep, they were all naked.

Jaryn would give just about anything to find out how *that* had happened. It was quite obvious that he missed something somewhere along the way. The last thing he remembered was fighting off Alpha McGregor and several other pack members to save Brom and Daniel.

Jaryn touched the gauze wrapped around his throat again. He suddenly remembered unimaginable pain racking his body, the

thought that he would never see Brom or Daniel again, and his sorrow that he hadn't been able to save them.

Unless he was delirious, that hadn't happened. Proof of that lay on either side of him. Jaryn carefully rolled over onto his side to face Brom. He felt a burning desire, an aching need, to feel Brom's lips pressed against his.

Jaryn couldn't explain it. He rubbed his fingers across Brom's lips. He watched as Brom's eyes blinked a few times then opened, deep ocean-blue eyes staring at him.

"Hi," Jaryn whispered, his throat feeling scratchy and unused.

"How are you feeling?"

"Strangely—" Jaryn cleared his throat, frowning, "uninjured."

"Good." Brom grinned. "It was pretty touch, and go there for awhile. We thought we were going to lose you."

"I think you might have for a little while."

Brom shook his head. "Naw, we can't lose you, not now." Brom's fingers brushed against Jaryn's chest right over his heart. "It seems we have a little something special working in our corner."

Jaryn's forehead scrunched up in confusion. Brom eyes seemed intent as the man traced a sensuous path over Jaryn's skin with his fingertips, his eyes following every movement. The simple touch seemed to blaze across Jaryn, burning everything in its wake.

"Brom," Jaryn whispered hoarsely. Brom had never touched him so freely, so openly. Every contact between them had been precious but stolen. They never touched without fear of being discovered. They hardly ever touched at all.

This was why Brom's freely-given caress made Jaryn's entire body tingle. He couldn't keep from moaning quietly, pushing his body towards Brom's. He ached for more, for the feel of Brom's body over him, on him, in him.

He just didn't know if it were possible or even safe. Still, he had to try, even if he only received a kiss. Jaryn swore to himself that he

wouldn't ask for more. Brom was under enough pressure. He didn't need more from Jaryn.

"Is it—can I kiss you?" Jaryn whispered.

Brom's eyes flickered up this his. They softened as the man smiled. "I'd like that," Brom whispered back. "I'd like that a lot."

"Is it safe?"

Brom's brows drew together in an agonized expression. Jaryn suddenly worried that they weren't safe. He laid his hand on Brom's arm to let him know he understood.

"It's okay, Brom," Jaryn whispered, trying to hide his disappointment. He'd learned to live with being around Brom and not being able to touch him as he truly wanted to for a very long time. He could wait a little longer.

Jaryn's eyebrows shot up in amazement as he was suddenly rolled onto his back, Brom's body covering him. Before he could ask what was going on, Brom captured his mouth with a savage intensity that rocked Jaryn to his very core.

Brom never kissed him like this. His kisses were always sweet and gentle. This was all together different. This was demanding and masterful. It brooked no defiance, not that Jaryn resisted. He was too busy drowning in the feel of Brom's lips on his.

Brom began to slip his hands down Jaryn's chest. Jaryn instinctively arched towards him. He didn't know what was going on, but he wasn't about to ask Brom to stop. He'd wanted the man too damn long.

Brom's hands seemed to move magically over Jaryn's chest. His thumbs rubbing over Jaryn's nipples until they peaked then he pulled gently on them. Jaryn lay panting, his chest heaving. He couldn't believe Brom touched him like he did.

Brom electrified him, made him want, need. He spread his legs, gasping when Brom's much larger and wider body settled between them. He could feel the evidence of Brom's arousal press against him, their hard cocks rubbing together.

“Brom,” Jaryn whimpered. “Brom.”

Jaryn pulled his knees up, planting his feet in the mattress to use as leverage as he pushed his body against Brom’s. His senses reeled as short circuited. He felt a hand slide over his taut abdomen to the swell of his hip.

Jaryn suddenly jerked, realizing that Brom’s hands never left his nipples. He swiftly turned to see Daniel stretched out beside him, a slow, sensuous grin on his lips.

“Daniel,” Jaryn hissed.

“Hi, gorgeous,” Daniel replied. “Glad to see you awake.”

“Wh—what are you doing here?”

“Where else would I be?” Daniel asked. Jaryn’s eyes widened as Daniel’s hands moved up his body, past his abdomen to his chest and then farther up to the crook of his neck. He caressed the skin there.

“This right here says I’m exactly where I’m supposed to be.”

Jaryn reached up to feel the skin Daniel caressed. It was slightly puckered, two little dots. His consciousness seemed to ebb then flame even more when Jaryn realized he traced the distinct biting mark of a mating claim.

“Daniel!”

“This one’s mine,” Daniel said as he licked the soft skin at Jaryn’s throat. The gentle stroke of Daniel’s tongue against his skin sent currents of desire shooting through Jaryn.

“And this one is mine,” Brom said as he scraped his teeth over a matching mark on the skin above Jaryn’s heart.

They had claimed him. Jaryn’s emotions whirled and spun out of control. He breathed rapidly through his slightly parted lips. He couldn’t do anything but lay there as Brom moved to one side of him, Daniel cuddling close on the other. It felt too overwhelming.

Strong lips touched his nipples with tantalizing possessiveness on both side. One hand moved down his abdomen. Another hand stroked Jaryn’s thighs as they were gently pulled apart. Jaryn was on sensual

overload. Each touch, no matter who did it, sent him closer to screaming out his need for his mates.

Brom and Daniel's hands seemed to be everywhere at the same time. Jaryn didn't think there was an inch of his skin that they didn't caress, touch, or kiss. Jaryn lifted his head when Brom paused to kiss him, the man's lips slowly descending to meet his.

It was a kiss for Jaryn's lonely soul to melt into, hungry and desperate yet loving and gentle at the same time. Jaryn shuddered at the sweet intensity of it. Brom's lips moved. At first he kissed the tip of Jaryn's nose, then his eyes, before moving to his shoulders.

"Love you, Jaryn," Brom whispered. "I'm never going to give you up now." Between each word, Brom planted kisses on Jaryn's shoulders, neck, and face. "Daniel and I are keeping you."

"Okay," Jaryn groaned. What else could he say? They were giving him everything he'd always wanted, his mates. This moment had been dreamt about a million times in the last five years. It never seemed this good.

A hand wrapped around his cock, a place only one man had ever been and then just the night before. Jaryn couldn't keep his hips from thrusting up into the air. Another hand caressed the silky sac beneath his aching cock, rolling it gently.

"Oh, please," Jaryn pleaded. His eyes desperately sought out Brom's. "You promised."

"So I did," Brom replied.

Jaryn suddenly felt a fullness between his cheeks pressing against him. Someone's hand smoothed over his abdomen. Another hand rapidly stroked his cock, distracting him from the fingers pushing into his tight entrance. Jaryn didn't realize they were there until they moved.

"Oh...oh...that's...oh shit!" Jaryn stammered.

His knees were grabbed and pulled up to his chest, spread as wide as they would go. Jaryn panted. His head thrashed against the pillow it lay on. His hands clenched in the comforter beneath him.

His mouth dropped open, the picture of Daniel moving to kneel between his legs awe inspiring. The man scooted up close to him and grinned. "Lift yourself up so you can see, Jaryn," Daniel ordered. "You're not going to want to miss this."

Jaryn pushed himself up on his elbows to look down where Daniel gestured. His arms nearly collapsed under him as a shudder passed through his entire body. Daniel had his own cock in his hand as he rubbed the head against Jaryn's puckered entrance.

Brom held Jaryn's cock, his hand wrapped around it while he held it out of the way so that Jaryn could watch Daniel slowly push in. It was an amazing sight watching Daniel's lubed cock slowly slip into his body.

When Daniel's hips pressed up flush against his body, Jaryn couldn't stand it any longer. He collapsed back against the bed, his chest still heaving. His mind was filled with a haze of lust and desire.

Jaryn could feel Daniel's hands grip his thighs as the man started to move. His movements were slow and methodical. Jaryn glanced up to see that Daniel's total concentration was narrowed in on where they were connected so intimately.

"Fuck, baby, you wouldn't believe how good this looks," Daniel groaned as he pulled out, just the head of his cock remaining inside of Jaryn. He pushed back in slowly. "Your body just sucks me right in every time like you were made for me."

Daniel glanced up at Jaryn. He grinned. "I guess you were."

Jaryn started to chuckle but it turned into a deep cry when Daniel leaned over him. His hands pushed Jaryn's legs up onto Daniel's shoulders, gripping them tight. The slowness of his previous movements was suddenly gone as Daniel began a rapid pace.

"Don't think Brom is going to last much longer without getting a piece of you, baby," Daniel said as he pounded into Jaryn. "He's waited too long. Gonna have to speed this up."

Jaryn nodded, beyond speech.

"Think you can wait for Brom?"

Jaryn shook his head, not quite sure what Daniel asked him. He immediately felt the hand stroking his cock stop and grip the base tightly, and then he knew. Daniel wanted him to wait until Brom fucked him to come.

Jaryn still wasn't sure he could wait, even with the hand holding him tight. The pressure building in his body had settled at the base of his cock. It drew his balls up tight against his body and made them ache to empty their load.

"Oh, God, hurry, hurry, hurry," Jaryn screamed loudly in his mind.

"I am, baby, I am," Daniel replied right back into Jaryn's mind, startling him.

Jaryn blinked up at Daniel just in time to see him throw his head back, the muscles on his neck tightening as he roared out his release. Daniel rammed into Jaryn one last time. Pulse after pulse of hot semen filled him.

Jaryn barely had time to acclimate himself to being taken for the very first time before Daniel was pushed out of the way only to be replaced by Brom. Jaryn hissed as the man sank in. Brom wasn't as long as Daniel, but he was definitely thicker.

"Did I hurt you, baby?" Brom asked, freezing in place.

"No, no," Jaryn replied. He reached out for Brom, his hands landing on the man's wide shoulders. "You're just a bit thicker than Daniel. I didn't expect it."

Brom moved just a little. "Is that better?"

Jaryn nodded, even though he wasn't sure. What did he know? He'd never had sex before. But he sure had fantasized about it. It never once came close to what he felt right now. Brom and Daniel made every single dream he ever had come to life.

Brom brought Jaryn back from the sensual haze of lust he'd slipped into by slapping him on the thigh. Jaryn groaned, glaring up at the man.

"Turn over, baby," Brom ordered before pulling out of him.

Jaryn scrambled to turn over, wanting to feel Brom's cock back inside of him as soon as possible. He was shocked to see Daniel slide underneath of him. He had to straddle the man, one arm on each side of his face, a knee on each side of his hips.

It seemed to spread him just right for Brom to slip right back inside. Jaryn groaned. Every time Brom thrust into him, it pushed him forward. The motion caused the head of his cock to drag along the smattering of hair trailing down Daniel's abdomen.

It created a highly erotic sensation that Jaryn knew would have him exploding in no time at all. He could already feel the pressure building in his balls and working its way up his cock, ready to erupt out the top.

Daniel grinning up at him, his hands tugging on Jaryn's nipples, was the last straw. Jaryn inhaled, ready to groan out his release when Daniel grabbed both their cocks in his hand and quickly stroked them together.

Jaryn's groaned turned to a loud cry as his entire body melted out of his cock and all over Daniel's stomach. Jaryn thought the pleasure would never end, especially when Daniel continued to stroke them both. Jaryn became so sensitive that he began to pant. He certainly wouldn't tell Daniel to stop.

"Fuck! Yes, now!" Brom shouted from behind Jaryn.

Before Jaryn could question him, both men struck, sinking their teeth into either side of Jaryn's neck. Simultaneous roars echoed in Jaryn's ears. Brom's hands dug into his hips as hot lava filled his ass. One of Daniel's hands gripped Jaryn's torso. The other hand held their cocks together as he spurted his release over the both of them.

Jaryn felt a heavy weight collapse on his back as his head dropped forward to land on Daniel's collar bone. His chest heaved as if he just finished running a marathon. He felt boneless, brainless, melted.

He felt happy.

"Are you okay, Jaryn?" Daniel asked.

“Mmm.” He didn’t have the energy to say anything more, even through their mating bond. His mind was mush, devoid of anything except a red haze of spent passion. He was in heaven, and he never wanted to wake up.

“Jaryn?” Brom asked.

Jaryn felt the man sit up, wincing when he pulled free. Jaryn was rolled onto his back, once again lying between his two mates. They both rolled on to their sides, facing Jaryn and leaning up on their elbows. Their hands lazily drew nonsense patterns on Jaryn’s sweat-soaked skin.

“Are you going to make it, baby?” Daniel asked.

“Nope.” Jaryn laughed. “I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

“Don’t even joke like that, Jaryn.” Brom spoke so sternly that Jaryn opened his eyes and looked over at him. “You almost did die.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously,” Brom replied. “Ryland healed as much of your injuries that he could, but he couldn’t heal them all. And you weren’t healing enough on your own for the bleeding to stop. We were only able to fix you by claiming you.”

“Oh.” Jaryn dropped his eyes. He suddenly felt very vulnerable and wished he wasn’t lying naked between two men, even if they were his mates. His mates...now there was a term. They’d only claimed Jaryn to save him. If that didn’t say he wasn’t needed in this relationship, Jaryn didn’t know what did.

“Is there—where’s the bathroom?” Jaryn asked, needing to get away. He could feel tears prickling at the corners of his eyes and didn’t want Daniel or Brom to see them.

“Right over there,” Daniel said, pointing across the room.

Jaryn scooted to the bottom of the bed. He took a deep breath before pushing himself to his feet and walking across the room. He felt Daniel and Brom’s eyes on him all over the way. It was all he could do not to run.

Jaryn shut the door and leaned against it for a moment. He could hear Daniel and Brom talking through the thick wood but couldn't make out what they said. It didn't really matter. Jaryn doubted he wanted to hear it.

He walked over and used the toilet and then turned on the shower, climbing in once the water was to a temperature he liked. Jaryn dipped his head under the shower nozzle and let it spray over him, his tears mixing with the falling water.

Jaryn gasped, his head coming up as a sudden, unexplained heat filled his body. He swore the water itself sizzled upon contact with his body. The sensation burned through him, igniting every nerve until he could feel each individual drop of water hit his skin.

Jaryn cried out. He fell back against the shower wall, his hands splaying flat against the cool tile. He was burning up from the inside out. Jaryn started to panic until the burning sensation lessened suddenly and turned to one even more frightening...arousal.

He panted. Jaryn felt like a hundred tongues licked at his body, a million fingertips caressing his skin. There wasn't a part of his body left untouched. It was unlike anything Jaryn ever felt. He didn't know whether to be afraid of the sensations flowing through his body or give into them.

Then, just as suddenly as they started, they stopped. Jaryn's eyes shot open. He stared at the blue tiled wall across from him. His heart thudded in his chest. He tried to figure out what in the hell had just happened, but he was at a complete loss.

Except for the fact that he'd been very much alone, the sensations that flooded his body were much like the ones from when he'd been in bed with Daniel and Brom. Jaryn just couldn't figure out how that was possible.

His mind was overwhelmed by a whirl of tumultuous thoughts. He washed himself up and then rinsed off. Jaryn turned off the shower and climbed out, reaching for some towels. He wrapped one around his waist and used the other to dry his hair and the rest of his body.

Jaryn leaned his hands against the bathroom countertop and looked at himself in the mirror. He didn't think he was a bad-looking man. His brown hair had some highlights, all of it curling slightly around his square jaw.

While he didn't have hair on his chest, there was enough muscle definition to make him pleasing to look at. At least, he thought so. Maybe that was his problem. His hair was brown, not light brown or dark brown, just brown. He wasn't too tall or too short. He wasn't too fat or too skinny. He was in the middle. He was average.

His golden copper eyes were his selling point, even Jaryn knew that. They changed hue depending on his mood. Sometimes they were golden, sometime copper, and sometimes they were actually brown as if the sparkle had drained out of them. But that usually only happened when he felt sad, like now.

Jaryn took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. He needed to go back into the other room and face Daniel and Brom. He knew they waited for him. He could feel it. As much as he didn't want to face them, he knew it would happen at some point. He might as well get it over with, and then he could leave.

Jaryn opened the bathroom door and stepped out, coming to a screeching halt when he saw Daniel and Brom sitting on the end of the now made bed staring at him. Both men were dressed as if they had never been naked. And both had their arms crossed over their chest, glaring at Jaryn.

"What?" Jaryn asked.

"Did you really think you were going to get away that easily?" Brom asked.

"I don't know what you mean," Jaryn hedged, flushing when he realized that it was the lamest thing he could have ever said.

"Did you enjoy yourself in the shower, Jaryn?" Daniel asked as he stood to his feet and walked towards Jaryn. He leaned down close to Jaryn's ear and whispered. "Or did things get a little hot for you?"

Jaryn's eyes bugged as he leaned back to stare at the man. He knew about that? Jaryn cast a glance at Brom. He had the same knowing look on his face. It made Jaryn feel very nervous and suddenly very afraid that they could read his mind. He started to step away.

"No, Jaryn, we can't read your mind," Brom said.

Jaryn took another step back. "If you can't read my mind how did you know what I was thinking?" Jaryn countered.

Brom waved a hand towards him. "It's written all over your face, Jaryn."

"Besides," Daniel added, grinning, "we are mates. We can feel your emotions."

"We were able to read the emotions you felt before you went into the bathroom," Brom said. "And the emotions you felt while in there."

"All of them, Jaryn," Daniel added and then chuckled. "We also sent you a few, as I'm sure you noticed."

Jaryn reached out his hand, searching for the nearest flat surface that would hold his weight. His knees were going to buckle any moment. Jaryn knew very little about being a tri-omega, even if he knew he was born one. It just wasn't something widely discussed in his pack.

He knew when he mated he was supposed to have some sort of bond with his mate. He didn't understand how that worked between a tri-omega and his mates, but he was beginning to suspect a few things.

"I don't understand," Jaryn said because he wasn't sure if he did, no matter what he suspected. He wanted it explained in simple, plain language so there could be no mistakes. He sank down into a chair and stared up at Daniel and Brom.

"We're your mates, Jaryn," Daniel said.

"Yeah," Jaryn said, rubbing the mating marks on his neck, "I kind of got that."

Brom stepped over to him and dropped down onto his knees. He grabbed Jaryn's hands in his. "I told you that we would all be together one day, remember?"

Jaryn nodded.

"Well, now we are, just like I promised." Brom squeezed Jaryn's hands. "And it's even better than I thought it would be. I never have to be separated from Daniel again." He shook Jaryn's hands a little. "And I never have to be separated from you. I don't have to hide how I feel about you anymore either."

"Ho—how do you feel?" Jaryn whispered.

Brom smiled. "You tell me. The mating bond goes both ways, you know. You tell me how I feel, how Daniel feels. I guarantee you'll be surprised."

"Go on, Jaryn," Daniel said. "Close your eyes and follow the link back to us."

Jaryn stared hesitantly at both Daniel and Brom for a moment before closing his eyes. He searched around in his head for the thread that would lead him back to each of them. At first, everything seemed dark, almost frightening, and then Jaryn saw two lights that started to shine brighter the closer he got to them.

Jaryn imagined he walked through a great grey fog towards the light. As he did, he noticed that they weren't really bright shining lights but rather strings like the links that Daniel mentioned.

Jaryn reached for one, noticing that it was attached to two smaller strings that seemed to be filled with light and giggles. The moment his hand wrapped around the larger light, Brom swelled into him.

It felt so overwhelming that Jaryn's eyes popped open, and he pulled his hand free from Brom to clutch at his chest. He stared at the man, stunned beyond belief at the love and longing coming at him, surrounding him.

"Brom," he murmured.

Brom nodded.

Jaryn turned to Daniel. He watched the man's green eyes sparkle as he reached for the link attached to him. There wasn't as much love coming from him, but Jaryn didn't expect it. They barely knew each other.

The emotions that did come from Daniel still overwhelmed Jaryn. The beginnings of love shined through. There was also a wonder and curiosity, and a kind of astonished possessiveness of who Jaryn was and what that meant to Daniel.

Jaryn reached for Daniel's hand. The moment their skin touched, Jaryn sent back to both of his mates all that he felt for them, his own love and wonder that these two wonderful men could care about him. Small gasps filled the room, making Jaryn smile.

"Guess there's more to this mating thing than any of us thought," he said.

Brom's eyes were wide, the deep blue in them seeming almost to glow. He nodded. "Yeah, I think that's a fair estimation."

Jaryn closed his eyes again. He pictured the grey fog and the shining threads in his head. He grabbed the end of each link and tied them all together, wrapping them around his body. He never wanted them to be separated.

He opened his eyes when he heard Daniel and Brom gasp. They both looked dazed, astonished looks on their faces. Their mouths hung open, their eyes wide.

"What?" Jaryn asked.

"You—I can feel you," Daniel whispered. "I can feel Brom. I knew the mating bond would be strong, but I never felt anything like this. It feels like we're entwined together."

"We are," Jaryn said. He shrugged. "I tied the threads together, and then wrapped them around me so we'll always be connected."

"You can do that?" Daniel asked, clearly astonished.

"Apparently," Brom said.

"It was easy. I could see the threads. They glowed. I just grabbed them and tied them together like you would with a rope, and then I

wrapped them around my waist.” He glanced over at Brom. “Do you know you have two smaller threads on you?”

Brom’s eyebrows drew together. “Two smaller threads?”

“I had a picture in my mind of walking through a thick grey fog, looking for threads like ropes that led back to each of you. They were lit up, shining. On your thread there were too smaller threads.”

“Cailan and Iain,” Daniel added. “I didn’t see things quite like Jaryn did, but I felt them.”

“How do you know it was them?” Brom asked, looking intrigued.

“They giggled.”

Chapter 11

Brom grinned as he watched Daniel try to juggle both Cailan and Iain in his arms at the same time. Iain had taken great interest in Daniel's ears, pulling on them. Cailan was doing everything in his power to get Iain's attention away from Daniel while not losing his hold on Daniel.

Poor Daniel looked totally out of his element. He also looked adorable. The image of Daniel holding his children was one Brom had seen many times in his mind. He just never thought he'd actually be able to see it in real life.

He glanced down when he felt a hand wrap around his arm. "Hey," he said softly to Jaryn. "How are you doing with all of this?" He gestured to Daniel and the cubs.

Jaryn's face seemed to waver between a grimace and a grin. "I don't know. I think it's all a little surreal to me at this point."

"How so?"

"You always said we'd be together with Daniel some day," Jaryn replied. "I guess I just never thought it would happen. Between the cubs and your position as beta, I didn't really think you'd leave the pack."

"I hated being there, Jaryn," Brom said. "I never really wanted to be the pack beta. As the alpha's son, it was just expected of me."

Jaryn stared up at Brom, astonished. "You didn't want to be beta? Why had you never said anything?"

"There didn't seem to be any point. It was what it was."

"If you didn't want to be beta, what did you want to do?"

Brom shrugged, feeling his shoulders move under the fabric of his white cotton shirt. "I don't know exactly. Mostly I just wanted to live a quiet life with you and Daniel, raising the cubs. That seems like heaven to me."

Jaryn smiled and leaned his head down against Brom's arm. "Yeah, that sounds pretty good to me, too. Maybe we can go home with Daniel and live with him."

Brom patted Jaryn's hand. "Where ever we go, we'll be together, you, Daniel, me, and the cubs. You just remember that."

"I'll admit I felt a little worried that you wouldn't want me once you found Daniel again. You two have such a long history together and—"

"And nothing," Brom said. Brom wrapped his arms around Jaryn and pulled the smaller man up against his body. "I have a long history with you, too, Jaryn. Don't forget that."

"Yeah, but—"

"But nothing, Jaryn. I claimed you the same day I claimed Daniel. Just because I wasn't intimate with you over the last five years doesn't make our relationship any less than mine and Daniel's."

"Are you sure?" Jaryn whispered.

Brom smiled. He cupped the side of Jaryn's face and leaned down to gently kiss him, his lips moving across Jaryn's briefly. "I'm sure, baby." Brom nodded over to where Daniel sat playing with the cubs. "So is he. Daniel understands that gifts we've been given. Once you really get to know him, you'll see that I'm right."

Jaryn nodded, but Brom wasn't sure he understood what Brom wanted to get through to him. He kissed the top of Jaryn's head. With a smile, he walked past the man to sit on the floor next to Daniel. Cailan instantly pushed away from Daniel and toddled into his arms.

Brom kissed him and then sat the boy down on the floor and reached for Iain. A moment later, Daniel stood up and walked towards Jaryn. Brom smiled, happiness filling him as Daniel took Jaryn into his arms and began talking to him.

Brom had no doubt that given a chance, Daniel would come to love Jaryn as much as he did. There was just something about Jaryn that made those around him love him. It was one of the first things Brom noticed about the man.

Jaryn was a keeper, and Brom had every intention of keeping him. He felt pretty sure that Daniel would be doing the same if the grip he had around Jaryn's waist was anything to go by. Daniel had obviously fallen for the lure of Jaryn as much as Brom had.

Brom glanced over at Jaryn in concern when he inhaled suddenly. "Jaryn?"

"I think your father and Marla just arrived," Jaryn whispered. His face paled as a horrified look came over him. "And they're very angry."

"How do you know?" Brom asked as he grabbed Cailan and Iain in his arms and stood to his feet.

"I can feel them," Jaryn said. "Can't you? Those threads, the ones that belong to Cailan and Iain? There's a tinge of grey on them now. And there's another link to you, Brom. It's very grey, and it hurts. It burns. It has to be your father."

"Fuck!" Brom exclaimed. "This isn't good."

Jaryn gasped. He reached over to cover Cailan's ears. The child giggled and struggled to get away. "No swearing, Brom."

Brom felt his face flush especially when he glanced at Daniel and saw the smirk on his face. He'd given Daniel just the same admonishment about cursing in front of the cubs. He'd forgotten.

"Okay, what are we going to do about my father?" Brom asked.

"I don't think we should tip our hand and let him know we're here," Daniel said. "Or that we have the cubs. I mean he obviously knows you're here, or he wouldn't be coming. But he doesn't know I'm here at the alpha compound."

"As far as the pack members in the lobby know, and I'm sure have told your father, you helped me get the cubs to a cocktail party at Marla's request," Jaryn said. "What's to say you didn't drop us off

and go about your business? How do you know what I did with the cubs after that?"

"Jaryn," Brom said as he shook his head, "I can't leave you alone in this."

"He won't be alone," Daniel said as he placed his arm around Jaryn's shoulders. "I'll be with him."

"I don't know," Brom said. He didn't like the idea of leaving Daniel and Jaryn on their own. He'd spent too many years watching his father get anything he wanted, in any manner he needed to.

"Brom, stop thinking about it so hard," Jaryn said. "Just go downstairs, and find out what your father knows. You know that sooner or later you're going to have to face him and tell him, and Marla, that we've mated. If we know what he knows, the better chance we'll have of fighting him."

"If it comes down to it," Daniel added, "I'll take Jaryn and the cubs back to the ranch. Jake and Lucas will make sure we stay safe. Besides, we have a lot of friends on our side. There's no way your father will get to Jaryn or the cubs."

Brom had kept Jaryn safe for years. He was used to it. Giving that over to someone else, even Daniel, was hard. Still, Daniel had a right to protect Jaryn as much as Brom did. They were all mates.

"Okay, look," Brom began, "You all stay up here. I'll ask someone to come sit with you and help while I—"

"Send Cary." Jaryn laughed. "He can shift into a seven and a half foot werewolf. He could stop a truck."

Brom chuckled. "All right, I'll do that. In the meantime, you two stay safe and hidden until I figure out how much my father knows. I'd be very upset if anything happened to either of you. I just claimed you both. I don't plan on giving you up."

Brom kissed each of his children on the head and then handed them over to Jaryn and Daniel. He kissed his two men and walked to the door. He glanced over his shoulder to look at his family one last time. At least, he hoped it wasn't his last.

"I love you," he said. "Lock the door after I leave and stay safe."

Before he could give in to his desire to stay and protect his mates, Brom turned and walked out, shutting the door quietly behind him. He waited until he heard the door lock and then walked away.

Brom could feel his chest start to tighten as he descended the stairs. His apprehension about seeing his father was shooting through the roof. It wasn't going to be a cordial meeting. It could even turn out to be life threatening.

As for Marla, if he knew anything about her he knew she'd be doing everything to make herself the center of attention. Marla didn't like the attention in any room being anywhere except on her. Brom had seen it a zillion times since they married. If the room wasn't centered on her, she'd do something to make it.

Brom could hear yelling coming from the formal living room before he even reached it. He veered off and headed for the kitchen before anyone saw him. He needed to arrange for Cary and his mates to go upstairs and guard Daniel, Jaryn, and the cubs, and he needed to do it without anyone seeing him.

"Mary," Brom said as he walked into the kitchen, "could you do me a favor and ask Cary and his mates to come to the kitchen? I need them here without anyone knowing that I need them here, if you get my drift."

Mary nodded and reached for the phone. "I met your father when he came in," she said as she began to dial the phone. "I understand completely."

Brom tapped his fingers nervously against the countertop while he waited for Mary to make her phone call. Once he knew Cary and his mates were on their way, he drew in a deep breath of relief. He felt better just knowing that they were coming, and he hadn't even asked them to help protect his mates or cubs yet.

Brom wondered what that said about people he barely knew. He'd met Saul and Ryce earlier, but he'd yet to meet Cary. He barely knew

of them or the others that seemed to have congregated at the alpha compound.

Still, Daniel and Jaryn seemed to have complete faith in them all. Brom knew he needed to trust his mates and the people they believed in. He would need friends on his side if he planned to get out of this mess with his head attached to his shoulders.

Brom was surprised when a little man with sunlight-blond hair and sea-blue eyes walked into the kitchen surrounded by two towering, muscle-bound men. He could see the larger two men being able to protect his family but not the smaller man. Brom just didn't envision him shifting into a seven and a half foot tall werewolf.

"Hey Mary, you called?" Cary said as he leaned against the counter across from Brom, watching him with curiosity.

"Actually, I asked her to bring you in here," Brom said. "I needed to talk to you without my father finding out."

Brom could feel his hairs rising up on the back of his neck when the two larger men growled low. He tried to reign in his natural reaction and not attack them. They didn't need a pissing match right now.

"I need your help," Brom said. "Daniel, Jaryn, and my cubs are in danger."

Saul arched an eyebrow. "Your father or your wife?"

Brom could hear the slight sneer in the man's voice, but he didn't hold it against him. He imagined he hadn't given a very good impression of himself or his pack. The men had a right to be skeptical.

"Both, actually." Brom grimaced and dropped his eyes down to the countertop. "We're hoping that neither my father nor my wife know that Jaryn and the cubs are here. Presently, Daniel and Jaryn are upstairs protecting my cubs."

"And what do you want from us?" Ryce asked, crossing his arms over his chest. Brom wasn't sure the man could look any less menacing. He was shocked when Cary reached over and smacked his arm.

“Be nice,” Cary said. “You know exactly what he wants from us, and we’re going to give it to him. He’s family now.”

Ryce looked like he wanted to argue with Cary but instead rolled his eyes and heaved a huge over exaggerated sigh. “Fine,” he said. “We’ll go upstairs and help protect your cubs.”

“And Daniel and Jaryn,” Brom added.

“And them, too.”

“I know I’m asking a lot of you but—”

Cary waved a hand at him. “You don’t need to explain yourself, Brom. You’ve mated Daniel now, and that makes you family. We take care of family.”

Brom frowned. “I thought you all were from different packs.”

“We are,” Cary said, “but Thomas used to be part of Daniel’s pack and Lucas, Daniel’s beta, is my brother. That makes us all family. Pack lines don’t mean a thing when family is involved.”

“Things aren’t like that in my pack.” Brom shook his head and pushed himself away from the counter. “They aren’t like that at all. My father believes we are a single entity, and we do not associate with other packs, no matter what.”

“That doesn’t work very well if your pack needs help,” Saul stated.

“I think this is the first time since I became beta that I’m hoping that’s true. If my father continues his system of isolationism, I’m hoping that he won’t get any assistance from any other pack.”

“You’re the pack beta?” Ryce asked. “Isn’t part of your job description doing what your alpha says?”

“Normally that would be true.” Brom grinned. “But I’m about to go inform my father that I quit. I have more important duties now.”

Ryce chuckled. “It’s too bad we’ll be upstairs guarding your mates and cubs. I’d like to see his reaction.”

“It’s not going to be pretty,” Brom said. “Add that to my telling Marla we’re through, and the shit is sure to hit the fan.”

“I wasn’t terribly impressed by your wife, Brom,” Cary said. “Why’d you marry her in the first place?”

“Daniel and Jaryn can explain it all to you upstairs,” Brom replied. “I really need to get in there before things get out of control. Just know that I did it for Daniel and Jaryn, for their safety and for the safety of my cubs.”

“I don’t really think you need to say more than that, Brom,” Saul said as he reached out for Cary and Ryce’s hands. “We’ve all done things we’d rather not do for the safety of our mates, even me.”

That surprised Brom. Ryce, Saul, and Cary all seemed to be so happy together. He couldn’t imagine there being any dissention between any of them. He would have liked to ask more, but right about then he heard a loud bellow from down the hallway.

Brom sighed. “Maybe later, huh?”

The men across from him nodded. “We’ll help protect what you hold precious. You go and sever your ties with your father and your old pack.”

Brom didn’t relish the idea of confronting his father or Marla, but he knew it needed to be done. As he walked out of the kitchen, he reminded himself that he did this so that he could be with his mates and his cubs. That was the only important thing.

He could still hear his father bellowing as he walked down the hallway towards the formal living room. Peeking around the corner, he could see his father shouting at Vadim, which wasn’t a good thing at any time. This was the man’s home.

“Is it proper etiquette, father,” Brom said as he stepped into the room, “to be shouting at the hosting alpha of a Wolf Council? Or were you trying to show Alpha Miroslav how little manners you have?”

Brom could see the rage in Alpha Angus McGregor as he swung around to glare across the room at him. Brom briefly noted Vadim and Sasha stood near the fireplace. He nodded towards the men.

“Alpha Miroslav, my apologies for my father’s words. Please do not take his bad manners as a reflection of the rest of our pack.”

Once Vadim nodded, Brom glanced around the room to the other men and nodded to each of them. Jake and Lucas sat on a black leather love seat, Leyland sandwiched between the two men, their arms wrapped protectively around him.

Caleb and Thomas sat on another black leather couch across from them. Micah sat between them, much like Leyland did with Jake and Lucas. Gregory, Viktor, and Ryland stood behind them. None of the men in the room looked happy.

It wasn’t until his father advanced on him that Brom noticed Marla sitting in a chair by the fireplace. She dabbed at her eyes with a lace hanky as if her emotions had overwhelmed her. Brom briefly wondered if she realized she sat in a room full of gay men.

“Where in the hell are my cubs?” Angus shouted.

Brom turned his gaze to his father, lifting one eyebrow. “Your cubs? I know you’re sleeping with my wife, but I’m still pretty sure I’m their father.”

Brom smirked when he heard Marla gasp. His father’s mouth dropped open and then slammed shut. “You didn’t think I knew about that, did you?”

Angus waved a hand at Brom while he glanced around the room. Brom knew the man was checking to see the reaction of the others in the room. Appearances were always important to his father, other peoples’ appearances anyway. He felt perfectly justified expressing himself however he wanted. Brom had seen it time and time again.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Angus said. “You don’t know what you’re talking about. I would never sleep with your mate.”

Brom chuckled. “Oh, I have no doubt about that, father. Daniel wouldn’t touch you with a ten-foot pole. I was talking about you sleeping with my wife, who we both know is not my mate. Daniel is.”

“Daniel is not your mate,” Angus shouted. “Marla is your mate. She’s the mother of your cubs.”

“We both know we don’t have to be mated with someone to have sex with them. However, if Marla was my mate, she never would have started sleeping with you. Our bond would have prevented that.”

“Bond, shmond,” Angus sneered. “That’s an old wives’ tale. There is no *bond*...” Angus used his hands to make little quote marks in the air, “between mates. You mate who is best for you to mate, the person that will advance you in the pack.”

“Are you denying the mating bond, Alpha McGregor?” Vadim asked.

Angus turned to look at Vadim. Brom could see the tight set of his shoulders and knew his father was going to say something stupid even before the man opened his mouth.

“This is between me and my son, Alpha Miroslav,” Angus snapped. “It does not concern you, and I’d appreciate it if you stayed out of it.”

“I do believe it involves me,” Vadim replied calmly. “You’re in my house and on my island.”

Brom was grateful that the man didn’t take offense at his father’s words or attitude. He wasn’t sure any other alpha would have been so calm. Brom knew he wasn’t feeling very calm. He tried to look serene, but his heart pounded in his chest. He crossed his arms over his chest to hide the trembling of his hands.

“None of this really matters,” Brom said. “I am stepping down as beta of McGregor Pack. I’ve chosen to be with my mate instead and, assuming that his alpha will have me, I will be joining his pack.”

Jake chuckled from his position on the couch. “Leyland already stated you were accepted.”

Brom nodded, suddenly overcome that Daniel’s pack would accept him so easily. “Thank you. I didn’t want to presume without your say so, Alpha.”

“Assume away,” Jake said. “I’ve already given you my acceptance.”

"I haven't released Brom," Angus shouted. "He's not going anywhere."

"You don't have to release me," Brom replied. "Everyone knows that the mating bond supersedes everything, even the wants of an alpha. You can't keep me."

"Fine," his father snarled. "Then I get to keep the cubs. Just because you think you've mated someone and want to leave the pack doesn't mean I will release them. They're part of my pack."

Brom knew this was coming. He expected it. Angus McGregor wouldn't give up the cubs, his link to immortality, without a fight. "They're my cubs. You can't keep them."

"They're Marla's cubs, too, and I don't think that she wants to be separated from them." Angus walked over to lay his hand on Marla's shoulder. Brom was pretty sure he saw his father apply pressure to his grasp, but he couldn't be positive. It wouldn't have surprised him, though. His father could be mean like that. "Isn't that right, Marla?"

"Yes, of course," Marla said. She sniffled and held the handkerchief to her face, dotting at her eyes. "I'd be devastated without them."

Brom doubted it. He felt pretty sure that Marla was thrilled to be rid of him and the cubs. She hated being a mother, said she didn't like what pregnancy did to her figure. She liked taking care of small children even less. They were too demanding when she wanted to be in the limelight.

"Well, I'm afraid that might be a problem," Brom said as he looked at Marla. "I escorted Jaryn and the cubs to the cocktail party like you requested, Marla, and then went back for you. Since I couldn't find you, I came here to talk to Daniel. What did you do with the cubs after the party?"

"Me? I never even made it to the cocktail party," Marla exclaimed. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Didn't you ask Jaryn to get the cubs ready for the cocktail party?" Brom asked.

“Well, yes, but—” Marla stammered.

“Then where are they?” Brom could feel the eyes of the other men in the room settle on him. He hoped they didn’t give anything away. Brom knew he played a dangerous game both with Marla and his father. If either one of them discovered he had the cubs upstairs, he could be in big trouble.

“Well, you—you were supposed to be watching them,” Marla said quickly, her face flushing.

“Really?” Brom asked. “Since I had been gone all day at meetings arranged by my father, when exactly was I supposed to be watching them? Were you too busy fucking my father to keep an eye on them?”

“Jaryn said he would,” Marla exclaimed.

“It’s not Jaryn’s duty to watch over our cubs,” Brom snapped back. “It’s yours.”

“None of this really matters,” Angus said, waving his hand towards Brom. “What matters is that idiot has taken off with my grandcubs. I want them back. We need to organize a hunt and track him down.”

Brom frowned. “Didn’t you already do that, father?”

“No, of course not,” Angus bristled.

“Then why did I find Jaryn in the woods with his throat ripped out?” All eyes turned towards Angus. “You had several men with you when you tried to kill Jaryn. Just what were you doing in the woods if not running a hunt?”

“I was looking for you, of course.”

“Why?”

“Because you went off with that fucking fag and mated him,” Angus shouted. He pointed his finger at Brom, his face red with rage. “No two-bit little shit head is going to tear my pack apart. He deserved what was coming to him and so do you.”

“So, you did order a hunt against me?”

“You’re damn right I did,” Angus shouted. “You betrayed your pack by mating with that man. I chose your mate, and you should

have been happy with that. I told you what would happen if you ever mated Daniel.”

The silence in the room was deafening. No one said a word as they all stared at Angus in astonishment. Brom knew his father was against him mating Daniel. He hadn’t realized his father actually hated Daniel.

“Do you know what you’re saying?” Brom asked quietly. “You ordered a hunt against me because I claimed my mate. That goes against everything we believe in.”

“It might go against everything you believe in, Brom,” Angus replied, “but I believe in pack. The only way to increase our numbers is through cubs, and you can’t have cubs when you’re mated to a man.”

“Uh, that’s not true,” Sasha said. “Both Vadim and I have biological children, and we’re mated.”

“I don’t give a damn what happens in your pack,” Angus shouted. “I care about what happens in my pack, and in my pack, two men will not be together. It’s wrong and unnatural. No cubs of such a union should be allowed to live.”

Brom knew his father had crossed the line when Vadim took a step towards him. “You dare threaten my cubs inside of my own house?” The man stood up straight and crossed his arms over his chest as he glared at Angus. “You are no longer welcome in my house, Alpha McGregor. I’m asking you to leave. Now!”

“Not without my cubs,” Angus argued.

“They’re not your cubs,” Brom asserted.

“They belong to Marla just as much as you. She has a right to them, and I say she wants them back.”

Brom smirked. “Then Marla can take her claim before the Wolf Council.”

Chapter 12

Brom's stomach rolled. He wasn't sure he could make it through the next few minutes without throwing up, and he hadn't even walked into the council meeting yet. He stood in a room off to the side of the council chambers.

"Brom, honey, you need to calm down," Daniel said.

"I can't calm down," Brom said. He thrust his hand into his hair, pulling at the ends in frustration. "What if they give the cubs to Marla? I'll never see them again."

Brom stopped pacing when Daniel stepped in front of him. It was either that or run into the man. "Baby, it's not going to happen."

"You don't understand, Daniel. He has friends on the council, people he's known for years. They're going to side with him, even if it's just for old time's sake."

That's what worried Brom the most. His father had a lot of influence. Brom had seen him use it time and time again throughout the years. If Angus McGregor wanted something, he got it. And this time, he wanted Brom's cubs.

Brom frowned at Daniel when the man grabbed his shirt and shook him. "Brom, he's not going to get the cubs. He can't. No matter how you look at it, what your father did was wrong. The council will see this."

"And if they don't?" Brom asked. "If they still side with my father?"

Daniel's lips twitched. "How do you feel about beaches?"

"Beaches?"

“Our bags are already packed. Caleb, Thomas, and Micah are waiting with the cubs down by the ferry. If the council votes against us, they’re going to take them away. We’ll join up with them later.”

Brom chuckled. He pulled Daniel into his arms and hugged the man tight. He suddenly realized that he didn’t have to fight this fight all by himself. An entire family backed him up. He wasn’t alone anymore.

“Hey, can I get in on some of that?”

Brom glanced over at the softly spoken words to see Jaryn walk into the room. He grinned and held out his hand. Jaryn immediately shut the door and walked into the curve of his arm, snuggling close to his chest and Daniel’s.

“I think I could get used to this,” Jaryn murmured.

“Yeah?” Brom asked.

“Well, it would be much more fun if we were naked,” Jaryn gripped, “but I guess this will do until then.”

“Yeah, I think I could get used to it too,” Brom said. He held the two most important men in his life in his arms. Brom knew he could get very used to this. It still amazed him that he’d been lucky enough to find them both.

The simple thought that he might never have had this sent an ache through Brom. He could feel it in the slight tremble in his hands, the lump in his throat that he couldn’t quite swallow past. Besides his cubs, Daniel and Jaryn were Brom’s world. He’d die without them.

“Knock it off,” Daniel admonished. “Nothing is going to happen to any of us. We’re together now, and that’s all that matters.”

“I just can’t help thinking—”

“Well, don’t,” Daniel said. “Let me do the thinking from now on. You just stand there and look pretty.”

Brom burst out laughing. He was supposed to just stand there and look pretty? He didn’t have a problem letting Daniel be the brains of the outfit. It wasn’t like he’d proved himself capable of the job. He just never thought of himself as pretty.

"I can do pretty," Brom said.

Daniel arched an eyebrow. "Prove it."

Brom blinked. Daniel wanted him to prove it? Here? Now? He glanced around the room and took in the sparse furnishings. A small couch sat against one wall, two chairs and a coffee table along the other. A long table with chairs sat in the middle of the room. All looked sturdy for what he hoped Daniel had in mind.

"Uh..."

"Jaryn," Daniel said as he reached for Brom, "lock the damn door."

Brom could hear Jaryn run across the room, but he couldn't seem to take his eyes off the predatory glint in Daniel's eyes. It was hot. It made Brom ache.

"Take your clothes off, Brom," Daniel said.

The commanding tone in Daniel's voice made Brom's hands tremble as he hurried to do as he was told. He had his clothes off and stood naked within moments. He was ready and willing to do whatever Daniel wanted.

"Bend over the end of the table."

Brom's eyebrows shot up in surprise before he could stop them. He glanced at the long, wooden table. He wasn't sure what Daniel had in mind, but at this point he was so aroused he'd take anything the man had to give him.

He crossed to the table and bent over the end. The wood was cold against the skin of his chest, but the heat that immediately pressed against him from behind soon warmed him up. Daniel's cock felt like a hot poker.

"Daniel!" Brom hissed. He reached out and gripped the edges of the table tightly.

"Spread 'em, big boy," Daniel said as he nudged Brom's ankles. Brom spread his legs and held his breath as he waited for Daniel's next move. It wasn't long in coming. The air sped from Brom's lungs when two slicked-up fingers pushed into his ass.

“You’re very tight, Brom,” Daniel murmured as his fingers scissored inside of Brom, stretching him. “Has it been a long time for you?”

Brom nodded. “Not since we last—”

The low rumble of Daniel’s growl vibrated down Brom’s spine and made his toes curl. “I like that, Brom, I like that very much.”

Brom grunted as a third finger joined the first two. He hadn’t felt this full since the last time Daniel fucked him. It had been a long wait.

Just when Brom thought he couldn’t take anymore, he felt Daniel pull his fingers free only to replace them a moment later with the blunt head of his cock.

“Are you ready for me, baby?” Daniel asked as he slowly started pushing in.

Brom braced himself. He expected Daniel to thrust in quickly as he had in the past. He was surprised when Daniel took his time, sinking in so slowly that Brom wondered if he would ever be all of the way in. He let out a long sigh of contentment when he finally felt Daniel bottom out.

“Daniel,” he whispered. He gripped the table tighter and planted his feet firmly. He expected the fucking of his life. He craved it. “Please, Daniel.”

“Just a moment longer, baby,” Daniel said. “I have one more surprise for you.”

Brom started to lift his head off the table, intent on asking Daniel what he was talking about, when two warm lips wrapped around his cock from under the table. Only Daniel’s grip on his hips kept Brom’s legs from collapsing.

“Jaryn,” he groaned.

“Very good, mate.” Daniel chuckled.

Brom’s hips snapped forward then pushed back when the head of Daniel’s cock brushed his sweet spot. He couldn’t decide what felt better, the feeling of Jaryn’s mouth around his cock or feeling

Daniel's cock fill him. He just started to move, unable to choose and needing both.

"Oh, you like that, don't you?" Daniel said as he took over the thrusting motion. Brom just needed to lay there and take what his mates were doing to him. It was glorious. Daniel thrust into Brom, pushing his hips towards Jaryn, who sucked Brom's cock into his mouth every time Brom moved forward.

A fire started burning in Brom's body. It centered in his groin and radiated out, inflaming every inch of his body until he was one big ball of lust. Brom cried out, his back arching and his head coming up off the table as ecstasy unlike any he could ever remember feeling exploded through him, and he shot down Jaryn's throat.

Brom dropped his head back down to the table, breathing heavily. He could feel Jaryn licking at his sensitive cock. He could feel the man's tongue lick away every last drop of his seed.

Brom grew concerned when Jaryn suddenly stopped and a low cry could be heard from beneath the table until he felt a hot splash of liquid on his foot. Brom smiled, knowing that Jaryn had come right along with him. Now he just needed to make sure his other mate joined them.

Brom squeezed his inner muscles around the cock pounding into his ass. He reached back with one hand and grabbed Daniel's thigh, encouraging the man to thrust harder. He could hear Daniel's response in the slight hitch in his throat. He could feel it in the hands that gripped his hips tighter.

"Fuck me, Daniel," Brom said. He leaned up on his elbows and tilted his head to one side. "Claim me, mate."

Daniel went wild, thrusting into Brom with such force that the table moved a few inches. A shudder of need rippled through Brom as Daniel leaned over him. He felt the man's teeth scrape along his neck before sinking in.

The hands holding Brom's hips suddenly dug in. Daniel's body stiffened and a loud roar rumbled through the air. Brom felt pulse

after pulse of burning hot seed fill his ass as a heavy weight settled over his body. Daniel's hand grabbed his and held it tightly. A moment later, Brom felt another body press against his side and another hand grabbed his free one.

Brom looked over to find Jaryn leaning over the side of the table, a serene smile on his face. Brom brought their combined hands up to his lips and kissed Jaryn's.

"Thank you," he whispered.

Jaryn's face flushed. "Glad I could help."

Brom felt Daniel snicker above him. "Yeah, you do *pretty* damn well." Daniel pushed himself up and slapped Brom's hip. "However, I think you might want to get some clothes on. This is not exactly appropriate attire for a council meeting."

"I don't know," Jaryn remarked as he stood and pulled his pants up his legs. "I think this could be considered a meeting of sorts."

Brom snorted and stood. He took the clothes Daniel handed him and pulled them on. He would have liked the chance to visit the restroom, but he wasn't quite sure where one was located. Maybe he could find one and sneak into it for a few minutes before the council meeting.

"Any idea where the restroom is located?" he asked as he smoothed his shirt down.

"Nope." Daniel chuckled. The man was just too pleased with himself.

Brom started to say something when Jaryn's face suddenly paled. "Jaryn, what's wrong?"

"Your father's coming." Jaryn whispered, his voice wavering. Brom could feel panic start in the man.

"And Marla?"

Jaryn shook his head. "No, she's not with him. At least, I don't think she is. I can't feel her. But your father is plenty pissed."

"Big surprise there," Brom replied. "I think he was born pissed."

"Then he's in perfect form."

“Can you really feel my father?” Brom asked Jaryn as they left the room and headed toward the council chambers.

Jaryn nodded.

“What does it feel like?”

“You tell me,” Jaryn replied. “His life thread is connected to yours. You can feel him just like I do.”

Brom closed his eyes and concentrated on his link to Jaryn. He found it almost immediately. It was so bright it would have lit up the night sky. Once he found it, he searched for his father, but he found nothing.

He opened his eyes and shook his head. “You are brighter than a star, but I can’t locate my father. I just get this dark red haze.”

“That’s him,” Jaryn frowned. “Although the link you have with your father looks more like a red rope to me. It connects the two of you together.”

“A rope?” Daniel asked.

Jaryn nodded. “Everyone that has a bond is connected by a rope, the link I guess. The closer you are to someone, the brighter the rope. Us, for instance, the rope connecting us is bright white. The ones for the cubs are white but not as bright because their connection between Daniel and me is through Brom.”

“Sweet hell!” Daniel exclaimed. “I just figured out what your tri-omega ability is. It isn’t premonitions. It’s relationship bonds. You can see the actual bonds linking people.”

“Then how could I tell something was going on?” Jaryn asked. “Like when Brom claimed you, I knew something happened. Or when Angus looked for Brom...I thought the cubs were in danger, but it was Brom.”

Daniel shook his head. “Don’t you see, Jaryn? You’re connected to all of them through Brom. You felt something happen when Brom claimed me because you felt it through your link with him. It’s not premonition.”

Jaryn just blinked.

Brom gawked, astounded by Daniel's words. While it explained a great many things, it left a lot more unanswered. For the life of him Brom couldn't figure out how seeing someone's bond link could be considered an ability. What was the benefit?

Before Brom could ask, Jaryn's face paled. Brom didn't have to ask. He knew why Jaryn looked so upset. He could see his father walking around the corner surrounded by several members of their pack.

The smirk on his father's face sent chills down Brom's spine. He knew his father had something up his sleeve. He wouldn't give up without a fight even if he needed to be underhanded.

"Daniel, keep Jaryn safe," Brom said as he pushed the smaller man towards Daniel. "If things go bad, get him and the cubs out of here. I'll find you when it's over."

"Brom, we're not going to leave you," Jaryn insisted.

Brom glanced at him. "Baby, you have to. My father's too happy. That means he's up to something, and I'm afraid we'll pay for it in the end. I need to know that you're both safe. Please, for me?"

Jaryn stared at Brom for the longest time and then finally nodded. He didn't look happy, but there wasn't anything Brom could do about it. He needed all of his wits about him when he went before the council and faced his father if he wanted to win.

Brom watched Daniel lead Jaryn away before his father could reach them. His chest ached, and he knew his heart walked away with them. Hearing footsteps behind him, Brom took a deep, calming breath and turned to face his father.

He nodded to the pack members standing around his father. If nothing else, he'd known these men his entire life. He knew most of them didn't like the way his father did things, but Angus McGregor was the ruling alpha of the pack. They didn't have a choice.

"Father," Brom said, addressing the man.

"Brom, it's ridiculous to take this issue before the council. If you choose to leave the pack and run off, then I'll happily release you. We

don't need that type of thing in our pack. But leave the cubs with me. I'll raise them, take care of them."

"Never going to happen," Brom replied.

"What do you need with two cubs? You'll be off sewing your wild oats with another man. Is that really the type of environment you want your cubs raised in? What do you think they will learn from that?"

"They will learn that their father chose to be with his mate, the man he loves." Brom clenched his hands into fists to keep from ranting at his father as he really wanted to do. "They will learn that loving your mate, no matter who she or he is, is what is right. And they will learn that you don't marry someone because it looks proper. You marry someone because you love them."

Angus's face turned red. "You're going to teach them to be just like you!"

Brom grinned. "I can only hope so."

"My grandcubs will not be gay."

"That's not up to you," Brom replied. "It's not even up to me. It's up to them. They will, however, not be ashamed of being gay like I was for so many years. I will love them no matter what. Unlike you, father, my love for them is unconditional. And that's why you will never have them."

"They are my grandcubs!" Angus shouted.

"And they are my cubs," Brom shouted back. "Mine, Father, not yours."

"I'll be damned if my grandcubs will be raised by a bunch of butt fucking freaks," Angus shouted. "I should have killed you the first time I found you and Daniel together. It was my mistake thinking you could be fixed."

"I'm not broken, Father."

"Wanting to be with a man is not normal."

"Hating someone because of who they choose to love is not normal," Brom replied. "There is nothing wrong with me. I am not

broken, and I'm not a freak. I'm choosing to be with the man fate chose as my mate, Father."

"Don't call me that. I no longer recognize you as my son," Angus shouted. "I refuse to be associated with a freak!"

Hearing his father deny him hurt, Brom couldn't deny that, but he'd be damned if he would give Daniel or Jaryn up so that his father could feel comfortable about it. They were his mates, and Brom loved them.

"Very well, Alpha McGregor," Brom said, "As you no longer recognize me as your son, then Cailan and Iain can no longer be recognized as your grandcubs. I guess this meeting with the council isn't needed after all."

Without another word, Brom turned and walked away. He could hear his father sputtering behind him. As much as Brom would have preferred not attending the council meeting, he knew he needed to. There needed to be an official ruling by the council, one that his father couldn't ignore.

However, as there were several witnesses to his father disowning him, Brom felt more confident that the council would listen to him. It wasn't unheard of, but it was unusual for an alpha to disown a pack member, his child at that, because of a mating.

Brom pushed open the doors to the large ballroom where the council meeting would be held and glanced around. It was a nice looking room, hardwood floors, a very high ceiling, and windows that went almost from the floor to the ceiling. Brom wouldn't have minded seeing it under better conditions.

At the moment though, it felt cold and lonely. Brom couldn't see a friendly face in the place. Little groups of people talked here and there. A stage sat at the far end of the room, several chairs sitting in front of a large table on the stage. Brom knew that the council would sit here once the meeting started.

He walked towards the small stage, not knowing where else to go. He didn't know many of the people in the room and the ones he did

know stood beside his father near the double doors Brom just came through.

He found a place to stand by one of the floor to ceiling windows just to the left of the stage. He clasped his hands behind his back and watched the people coming and going from the room.

Brom could think of a hundred places he'd rather be than waiting for the council meeting to begin. The first place that came to mind was anywhere Daniel and Jaryn were. And he didn't much care where that was.

He felt a little relief when Vadim and Jake walked through the door, followed by several of the other men he'd recently met. They glanced around the room until their eyes settled on Brom and then made a beeline for him.

"You didn't think we'd leave you here to do this on your own, did you?" Vadim asked the moment he stopped in front of Brom.

"I didn't know," Brom replied.

"We take family ties very seriously, Brom," Vadim said, "and you're now family."

"You're also officially a member of my pack as I have given you sanctuary," Jake added. "As your alpha, it's my duty and my honor to stand beside you while you face the Wolf Council."

Brom's mouth dropped open in shock. Jake was officially accepting him into his pack? He knew Jaryn asked the man for sanctuary, but he never considered that they would be officially accepted as members of Jake's pack.

"I don't know what to say, Jake," Brom said quietly. "Thank you."

Jake smirked. "That will do just fine."

Brom frowned. "You need to know that my father disowned me. He thinks I'm a freak. He's going to try and use my relationship with Daniel as the reason he should raise my cubs." Brom glanced past Jake's shoulder to where his father stood on the other side of the room. "I also think he's up to something, but I can't figure out what."

“Not to worry, Brom,” Jake replied. “I suspected your father wouldn’t let things stay the way they were. The cubs have been taken back to the alpha compound where they are being guarded by a couple of alphas, a few betas, and a number of tri-omegas. They’re very safe.”

“And Daniel and Jaryn?”

Jake smiled. “They should be here any moment.”

“What? No!” Brom exclaimed as he stepped towards the door. His heart pounded in his chest so hard he thought it might break through his ribs. “They need to stay away from here. My father will—”

“Your father won’t do anything,” Vadim replied. “And your mates have the right to stand beside you before the council.”

“You don’t understand,” Brom insisted. He wrung his hands together as he glanced towards the door. “My father will do something, anything, to win. I wouldn’t put it past him to hurt Daniel and Jaryn just to be spiteful.”

“Brom,” Vadim said, patting him on the shoulder, “you need to have more faith in your family and your pack. We’ve already thought of this. Daniel and Jaryn are being escorted here by several very large men. They are perfectly safe.”

Brom didn’t know if he could believe that. He spent too many years depending on only himself. It was hard to let some of the control go and depend on another person, especially when it came to the safety of his mates.

It wasn’t until Brom saw Daniel and Jaryn walk through the door surrounded by several very large men that his heart stopped beating so hard. The muscles in his shoulders still bunched with tension, but he felt a little better actually seeing his mates.

Daniel and Jaryn walked right up to him. Jaryn looked nervous, his eyes darting around the room. Daniel looked apprehensive, but Brom felt pretty sure only he could see it in the face of the calm looking man.

“I thought you were going to stay someplace safe,” Brom said.

"You thought wrong," Daniel replied. "We're right where we're supposed to be, by your side."

Brom couldn't argue with that. As much as he would have preferred that his mates stayed someplace safe, the relief that they stood before him outweighed any anger he felt at them putting themselves in harm's way.

A commotion at the front of the room drew Brom's attention. He turned to see the five elders of the Wolf Council making their way to the small stage. They walked behind the large table and sat down. They seemed to converse for several moments before one of them lifted a gavel and slammed it down on the table, gaining everyone's attention.

"Let this meeting come to order," one of the elders said.

Brom felt Daniel and Jaryn's hands on the small of his back as he started towards the stage. He smiled. "*Thank you, mates, for being here with me,*" he sent to each of them through their mating bond.

"*Where else would we be if not by your side?*" Daniel sent back.

"*We know you wanted us someplace safe, Brom, but the safest place for us to be is with you,*" Jaryn added. "*Besides, have you seen the size of these guys guarding us? They're huge.*"

Jaryn was right. The men guarding them looked like they were built out of mountains. Brom didn't know where Vadim dug them up, but he wasn't going to argue. They needed all of the protection they could get.

"This meeting has been called by Marla McGregor to settle a dispute over custody of her cubs, Cailan and Iain. Please step forward and speak."

Brom watched his father step forward. Marla was nowhere to be found. *Big surprise there.* Brom knew she didn't want to keep custody of the children. She'd be much happier being unencumbered by two small children.

"I will be standing in Marla's place," Angus stated. "This whole affair has been too emotional for her, and she asked me to speak for her."

"Please state your name and relationship for these proceedings," the elder said.

"I am Alpha Angus McGregor. Not only am I Marla's alpha but I am also the grandfather of the cubs, Cailan and Iain."

"Very well, proceed with your opening statement."

"I removed Brom McGregor, the biological father of Cailan and Iain, from my pack for betraying one of the fundamental rules of our pack and because of his association with certain people that I feel would be detrimental to the emotional and physical wellbeing of my grandcubs. He has also kidnapped the cubs and is keeping them away from their mother. They are just little cubs. They need their mother."

The council members nodded, a couple of them glancing over at Brom. He knew of at least one of them that was fast friends with his father. He'd seen the man visit his pack on numerous occasions. Brom didn't know about the rest of the council.

"I'm asking the council to remove Brom McGregor's right to his cubs and place them in my care until such time as they are able to care for themselves. I also ask that sanctions be placed on Brom McGregor that he is to have no contact with the cubs until they are of age."

Brom closed his eyes for a moment, the pain in his chest almost more than he could handle. If his father got his wish, Brom might never see his cubs again. He had no doubt that his father could turn his cubs against him, given enough time.

"Brom McGregor, please state your name and relationship for these proceedings," the councilman said.

"My name is Brom McGregor. I am the biological father of Cailan and Iain. I am also the husband of Marla McGregor and the son of Alpha Angus McGregor."

Jake stepped forward to stand next to Brom, Daniel, and Jaryn. "Please note it for the record that Brom McGregor, as well as his cubs

and mates, have been officially accepted into the Wolfrik Pack. I, Jake McAlester, stand as his alpha now.”

“If you’ve accepted Brom and Marla McGregor into your pack, then why are we even having these proceedings?” one of the elders asked.

“I stated that I have accepted Brom, his cubs, and his mates into my pack. I have not accepted Marla McGregor into my pack nor will I. She is not Brom’s mate. Daniel and Jaryn are.”

“Please explain, Alpha McAlester.”

“It’s very simple, councilman,” Jake said. “Daniel James used to be a member of the McGregor Pack. Several years ago he was forced out when Alpha McGregor became aware of the fact that Daniel is Brom’s mate.”

“That’s not true!” Angus shouted. “Brom made Daniel leave.”

“Only because you threatened to order a hunt for him if I didn’t,” Brom shouted back.

Gasps of shock could be heard throughout the ballroom.

“You’re lying!” Angus said.

“Am I?” Brom asked. “Didn’t you order a hunt for me the other night after you learned I claimed Daniel?”

“I most certainly did not.” Angus’s face flushed. He looked offended.

“Then these aren’t your claw marks on my neck?” Jaryn asked as he stepped forward, pulling down the collar of his shirt to show everyone the healing marks on his neck. They were healing but still looked pink and painful. “You didn’t give me these scars when I tried to stop you from hunting my mate?”

“Your mate?” Angus asked. “I thought Daniel was Brom’s mate.”

“Daniel is Brom’s mate, but so am I,” Jaryn replied. “I’m a tri-omega. I have to have two mates.”

Again, gasps could be heard throughout the room, the loudest one coming from Angus. Brom hid his smirk by biting his lip. He’d bet a million dollars his father hadn’t expected that bit of information.

“You’re a tri-omega?” Angus shouted. “Why was I never informed of this?”

“Do you honestly think I would tell you my mate was a tri-omega after you forced Daniel to leave? Do I look crazy to you?”

“I had a right to know,” Angus said. “I’m the alpha of this pack.”

“You ordered me to make Daniel leave or you’d hunt him just because he’s my mate and a man,” Brom replied. “You didn’t want your son mated to a man. You even picked out my wife for me.”

“Marla is your mate. I had every right to make you marry her.”

“If Marla is my mate, then why are you sleeping with her?” Brom countered. “Isn’t that an offense against all mates? Doesn’t that go against everything packs stand for?”

“I am not sleeping with Marla!”

“Oh please, her scent is all over you,” Brom said. “I can smell her on you even from here. I’d bet anyone around you can smell it, too.”

Angus bristled. “This council meeting isn’t about your wild accusations. It’s about what is best for my cubs.”

“My cubs, Angus, remember?”

“Well, they should be mine!”

“And that’s what this whole thing is about, isn’t it?” Brom asked. He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at his father. “You want my cubs, not because of *poor* Marla, who we both know could care less about them, but because you think my cubs should belong to you.”

“They’re my cubs!” Angus shouted again. His face turned red. His hands fisted at his sides. Brom knew if they had been alone that his father would have punched him, or have someone else do it.

“If you want cubs so bad, I suggest you marry Marla after I leave. Make some of your own because you’re not getting mine.”

“I wouldn’t marry Marla if she were the last bitch on earth!” Angus snarled.

A loud, outraged scream came from the back of the room. Brom turned to see Marla storming into the room. Her face was filled with

rage, twisted and flushed. Brom wasn't sure he'd ever seen her so angry.

"You said you'd marry me as soon as I gave you some cubs," Marla screamed as she advanced on Angus, who looked totally green. "You said I wouldn't have to be his wife anymore, that you'd get rid of him and I could marry you, be the alpha's wife."

Brom's jaw dropped.

"Now, Marla—" Angus began.

"Don't you 'now Marla' me, you—you old goat!" Marla shouted. "You promised me before I agreed to marry Brom that you'd make me your wife after he was gone. I did everything you told me to do. I married Brom. I gave you two cubs. If you think you can wiggle your way out of making me the alpha wife, you have another thing coming, buster!"

"Marla!" Angus snapped. "Shut the hell up."

"No, I won't shut up," Marla replied. "Not until you come through on your promises. You said you'd get rid of Brom." Marla pointed across the room at Brom. "Well, mister high and mighty, get rid of him."

Brom didn't know if Marla realized she had suddenly become his biggest advocate but she had. The council, as well as everyone in the room, watched the exchange between Marla and Angus with a great deal of fascination.

"Shut the hell up, woman," Angus yelled, raising his hand and slapping Marla across the face so hard she fell to the floor. Brom raced across the room and grabbed Angus's arm when the man went to smack her again.

"I may not want to stay married to her, but Marla is still my wife for the time being," Brom growled, squeezing his hand around Angus's arm. "Hit her again, and you'll answer to me."

"You dare stop me from disciplining someone in my pack?"

"You're not punishing Marla, alpha," Brom spat out. "You're trying to get her to shut up because she's spilling all of your dirty

little secrets.” Brom shoved his father away. “So tell me, *Father*, just how did you plan on getting rid of me? Planning another hunt?”

“Marla doesn’t know what she’s talking about,” Angus insisted.

“Fine, then let’s ask Marla what she wants.” Brom turned to Marla. He held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Before she could pull her hand free, Brom yanked her up to stand in front of the council.

“Marla, I want a divorce. I’m leaving McGregor Pack forever to go live with my mates, Daniel and Jaryn. I’ve already been accepted into their pack. I don’t ever plan on coming back. I’ve even given up my status as pack beta. I want to take our cubs with me.”

“You gave up being beta?” Marla asked, her face paling. “Why would you do that? We don’t have any status in the pack without it. How will I face my friends, the other women in the pack?”

“Marla, pay attention,” Brom snapped. “I’m leaving, gone. I won’t be returning. I want to take the cubs with me. Do you want the cubs here where you can raise them full-time, by yourself?”

“Oh please, do I look like the mothering type?” Marla asked. She suddenly looked very different from the woman Brom married. She looked tired, resigned. “If Angus isn’t going to marry me like he promised, you can have the cubs. I never wanted them in the first place, can’t stand the little things. I just had them because Angus promised to marry me if I did.”

Brom bristled at how much it would hurt the cubs when they learned how cold hearted their mother acted, but at least they would have plenty of people around them that did love them. He looked to the council.

“Are you satisfied now? Marla doesn’t want the cubs. I do.”

“Very well,” one of the elders said. “Please give us a few moments to confer, and we will render our decision.”

Brom nodded and released Marla’s arm. He started to step back when Marla stopped him. “Are you sure this is what you want, Brom? Our life together wasn’t all bad, you know.”

Brom smiled. "You gave me the cubs, Marla. For that, I will always be grateful, but yes, this is what I want. I'm mated to Jaryn and Daniel now, and we need to be together. And I want the cubs with me."

"I don't hate the cubs," Marla said. Brom could see her twisting her hands together. "I just—I don't do well with small ones. You know that. I wasn't cut out to be a mother."

Brom reached over and smoothed his hand down the side of Marla's cheek. "No matter what, you will always be their mother, Marla, and I would never keep you from them. You're welcome to visit them anytime you wish, as long as you leave my father behind. And our cubs will never hear a bad word about you out of my mouth."

"Thank you for that. You have every right to hate me," Marla said. "Maybe someday—maybe I'll be ready to be a mother, but not now. I just—"

"Marla, it's okay," Brom said. "Not everyone is ready for parenthood. It's not something you're born with, you know. Despite what everyone would like to believe, parenthood is not instinctive."

Marla nodded and then moved off to talk to a few people. Brom made his way back over to where Daniel and Jaryn stood. His stomach felt like a million butterflies were doing loops. The fate of his future rested in the hands of five men he never even met before today. It was nerve-racking.

"How are you holding up, baby?" Daniel asked.

Brom grimaced. "I feel like I'm going to throw up. What if they decide my father is better for the cubs? What if they take them away from me?"

"Not going to happen, Brom," Jaryn assured him. "We won't let it. We have a lot of support on our side, and Marla practically spilled the beans on everything. There's no way they will side with your father."

"Yeah, that came out of the blue, didn't it?" Brom asked. "I knew my father hated the idea that my mate was a man, but I had no idea he

planned to get rid of me. And I never thought Marla would reveal everything.”

“She seemed pretty pissed off at your father,” Jaryn said. “You know Marla always preferred the high life. Apparently, Angus promised that to her and then didn’t deliver. I think she got revenge.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Brom replied. “I still can’t help feeling a little sorry for her. It’s not like Angus is going to marry her now.”

“Don’t feel too sorry for her, Brom,” Daniel said. “She knew what she was getting into. She agreed to marry you and produce cubs based on the idea that Angus would marry her.” Daniel pointed past Brom. “Besides, she doesn’t look she’s suffering too much.”

Brom glanced over his shoulder, surprise rocking through him to see Marla surrounded by a group of men. She laughed and chatted like she didn’t have a care in the world. She didn’t look anything like the sad woman he spoke to a few minutes ago.

“Brom,” Jaryn said, “it looks like the council is back.”

Brom turned to see the five members of the Wolf Council taking their seats. It was hard for him to look calm when inside he felt like he was falling apart. The next few minutes would change the direction of his life, for the good or the bad.

“Please come to order,” one of the elders said as he banged the gavel on the table. The room grew quiet except for the footsteps of people moving forward to hear the decision of the council.

“Brom and Marla McGregor, it is the decision of this council that the cubs, Cailan and Iain McGregor, be placed with their father until such time as they are of an age to make this decision for themselves.”

Brom breathed a sigh of relief. His legs felt shaky. His hands trembled. He felt Daniel and Jaryn’s arms support him from behind.

He couldn’t believe it was finally over. The cubs were his. Daniel and Jaryn were his. His life was complete.

“However,” the elder said, “before we can close this council meeting, we do have a few other issues to address. Angus McGregor, please step forward.”

Oh shit!

Chapter 13

“Angus McGregor, did you, in fact, threaten to order a hunt against Daniel James if he did not leave your pack with the full knowledge that he was the mate of your son, Brom?”

“No, of course not,” Angus answered.

“Why would your son and beta make these accusations?”

“He’s always been jealous of me, of my position as alpha in our pack,” Angus said. “I have no doubt that he wanted my position. What better way to get rid of me and gain my position than to discredit me in front of the council?”

“You lying sack of shit,” Brom shouted. “I never wanted your position. I never even wanted to be your beta. I’ve willingly given it all up, even before we came before the council. How do you explain that?”

“I don’t need to,” Angus replied, sounding like he thought himself very superior to Brom. “Your actions explain themselves.”

“And what about your actions, alpha?” Brom asked. “You knew Daniel was my mate, and you made me get rid of him. You threatened a hunt if I didn’t. Once he came back and I claimed him, you ordered a hunt. You attempted to kill Jaryn when he tried to stop you.”

Brom could feel his anger building. The skin on hands began to tighten as he tried to keep his claws from extending. He wanted to rip into his father, tear him apart, to make him pay for all the years without his mates.

“You’ve denied me my right to my mates.”

“Alpha McGregor, do you understand the severity of the accusations Brom McGregor has placed against you?” the elder

asked. "Denying a mating bond goes against everything we stand for. It supersedes even the wishes of an alpha. It cannot be denied."

"Bull hockey!" Angus shouted. "He was going to mate with a man. Everyone knows that the only way you can increase the power of your pack is through cubs. If he mated a man, he would never have cubs. I did what I had to do to protect my pack."

"So, you admit that Brom's accusations are accurate? You did threaten a hunt if Brom didn't make his mate, Daniel James, leave? Did you also order a hunt a few nights ago after learning that Brom had, in fact, claimed Daniel?"

"It wasn't a hunt," Angus protested. "He just needed to learn that having a man for a mate is wrong. It's perverted. Like I said before, he can't produce cubs if he mates to a man."

"And like you've been told before, he can," said a voice from behind Brom.

"And you are?" the elder asked.

"I am Alpha Vadim Miroslav. I am here to show my support of Brom. I would also like it stated for the record that I am mated to a man, Sashenka, and we have three cubs. Sasha is the biological father of our daughter, Riana. I am the biological father of our youngest son, Ivan. Marika, our oldest son, was adopted after his parents were killed."

"I would like to add something to the record, if I may," said another voice. Brom turned to see a member of his pack, Conner McGregor, step forward, which surprised Brom. The man enforced pack laws for Angus. Brom always felt the man would do whatever Angus wanted.

"And you are?"

"I am Conner McGregor," the man stated. "I am the McGregor Pack enforcer."

"Proceed then."

"Angus McGregor did order the hunt for Brom a few nights ago. I know, I was there, as were a few other members of our pack. We were

all given orders to hunt Brom down and make sure he and his mate, Daniel, didn't live to see another dawn."

"Conner!" Angus shouted. "What are you doing?"

Conner sneered at Angus. "I'm doing what I should have done all those years ago when you forced Daniel out of the pack. I'm standing up for a member of my pack." He turned back to face the council. "You also need to know that if he lost, Alpha McGregor ordered several members of our pack to take the cubs by any means necessary and take them back home."

"Is this true, Alpha McGregor?" the elder asked. "Have you ordered members of your pack to kidnap your grandcubs if we voted against you, knowing full well that you would be going against the decision of this council?"

"Well, I just—I just wanted to make sure they were safe," Angus stammered. "Brom is keeping them in a house full of freaks. They're emotional and physical wellbeing is at stake here. Who knows what those perverts will do to them?"

Brom started for the door. He couldn't leave his cubs unprotected. A hand came out and grabbed his arm as he went past. Brom stopped and turned to growl at whoever held him only to encounter Jake, his new alpha.

"Jake, wha—"

"They're safe, not to worry," Jake said. "We expected this and made arrangements. The four men that tried to break into the alpha compound are even now being escorted here. No one will get to your cubs, Brom. I promise."

Brom tried to catch the breath moving rapidly in and out of his chest, but nothing he did seemed to work. He was so worked up, so terrified, he was going to hyperventilate. He just knew it. He could feel his chest tightening with every second.

"*Breathe, love,*" Daniel whispered into his mind. Brom felt the man's hand stroke his back. "*Your head needs to be here. The cubs will be protected.*"

Brom took several deep breaths, slowing each one down until he could breathe normally again. Once he felt he could face everyone without losing it, Brom turned and walked up to stand before the council.

"I request that sanctions be placed against Alpha McGregor."

"Now wait just one damn minute!" Angus yelled as he came forward. "I didn't do anything any other alpha wouldn't have done. I protected my pack as I saw fit."

"You—" Brom began, only to be stopped by the sound of the gavel hitting the table.

"Enough! This will not be decided by the two of you," one of the elders stated. "It will be decided by the Wolf Council. Now, step back, and let us discuss this."

Brom stepped back but not before he saw the sneer his father sent in Conner's direction. He knew things weren't going to be easy for the man now that he'd gone against Angus. Brom turned and looked for Jake, walking towards the man when he spotted him talking with Daniel.

"Jake, may I speak with you for a moment?" he asked.

"Of course," Jake replied. Brom led him off from everyone where they could speak privately.

"I have another favor to ask you."

"Another one?" Jake said and chuckled.

Brom felt his face flush. He'd asked a lot of Jake in the last few days. He wouldn't blame the man if he told him to no to everything.

"The man that spoke, Conner?"

"Yes?"

"I'd like to offer him a chance to join our pack, or Vadim's pack, hell, any pack but the one he's in. I seriously doubt he'll live past a day if he goes home with my father."

"Yeah, I guess I see what you're saying." Jake's lips twisted together as if he thought about something important. "What do you know about the man?"

“He’s our pack enforcer. He joined the pack when he was about ten years old with his family. His parents passed away a few years ago, and he’s an only child. The only family he has is our pack. He might not even agree to it.”

“Is he an honorable man?”

“I believe so. He’s been our pack enforcer for the last few years, and he’s good at listening to his alpha, but I’ve never seen him be outright cruel to anyone. He did stand against Angus tonight, so that has to mean something.”

“I need to think about it, Brom,” Jake replied. “Not because I don’t trust you but because we have a very small pack. Most of us have been kicked out of our birth packs because we’re gay. Having a stranger in our home could create some issues.”

“I understand,” Brom replied, and he did. Jake’s duty was to the current members of his pack, not the one Brom wanted brought in. Besides, as he told Jake, the man could refuse.

“I’ll go talk to him, try and get a feel for what type of man he is, okay?”

“I really appreciate this, Jake. I know I’m asking a lot.”

“Not to worry, my friend,” Jake said as he patted Brom’s arm. “You care about those around you, and that is just the type of man I want in my pack.”

Brom watched his new alpha walk away, impressed by the way the man thought. Angus McGregor never would have complimented someone in his pack like that, not unless he wanted something from them.

Brom felt pretty sure that he would like being a member of this new wolf pack. Besides the fact that he could live freely and openly with his mates and cubs, he was growing to like the other members, respect them. All boded well for his future.

“Brom, honey,” Daniel said as he walked up to him, “the council is back.”

Brom glanced up to see the five members of the Wolf Council sitting down again. He hadn't even heard them return. He glanced over as he hurried to the front of the room to see his father walking slowly up the small stage. Brom couldn't retain his small snarl. It was all he could do to keep from attacking the man he saw as the biggest threat to his future.

He folded his hands together in front of him, trying to maintain the façade of calm that he didn't really feel. While the Wolf Council had given him his cubs, they could still allow Angus to cause problems.

"It has long been a fundamental part of our heritage to not only accept the bond between mates, but to seek them out, no matter who they are with," one of the elders began. "It goes deeper than attraction, deeper than desire, or even emotional attachment. It bonds mates together on a spiritual level that can only be attained between true mates."

Brom hoped the glare the elder sent in Angus's direction was a good sign. "This bond is sacred, superseding even the wants of an alpha or the needs of a pack. It is one of the founding beliefs we base our society on. It is also a founding belief that we do not choose our mates. Fate does. Our duty is to accept the one fate has chosen for us."

"Angus McGregor," another elder began, "by denying your son the right to bond with his mates, you have violated one of our founding beliefs. It is not up to you to choose who Brom mates with. It is not even up to him. It is up to fate."

Angus sputtered, his face flushing red.

"While each pack is ruled differently due to their own needs, ordering a hunt for your son because he mated someone you didn't approve of is the height of bad taste, as far as this council is concerned."

The next elder took over. "And, while we cannot sanction you for calling a hunt against your son because you do have a right to rule

your pack as you see fit, we can sanction you for denying your son his mates.”

Brom’s mouth dropped open. He couldn’t believe what he heard. They wanted to sanction his father for denying Brom his mates? He felt like jumping with joy. He would finally be vindicated for all of the years he’d been denied his mates.

“You will not be allowed contact with Brom McGregor, his mates, Daniel and Jaryn, or his cubs, Cailan and Iain, for the period of five years. If, after such time, they wish to renew relations with you, they may do so. However, they may also petition this council for an extension of this sanction if they so deem.”

“This is outrageous!” Angus shouted. He shook his fist at the council. “I won’t stand for this. You can’t keep me from my cubs.”

“Angus McGregor!” one of the elders exclaimed as he stood to his feet and slapped his hands on the table. “If you attempt to violate these sanctions, you will be removed from your position as alpha by this council and banished from all of wolf society.”

“You can’t do that,” Angus shouted. “I won my position fair and square in challenge. You can’t remove me without a challenge.”

“Then I challenge you, Angus McGregor, for position as alpha.”

Brom turned, not feeling a bit of surprise to see Conner standing behind him. The man looked ready to fight, his hands clenched into fists at his site, his lips pulled back into a deep snarl.

“This is a council meeting!” the elder shouted. “There will be no fighting here today. Is that understood?”

Conner growled. Angus crossed his arms over his chest and snickered at Conner.

“However, if Angus McGregor attempts to violate our sanctions, then your challenge will be the first one acknowledged. Will that be sufficient, Conner?”

“Yes, sir,” Conner stated, still glaring at Angus.

Brom wasn’t sure how to react. He wanted to believe he had the backing of the Wolf Council. It certainly sounded that way, but it was

hard to think that Angus would agree to anything that went against what he wanted.

He also felt great concern for Conner. The man stood up for him today against his alpha. He'd even challenged the man for position as alpha. Brom knew the moment Angus got the man home, Conner would be done for.

"Council, I have one more request," Brom said.

"Haven't we given you enough, Brom?" one of the elders asked. Brom recognized him as the man who visited his father. No doubt he wasn't happy about the turn of events.

"Yes, sir, you have been more than generous," Brom replied, "however, I'm not asking for something for myself this time." Brom heard his father give off a snort. He ignored the man and gestured towards Conner. "I ask that you consider what has happened today, how Conner has stood up against Alpha McGregor for what he felt was right and his challenge. I believe that Conner's life will be in danger the moment he leaves this meeting for challenging Alpha McGregor."

"Hmm," the elder replied, looking at Conner. "You might be correct in your assumptions, Brom. What do you suggest?"

"I've offered Conner a place in my pack," Jake said, surprising Brom. He glanced at him, his eyebrow raised. Brom thought that Jake wanted to wait until he knew the man better. The conversation they had must have gone pretty good.

"Conner McGregor, as I see it, you have a few choices open to you. You can return with your pack, knowing full well that your life may be in danger due to your actions here today. You may also stay under the protection of the Wolf Council until such time as you find another pack. Or, you can join with the Wolfrik Pack. What say you?"

"While I do not relish leaving my pack and the people I have come to know as my family," Conner replied as he glanced from the council to Jake, then back again, "I ask that I be allowed to join with the Wolfrik Pack."

“Do you wish for your challenge to be acknowledged if that time comes?” the elder asked.

“If no other adequate candidate can be found, I will return to challenge Alpha McGregor and lead the McGregor Pack until the time a proper leader can be found,” Conner said. “I do not want the position on a permanent basis.”

“Very well,” the elder said. He clasped his hands together and stared out over the crowd. “Until the time a suitable replacement can be found, your challenge against Alpha McGregor will stand if he violates the sanctions placed against him.”

Brom didn’t know whether to applaud the man for standing up for what he believed in and challenging Angus or slap him up side of his head for being so stupid. Still, with Conner joining Wolfrik Pack, he’d have plenty of opportunity to do either.

“Angus McGregor, you have heard the decision of this council,” one elder stated. “You know the consequences if you do not follow that decision. As you have not shown adequate remorse for your actions, you will be escorted by council guard back to your hotel and then to the ferry where you will leave this island. If you do not comply, you will be sanctioned again. Is that understood?”

Angus snarled, but Brom knew he didn’t have any other choice, not with several armed council guards surrounding him. It was a known fact that council guards carried silver bullets in their guns and could kill a werewolf with one shot.

Brom could hardly believe it when his father was escorted from the room. It almost seemed surreal. It was all finally over. He felt a great weight lift from his shoulders. The tightness in his chest suddenly dissipated.

Brom nodded at the council. “Thank you.”

The council members nodded in return. “Be at peace, Brom McGregor.”

He sure as shit was gonna try!

Brom turned to find Daniel and Jaryn standing behind him, big smiles on their faces. He reached for them both, his arms wrapping around their necks as he pulled them close to his body. Brom just stood there holding them for several moments, his heart beating calmly in his chest for the first time in what seemed like forever.

Brom could feel tears of happiness prick the corner of his eyes as he finally lifted his head and smiled at his mates. "Let's go home, mates."

Chapter 14

Jaryn sat snuggled between Daniel and Brom on a blanket with Iain in his lap. Cailan seemed to be busy playing in the dirt with Marika. He chuckled at the nonsense words that the two toddlers seemed to be exchanging. He had no idea what they were saying, but they seemed happy as they chatted away.

It was a lazy afternoon, or so Sasha declared it. He stated that everyone in the alpha compound needed to be outside enjoying the sun, surrounded by family. Everyone seemed to agree that it was a fabulous idea.

Vadim sat across from them, Sasha curled close. Sasha had his hands busy rocking their daughter to sleep. Jake and Lucas sat beside them, looking at Leyland with fond amusement as he tried to keep a hold of Ivan, who did everything in his power to join his brother in the dirt.

Caleb, Thomas, and Micah sat curled together on another blanket, Micah fast asleep between the bigger two men. Gregory and Viktor were arguing over who got to hold Ryland, who stood off to one side of them rolling his eyes.

Ryce, Saul, and Cary sat near Jake and Lucas. Cary and Lucas, who Jaryn only recently learned were brothers, were deep in conversation, but it seemed to be a happy discussion with lots of smiles and laughter.

Jaryn glanced at Leyland when the man let out a deep sigh and cleaned the dirt off of his shirt, compliments of Marika. He laughed at the exasperated on Leyland's face. Jaryn cared for the cubs since they

were born. He was used to the messes. Leyland obviously wasn't. Jaryn couldn't help but tease the man.

"So, when are you going to have a cub, Leyland?" he asked. "You obviously have a rapport with them."

Leyland lifted his head and glared. "Very funny."

"Does that mean you're not ready for cubs?"

"I don't know," Leyland said. "I like the idea, certainly, but I'm not sure any of us are ready for yet another tri-omega to be born. There just seems to be a lot of us popping up, and I have to admit that worries me a little. I'm not sure I want to bring a cub into that until I know more."

"Have you talked with your mother yet?" Jaryn asked.

"Yes, and she's just as stumped as I am," Leyland replied. "We've heard some rumors about a pack in Russia but nothing concrete."

"Rumors?"

Leyland nodded. "Tri-omegas are only supposed to be born one per generation, or so the legend goes. Vadim heard from his father that there might be a pack in Russia that has several tri-omegas. He sent Niko there to find out, but we haven't heard back from him yet."

"You don't think anything is wrong, do you?" Jaryn asked.

"With Niko?" Sasha chuckled, joining the conversation. "No, he's just probably screwing anything that walks, like he usually does. We'll hear from him soon enough."

Jaryn gawked. He'd only met the man once and then only briefly. He had no idea Niko was a player. He wasn't sure he wanted to know, either. Jaryn was perfectly happy with the two men he had.

"Is your mother going to write that how-to manual on tri-omegas?" Jaryn asked Leyland, changing the subject.

"I hope so." Leyland laughed. "With as many tri-omegas as we have around here, she could make a lot of money selling the damn things."

"It certainly would have been useful for us," Ryland added in. "I had no idea what ability I would have. I didn't even know I was a tri-omega until Leyland's mother told me. Imagine my surprise."

"I will always be grateful for your ability to heal, Ryland," Jaryn said. "I don't think I would have made it without you healing me."

"I'm grateful for it, too," Ryland replied. "I've been able to do a lot of good with it."

"You all seem to have these great abilities that can help other people," Jaryn complained, frowning just a bit. "I still haven't figured out how my ability can help anyone. Being able to see someone's mate bond isn't exactly high on the demand list."

Jaryn heard a small inhale from Ryland. He glanced over at the man, concerned when he saw his pale face. "Ryland?"

"You can see mate bonds?" Ryland whispered.

"Yeah, when I close my eyes."

"Can you—would you—" Ryland stammered.

Jaryn grew even more concerned when Ryland buried his face in Gregory's shirt. The man's arms instantly wrapped around Ryland. Viktor curled closer on Ryland's other side, his hand rubbing up and down Ryland's back.

"What's wrong?" Jaryn asked. "Was it something I said?"

Viktor shook his head. "No, Jaryn," he said. "When Gregory and Ryland were first together, before they found me, there was an unfortunate incident, and their mating bond was severed. They've never been able to communicate the way that most mates do."

Jaryn's eyes widened. His heart ached for Ryland. He couldn't imagine not being able to talk to Daniel or Brom in his mind. He always knew where they were, how they felt, if they were safe. It was all part of the mating bond, and it was wonderful.

"*Can you do anything for them, baby?*" Daniel asked through their bond.

"*I don't know,*" Jaryn replied. "*I can try, but I don't make any promises. I'm still trying to figure out how this whole thing works.*"

“Please, try, Jaryn,” Daniel said. “This has always been very painful for Ryland and Gregory. If there’s anything you can do...”

Jaryn nodded. He handed Iain to him and then scooted across the blankets to sit in front of Ryland and Gregory. He held out his hands to the two men. “Please, would you let me try?”

Jaryn could see the tears in Ryland’s eyes when he lifted his head. Matching ones clung to Gregory’s eyelashes. “Do you think—I don’t expect miracles, Jaryn, but if I could just feel Gregory for a moment, that’s all I ask for.”

Jaryn nodded. “I can’t promise miracles, either,” he said. “I still don’t know exactly how this works, but I’ll do what I can.”

“Anything,” Ryland said.

He took the hand Jaryn held out to him. After a moment, Gregory grabbed the other one. Jaryn smiled at both men and then closed his eyes. He instantly found himself surrounded by the thick grey fog from before.

The bonding links tied around his waist and leading out to Brom and Daniel shined brightly. Jaryn smiled to himself, satisfied that his mates were tightly connected to him, before looking around for Gregory and Ryland’s threads.

He could distantly feel their hands touching his, but their links were hard to locate. Jaryn walked farther into the grey fog, then farther still. Just as Jaryn was about to give up, he spotted three small glowing lights in the distance.

He walked closer, hesitant to approach too fast in case they weren’t the links he looked for. At first, Jaryn was confused. All of the links glowed brightly the closer he got, but two of them were connected to the third one and not to each other.

Jaryn knew from his own mating bond that there should have been a triad of links. Gregory connected to both Viktor and Ryland, Ryland connected to both Gregory and Viktor, and Viktor connected to both Ryland and Gregory.

Only Viktor seemed to be connected to both of his mates. The links that should have connected Gregory and Ryland seemed to almost flap in the wind like scarves, the ends torn and ripped.

Not knowing what else to do, Jaryn grabbed the flailing ends of the glowing links and tied them together. Jaryn heard a loud cry and the hands that held his jerked away. He opened his eyes to see Ryland crying in Gregory's arms, tears falling down both their faces.

He turned to look desperately at Daniel, his heart aching. He'd messed up somehow, he just knew it. He hadn't been able to do anything for his two new friends. The way Ryland cried, Jaryn was afraid he might have actually made it worse.

"Oh God, Ryland," Jaryn whispered as he turned back towards the two men. "I'm so sorry."

Ryland waved a hand at him but didn't raise his head from where it was buried in Gregory's chest.

"You have nothing to be sorry for, Jaryn," Viktor said.

Jaryn glanced over at him, shocked to see tears in his eyes. He didn't understand. If there was nothing for him to be sorry about, why did everyone have tears on their faces?

"I don't know what you did, Jaryn," Viktor said, "but you fixed it, the bond link. Gregory and Ryland have their link back. They can feel each other and talk." Viktor leaned across the space between them and stroked the side of Jaryn's face. "Thank you."

"But I—I didn't do anything, not really," Jaryn insisted. "The link was there. I just tied it together. I don't even know if it will hold."

"It's enough, Jaryn," Viktor said. "If all they have is a moment, then it's enough."

Jaryn nodded. He wasn't quite sure he believed Viktor, but the truth sat right in front of him. Ryland and Gregory stared deeply into each other's eyes. Jaryn could tell from their intent looks that a world of words passed silently between them.

"Wow, Jaryn," Leyland whispered. "You did it."

Jaryn grinned. "Yeah, I guess I did."

“That is so cool,” Leyland said.

It was. For the first time since he knew what his ability was, Jaryn was able to it in use. Tying Brom and Daniel to him hadn’t been that hard. They were already connected. Using his ability to reconnect two mates seemed to be worth all of the confusion he felt about it.

Jaryn scooted back to sit between Brom and Daniel. Iain was set back in his lap before his two mates crowded around him. Jaryn snuggled in between them, feeling happier than he could ever remember being.

“You did good, baby,” Brom whispered to him.

“I didn’t know I could do that,” Jaryn replied, waving his hand at Ryland and Gregory.

“Well, apparently you can,” Daniel said, “and I’ll bet that we’ll find a lot of other uses for your particular ability. The bond between mates is one of the fundamental foundations of our beliefs, remember? If you can fix the bond between mates, tie them together, or whatever it is that you did, you can make a lot of people happy.”

Jaryn smiled. He leaned his head back to gaze up into Daniel’s eyes. “*I don’t suppose we could find someone to watch the cubs?*” he asked through their link. “*Maybe we can go back to the house and make me happy?*”

“*And just how could I make you happy, Jaryn?*” Daniel asked. “*Can you be more specific?*”

Jaryn felt his face flush. “*I’m sure if you and Brom put your heads together you’ll figure it out.*”

Daniel grinned. “Brom, it seems our little mate has some desires he’d like us to fulfill.” Jaryn detected a slight twinkle in Daniel’s green eyes as he glanced up at Brom. “What do you say, baby?”

Jaryn laughed as Iain was suddenly plucked from his arms and lifted into a set of strong arms. He waved to Sasha and the cubs as Brom carried him back towards the house.

“Just what desires did he mention?” Brom asked as if Jaryn wasn’t right there. Jaryn rolled his eyes before leaning his head against Brom’s chest.

Daniel shrugged. “He’s not talking. He says we can figure it out if we put our heads together.”

Brom chuckled. “I’m sure we can fulfill any desires Jaryn has, unspoken or not.”

“Of that I have no doubt,” Daniel said. “But I think we should torture it out of him. So much more fun that way.”

“Do tell?”

Jaryn’s eyes widened. Torture? Just how did his two mates, who he knew loved him beyond their very lives, intend to torture him to get him to talk?

“Well, how long do you think it would take him to talk if we tied him down to the bed and licked his entire body? Of course, he wouldn’t be allowed to come until he talked.”

“Ah yes, the torture part.” Brom laughed.

Jaryn squirmed a bit in Brom’s arms. He could feel his cock start to harden just at the thought of what his mates might have planned for his torture. His hands tightened around Brom’s neck as his breathing increased.

Maybe unspoken desires weren’t such a bad thing.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Stormy believes the only thing sexier than a man in cowboy boots is two, or three men in cowboy boots. She also believes in love at first sight, soul mates, true love, and happy endings.

Stormy lives in the great Northwest region of the USA, with her gorgeous husband and soul mate, six very active teenagers, two boxer/collie puppies, two old biddy cats, and three fish.

You can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand and a puppy in her lap, or on her laptop, creating the next sexy man for one of her stories. Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website at www.stormyglenn.com.

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