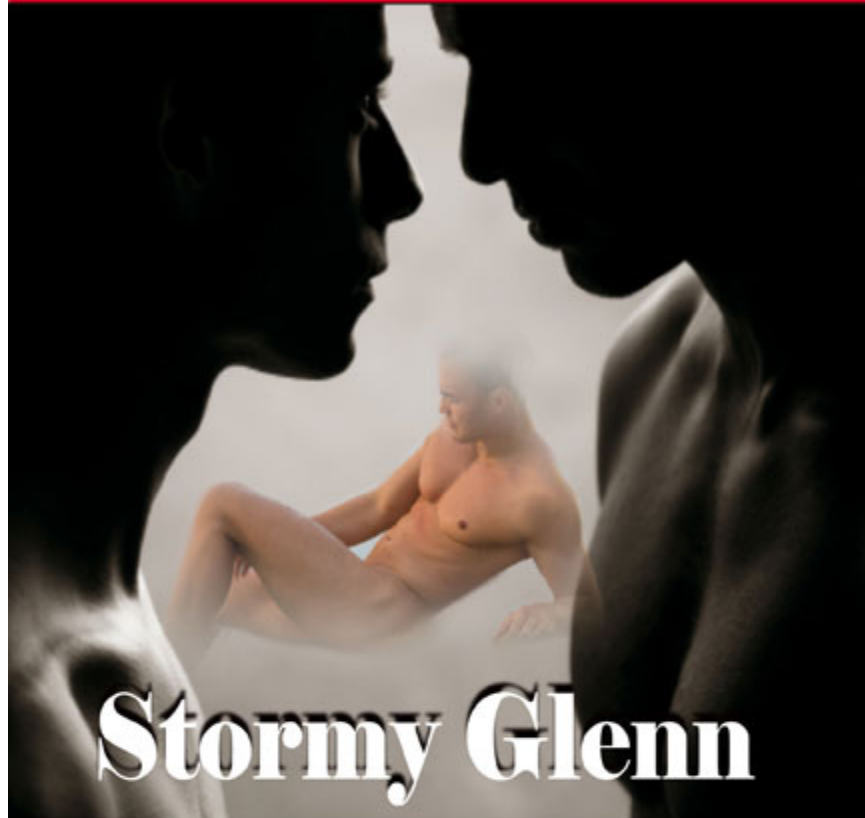


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Ménage Amour



Stormy Glenn

HIDDEN DESIRES

HIDDEN DESIRES
Tri-Omega Mates 3

Stormy Glenn

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

I want to thank all of the wonderful authors that have given me so much advice, welcomed me with open arms, and kicked my butt when I needed it. You know who you are and you're the best!

HIDDEN DESIRES

Tri-Omega Mates 3

STORMY GLENN

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Chapter 1

His motorcycle roared loudly as he pulled into the gravel driveway of the small roadside tavern. Thomas James had been on the road for several hours and his stomach was letting him know that he needed food. This place looked as good as any. A big juicy cheeseburger, some hot fries, and an ice-cold beer would hit the spot right about now.

Taking a deep breath he started towards the building, immediately noticing an odd scent in the air, something he hadn't smelled before. It was sweet and tangy at the same time, like dark chocolate mixed with a summer rainstorm. It was intoxicating, arousing enough to make his cock sit up and take notice.

He just couldn't figure out where it was coming from. And man, did he want to. He wanted to inhale the sweet scent until he could smell nothing else. Then he wanted to inhale whatever was making that wonderful scent.

The sudden sound of someone yelping from off to the side of the building reluctantly drew his thoughts away from the smell. Someone was in trouble. Well, hell, so much for finding that wonderful scent.

With a shake of his head for being stupid enough to not just leave it alone, he began walking around the corner of the restaurant. He immediately saw four people in the beginnings of a scuffle.

From the looks of things he had arrived just when the fun was about to begin. There were three medium sized men, none of them standing taller than his six foot four. One was on the lean side and one quite a bit larger. The third man was muscular and well built.

But it was the fourth man, the one that they seemed to be tormenting, that held his interest. The man was absolutely breathtaking, in an untamed vibrant sort of way. Saying that he was gorgeous would have been an understatement. He was the poster boy for sex.

He stood at least a half a foot shorter than Thomas. His smaller body was delicate, almost dainty in nature, which was a dream come true. He had always secretly preferred small, delicate men. His features were so finite, he was almost too pretty.

The shock of white blond hair held Thomas spellbound. His lightly wavy hair was so light blond it was nearly white. At shoulder length it was just long enough to be grabbed during sex. Yee haw!

Oh, and the way he smelled—it was heaven. He was where that wonderful scent was coming from. Thomas took a long deep breath, the man's virile scent sinking into him even across the space that separated them, swirling around his senses. Thomas knew instantly that this man was meant to be his mate.

He had a nearly uncontrollable urge to leap across the ground between them and rub himself all over the man, rubbing himself in his heady scent. But he knew before he could do that he had to get his gorgeous little ass out of the frying pan he was in.

Looking at the man, he knew that the clenched fists at his sides meant he was getting ready to jump in and defend himself. He wasn't going to just take what the three bullies were dishing out to him and *turn the other cheek*. He'd probably have his gorgeous ass handed to him, but he was going to fight.

Shit! That meant Thomas was going to have to step in and stop it. He couldn't just stand by and let his man get beat up. As much as he

tried to avoid fights, he couldn't look the other way when someone was threatening his mate.

It was obvious from where he was standing behind the bullies that the little man had done nothing to them. They were harassing to him because they could, because they knew that he was smaller than they were. God, he hated people like that.

"Is this a private party or can anyone join in?" he asked as he leaned against the building, his thumbs in the pocket of his jeans. He smirked when four heads whipped around to look at him. Three were momentarily stunned by his presence, then angry at his interference.

In the beautiful arctic blue eyes of the fourth man, Thomas saw surprise at his sudden appearance on the scene, then just a hint of interest before turning apprehensive as he quickly glanced at the three bullies then back at Thomas.

Hmmm, so the sexy man was interested. Thomas's day was getting better by the minute. Maybe interfering wouldn't be such a bad thing after all. He couldn't wait to have this little mess over with so that he could explore the interest in the man's eyes a little more.

"This has nothing to do with you. If you know what's good for you, you'll turn and walk away," the third man stated, giving Thomas the impression that he was the leader of this little band of idiots.

Thomas smiled, taking one hand out of his jean pocket to rub his chin. "You know, that's the problem with most people now days." He began walking slowly towards the group, watching carefully where each man stood. "Everyone always seems to think they know what's best for everyone else."

"Look here, Mr—" the smallest of the three bullies began.

"James."

"Huh?"

Thomas chuckled at the man's confused face as he walked past him to sidle up next to the smallest of them all. He winked at the sexy little man before turning around to face the three bullies, placing himself between them and him.

“The name is Thomas James. My friends call me Thomas. You can call me Mr. James.”

“You’re not wanted here, James. This is none of your business.”

“Now, see, that’s where you’re wrong. You see this beautiful little man behind me? I plan on him being a real close friend of mine and I tend to get a little put out when people pick on my friends. So, either you can walk away now or we can discuss it further.”

While Thomas was waiting for the three bullies to make up their mind he felt the pressure of a hand land on the small of his back, moving down to brush across his ass. He wanted to turn and kiss the little man, but knew he couldn’t take his eyes off the men in front of him.

Instead, he slowly reached behind his back with one hand, immediately feeling another, and much smaller, hand intertwine with his. He gave it a little squeeze with his before pulling his hand back around to the front of his body.

“Well, since you don’t seem to want to leave, I guess that we are going to have to discuss this more personal like,” Thomas drawled as he began pulling his leather jacket off. He turned around and handed it to the man behind him, giving him a large sexy grin.

“Here, hold this for me, sweetheart. I’ll be just a moment and then maybe we can go get some lunch or something,” he said as he handed his jacket to him, giving him a little wink.

“I’ll hold anything you want me to,” he said, giving Thomas back a little wink.

Thomas smiled again as he reached up to caress the side of his soft face. “Maybe we can discuss that after I deal with these three morons,” Thomas said before turning back to face the three bullies. “So, who wishes to discuss this with me first?”

“Dude, you don’t know what you’re doing.”

“Name’s Mr. James to you, not dude. I thought I explained that to you.” He turned to look back at the man behind him, shaking head. “Is everyone in this town as stupid as he is or is just him?”

The man, a slight smile on his face, shrugged his shoulders and gestured to the men standing behind Thomas. “No, it’s pretty much just him.”

Thomas chuckled. “Yeah, that’s what I thought.”

“Why do you care? He’s an idiot—stupid in the head, you know? He never finished school, doesn’t have a real job, nothing. He works his family’s farm because no one will hire him. Hell, his own father drank himself to death because he didn’t want a moron for a son,” the leader of the bullies yelled at Thomas.

Thomas’s hands clenched into fists when he heard the barely audible gasp of anguish from the man behind him. He could feel the anger building at the man’s obvious pain.

“And that makes it okay for you to pick on him? Did you finish school? Do you have a job? Somehow I don’t think so.” Thomas crossed his arms over his chest and looked him up and down. “I would guess that your daddy is the town bigwig, owns a large cattle ranch, maybe the biggest in the area. This is cattle country isn’t it? Or maybe he’s the bank president? Something important anyway. I know,” Thomas said as he snapped his fingers, “he’s the town mayor.”

“How’d you know that?”

“Lucky guess. But I’d say that you have been given a privileged upbringing—a fancy car, a fancy house, and lots of pocket money. You always have lots of pretty girls hanging on your arm. And every time you get into a scrape, your daddy is there to bail you out.”

“Damn, Johnny, he sure has you pegged.” One of the leader’s buddies started laughing before the leader shot him a dirty look. He immediately shut his mouth, looking down at the ground.

“Man, why do you have such a hard on for this idiot? Why do you care what the hell we do to him?”

Thomas’s head snapped back as he looked at Johnny like he had lost his mind. “Dude, you can’t be serious. Besides the fact that he’s

the sexiest man I've seen in years, he deserves some respect because he's breathing."

Thomas rolled his eyes as he saw the disgust come over Johnny's face. "You're a fag?"

"Oh please, you need to be more politically correct when insulting someone. Don't you ever read the papers? We're progressive. We prefer the term *pussy challenged*. Now, get with the program, boys. My lunch date is waiting."

He nearly laughed when the three bullies took several steps back from him like they were afraid that Thomas was going to contaminate them. It was just by sheer will that he held it in as they started backing away from him. He could have fun with this.

"Of course, if you wanted to be my lunch date—" Thomas reached for the top two buttons of his jeans.

"That's disgusting!" Johnny spat out.

"Look, Johnny, I think we need to go. This guy is nuts," the little man said before he turned and ran from the alley. The larger bully was just shaking his head frantically before he too turned and ran.

"I don't mind, really. You must know that it takes one gay guy to know another. It's that natural gaydar thing we all have."

"Gaydar? What the hell is a gaydar?" Johnny looked so confused that it was all Thomas could do not to fall on the ground laughing.

"Surely you must know. It's that little thing inside of you that attracts you to another gay man. Every gay man has it. It tells us when another gay man is close by, when we might get lucky. How else are we supposed to find each other?"

"That's bullshit," Johnny yelled, his face turning red.

"No, I'm serious. Come on, looking at you or me, do you honestly think anyone who was straight could tell that we were gay? I mean, look at you, you're a good looking guy, you drive a cool car, you have girls hanging all over you—it's all a cover, isn't it? Can't come out of the closet?"

"Huh?"

“I know it’s not easy. Hell, I had a hard time coming out, too. I still don’t look like I’m gay. Did you know I was gay when you first saw me? No.” Thomas took a couple of sashaying steps towards Johnny, his voice taking on softer sensual tone. “But then you’re gaydar kicked in and you just knew, didn’t you? I know it wasn’t anything you could see, but it was something you felt, wasn’t it?”

Johnny took several more steps back from Thomas, his face taking on a troubled anxious look. Thomas couldn’t believe it. The little shit was actually falling for the line of crap Thomas was feeding him. He had trouble keeping a straight face.

“Somehow you just knew, didn’t you? What was it? I know nothing on me says gay. I think I look pretty normal. And I know for a fact that you can’t see my pink toenails.”

“You have pink toenails?” Johnny exclaimed, his eyes dropping down to look at Thomas’s boot clad feet.

“Sure, don’t you? Gay men love to paint their toenails. That’s one of the first signs that you’re gay.”

“You’re lying,” Johnny stated.

“No, I swear, it’s true. Here, look.” Thomas started pulling his brown cowboy boot off. He dropped it on the ground and pulled his sock down before holding out his foot to Johnny, his hot pink toenails glimmering in the sunlight.

“See?” Thomas asked, thankful he had let Leyland paint his nails the last time he had been home. It had been purely for fun but now it actually had a purpose.

It was all Thomas could do to keep from laughing until Johnny ran out of sight. As he wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes he turned to look at the man behind him, reaching for his black leather jacket.

His laughter stopped when he realized that the gorgeous man he had been protecting was gone, his jacket lying neatly over a box in the alley. He pulled his boots back on and quickly ran to the end of the alley, looking both ways, but couldn’t see anyone.

Well, shit, this sucked. Now he was going to have to track his little man down. Thomas briefly considered getting on his motorcycle and continuing on down the road instead of finding him. He had no real pack to offer the man, just a few friends that had been booted out of their packs like Thomas.

It wasn't easy being a werewolf and gay. Every one wanted you to have cubs. The more cubs you had, the more pack members. The more pack members there were, the stronger the pack—yada, yada, yada!

It all seemed like crap to Thomas. It wasn't like he had chosen to be gay, he just was. So what? That didn't mean he didn't deserve to be in a pack. It wasn't like he was trying to challenge for alpha or anything. He just wanted a place to call home.

Thomas pulled his jacket back on and walked back towards the front of the diner, sadly shaking his head. He suddenly wasn't feeling very hungry. Getting back on his motorcycle and heading on down the road was looking better and better.

It wasn't like he had any clear destination in mind. He had been just traveling the country, stopping when he wanted to, and seeing the sights America had to offer. Until he decided to head back to the ranch he shared with his makeshift pack, he was on vacation.

Reaching his motorcycle he stopped, suddenly noticing the long pink rose sitting on the seat, a small note tucked under it. Looking around he didn't see anyone that looked out of place or like they were giving him undue attention.

Swinging his leg over the bike he settled down on to the seat as he opened up the note, his curiosity peaked. He frowned as he read the words written on the small piece of paper. It was an address and a set of directions leading out of town.

He looked around again, wondering who had left the note. He still couldn't see anyone that didn't look like they should be there. But still, he was intrigued. A pink rose and a note? Maybe this deserved a little investigation.

Lifting the rose, then the note to his nose he sniffed. Yep, the little man had left them. Thomas was surprised at the shudder of delight that knowledge sent through his body. So, he had felt a connection too? *Even better!*

Thomas studied the directions once more before folding the note and putting it in his pocket along with the rose. Starting up his motorcycle he pulled out of the café parking lot and onto the road out of town. This could be interesting.

A million different scenarios went through Thomas's mind as he drove down the road following the directions on the note left on the seat of his motorcycle along with a pink rose. What would his little man be like? Would he understand that he was Thomas's mate? Or would he be freaked out? Hell, was he even gay?

Chapter 2

Micah Jackson sat on wooden swing on his front porch, a single pink rose clutched in his hand. He was so excited, it felt like the butterflies swirling around in his stomach were going on a roller coaster ride.

His heartbeat sped up every time he heard a vehicle, wondering if it was *him*. Excitement and anticipation would fill him as he watched. Then the vehicle would drive on by and Micah would be left waiting once again.

Micah had no idea if he would actually show up, but he sure hoped that he would. Thomas James—even his name was hot. Micah couldn't believe he was having obsessive thoughts about a man that he had just met, no matter how sexy he was.

Who was he kidding? He had been mesmerized the moment the man had stepped into view. He was totally hot from the top of his beautiful curly black hair to the bottom of his cowboy boot-clad feet. When Thomas had winked at him and called him *sweetheart*, Micah had been sunk, and he knew it. There was just something about the man that fascinated him.

Micah shook his head ruefully. He must be out of his mind. Maybe he was as moronic as Johnny had always accused him of being. He was actually considering sleeping with a man he had never met before today, a man he had never really even spoken with. A simple statement did not a relationship make.

Was he pathetic or what? Micah wondered, twirling the stem of the small pink rose around in his fingers. One sexy man had winked at

him and here he was thinking about sleeping with him. He must be losing it. But what the hell, he was hooked.

Of course, he could be barking up the wrong tree. Nothing said that Thomas was going to follow directions written on a piece of paper by someone he didn't know. Why would he? He could have anyone he wanted. What would he want with a short, klutzy, flamboyant gay fool?

Micah slowly stood to his feet, lying the rose down on the swing seat and walked to the front door of his farmhouse. He looked out at the road one last time before turning to walk inside, closing the screen door behind him, leaving the main door open.

His steps were heavy as he walked towards the kitchen. As much as he wasn't hungry, he knew had to eat. He had a lot of work ahead of him and having a well-balanced meal would give him the energy he needed to complete it.

Micah had just opened the refrigerator door when he heard a soft knock at the front door. His heart suddenly thudded in his chest as he looked up, the refrigerator door still held in his hand. When the knock came again, he pushed the door closed and walked back into the living room.

It was Thomas! He had come. Micah felt woozy as all the blood in his body suddenly rushed to his groin area. He hoped the erection tenting his jeans wasn't too apparent as he walked towards the man with the welcoming smile on his face.

From the way Thomas was standing, an arm resting on each side of the doorframe, Micah could see every muscle of his tight rippled abdomen through the shirt stretched across his stomach. *Oh, boy!*

"Hey, sweetheart, you left this for me?" Thomas asked, bringing the pink rose in his hand up to his nose, sniffing in its flowery fragrance. "I'm hoping it means you wanted me to find you." Like not finding him was an option.

Micah nodded his head, not quite sure what to say to him. *I want to fuck you until neither of us can walk* just didn't seem polite.

Thomas gave him a quizzical look. “Can I come in?”

Micah could feel himself turn a thousand different shades of red as he opened the door and held it open for Thomas to come in. He groaned to himself as Thomas walked by, getting a good look at the tight ass in his faded jeans.

“Nice place you have here,” Thomas said as he looked around the living room.

Micah nodded absently, his eyes still devouring the sight of Thomas’s ass. He would never have thought it before but he suddenly knew he was an ass man. Thomas’s ass was a work of art—tight, rounded, and just begging to be grabbed. It was all Micah could do not to give into the impulse to do just that.

“So,” Thomas began as he turned back to face Micah. Micah’s eyes quickly darted up to Thomas’s to find an arousing smirk on his face. Oh yeah, he was clearly aware that Micah had been checking him out.

Thomas took the few steps between them until their chests were nearly touching, his eyes devouring Micah’s flushed face. He reached down and gently caressed the side of Micah’s cheek.

Micah closed his eyes and leaned into the soft touch. A distant part of him marveled at how wonderful the simple touch of another human being could feel. The other part of him, the hungry aroused animal in him, wanted to grab Thomas and drag him upstairs by his hair and strip him naked.

“Can I kiss you?” Thomas whispered quietly, the breath from his mouth blowing gently down over Micah’s forehead.

Micah opened his eyes to gaze up at him, slowly nodding his head. “Oh hell, yes,” he whispered, leaning towards him.

Thomas chuckled as he leaned down and placed his lips against Micah’s, his tongue brushing softly against his lips, asking silently for permission to come in. Their lips met, clung together until Micah opened his mouth, his tongue sneaking out to caress Thomas’s.

“Besides sexy, gorgeous, mate, and lover, what can I call you?” Thomas murmured in between kisses.

“Micah.” Sexy? Gorgeous? Mate? Lover? Oh hell, he hoped so. Micah was so turned on just from a simple kiss he wondered how he would react to anything more. It was all he could do not to grab Thomas by his shirt and pull him down to the floor as it was.

“Micah, I like that. It’s very sexy. Just kind of rolls off the tongue,” Thomas drawled, his voice low and husky.

“I can think of a few other things you can do with your tongue,” Micah whispered as he stood on his tiptoes to kiss Thomas again. Hot damn, this man could kiss. Normally, Micah could live on Thomas’s kisses alone. But right now, he needed something more.

“Would you—do you want to come upstairs with me?” Micah asked hesitantly, holding his breath as he waited for Thomas to answer. He had never asked anyone to come up to his room before. He didn’t know what the etiquette was for asking.

“Lead the way, baby,” Thomas said, the grin on his face growing to enormous proportions.

Micah stared at him for just a moment in shock. He hadn’t really expected Thomas to answer him, let alone agree to go upstairs with him. But he needed to ask. He had to ask. Now that he had answered, and agreed, Micah was suddenly so excited, he could squeal.

He was also a little worried. What if he didn’t measure up? What if he couldn’t please Thomas? Thomas was drop dead gorgeous. He could have any man he wanted, or woman for that matter. Why would he be interested in Micah?

“Micah?” Thomas asked after a moment.

Oh, what the hell! What was the worst that could happen? Thomas could run screaming from the room? Even if he did, at least Micah would know that he had tried. It wasn’t like he was going to get a chance like this again.

Micah grabbed Thomas’s hand and pulled him towards the stairs. His heart beat excitedly in his chest as they walked up the stairs and

down the hallway towards Micah's bedroom. The butterflies in his stomach were back on the roller coaster as he led Thomas into his bedroom and shut the door behind him.

Turning away from the door, he turned to look up at Thomas. The look of pure desire on Thomas's face surprised him, and turned him on like nothing else had. Thomas looked like he really wanted him. Micah really hoped he did.

Drawing up his courage, Micah walked over to Thomas and reached for the hem of his shirt, pulling it slowly up to reveal the tight sculpted body beneath. Oh, hot damn! Not even in his wildest dreams had he ever seen a man that looked as good as Thomas did.

Every muscle he had was superbly defined, right down to the tight flat muscles of his abdomen showing off the small Celtic tattoo around his bellybutton. Micah could picture himself licking around that tattoo until Thomas went crazy. If only...

"Need some help, baby?" Thomas asked, a small chuckle in his voice as he pulled the shirt the rest of the way over his head.

Micah looked up at him, feeling his face heat up a little. "No, just admiring the view."

"Mind if I check out the view, too?" Thomas reached for Micah's shirt. When Micah swallowed, then shook his head, Thomas pulled the shirt over his head and dropped it on the floor.

As Thomas glanced back down at his naked chest, Micah had the absurd need to cover his chest with his arms. He had some muscles from working on the farm every day but nothing like that muscles Thomas was sporting. Thomas was—well, he was something else.

"Hot damn, baby, you're gorgeous. I'm going to eat you up!" Thomas growled.

Micah looked at Thomas in surprise. Thomas thought he was gorgeous? Had he been out in the sun too long? Maybe Johnny had hit him in the head after he had run away. It was obvious that Thomas had lost his mind.

On the other hand, Micah wasn't about to turn down a sexy man like Thomas or tell him he was nuts. If he thought Micah was gorgeous, more power to him.

"I'm all yours, big guy," Micah laughed as he reached for the buttons on Thomas's tighter than crap faded blue jeans. "Eat away."

"Don't mind if I do," Thomas chuckled as he dropped to his knees in front of Micah. He reached over and began to slowly unbutton Micah's jeans, so slowly that Micah would swear he could hear each tick of the wall clock. It was pure torture.

Just when he thought he couldn't take anymore and was going to beg Thomas to hurry up, Thomas pushed his jeans down his legs and off his feet, leaving Micah standing there naked in front of him.

"Oh, this is nice," Thomas groaned.

Micah cried out and grabbed at Thomas's shoulders to keep himself standing as Thomas wrapped his lips around his jutting cock, his tongue gently caressing the head. His legs were shaking so badly he was sure he was going to collapse on the floor in a pile of goo.

"Thomas," he cried out, his head dropping back on his shoulders at the exquisite torture. He had never felt anything like it in his life. Thomas was running his tongue all around the head of his cock, over the slit in the top, and along the sensitive underside. At the same time, his lips were clamped down on him, moving up and down at an ever-increasing rate.

Just as Micah thought he couldn't take anymore, that his head was going to explode, Thomas wrapped his arms around Micah's waist and lifted him up, carrying him over to the bed and dropping him down.

Micah could only stare at Thomas in wonder as he quickly pulled his clothes off. Thomas grabbed a bottle of lube out of his pants and climbed in between his legs, his large body settling at the apex of his thighs. Micah's cock stood hard and proud right in front of Thomas's smiling face.

For a brief moment, Micah wondered what in the hell he had gotten himself into. He was lying naked on his bed with a complete stranger about to devour him. Instinctively, he knew that was exactly what Thomas was going to do.

“Thomas,” he whispered hesitantly. The look on his face as he gazed up at Micah was almost feral. It was so savage, so possessive, that Micah couldn’t look away. He was hypnotized by the intensity of it.

“I’ve been waiting for you for a long time, Micah,” Thomas growled as he climbed his way up his body.

Um, okay, Micah thought as Thomas’s mouth latched onto his. He had no idea what Thomas was talking about but at that moment, with Thomas’s mouth on his, his strong hands exploring every inch of his body, Micah didn’t really care. He’d figure it out later. Right now he just wanted to enjoy the feeling of someone loving him.

Within moments, Micah was nearly mindless with desire. His hard cock ached in a way that it never had before. He felt like his entire body was sensitized to the lightest touch of Thomas’s fingers. Everywhere he touched blazed with fire.

“More, Thomas, please, more,” Micah begged as he felt Thomas’s fingers blaze a trail from his nipples, past his navel, to his groin. The simple brush of Thomas’s hand against his cock had him nearly screaming in ecstasy.

When Thomas’s hand trailed past his balls to the puckered hole beneath, Micah spread his legs as wide as they would go. He could hear Thomas deep growl of approval as he pulled his legs up to his chest.

“You’re fucking perfect, baby,” Thomas growled as he squirted some lube onto his fingers. “Look how pretty you are, just waiting for me. Do you want my hard cock in this tight little hole?” Thomas asked as he pushed one finger deep into Micah’s ass.

Micah jumped, never having felt another’s finger in his ass. He was shocked at how different Thomas’s finger felt from his own, at

how much better it felt. He wanted more. He wanted to be filled by Thomas's cock.

Just as Micah was about to beg for more, Thomas pushed another finger in, then another, moving them both around until Micah could only lay there and whimper. His house could have been on fire and he wouldn't have cared. He only wanted to feel Thomas.

"Thomas, please, I need—"

"I know what you need, baby," Thomas chuckled as he pulled his fingers from Micah and replaced them with his cock. His hands holding onto Micah's hips, his chest pressing against Micah's legs, Thomas slowly began to push into him.

"Thomas!" Micah wailed.

"Just wait, baby. I'll make it good for you. Just wait," Thomas replied.

Micah's had began to thrash around on the bed as Thomas impaled him inch by slow inch. It seemed to take forever for him to push all of the way in. Micah didn't know if he could take it. He felt so full already.

Finally, Thomas paused. Micah watched his eyes close as if he was savoring the experience. When they opened and Thomas looked back down at him, the soft sparkles of light in his eyes again made him wonder what in the hell he had gotten himself into.

But the moment Thomas began to move, thrusting his cock deep inside Micah, then slowly pulling out, only to thrust back in again, Micah didn't care. He just wanted more. He didn't think he would ever get enough.

When Thomas moved Micah's legs out of the way so that he could press his chest against his, his lips going towards Micah's jaw line, Micah wrapped his legs around him, tilting his head to one side to give Thomas better access.

It felt so natural to expose his neck to Thomas. He just knew he needed to do it. Micah's hands came up to wrap in Thomas's hair,

holding him down to his neck as Thomas's thrusts became faster, more fierce.

Micah could feel his cock pressed between him and Thomas. Each thrust of Thomas's hips had his cock rubbing between them until Micah didn't know where he ended and Thomas began.

As Thomas sank his teeth into the skin between Micah's neck and shoulder, Micah cried out, his hands clenching into Thomas's hair at the bite of pain. But the moment Thomas began to suck at the bite, Micah came.

With a loud cry, Micah exploded, his cock pulsing and filling the space between him and Thomas with hot, white cream. Micah couldn't catch his breath as his cock continued to be caressed by Thomas's thrusts. The pleasure just didn't seem to end.

Just when Micah thought he was going to be able to be able to breathe again, Thomas's thrusts became erratic and uncontrollable. Micah cried out again as Thomas released his teeth from his neck and arched his back, his head falling back on his shoulders as he roared out his release before collapsing down on top of Micah.

Micah let loose his hands from Thomas's hair and let them drop to his sides as he waited for him to move. This was the part he knew he was going to hate. He wanted to hold Thomas to him and never let him leave but he knew that wasn't going to happen.

Now that he was done, Thomas would leave. Micah knew that was the way these things were done. At least, that's how he thought they were done. Having never done this before, he didn't know quite what the *after sex decorum* was.

When Thomas finally did move, Micah was surprised when he rolled to his side, pulling Micah along with him, wrapping an arm tightly around him before pulling the sheet over them both. He felt Thomas's face brush against the top of his head just before Thomas began to lightly snore.

Micah waited for him to move, wake up, something. But Thomas just continued to snore. After several minutes, Micah finally closed

his eyes and let sleep take him. His last thought before he fell asleep was how much he was going to miss Thomas when he was gone.

* * * *

Thomas cracked his eyes open slowly. He could feel that night air blowing in from the open window across the room. Moonlight was shinning softly through the curtains giving the room just a touch of light. But it was enough.

Thomas could see his little mate curled next to him, one hand under the pillow, one hand curled under his cheek. Pulling gently on his shoulder, Thomas rolled him onto his back. His breath caught as a shaft of moonlight caught Micah in the face.

Damn, he was one lucky bastard. Micah was by far one of the most beautiful men he had ever seen in his life. His features weren't hard and chiseled like a lot of men. Certainly not like the other men in his pack, except maybe Leyland

Thomas had met Leyland a few months earlier when he had come to the ranch for a photo shoot. To be honest, Leyland hadn't even gotten all of the way to the ranch before Thomas's alpha, Jake McAlester, had found him and claimed him. After a lot of controversy, Lucas Jones, Thomas's pack beta, had also claimed the tri omega.

The more he thought about it, Micah was built a lot like Leyland, the mate to his alpha and beta. They were both the smallest in the pack. Their bodies were muscled, but delicate. Still, Thomas had never been attracted to Leyland.

Certainly not like he was to his mate, and that's exactly what Micah was now, his mate. He had claimed him plain and simple and now he would never have to give him up. Micah was his now.

Thomas felt a little guilty that he hadn't told Micah about himself before he had claimed him, but not guilty enough to not do it. He had seen the hell Jake and Lucas had gone through when claiming his

mate, and he never wanted to go through that. He would claim Micah anyway he could and to hell with the consequences.

Pulling the sheet down, he let his hungry eyes take in his mate's sexy little body. Damn, he was hot! Smooth tanned skin covered his entire body. Thomas was even surprised that Micah's groin area was tanned. He must sunbathe in the nude. Hell, Thomas hoped so. He'd love to see that.

Thomas softly caressed Micah's legs. His eyes widened when, the moment his hands began to stroke Micah's legs, Micah's cock began jerking, slowly coming to life. By the time his hands reached Micah's groin, his cock was standing at full attention.

His eyes flew up to Micah's face when he let out a small whimper. Damn, he was biting his lip in his sleep. Was that adorable or what? Thomas suddenly felt an overwhelming need to claim his mate again, right that second.

As carefully as he could, he coaxed Micah onto his stomach and spread his legs. His hands came up to gently massage Micah's ass, and what an ass it was. He fit perfectly into Thomas's large hands. Not a bit was wasted.

With each gently rounding motion, he spread his cheeks farther and farther apart. With each motion, he got more of a peek at Micah's tight little entrance. He could feel his cock throbbing between his legs in anticipation for what was to come.

Searching around on the bed, Thomas found the bottle of lube he had dropped earlier. He popped the top open and dripped some down the crack of Micah's ass, then on his fingers.

He quickly applied the lube to his cock, lathering himself up before pouring some more into his hand. Pushing the lid closed, he tossed the bottle on the bed beside him. Reaching down between Micah's cheeks he began rub the lube in, pushing in one finger at a time until he could fit all three.

Once Micah seemed to be sufficiently stretched, he pulled his fingers free. Kneeling between his legs, he reached up to rest his body

on one hand, the other wrapped around his cock as he leaned down to Micah's ear.

"Micah? Wake up, sweetheart," He growled as he pushed the head of his cock against Micah's slick hole. "Baby?"

"Thomas?" Micah whispered, turning his head to look up at him. "What—?"

"Micah," Thomas groaned as he pulled Micah back to rest on his knees, slowly sinking into him. Damn, there was nothing like it, the first surprised squeeze of Micah's muscles around his cock, the sharp inhale of Micah's breath.

"Micah," he groaned again when Micah started pushing back against him. He could hear the small whimpers coming from Micah as he slowly thrust into him, the tightening of his muscles with each withdrawal.

"You're mine now, Micah," Thomas whispered in Micah's ear just before he sank his teeth deep into the soft flesh he had bitten before. Micah tasted better than any ambrosia he had ever imagined, like dark chocolate and summer mint. He was perfect.

As he slowly built them towards an orgasm, Thomas pushed his hand beneath Micah to grab his cock, stroking him to match the thrusts of his cock. It was a slow loving, gentle and peaceful, meant to connect Thomas to Micah.

Thomas knew that when he had made love to Micah before, it had been all about claiming him, making him Thomas's mate. This time, though, Thomas wanted more than to just claim Micah. He wanted to connect with him.

"Thomas," Micah cried out as he filled his hand, his body quivering with the intensity of his release. His hand moved back to hold Thomas's head down to him, small whimpers escaping him as Thomas continued to thrust into him.

Thomas pulled his teeth from Micah, licking the small droplets of blood from the wound. "Mine," he growled into Micah's ear as he came, filling Micah's body with his hot seed, claiming him. Thomas's

hands were clenched in the sheets next to Micah's head as he thrust in one last time, then settled his body down next to Micah, pulling him over to cuddle back against his chest.

Micah's body shuddered as Thomas growled into his ear, declaring his possession. He could feel his cock throbbing inside of his ass, pulsing with each spurt of his release. He felt Thomas's arms wrap tightly around him, his softening cock still wedged in Micah's body.

"My Micah," Thomas whispered as he laid small kisses along Micah's neck and shoulder. "My beautiful Micah."

Micah lay there, feeling each little press of Thomas's lips against his sensitive skin, trying to figure out why he was still here. He had expected Thomas to be gone when he woke up, not wake him up for more.

He couldn't deny that the sex, both times, had been phenomenal. If he had his choice, he would have sex with Thomas every day for the rest of his life, preferably several times a day. He had never experienced anything quite like it, not that his sexual experience was much to compare to.

He had exactly one sexual episode, three years ago, with a man he had met in a bar in the big city. Micah had felt so bad even thinking about having sex with a complete stranger that he had run as soon as the man had gone into the bathroom, before they could even do anything.

It hadn't been the stranger's fault, but Micah was glad he had never seen him again, no matter how attractive the man had been. And he had been attractive, almost as sexy as Thomas was. Micah had been too nervous to go through with it, running before the man could stop him.

Which made him that more confused that he didn't feel so bad about having sex with Thomas. He was a complete stranger, after all. Was it because he actually knew Thomas's name, when he hadn't

known the stranger's name? Or was it because he was in his own bed instead of some seedy motel?

Maybe it was because he was so lonely, he would take any attention shown him. Great, didn't that make him sound pathetic? But Micah knew that it was probably the reason. Since his parents had both passed away, he really had no one.

His mother had left when he was barely twelve, leaving him to be raised by his abusive alcoholic father. Micah wasn't that sad to see him go. Yes, it was lonely, but at least he wasn't dodging threatening fists or broken beer bottles anymore.

Micah just wondered when Thomas was going to leave. No matter how much he wanted Thomas to stay, he knew he wouldn't. What possible reason could he have for staying? He could probably get sex anywhere.

"Thomas?" Micah asked hesitantly.

"Yeah, baby?"

"When do you have to leave?" Micah asked, already feeling tears spring to his eyes at the thought of Thomas leaving. He didn't want him to leave. There was something about Thomas that drew him. He couldn't explain it, not even to himself, but there it was.

"In the morning. It's time to head back to the ranch." Thomas reached down and pulled the sheet up over both of them before wrapping his arms around Micah again.

"Ranch?" Was that anything like a farm?

"My home. My—family will be wondering where I am. I've been gone for a couple of months riding around, kind of exploring the country, you might say," Thomas explained.

"So, you have to leave in the morning then?" Micah asked, the sadness in his heart weighing him down.

"Yeah, but don't worry, baby, you'll be going home with me."

Chapter 3

Micah wrapped his arms more tightly around Thomas's waist, burying his face deeper into his back, as they roared down the highway. Even after riding for several hours, he still couldn't believe he was here.

Thomas had been serious when he said he was taking Micah home and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Micah had tried to explain to him that he had a farm to work but Thomas was having none of it.

Micah didn't quite understand Thomas's *you belong to me* now attitude, but he would be lying if he said that he hated it. Just the opposite was true. It made his toes curl almost as much as a kiss from Thomas, and Thomas was one damn good kisser. Micah should know. Nearly every time he turned around, Thomas was kissing him.

He certainly wasn't complaining. He had never met anyone that thought he was cute, sexy, and gorgeous, as Thomas was constantly calling him. Micah knew it would wear off after awhile, but he was going to enjoy it while it lasted.

Hearing the motorcycle start to slow down, Micah lifted his head to see Thomas pulling into a rest stop. It was a good thing, too. He felt like his butt had been numb for the last hundred miles. He could use a good stretch.

As Thomas brought the bike to a stop and turned it off, Micah started to climb off, only to yelp as Thomas grabbed him around the waist and pulled him around to sit across his lap. He was kissing him even before Micah could settle down.

When he finally lifted his head a few moments later, Micah could barely catch his breath. He opened his eyes to see Thomas staring down at him, a strange look in his eyes. "What?" Micah asked.

Thomas just shook his head as he rubbed his hand down the side of Micah's face. "Nothing, baby, you're just so beautiful. I can't imagine how I got to be this lucky."

Micah's eyes widened. Was he serious? Thomas was a sex god. He could get anyone he wanted and he thought he was the lucky one? Maybe he wasn't right in the head. "Thomas," Micah began hesitantly but stopped when Thomas rubbed his thumb over his lips.

"Want to sneak into a bathroom stall with me?" Thomas asked mischievously, his dark eyebrows wiggling.

His mouth dropping open a little in surprise, Micah slowly nodded his head. "What if someone sees us?" Micah asked as Thomas lifted him up to his feet.

"Who the hell cares?" Thomas asked as he put his hand in the small of Micah's back and guided him towards the restrooms. "Besides, it looks like we're the only ones here."

Micah glanced around them. Thomas was right. Except for his motorcycle, the parking lot was empty. Shrugging his shoulders, he let Thomas lead him into the men's restroom. No one else was here so who would see them? Besides, just the thought of being with Thomas again was making his cock jump for joy.

He offered no resistance as Thomas pushed him into an empty stall on the far end of the bathroom, locking it behind him. Before Micah could even turn around, Thomas's arms were around him, pushing up under his shirt, his fingers gently pinching his nipples.

"You ever think about getting these little things pierced, baby? That would be so damn hot," Thomas growled.

"Thomas," Micah groaned as he leaned back in Thomas's arms, his head falling back against his chest. He pushed his hands back behind him, reaching down to cup Thomas's hard cock through the denim of his faded jeans.

Damn, this man was hot. It didn't matter if he was dressed in jeans or naked, he could still arouse Micah like nobody's business. Micah giggled as Thomas reached back and quickly unzipped his jeans, pushing them down his thighs, freeing his cock to Micah's exploring hands.

Micah heard Thomas groan as his hands wrapped around his cock, giving a groan of his own when Thomas's hands did the same to him. As they began quickly stroking each other, Micah forgot that they were in a public restroom. All he could think about was the feel of Thomas's hands on his cock, his mouth on his neck.

"Thomas," he groaned, "did you bring any lube?"

Thomas chuckled. "Of course I did, baby," he said as he reached down into the pocket of his jeans and pulled out a small bottle of lube, holding it out for Micah to see.

Micah grinned, letting go of Thomas's cock to push his jeans further down his legs before leaning forward. He placed his hands on the back of the toilet and spread his legs as far as his jeans would allow, looking back over his shoulder at Thomas, raising an eyebrow at him.

Thomas chuckled again, flipping the bottle open and pouring a liberal amount of lube onto his cock, then his fingers before putting the bottle back in his jeans. With one hand, he lubed up his cock. With the other, he quickly inserted them in Micah's ass, one at a time, stretching him.

"You ready for me, baby? It's going to be down and dirty," Thomas growled as he pulled his fingers from Micah's ass, replacing them with his cock. Grabbing Micah by the hips, he pushed all of the way in with one lunge, groaning.

Micah's hands tightened on the edge of the toilet as he felt Thomas sink into his tight grip, wincing a little at the slight burn. But as Thomas began to rapidly thrust into him, the burn was quickly replaced by a deep ache that shook him all of the way to his toes.

The only sounds in the bathroom were their heavy breathing and the continuous slapping together of flesh as Thomas pounded into him. Micah couldn't believe how expertly Thomas seemed to be thrusting into him, pegging his prostate with every deep plunge.

He was getting so involved in the feelings Thomas was creating in him, he nearly squealed when Thomas suddenly grabbed him and lifted him up, turning him around to face the wall. "Hold on, baby," Thomas directed.

Micah grabbed the side of the stall, feeling Thomas push his pants further down his legs. He distantly heard his shoes drop to the floor, then felt his pants leg slip over his foot. He cried out in protest as Thomas pulled from him, only to groan as Thomas turned him around and lifted him up in his arms.

He knew where Thomas was going with this. Grabbing onto the stall wall above his head, Micah spread his legs as Thomas lifted him back up in his arms, thrusting deeply into him again. He lifted his head to look up at him, gulping past the lump in his throat at the feral look in Thomas's eyes.

"I need to see you when I take you, Micah," Thomas offered in explanation.

Micah still didn't understand the compulsion that kept coming over him to bare his throat to Thomas, but he was too caught up in the mind numbing pleasure Thomas was giving him to care at that point.

Tilting his head to one side, he bared his throat to Thomas, knowing from the answering growl that came from deep within Thomas that he had done the right thing. He cried out, filling the space between them with his release as Thomas sank his canines deep into the soft skin of his neck.

As he rode out his orgasm, Micah could hear the loud continuous growl that started deep within Thomas's throat erupting into a loud roar as Thomas filled him with his seed, thrusting into him one last time, almost violently.

Micah could feel his legs wobble as Thomas slowly lowered them to the floor. He laughed as he reached for some toilet paper to quickly clean himself off, then Thomas, before pulling his jeans back up. He was still chuckling as he pulled his shoes back on a moment later.

“What’s so funny, baby?” Thomas asked as he finished zipping up his jeans.

Micah just shook his head. How could he explain to Thomas that he had never in his life seen himself in a situation where he would be having sex in a rest stop bathroom? If he hadn’t been with Thomas, he would have thought the idea came out of some cheesy porno.

As Micah stood up and squeezed past Thomas to get to the door, Thomas stopped him, pulling his body back against his. “Not going to answer me?” Thomas chuckled into Micah’s ear.

Micah giggled. “Nope.”

Thomas’s voice was filled with amusement as he licked the bite mark on Micah’s neck, making his knees go weak again. “I have ways of making you talk, little one,” Thomas chuckled.

“My lips are sealed,” Micah said as he pushed away from Thomas and unlocked the door.

“Damn, I hope not. I was hoping for a blow job later,” Thomas replied with a deep chuckle before slapping Micah on the ass. “Come on, baby, we still have a lot of road to cover tonight.”

“Just how far are we going?” Micah asked, turning to look back at Thomas over his shoulder as he opened the stall door and walked out.

Before Thomas could answer him, Micah cried out as large hands grabbed him and pulled him away. He was roughly pushed around until he stopped, held between two beefy looking guys. There were two more holding Thomas against the stall door. A fifth guy just kind of stood there looking over at Thomas with disdain.

“Well, well, what do we have here?” the fifth guys asked as he looked from Thomas to Micah. Being the biggest, Micah immediately pegged him as the leader of this band of idiots. He reminded Micah of Johnny.

“Looks like a couple of queers to me, Bret,” one of the guys holding Micah said as he ruffled Micah’s hair. Micah pulled away from him only to feel the man’s hand slap him across the face.

“You don’t want to do that,” Thomas growled.

“Don’t want to do what, butt-boy? You mean play with your little pretty here?” the one that was obviously Bret asked as he walked over to Micah, looking him up and down. The look in his eyes gave Micah the chills. It was pure evil. Micah doubted the man was gay in any way, but he was going to hurt Micah just for the fun of it.

“I’m telling you now, don’t touch him,” Thomas said through gritted teeth as he pulled on the hands holding him back.

Brett turned around to look back at Thomas, sneering at him. “Oh yeah? And just what do you plan to do to stop me?”

Micah, close you eyes and keep them closed until I tell you to open them. Do you understand me? Thomas said.

It took Micah a moment to realize that Thomas was speaking to him in his mind. When he did, he looked over at Thomas in confusion.

Damn it, Micah! Close your eyes! Thomas yelled into his mind again as Bret took a swing at him.

Micah instantly closed his eyes, his heart beating wildly in his chest as he heard a loud inhuman growl. The arms holding him suddenly dropped away as Micah heard someone swearing, and then yelling.

He covered his ears, dropping into a crouch on the floor. It seemed to go on forever, the yelling, the screaming, the sounds of flesh meeting flesh. The suddenly, just as fast as it had started, there was complete silence.

Micah kept his eyes clenched tightly closed, jumping and crying out when he felt someone touch him. He started to pull away, hitting out at the person holding him until he heard Thomas’s voice in his ear.

“Ssshhh, baby, it’s okay. It’s just me. Keep your eyes closed just a little longer.” Thomas picked Micah up in his arms and carried him outside to set him down on the seat of the motorcycle. “Okay, baby, you can open your eyes now.”

Micah shook his head. He didn’t want to open his eyes. He was afraid of what he was going to see. There had been a fight. He knew that from the sounds he had heard. He was afraid that Thomas was either going to be hurt or covered in blood, and he hated the sight of blood.

“Come on, baby, open your eyes. I need to make sure that you’re okay,” Thomas encouraged.

Micah slowly opened his eyes, peering down at Thomas when he saw that he was squatting down in front of him. Micah quickly scanned his features, then his body, looking for signs of injury. Thankfully, there didn’t seem to be any.

“Micah? Are you okay? Did you get hurt?”

Micah shook his head. “No, but what about you?”

“I’m fine, baby,” Thomas said as he stood to his feet, reaching down to haul Micah into his arms.

Micah could feel Thomas deep breathing in the crook of his neck as he wrapped his own arms around Thomas’s waist. He was sure his own heart was pounding just as furiously. He couldn’t remember ever being that scared in his life.

With Johnny, he had at least known it wasn’t going to be too bad. Johnny just roughed him up a bit and went on his way. His father had only hurt him if he got within reach. But these guys, he didn’t know them or what to expect with them. Those were the worst kind.

“Can we go now?” Micah asked as he pressed himself against Thomas’s chest.

“I need you to stay here for just a moment, okay? I dropped my phone in the bathroom and I need to go back and get it,” Thomas replied as he stepped back from Micah.

“No,” Micah cried out, jumping to his feet to grab onto Thomas’s arm. “Let’s just go. You can get another phone.”

Thomas patted Micah’s hand as he pulled it off of his arm. “I’ll be okay, Micah. I’m just going to go in and get my phone. You wait right here.”

“Thomas,” Micah cried out as he walked away. Micah looked around the parking lot, spotting the truck the bully’s must have drove up in. It was the only other vehicle in the area. He looked back towards the restroom just in time to see Thomas walk into the building.

Looking around him again, Micah started getting the chills. He didn’t want to stay out here all by himself, even if it meant going back into the bathroom. At least Thomas would be there with him.

Hurrying as fast as his feet would carry him, Micah rushed towards the restroom. He was just coming around the corner when he heard voices coming from inside the bathroom. He paused, one hand going to his throat in fear as listened to the voices talking. Had the bullies caught Thomas again?

“Hey, Jake, Thomas here. I need a favor.”

Okay, so Thomas seemed okay, but who was he talking to? One of the bullies? It didn’t seem like it. He had to be talking on his cell phone. When Micah heard someone reply, he let out a sigh of relief. The person seemed to know Thomas. Micah could hear every word said, which meant Thomas probably had his cell phone on speaker.

“Hey, Thomas, what can I do for you?”

“I’m approximately thirty miles outside of Bend, some rest area off the main highway,” Thomas replied.

“What the hell are you doing all the way out there? I thought you were heading home?” Jake asked.

“I am, but I ran into a little bit of trouble. I need to know if there’s a clean up crew in the area?”

Clean up crew? What the hell was a clean up crew? Micah wondered as he listened to Thomas and his friend, Jake talking. And what did they need to clean up?

“Did you kill them?” Jake asked after a moment of silence.

“No,” Thomas chuckled, “but they’re going to wish they were dead when they wake up. They’re going to have quite the headache, not to mention a few cuts, bruises, abrasions, and some well placed teeth marks. Let’s just say none of them will be getting laid anytime soon.”

“Shit, Thomas, did they see you?”

“Oh yeah,” Thomas laughed bitterly. “They couldn’t have missed me.”

“Damn it, Thomas! How many times have I told you—”

“Relax, Jake, I had a good reason this time.”

“There’s never a good time to shift. What if someone else saw you? Or took pictures? I can see the headlines now, *Werewolves discovered in Oregon*. Damn it, Thomas, have you lost your mind?”

“No!” Thomas yelled back. “I found my mate!”

“You found your mate? What in the hell does that have to do with you shifting in front of a group of strangers?” Jake asked a moment later in a much quieter voice.

“Because I was defending him, damn it! Is that good enough for you?”

“Oh.”

“That’s all you can say? Oh? Fuck, Jake, I’d at least think you’d be happy for me or something.”

“Well, of course I’m happy for you, Thomas. Finding your mate is a wonderful thing. I just wish you were a little more discreet sometimes. You do have a temper. You know it and I know it.”

“This had nothing to do with my temper, Jake. There were five of them and they jumped us. They were threatening Micah, my new mate. I really had no other choice, I swear it, Jake.”

“Okay, okay, let me think for a minute.”

Micah waited for Thomas to say something but all he heard was silence. He was very confused about everything he was hearing, and a little concerned. What did Jake mean by *shifting*? Into what? A werewolf? *Really*?

“Okay, I think the pack in that area is the Hunter Pack. I’ll give their alpha a call and see what we can do. Just hold on a minute.”

“Fine. Just hurry. Micah’s waiting out in the parking lot for me. I told him I dropped my phone in the bathroom and had to come back to get it. If I’m gone much longer he’s going to get suspicious.”

“Suspicious? Are you saying he doesn’t know?”

“Hell, no, he doesn’t know. Do you think I’m crazy?” Thomas replied vehemently.

“Thomas,” Jake asked quietly, “have you claimed him?”

“Yes, of course I have. I’m not stupid enough to let him get away from me now that I’ve found him. Damn, Jake, you should see him, he’s the sexiest damn thing I’ve ever seen. He has the most beautiful arctic blue eyes and the sweetest—“

“Okay,” Jake laughed, “I get the picture. I don’t need the details. I’m sure I’ll meet him when you bring him home. Now hold on while I call the alpha of the Hunter Pack so you can get back to your mate.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Thomas replied.

Micah could picture Thomas in his head rolling his eyes. He wanted to laugh but he was still trying to figure out what in the hell Thomas and his friend, Jake, were talking about. There was something going on and he was pretty sure that it concerned him. He just had to find out what it was.

As Jake began talking again, Micah sat down on the bench outside the restroom door, waiting to hear what he had to say.

“Okay, I’ve talked to the alpha. His name is Caleb Hunter. He said that he knows the rest stop where you’re at and he’ll have a clean up crew there in twenty minutes. In the meantime, he wants you to make sure that the soon to be drunk drivers are restrained. Oh, and don’t be surprised if he pulls up in a police car. He’s the local sheriff.”

“Well, that helps, doesn’t it?” Thomas chuckled.

“Well, it certainly doesn’t hurt. I also think you might want to use this time to explain a few things to your new mate. He might not understand what’s going on and it’s not like we can hide some of this shit from him.”

“No, I don’t want to explain this to him until I get him back to the ranch. It’s not like I’m going to be telling him I like to paint my toenails pink, Jake. This is far weirder than that.”

“You do like to paint your toenails pink, Thomas, so what? If he’s truly your mate, do you think that is going to matter to him?”

“No, but it’ll matter when I tell him I want to paint his toenails.”

“And you don’t think he’ll be just a little more upset when you tell him you’re a shapeshifting werewolf that’s just mated him for life? Thomas, you have to tell him before he finds out some other way.”

“What if he’s afraid of me, Jake? What if he decides he doesn’t want anything to do with me after I tell him?” Thomas sounded apprehensive.

“That’s a chance you’re going to have to take, Thomas. It’s a chance we all take when we find human mates. You remember what it was like when I thought Leyland was a human. I was positive I would lose him the minute I told him.”

“Easy for you to say. Leyland is a werewolf. Micah isn’t. Nothing about him smells different. He’s all human, Jake.”

The way he said it, Micah began to wonder if that was a bad thing. Thomas certainly didn’t seem to like it. The way he said it made Micah feel uncomfortable, like there was something lacking in him because he wasn’t a—werewolf?

The more he thought about this whole situation, the angrier he became. How dare Thomas lie to him. He hadn’t even had the decency to tell him all of this before having sex with him.

As the thought of all he had done with Thomas filtered through his mind, Micah suddenly remembered the bite mark on his shoulder.

His hand moving up to rub at the bite, he wondered if he was going to turn into a werewolf now. Was that even how it worked?

Damn Thomas for lying to him! Micah thought as he clenched his fists together in his lap. How could he do this to him? Thomas wasn't any better than any of the people that seemed to enjoy picking on him. Just because he was small didn't mean that he didn't have a right to make his own choices in life.

If he was to believe what Thomas was saying, they were somehow bound together. Thomas had never given him a choice, though. Micah didn't know what made him angrier. The fact that Thomas was a werewolf, or the fact that he had lied to Micah.

On the other hand, Micah couldn't figure out why he suddenly believed in werewolves either. They were the things from fairytales. If Thomas had lied to him about everything else, why did he believe that bit of information? It just didn't make sense. He'd have to try and figure that out, but later, much later. Right now, he had a little ass chewing to do over Thomas lying to him.

The longer he sat there, the more pissed off Micah became. By the time he heard Thomas start to end his conversation with his friend, Jake, he was ready to rip Thomas a new one. How dare Thomas lie to him!

"Yeah, Jake, I hear you. I just don't know how's he's going to react. It's not every day you tell someone that werewolves actually exist. It's not exactly the easiest thing to explain to someone, you know?" Thomas said as he walked out of the restroom.

He came to a screeching halt when he spotted Micah sitting on the bench outside, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes glaring up at him.

"Something you forgot to tell me?" Micah asked.

"Uh, I've got to go, Jake. I'll call you later," Thomas said as he quickly shut his phone and started towards his mate. "Micah—"

"You lied to me," Micah spit out as he jumped to his feet, placing his hands on his hips.

“Micah, whatever you think you heard—“

“Is everything out of your mouth a lie, Thomas? Can’t you just once tell me the truth or is that too hard for you?” Micah shouted. “From the very beginning, you’ve done nothing but lie to me!”

“Now, Micah—” Thomas began, holding up his hands as he tried to placate him.

“Don’t you now Micah me, you—you fur ball! You lied to me!”

Thomas stared at Micah in shock. Had he just called him a fur ball? The longer Thomas watched Micah, the more confused he became. Micah seemed to be taking the whole werewolf thing rather easily. He just seemed to be mad that Thomas had lied to him. Right?

“Micah, are you angry with me because I didn’t tell you that I was a shapeshifter or because I’m actually a shapeshifter?” Thomas asked curiously.

“You lied to me, Thomas. How am I to trust anything that comes out of your mouth now?”

Thomas raised his eyebrow in query. “It doesn’t bother you that I can shift into a wolf?”

Micah glared at Thomas, rolling his eyes. “Haven’t you been listening to anything I’ve said? You lied to me, Thomas!”

Thomas couldn’t help chuckling as he tried to wrap his arms around Micah. But Micah seemed to want none of it. He kept trying to push Thomas away until Thomas finally had to push his body against the wall and cover him with his own.

Grabbing the sides of his face with his hands, Thomas held his head still, covering Micah’s mouth with his own to shut him up. He groaned deeply as Micah melted into his kiss, his hands coming up to grip his shirt.

Lifting his head finally, Thomas stared down into Micah’s beautiful blue eyes. “You don’t mind that I’m a werewolf?” he whispered.

“No, should I? I mean, yeah, it’s weird, but so was my uncle Mike.”

“Micah, I just told you that I’m a werewolf. I can change into a furry four-legged animal with a tail and pointed ears. That doesn’t bother you?”

“Are you house broken?”

Thomas had been ready to fight any argument that Micah came up with—except that one. He couldn’t do anything else but stare at Micah in shock and surprise. Was he house broken? What was he? A dog?

Oh, yeah—right. Thomas started to chuckle, laughing until it turned into a full belly laugh as he pulled Micah’s body against his, burying his face in Micah’s hair. “I’m sorry for lying to you, baby. I had to. You can’t just come out and tell someone that you’re a shapeshifter. It’s not exactly something you discuss on a first date, you know?”

“We never had a first date, or a second one. We’ve never even had a date. We just went straight from hello to bed. And now I find out you’re werewolf? What else have you lied to me about?” Micah asked as he lifted his head from Thomas’s chest and tilted it back to look up at him.

“Not much, I promise, baby.”

“Well, don’t you think you should fill me in before your clean up crew arrives?”

“Boy, you did hear the whole conversation didn’t you?” Thomas asked in surprise.

Micah shrugged, not the least bit embarrassed that he had been caught eavesdropping. He had absolutely no guilt feelings about it considering what he had heard. He still wanted to know why Thomas had lied to him. His explanation, while making pretty good sense, didn’t sit well enough with Micah.

Micah pushed himself away from Thomas and stepped over to sit down on the bench, crossing his arms over his chest as he stared up at Thomas again. “You still haven’t answered my question, Thomas.”

“Yes, I’m housebroken,” Thomas chuckled as he sat down next to Micah.

“Thomas!” Micah started to growl.

Thomas reached over and patted Micah on the leg. “Okay, baby, calm down. I’ll tell you whatever I can, but can we go sit over at one of the picnic tables? Those guys are still tied up inside and I don’t want them eavesdropping on our conversation. It’s going to be hard enough convincing them they didn’t see what they really saw without them hearing me tell you about it.”

“They’re really still alive?” Micah asked as he stood up and followed Thomas over to one of the wooden picnic tables.

“Yes. Oh, I wanted to take them out of the picture, but it’s important that we hide ourselves from normal society as much as possible. If people knew we were here, what do you think would happen? And if there was one of us—”

“There’s sure to be more,” Micah finished.

Thomas nodded his head.

“Okay, so I get that, but what does that have to do with me? If what you were saying is true and I’m—what was it your friend called it?”

“My mate.” Thomas smiled.

“What exactly does that mean?”

“Uh, well—”

“If you lie to me, I’m gone, Thomas,” Micah stated simply.

Thomas stared across the small picnic table at Micah, wondering if he really would leave if he thought Thomas was lying. After several moments, he nodded his head. He could tell from the look in Micah’s eyes that he would.

“Do you know anything about wolves? I mean regular *in the wild* wolves?”

Micah seemed to think about it for a moment before shaking his head. “Not really. Why?”

“Wolves in the wild mate for life. When one wolf finds the other one that they are meant to mate with, that’s it. No more flinging around from wolf to wolf. It’s just the two of them for life. Werewolves are pretty much the same. When we find our mate, we mate for life.”

“And you think that I’m your mate?” Micah asked in surprise.

Thomas reached over and lifted his head up, looking deep into his arctic blue eyes. “You are my mate, Micah. Nothing will ever change that.”

“So, what’s this mean then?”

“Well,” Thomas said, reaching down to hold Micah’s hands in his, “in the eyes of my people, we’re as good as married. Being mated is very sacred to us. That little bite I gave you on your shoulder? That was my claiming you. It’s like our version of a wedding ring.”

“So, you’re telling me that we’re married now? And you did this without telling me? Without asking me? What if I have someone else that I care about? What if I have a family? I could be in love with someone else. Did you ever think of that?”

Micah sat back quickly when Thomas growled through his teeth. “Who? You belong to me now and I’ll fight anyone that tries to take you from me.”

“Thomas, it’s not up to you. Just because you feel we should be together doesn’t mean that I do. Don’t you understand that? As far as I am concerned, we had sex, nothing more. We don’t have a relationship, and we certainly don’t have a marriage. I’m human, remember? I don’t follow the same rules that you do.”

“You’re pack now,” Thomas growled. “Our rules apply to you just as much as they do me. Any werewolf that meets you will know that I’ve claimed you and that you belong to me now.”

“Does—does that mean I’m going to change into a werewolf?” Micah asked hesitantly.

Thomas shook his head. “No, you’re either born a wolf or you’re not. You can’t be changed into one. That only happens in fairytales. Is

that what has you so upset? Are you worried that you're going to become a werewolf now?"

"You really must have cotton in your ears. I'm upset because you lied to me, Thomas, and took my choices away from me. You don't have that right. I am not a pet. I'm a living breathing human being. I have rights just like you do. While you may know your mate from the get go, I do not. I have the right to decide if I want to be with you or not."

"You don't want to be with me?" Thomas asked quietly.

* * * *

Micah rubbed his hands over his face before looking over at Thomas again. He really was not getting this at all. Micah was not trying to say he didn't want to be with Thomas. In fact, the idea of spending the rest of his life with him was a dream come true.

He just wanted Thomas to understand that lying was not okay, especially if he had any hope of having a relationship together. You just don't lie to the most important person in your life, unless that wasn't how Thomas saw Micah's role as his mate.

Could that be it? Could Thomas not understand what he had done was wrong because he didn't care that much about him? Maybe he just wanted a mate and he didn't care who it was. The more Micah thought about it, the more sense that made.

Thomas didn't know him or anything about him. He doubted Thomas even knew his last name. He didn't know anything about him beyond what they had done in bed. He didn't seem to be in any real hurry to find out either.

That explained a lot of Thomas's behavior, which saddened Micah. He got to his feet and started towards the soda machines in one of the little covered areas. He stared down at his hands as he wondered how he had gotten himself into this mess. Oh yeah, his libido. Figures.

“Micah, you didn’t answer my question,” Thomas called out as Micah walked away but Micah just ignored him, walking to the soda machine and putting in some change. He pushed the button and waited for his soda to drop into the tray.

As he bent over to retrieve it, he cast a glance over at Thomas. He was still sitting at the table, but he seemed to be staring down at his hands, twisting them around. He looked dejected, even his shoulders were slightly slumped.

Micah watched him as he walked back to the table, setting the soda in front of Thomas before sitting down again. He took a deep breath, watching as Thomas took a drink of the soda before he began to speak.

“Look, Thomas. I never said I didn’t want to be with you. I do, but I can’t be with someone that lies to me. That’s what I’ve been trying to explain to you.” Micah shook his head, looking down at the hands a few inches from his, reaching over to grab them before looking back up at Thomas. “You didn’t ask me what I wanted. Just because you want something doesn’t mean that I do! Do you understand?”

Thomas was silent as he gazed down at their entwined hands. Micah was afraid that he wasn’t going to say anything. He was just about to pull his hands away when Thomas looked back up at him.

“Would you have been with me if I had told you the truth?”

“Hell, yes! Do I look stupid to you? You’re the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. I would have jumped at the chance.”

“Even though I’m a werewolf?”

“Okay, it is a little weird, I think I already said that, but we all have our idiosyncrasies. Yours just seem to be a little stranger than most. So what? It still doesn’t change the fact that you lied to me.”

“And if I promised never to lie to you again? If I told you how sorry I was that I lied to you to begin with? Does that change anything?” Thomas asked hesitantly.

Micah nodded. “It changes a lot, Thomas. If what you say is true, in your world, and we’re mates, then we’re a team, partners. We’re equals. That means we don’t lie to each other, ever! It’s supposed to be you and me against the world, not you, then me, then the world. Do you get that?”

“I kind of like that. You and me against the world,” Thomas said, giving Micah’s hand a squeeze.

“I do too, but we can’t be that way if you don’t tell me the truth and take my choices away from me. How can I learn to trust you if you do that?” Micah added.

“So, if I’m not supposed to lie to you, I guess that I should tell you the rest of it, huh?” Thomas asked.

“That would be a start, Thomas.”

Chapter 4

Thomas stared over at Micah sitting on his bike as he talked with the member of the Hunter Pack that had arrived to help clean up the mess he had made. He wished that he had more time to explain things to Micah before they had arrived, but he hadn't.

He just hoped that Micah stuck around long enough for him to explain everything to him. He knew that Micah was still upset with him. He could see it in the stiffness of his posture. But he wasn't running screaming down the road. That was something.

Thomas was still a little stunned that his being a werewolf didn't freak Micah out. He almost chuckled when he remembered Micah asking if he was house broken. Somehow, that just seemed like something Micah would ask.

As much as he didn't want to be untruthful with Micah, though, he hoped he understood why he had. It wasn't something he had wanted to do but keeping their society secret was what kept them alive.

Of course, he had claimed Micah without his knowledge. Unfortunately, Micah was right about that. He didn't know if he would change that if he could. There was too much possibility that Micah would deny him. There still was.

“So, what exactly did they do that set you off?”

Thomas turned his head to look over at one of the men that had arrived to help him deal with the bullies. His name was Ryce Hunter. The alpha, and local sheriff, had called to say he was running a few minutes behind, but he was sending his beta on ahead to deal with the situation until he got there.

“They attacked my mate.” That pretty much said it all right there. Every mated and unmated wolf would understand what he had done.

Ryce nodded his head. “Just lucky you didn’t kill them.”

“I wanted to, but I figured teaching them a lesson in manners was better,” Thomas replied.

“Alright, let’s go in and see how bad the damage is. We’ve had trouble with these boys before, a bunch of hooligans really. I’m thinking maybe a little drunk driving accident might explain their injuries and hallucinations, don’t you?”

“Hallucinations?” Thomas asked curiously.

“You don’t think a bunch of drunk guys saying that a werewolf attacked them aren’t hallucinating?” Ryce chuckled as he walked into the restroom. He looked around at the five guys tied up on the floor, looking over at Thomas in surprise when he saw their unique injuries.

“Did you have to bite them in the groin? It might be a little hard to explain how they all got injured in the same area.”

“They were threatening to hurt my *pretty*, as he put it,” Thomas said as he pointed to the leader of the little group. “I thought it was appropriate at the time.”

Thomas was just about to add to his comments when he heard Micah scream. He turned and ran out of the door as fast as he could, Ryce fast on his heels. He had pictures of another band of bullies hurting Micah while he wasn’t in sight. He should have made Micah come with him where he would be safe.

His heart pounded until he came running around the corner, almost stumbling when he saw a man holding onto Micah. Micah was staring up the man with a look of complete horror on his face as he fought to get away from him.

Thomas didn’t even stop his stride as he ran towards Micah, ripping him away from the man that held him and placing himself between them, growling up at the man. He was momentarily stunned that he was growling *up* at the man, who seemed to be a couple of inches taller than his six foot four.

“Mine,” Thomas growled, baring his teeth as his hands dropped into claws.

“Mine,” the man replied, “my mate and I claimed him. He belongs to me.”

“Shit!” said a voice beside him.

Thomas saw Ryce out of the corner of his eye watching the exchange between him and the man in front of him. He was looking between the two of them like they had both lost their minds. Behind him, he could hear Micah’s terrified breathing.

“He is *my* mate,” Thomas growled.

“Impossible. I just claimed him,” the man replied, his growl just as fierce.

Thomas stared at the tall man for several moments, trying to decide if he should believe him when he suddenly felt Micah press up behind him. Thomas could feel him trembling through the tight clench he had on his waist.

“Thomas, can we go now? I just want to go.”

Thomas turned sideways to wrap his arm around Micah, careful to keep the taller man in his eyesight. “Ssshhh, baby, it’s going to be okay.”

As he pulled Micah against him, the scent of the other man floated up to his nose. Thomas sniffed, looking down to see teeth marks in Micah’s neck, small trails of blood dripping off his shoulder.

Fuck, the other man *had* claimed Micah. Thomas closed his eyes briefly as he buried his face in Micah’s hair. How was he supposed to explain this to his little mate? He hadn’t even gotten to the other stuff yet.

“Please, Thomas? I just want to go,” Micah said when Thomas didn’t say anything.

“Not yet, baby. We’ll go soon, though,” Thomas replied as he opened his eyes again.

“You’re not taking my mate anywhere,” the man next to them growled, reaching for Micah. Thomas growled again, pulling Micah away from him.

“Keep your hands off of him. If he wanted to go with you, he wouldn’t be asking to leave.”

“He doesn’t have a choice. He’s my mate and I’ve claimed him. He goes with me,” the man replied.

Micah finally raised his head to stare over at the man. “You’re out of your fucking mind if you think I’m going anywhere with you!”

“You’re my mate! You will go where I tell you to go,” the man yelled.

Micah let go of Thomas to glare at the man, his hands on his hips. “What is it with you people? You think just because you throw the word *mate* around that you can do what you want with me? Think again, asshole.”

Thomas felt like applauding as Micah turned on his heels and stalked off to go sit down at one of the picnic tables. But he had other things to tend to, like finding out who this man was that was trying to claim his mate.

Thomas turned to look back at the man. “Who are you?”

“My name is Caleb Hunter. I am the alpha of Hunter Pack. Who are you?”

Shit! That was going to make things just a little more complicated. “My name is Thomas James. I come from Wolfrik Pack. I believe my alpha, Jake McAlester, called you?”

“He did.”

Thomas watched Caleb’s eyes move past him to Micah. He wondered if he had the same desperate look in his eyes when he had claimed Micah. He felt a little saddened for the man, as much as he did for himself. They both had a long road ahead of them where Micah was concerned.

“Look, Alpha Hunter, Micah is—”

“Micah? Is that his name?” Caleb asked, turning his eyes to rest on Thomas.

“Yes, his name is Micah. Look, Alpha Hunter, he—” Thomas began again only to be interrupted a second time by the alpha.

“I think you’d better call me Caleb, don’t you?”

Thomas smirked. “Okay, Caleb, then. Look, about Micah, he is my mate. I claimed him two days ago. I understand that you think he’s your mate but—”

“He is my mate. Do you think I wouldn’t know my mate when I saw him?” Caleb asked.

“Micah just isn’t going to understand this,” Thomas said after a minute, looking over at Caleb. “I sure hope you have a silver tongue in your mouth because you and I have a lot of explaining to do. Micah is still pissed at me for claiming him without asking first and now you’ve gone and done it, too. That is not a happy man.”

“What’s there to understand? He’s my mate and I’ve claimed him. It’s as simple as that,” Caleb replied.

“You’ve never dealt with Micah before,” Thomas chuckled.

“I’m the alpha of Hunter Pack.”

“He won’t care.”

* * * *

Micah ran his hand through his white blond curls as he watched Thomas and the two other men talking. His other hand went to his neck to rub against the new bite mark he had. He couldn’t believe he now had two bite marks in his neck, neither of them given with his permission.

What was it with people that thought that they could do what they wanted to him without any consequences? Micah felt like he had a tattoo on his forehead that said *abuse me and I’m yours*.

First it was his father, then Johnny and his goons. Now it was Thomas and that man. Why wasn’t there someone somewhere that

asked before they took something from him? Micah was much more willing to give something if they would just ask first!

Micah was just about at his wit's end. He couldn't take this anymore. Even the fantasy of being with Thomas was paling in the light of everything that was being done to him. It just didn't seem worth it.

Standing to his feet, Micah walked over to Thomas's motorcycle. He could feel the eyes of all three men staring at him. Opening the saddlebags on the motorcycle, Micah pulled out his backpack of stuff he had brought from his house.

He turned to look over at Thomas and the taller man for a moment, feeling a small amount of regret, then turned and walked away, heading towards the road. He didn't care if he had to hike all of the way back home. He was leaving.

"Micah?" Thomas called out. "Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Home is a long ways off, Micah. Wouldn't you rather wait until we can go together?"

"No!"

"Don't you want to know more about what we were talking about?"

"No!"

"I thought you said we were a team, Micah."

"Let the big guy bite you on the neck, then you can be a team with him. I'm done."

Micah could hear Thomas arguing with someone as he walked away. The further he got away from Thomas's voice, the slower his steps became. By the time he got to the end of the rest stop driveway, his heart felt so heavy he had to sit down on the side of the road.

Finding a small spot of grass, Micah sat down. He drew his knees up to his chest and rested his head in his hands, elbows on his knees. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes at the very thought of leaving Thomas.

He didn't want to. He liked Thomas a lot. Even though Thomas had lied to him, and before the others had arrived, Micah had thought that maybe they had a chance at something meaningful.

Then this new guy arrived. He was hot. Micah would give him that. Next to Thomas, he was probably the sexiest man Micah had ever seen. That still didn't mean he wanted to be under his thumb.

"Micah?"

Micah lifted his head to see Thomas standing next to him. He didn't say anything as Thomas sat down beside him, his arms wrapping around his knees as he looked out over the countryside they were sitting in.

"I never got the time to tell you about my family," Thomas began.

Micah looked over at him curiously, wondering why Thomas had chosen this time to tell him about his family.

"In every pack, or family, there's a leader, an alpha. My alpha is Jake. He took me in when my own pack wouldn't have me because I preferred men over women. They just tossed me right out with nowhere to go."

"Because you're gay?"

"Yep. Being gay in the werewolf world is not necessarily a good thing. If you don't mate with a female, you can't produce cubs. No cubs means the pack doesn't grow. Jake had a few other members in his pack and they all took me in."

"And they don't care that you're gay?"

"Nope," Thomas said as he shook his head.

"Sounds like a good family," Micah replied enviously.

"They are. Jake, my alpha, is mated to my beta, Lucas. The beta is second in charge, kind of like the vice president of our pack."

"Jake would be the president?"

"Yep. Jake is also mated to Leyland, who is our omega."

"Jake has two mates?" Micah asked in astonishment. "Three men?"

Thomas nodded again. "They are all mated to each other."

“Are they happy together?”

“Very. I don’t think I’ve ever seen three happier people in my life. When they were first together, though, they had a lot of problems. Because of these problems, Leyland almost died. I think they appreciate what they have even more due to that.”

“What’s an omega?” Micah asked.

“Omega’s are like diplomats. Jake has a pretty big temper. Not that he would hurt any of us or anything, because he wouldn’t. I’d say he has a short temper. Leyland can calm him down with just a touch or a look.”

“Oh.”

“Leyland is small, like you. But he doesn’t take any shit from Jake either. Just like you won’t take any shit from me. Leyland gets right in Jake’s face and tells him off all of the time. Of course, most of the time, Leyland is curled up in his lap, or Lucas’s lap. It’s not often that you find one of them alone.”

“Sounds nice.” Micah meant it, too. It would be nice to have the opportunity to curl up with Thomas whenever he wanted to. He had been alone so long, he wondered what it would be like to have someone around all of the time. He probably wouldn’t know what to do.

“About this guy, Micah—” Thomas began.

“The asshole that bit me, you mean?”

“Yeah, him,” Thomas chuckled. “His name is Caleb Hunter. The reason he just assumed you would do what he said is because he is the alpha of his pack. He’s used to being in charge. People just do what he says because he’s the leader of his pack.”

“I’m not a member of his pack,” Micah reminded Thomas.

“Micah—“

“Am I? Did I somehow just become a member of his pack because he bit me?” Micah asked suddenly when he heard the strange tone in Thomas’s voice.

Thomas just nodded his head. “Yeah, baby. He was correct about mating you.”

“I thought I was mated to you?”

“You are, baby, but you’re mated to Caleb now, too.”

Micah stared at Thomas for just a second then jumped to his feet to start pacing in front of him. He mumbled to himself as he strode back and forth. This was unreal. He was now mated to Thomas *and* Caleb?

Micah stopped pacing to glare down at Thomas. “You’re out of your ever loving mind.”

“Micah—”

“Don’t you Micah me, fur ball. You started this when you claimed me without my permission. I was just getting used to you and now I have to deal with him, too?” Micah asked as he pointed to where Caleb was leaning up against his car, his eyes trained on Micah.

“Would that be so bad, Micah?” Thomas asked so quietly that Micah turned to look at him. He looked sad, and a little apprehensive. Micah suddenly thought about how hard this was for Thomas and his heart hurt for him.

He took the few steps between them and sat down between Thomas’s legs, leaning into his body. He felt Thomas’s arms come around him, holding him closer. He could see Caleb staring intently at the two of them from across the parking lot.

“So, its me and you and him against the world?”

“If you want it to be,” Thomas replied.

“And if I don’t?”

“Then I’ll let you go, Micah,” Thomas replied after a moment of silence.

Micah looked up at Thomas’s face when he heard the little catch in his voice, stunned by the tears he could see in his eyes. “I don’t want to go, Thomas,” Micah replied as he reached up and caressed the side of Thomas’s face.

He was rewarded by a huge smile on Thomas's face. "I don't want you to go either, baby," Thomas said just before he lowered his lips to Micah's for a small kiss. It wasn't a passionate kiss, but one filled with promise and hope. It was perfect.

Micah looked back over at Caleb once Thomas lifted his head. He could see Caleb's glare even from here. "Is he always going to be like that?"

"Like what?" Thomas asked as he turned to look at Caleb.

"He's upset. I can feel it from here."

"I imagine this is as hard for him as it is for you or me. Now that he's found you, not only does he have to share you, but you pretty much haven't wanted to have anything to do with him. I imagine he's feeling pretty rejected right now."

"I don't mean to make him feel bad."

"Oh, I know that, baby, but he doesn't. He's never spent any time with you or even held you in his arms like I have. He doesn't know how special you really are."

"You think I'm special?" Micah asked in surprise as he looked up at Thomas.

"Oh yeah, you're very special, Micah."

"Why?" Micah asked in confusion. No one had ever considered him special, except maybe his mother and she had been gone for a long time, leaving him behind when she left.

"There are a hundred different reasons, baby."

"Tell me one," Micah demanded.

"When I hold you, like I am now, I know that everything is right in the world. You make me feel calm and peaceful. Werewolves are pretty aggressive, Micah. We fight a lot, challenge each other a lot. But when I hold you, all I can think about is curling under a blanket with you in front of a roaring fire or watching the sun come up with you in my arms. Does that make sense?"

Micah chuckled. No, it didn't make sense but he loved it anyway. "So, basically, I'm your own personal omega?"

Thomas chuckled. "Yeah, I guess you are."

Micah looked back over to where Caleb was standing. He was still glaring over at them but the closer he looked, he could see the barely contained aggression in the tenseness of his shoulders, the sad look in his eyes. Maybe Thomas was right. Maybe Caleb was feeling rejected.

"Do I have to sleep with him?"

"Not if you don't want to," Thomas replied.

"Will you be with me when it happens?"

"You want me to be there when...when he takes you to bed?"

Thomas asked in disbelief.

"I don't know him. I know you. So, yes, I'd like you to be there."

"And if I were with him, too? How would you feel about that?" he asked hesitantly.

Micah thought about it. He had actually been thinking about it for the last couple of minutes. It would be hot to see Thomas and Caleb together. They were both so dominant, though. He wondered if they could actually give in to each other.

"Micah?"

Micah realized that his fantasizing had distracted him from answering Thomas. Looking up at him, Micah grinned. "That would be really hot!"

"Seriously?"

"Oh yeah. You both are so gorgeous, seeing the two of you together would be really something. Just don't forget about me."

"Never going to happen, baby," Thomas replied as he cuddled Micah closer to his chest.

"Thomas?"

"Yeah, baby?"

"You know this isn't going to be easy, don't you? I don't know anything about the pecking order of werewolves and frankly, I don't much care. I'm not going to do something just because someone tells me to."

“I know, baby. I’ll try to fill you in as much as I can and let you make your own decisions, but there are going to be times that you have to do what one of us says for your own safety. Do you understand that?”

“My own safety? Why?” Micah asked in confusion.

“Honey, you’re the mate of the alpha now. There are going to be people out there that might try to hurt you because of who he is. There is also a *pecking order* within the pack. As the mate of the alpha, you’ll be at the top, part of the inner circle, so you should be pretty safe there but—”

“What about you? You’ll be part of the inner circle too, won’t you? You’re still my mate, right?” Micah asked quickly. He was suddenly worried that something was going to happen to Thomas.

“I’ll always be your mate, Micah. Nothing can change that,” Thomas assured him.

“Oh Thomas, I’m sorry. I never meant for any of this to happen,” Micah cried out.

“I’m not. You’re worth anything I have to go through.”

Micah stared up at Thomas in wonder. “You really mean that, don’t you?”

“Yeah, baby, I do,” Thomas said as he smiled down at Micah.

Micah gazed up into Thomas’s eyes for several more moments before patting him on the cheek. “Come on, fur ball, let’s go let Caleb know he has two new pack members.”

* * * *

Caleb leaned up against his sheriff’s truck, glaring across the parking lot at his mate sitting in the arms of another man. It was all he could do not to walk over and rip Micah out of Thomas’s grasp.

Micah was his. He understood that he had to share Micah with Thomas. Thomas had already claimed him. But he was the alpha. Micah should be with him not sitting in the arms of someone else.

It wasn't that he thought he was any better than anyone else. He was the alpha and that meant that it was his duty to care for his pack members, all of them. But his mate was supposed to be for him, to be his solace when being the alpha became too much.

Micah wouldn't even speak to him beyond yelling at him. If what Thomas said was true and he had claimed Micah two days ago, Caleb had no doubt that he had tasted the sweetness that Micah's body had to offer. Caleb wanted that. He wanted to be the one holding Micah.

Just looking at Micah made him want to find a quiet place to explore every inch of his delicate little body. He was beyond beautiful, much more than anything he had ever hoped to have. Caleb wondered if he would ever be lucky enough to actually claim him.

Micah didn't seem to want to have anything to do with him. Caleb knew that was his fault. He had been so stunned when he had pulled up and discovered Micah that he had attacked him, claiming him before Micah could even protest.

He hadn't meant to scare him or claim him without asking, as Micah had put it. He had just been so shocked that he hadn't wanted Micah to get away before he could claim him so he had just walked right up to him and bit him. Clearly, he had lost his mind, just as Micah said.

If he could go back and do it again, he couldn't necessarily say he would do it any differently. He wanted Micah and had to stake his claim. But he could have been a little gentler with him. He didn't want Micah to be afraid of him, but after all of this time as the alpha of his pack, he wasn't sure he knew how to be gentle, which was what Micah seemed to need.

Seeing Micah and Thomas get to their feet, Caleb stood up straighter. He was prepared to have to run after Micah and make him come back, so he was surprised when Micah started walking in his direction.

"He's very cute, Caleb."

Caleb turned his head to see Ryce standing next to him watching Micah and Thomas walk across the parking lot. “Yeah, so?”

“You don’t think he’s a little too fragile to be the mate of the alpha? A lot of people have been trying to get together with you so that they can be the alpha’s mate. They’re not going to be real happy when you bring a human home.”

“He’s my mate. If they touch a hair on his head, they’re dead,” Caleb said simply. But he knew Ryce was right. Micah was fragile compared to the rest of the pack. Just being his mate would put his life in danger. He was going to have to devise some plan to keep him safe. But what?

“Caleb,” Micah said as he walked up to stand in front of him. Micah had to tilt his head back quite a ways just to look up at him. “God, you’re tall.”

“Is that a problem?”

“No, not really. It will just take some getting used to.”

Did that mean Micah was planning sticking around? It sure sounded like it. Caleb couldn’t help smiling at the thought. “I could always get down on my knees,” he chuckled, receiving a strange look from Ryce. He knew he deserved it. He didn’t laugh often, but he couldn’t seem to help it in the face of Micah’s astonished look.

“I don’t think that would help. I’m pretty sure you’d still be taller than me,” Micah replied before turning to look briefly at Thomas.

Caleb watched Thomas smile and nod at Micah before Micah turned back to face him. He wondered what Thomas was telling him, what they had been talking about for so long. He also wondered if it was a good thing or not.

“Look, Caleb, we need to talk,” Micah said.

“So, talk,” Caleb replied.

“Privately?”

Caleb looked over at Ryce briefly, nodding his head before looking at Thomas. Thomas smirked, then turned to join Ryce as they

both walked away. He then looked back down at Micah, an eyebrow raised in query. “Well?”

Micah rolled his eyes. “Do you think we could go sit down or something? My neck is already sore, thanks to you, I might add. I don’t want to stress it out any more than it already is.”

Caleb stared at Micah in surprise. He couldn’t remember the last time someone had chastised him, which was exactly what Micah was doing. Maybe he needed to point out to him who was the alpha and who was not.

“Micah, you do realize that I am the alpha of Hunter Pack, don’t you?”

“I’m happy for you. Now, can we go sit down?”

Caleb could only stare at Micah in shock. Thomas had been correct. His being the alpha of his own pack meant nothing to Micah. He could have cared less. That was a totally alien experience for Caleb. Everyone deferred to the alpha, everyone except his little mate.

“Fine, let’s go talk,” Caleb said as he gestured towards the picnic table. As Micah walked in front of him, Caleb couldn’t help admiring the nice round curve of his ass. He couldn’t wait to get his hands on Micah’s ass and his cock in him.

Just the thought had Caleb adjusting himself before he quickly sat down, hoping Micah didn’t notice the sudden intense bulge in his pants.

“What is that smell?” Micah asked absently as he sat down.

“What smell?” Caleb asked in confusion.

Micah shook his head. “I can’t quite put my finger on it but it smells like—never mind, I must be losing my mind.”

Caleb suddenly wondered if Micah could smell his arousal. But that would be impossible. Micah was human not a werewolf. Only werewolves could smell the arousal of another werewolf.

“Look, Caleb, Thomas explained to me about you being my mate and all. But—”

“I am your mate!” Caleb growled.

“Only if I say you are,” Micah countered.

“You are my mate. I claimed you, Micah.”

“But only if I agree to it, Caleb.”

“Micah—”

“You need to get this through your head right now. I don’t care if you’re the pack alpha. I don’t care if you’re the leader of your people. I wouldn’t even care if you were the president of the United States. I don’t have to do anything you say unless I want to.”

“Micah—”

“This isn’t getting us anywhere,” Micah said as he ran his hand through his hair in agitation. “Maybe this is just a bad idea. I don’t know how I’m ever going to get you to understand that you have no rights where I’m concerned unless I give them to you.”

Caleb watched Micah, understanding his frustration. He was feeling much the same way. Micah wanted him to admit that he had no rights to him unless he gave his permission and he wanted Micah to admit that he was mated. It was a catch-22 for both of them.

“I’d be willing to admit that you have certain say in your life if you will admit that you are my mate,” Caleb said after a moment.

Micah raised his head to look up at Caleb in surprise. “Fair enough. I admit that I’m your mate, but I am also Thomas’s mate.”

“I know.”

“You don’t sound too happy about it.”

“Truthfully, I’m not. I don’t want to share you, but I’ve been around long enough to know that there’s a reason fate decided you needed two mates. I won’t put up a fight about that. As for the rest of it—”

“The rest of it is non negotiable. You and Thomas have both decided things for me without my permission. I’m not one of you, therefore, your rules do not apply to me. Just because you’ve decided that I belong to you doesn’t mean I agree.”

“You just said—” Caleb said quickly.

“Yes, I did. Thomas has explained things to me enough to know that you have both mated with me. In your world, that is as good as married. That doesn’t mean I’m going to follow blindly behind you like some pet.”

“Micah, I don’t see you as a pet. What would ever give you that idea?” Caleb asked.

“Child then? You take without asking. You demand without asking. I understand that as the mate of the alpha, there will be times that I have to do what you say for my own safety. Thomas explained that to me. That doesn’t mean all of the time, however.”

Caleb was a little astonished that Thomas had been so forthcoming with information. Not that things shouldn’t be explained to Micah, but because he seemed to be putting in a good word for Caleb, the man he had to share his mate with. He didn’t know if he could be that giving if the situations were reversed.

“So, if I asked you if you would agree to be my mate, what would you say?” Caleb asked after a moment.

“I’d say we need to get to know each other better. Besides your name and the fact that you’re the alpha of your pack, I know nothing about you. If we’re going to be mates, we need to know a lot more about each other. Don’t you think?”

Okay, so Micah was agreeing to be his mate. That solved one problem for him. Now he just had to get through the rest of them. And the list seemed to be getting longer and longer every time Micah opened his mouth.

“I can try, Micah, that’s all I can promise.”

Micah nodded, then looked at Caleb, a little worried frown on his face. “There is one more thing, Caleb.”

Caleb wasn’t sure he wanted to know. Micah seemed very worried by whatever he was going to say. He seemed to be hesitating as if he didn’t know quite how to say whatever it was he needed to say.

“Micah, just say it.”

“It’s the whole sex thing,” Micah said, his face turning red.

“The sex thing?” Caleb repeated, suddenly wondering if Micah didn’t want to have sex with him. “You don’t want to have sex with me, Micah?”

“I didn’t exactly say that, but—”

“But what?” Caleb nearly shouted when Micah didn’t finish his sentence.

“I want Thomas there, too,” Micah said quickly, his face turning even redder.

“You want Thomas there when we have sex?” Caleb asked in surprise. He had never considered that. Well, okay, he had, but not seriously. Micah was his mate, not Thomas. He had never really considered having them both. Wait, that was what Micah meant, wasn’t it? “Micah, what exactly do you mean you want Thomas there when we have sex?”

Micah blushed again. “I thought that maybe Thomas could be with us when we, well, you know.”

“By be with us you mean—”

“With us, you and me, in the bed with us.”

“Watching?”

“Well, no. I was hoping he could participate, too. But if that bothers you then I guess we could make other arrangements,” Micah said quietly, looking down at his hands, letting go of Caleb’s hands to twist his together nervously.

“You want him to participate? With the two of us?”

Micah nodded again, not lifting his head from where he was staring down at his hands.

“And you’d be okay with that?” Caleb asked skeptically.

Micah finally lifted his head to look at Caleb, a strange glint in his eyes. “Are you okay knowing that I’m going to be having sex with Thomas as well as you?”

“Of course, he’s your mate just as I am.”

Micah tilted his head to one side, just staring at Caleb as if he was waiting for the light bulb over his head to light up. Caleb gazed at him for several moments before he started to chuckle. Okay, he got it.

“So, because I’m willing to share you with Thomas, you’re willing to share Thomas with me? Is that what you’re trying to say?” Caleb asked.

“I see it less as me sharing Thomas with you and you sharing me with Thomas as all of us being together. It should be an equal thing between us all.”

“Have you already talked to Thomas about this? How does he feel about it?” Caleb asked curiously as he turned his head to look over at Thomas.

“We discussed it and he seems to be okay with it. But, Caleb, I’m not trying to cause problems here, really I’m not. If I’m to be with both of you, I just thought it would be easier if all of us were together.”

“I guess this means I just got two mates instead of one,” Caleb chuckled.

Chapter 5

Micah stared out the window of Caleb's truck as they drove back towards his home. He was still a little stunned at how much his life had changed in the span of two days. Not only did he have a new home to go to, he now had two mates and an entire pack.

He still wasn't sure exactly what that meant. He knew from what Thomas had said that he now belonged to the Hunter Pack, but what exactly did that entail? He turned to look over at Caleb in curiosity.

"Caleb? What exactly does it mean that I now belong to your pack?"

Caleb glanced over at Micah, smiling. "It means your Christmas card list just got a lot longer," he chuckled.

"Caleb!"

"Sorry, honey. Um, having a pack can be a wonderful thing. There's always someone around to talk to, to visit with. As my mate, you also have a job in the pack. Members will come to you for comfort and advice."

Micah giggled. "Yeah, yeah, you're the president and I'm the first lady. I got that part."

"Well, it's more than that. While I do have an inner circle, a pack is essentially one big extended family. There are aunts and uncles, cousins, siblings, the works. And we all work to keep the pack together."

"Do you think there's going to be a lot of people that are going to have a problem with you mating a man?"

"I think there will be some. That's to be expected. But I think there will be more issue with me just finding my mate. There have

been a lot of people, both male and female, that have tried to get your position, but I held out for you.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Why would I want to tie myself to anyone that wasn’t my mate? I’d rather wait until the one meant for me came along.”

“Lucky for you I did, then,” Micah laughed.

“I think I’m very lucky,” Caleb replied seriously.

“Well, it remains to be seen whether that is true or not.” Micah said. “So, tell me about where we’re going. I assume this is where we’re all going to be living? And how does that work? Do we all live in the same house or do I get an apartment and you and Thomas come to visit me or what?”

“I have a very nice cabin that we’re all going to share,” Caleb replied as he turned off of the highway.

Looking behind them, Micah could see Thomas following them on his motorcycle. He lifted his hand and waved, smiling when Thomas waved back. Turning around in his seat, Micah looked back over at Caleb.

“So, we’re all going to live together? Do we have our own rooms or do we share a room?”

“What would you prefer?”

Micah smiled. Caleb was learning. “If we’re going to be mates, don’t you think we should share a room? Most married couples that I know do.”

“And Thomas?”

“How big is your bed?”

Caleb chuckled. “Guess I’ll have to order a new one that will fit the three of us.”

“I claim shotgun.”

“Shotgun?” Caleb asked in confusion.

Micah just giggled. “The middle.”

“Oh, you think you should get the middle, do you?” Caleb asked, suddenly understanding what Micah was saying. “And why should you get the middle?”

“I’m cute?” Micah asked.

“You are at that, baby, but I still don’t see why that means you get the middle. What if I want to be in the middle?”

Micah thought about it for a minute before shrugging his shoulders. “I guess we could take turns if that’s what you really want.”

He watched Caleb smile. “No, I’m okay with you being in the middle. I just wanted to know if you would be willing to compromise.”

“Of course I am. How else are we going to get along if we’re not willing to work together? I’m sure that there are other things that I’ll feel strongly about, just as you will, or Thomas will. But if we’re not willing to compromise on things, we’re going to fighting all of the time. I much rather spend my time getting to know each other.”

“I couldn’t agree with you more, Micah. And if you feel strongly about something, discuss it with me, although, most of that is going to have to be in private. It wouldn’t look good for you to undermine me in front of the others.”

“Yeah, yeah, don’t be disrespectful in public. I kind of figured that part out on my own and I’ll do my best never to argue with you in public, but that means that if we’re discussing something and I need to speak to you privately, you’re going to have to do that.”

Caleb nodded. “Agreed, as long as you understand that there will be some things that I can’t compromise on. Your safety for example.”

Micah nodded. “I understand. I think it would be a lot easier for me if you just discussed stuff with me. If you just order me to do something and I don’t understand it, I might not see the need for it, but I’m not stupid, Caleb. If you just explain things to me, I’m sure I’ll be reasonable.”

“I’ll try, Micah. That’s all I can promise. There may be times when I tell you to do something and I might not have time to explain them to you. Other than that, I’ll do my best to explain my reasons. How’s that?”

“Works for me,” Micah laughed.

“I think you’ll like our little town, Micah,” Caleb said a few minutes later as they came to the edge of Huntsville. “It’s a pretty small. We only have about two thousand residents, about twenty five percent of those are pack.”

“Not everyone in town is a shapeshifter? Do they know about you?”

Caleb shook his head. “No, we still try to keep that part secret. You never know when someone might say something to someone else. The actual pack lands are outside of town, so it’s not that hard. They just think we’re all related somehow.”

Micah nodded. That made sense, especially if not everyone in the town knew about shapeshifters. He would have to remember not to mention it to anyone. Guess he’d just say he was the sheriff’s boyfriend.

“Uh, Caleb? If not everyone in the town knows you’re a werewolf, how will the rest of the town feel about their local sheriff having a live in boyfriend?”

Caleb shrugged his shoulders. “I’m not real sure, but I refuse to hide it from anyone. Either they accept me the way I am or I quit. But I don’t think it will be too much of a problem. I’ve been sheriff for several years and I think I do a pretty good job.”

Micah looked around him as they slowly drove through town. It was a pretty little place, lots of little stores and quaint buildings. He imagined this was what small town America was supposed to look like.

“Where’s your house?”

“*Our house* is about ten miles outside of town. We have about three hundred acres, most of it woodlands. Wolves like a lot of room

to run. Our neighbors on all sides of us are pack, as are their neighbors. We all kind of stick close together.”

“Do you live alone?”

“No, my brother, Ryce, lives with me. You met him earlier. My other beta, Saul, also lives there. Since we’re all single, it just made more sense.”

“Are they going to mind Thomas and I being there?”

“I don’t think so. I believe they’ll be happy for me that I’ve found my mate more than anything. Just don’t be too freaked out if you catch them together. Ryce and Saul have been involved with each other for several years now.”

“Oh,” was all Micah could think of saying. “Are they mated then?”

Caleb nodded. “Yes, but don’t let that fool you. Those two play around more than anyone I’ve ever met.”

“With others?”

Caleb nodded again.

“But why? If they’re mated, why would they want to be with anyone else? I thought being mated was like being married.”

“It is. Does everyone you know who’s married stay faithful to their spouse?”

“No, I guess not. You don’t plan on doing that do you?”

“No, Micah, somehow I think that you and Thomas are going to be just about all I can handle. Bringing someone else into our relationship would just complicate things even more,” Caleb replied.

“You don’t think Thomas plans on it, do you?”

“I don’t know Thomas well enough to say one way or the other, but I’d guess not. He seems pretty happy having you. Why mess that up?”

Micah shrugged. “I don’t want anyone else, Caleb. I think three of us is enough, don’t you?”

“Yes, baby, so you don’t need to worry about that. I have no plans on being with anyone except you and Thomas,” Caleb replied as he turned the truck onto a dirt road.

Micah watched the landscape go by. It was mostly woodlands, the occasional small patch of open field showing here and there. Then suddenly, there was a break in the trees. It was like the trees parted and the entire little valley opened up before him.

“My god, it’s beautiful.”

“Glad you like it,” Caleb said, his pride clear in his voice as he brought the car to a stop so that they could look out over his land.

Micah was stunned by how beautiful it was. There was a large log cabin nestled at the bottom of a tree filled hill, a large lake off to one side, and white fenced pastures from the house all of the way down the driveway to where they sat.

“Is this all yours, Caleb?”

“Ours, baby, this is all ours.”

Micah turned to look at Caleb in shock. “Ours?”

“Well, sure, Micah. You’re my mate. That means what’s mine is yours.”

“Caleb, I don’t have anything to give you except a broken down old farm that I grew up on. I doubt its worth anything at all. I don’t even have any money.”

Caleb reached over and rubbed his thumb down the side of Micah’s face. “Honey, I don’t need anything but you.”

“But what can I give you?” Micah cried.

“A partner? Someone to go to when I need advice or have a problem? Someone to talk with in the evenings and wake up with in the mornings? Someone to curl up with in front of a warm fire when it’s cold outside? There are a lot of things you can give me, Micah.”

“Caleb, I don’t know what to say,” Micah whispered.

“Say you’ll give it some thought?”

“Of course. I’d be stupid not to.”

Caleb smiled at Micah. “Then that’s all I ask.” He reached over and patted Micah’s thigh. “Now, how about we get to the house and I show you around. I’m sure Thomas is wondering what we’re doing.”

Micah nodded, turning his head to look out the window as Caleb drove them up to the house. Caleb seemed to be offering him everything and asking so little in return. All of the things he mentioned were things Micah would have given him, not for his sake, but Micah’s.

As Caleb brought the truck to a stop and turned it off, Micah vowed to try his hardest to give Caleb and Thomas, whatever they needed to be happy. Maybe that was why fate chose two mates for him, so that he could take care of them.

“Come on,” Caleb said as he climbed from the truck. Micah opened up his door, jumping just a little when a tall figure was suddenly standing before him until he recognized Thomas. He gave Thomas a smile as he slid from the truck, his hand going down to grab Thomas’s hand.

“Hey, how was the ride?”

“Lonely,” Thomas chuckled.

“Maybe next time you should put your bike in the back and ride up front with us.”

“Maybe next time I will.”

Micah couldn’t help giggling as he stood up on his tiptoes and raised his lips for Thomas to kiss. Thomas seemed all too happy to oblige as he lowered his lips, kissing Micah as his arms curled around his waist.

“Uh hum.”

Micah turned his head to see Caleb standing next to them, his arms crossed over his chest as he watched them kiss. He looked a little put out, but Micah could see a little sadness deeper in Caleb’s eyes as he looked closer.

He smiled at him as he released Thomas and turned towards him, holding his arms up at him. Caleb looked stunned for just a second

before he looked beyond Micah, then back at him as he reached for him.

Micah laughed as Caleb didn't even bother bending over so he could kiss him. He just picked Micah right up in his arms, Micah's feet dangling several inches off the ground. His giggle ended on a deep moan as Caleb leaned in to kiss him.

Oh damn! Caleb kissed as well as Thomas did. He groaned as Caleb moved his hands, cupping his ass as he lifted him closer to his body. Micah wrapped his legs around Caleb's waist, feeling his hard cock settled between his legs, brushing up against Micah's.

Micah broke the kiss when he heard a long groan from beside him. He turned his head to see Thomas staring at him, his eyes lit up with desire. He lifted his arm, holding it out to him, drawing him into the tight little circle with an arm around his neck.

"Like that, did you?"

"That was hot, baby," Thomas chuckled.

"Told you," Micah laughed.

"Told him what?" Caleb asked, looking between Micah and Thomas.

Micah turned to look at Caleb, grinning. "I told Thomas that it would be really hot to see the two of you together. I still think it will be."

Caleb lifted an eyebrow at Micah, his eyes slowly going over to Thomas. "Oh?"

"Oh, come on, kiss Thomas. You know you want to," Micah encouraged.

Caleb looked a little apprehensive as he stared at Thomas. Micah could tell he wasn't sure how Micah was going to react if he kissed Thomas even though he had told him it was okay and even encouraged it.

Micah rolled his eyes. "Caleb? Have you ever seen me throw a temper tantrum?"

"No!" Caleb said swiftly.

“You want to?”

“Not particularly,” Caleb replied, the confusion clear in his voice.

“Then kiss Thomas already!”

Caleb stared at Micah for a moment then started laughing. “Whatever you say, boss man,” he said as he leaned over and placed his lips on Thomas’s, his hands still holding Micah against him by his ass.

Micah could feel Caleb’s response to kissing Thomas by the throb of his cock against his and the way his hands gripped his ass tighter. He could even hear the soft moan that came from him. Yep, Thomas sure knew how to kiss.

But Thomas didn’t seem to be much better off. He had one arm wrapped around Caleb’s neck, the other around Micah’s waist. Micah had no doubt from the way he was pressing his body against Caleb’s that his hard cock was pressed between them.

As Caleb lifted his head, his eyes a little dazed, Micah laughed again. “Now, don’t we all feel better?” he asked as he looked from Caleb to Thomas.

“Uh huh,” Caleb said absently.

“Then, can we go in now? I can see people watching us through the curtains, and to tell you the truth, it’s kind of creepy.”

Caleb quickly turned his head towards the house, feeling his face heat up when Saul grinned and waved to him. Guess he wasn’t going to be able to sneak Micah and Thomas by everyone now.

“Come on, we might as well go in. I’m sure they all have a pretty good idea who you are by now,” Caleb said as he gestured for Micah and Thomas to follow him.

Micah stared after Caleb as he slowly followed him. Caleb didn’t seem too happy that everyone had caught them kissing. Micah remembered that Caleb had said that there shouldn’t be too much trouble with him being mated to a man, or two men. So, why did he seem so apprehensive? Was he ashamed of them?

The closer they got to the door, the more of Caleb's uneasiness started to fill Micah. He reached over and grabbed Thomas's hand, pulling him to a stop. "I don't want to do this, Thomas."

"Do what, baby?" Thomas asked as he looked down at Micah in concern.

"I don't want to go in there," Micah said as he looked towards the house.

"So, don't. We can just sit out here on the porch," Thomas said as he tugged Micah over to the porch by his hand. He sat down on the top step, pulling Micah down to sit between his legs on the step below him.

Micah leaned back against Thomas, closing his eyes as Thomas wrapped his arms around him.

"What's wrong, baby?"

Micah shrugged his shoulders. He didn't really want to discuss it, mostly because he didn't know exactly how to explain what he was feeling. He liked both Thomas and Caleb, a lot. He could see himself being really happy having both of them in his life.

But he didn't want to be here if he wasn't wanted. Caleb seemed to want him for his mate as much as Thomas did, but he didn't seem to want to tell his pack members about Micah, almost as if he wished he could hide Micah away.

Was it because he was human and not a werewolf? Or because he was a man and not a woman? Whatever it was, Micah could feel Caleb's apprehension as if he was feeling it himself.

It was a little strange. Micah figured it was something having to do with the mating that made him able to tell what Caleb was feeling, something that neither Caleb or Thomas had explained to him yet. He'd have to ask them about it sometime, if he got the chance.

"Micah? Thomas? Are you coming?"

Micah looked over to see Caleb standing behind him and Thomas. He didn't look very happy, big surprise there. Micah wondered if Caleb was ever happy. Even as he came to terms with that fact, Micah

realized that making Caleb happy meant doing what he wanted, when he wanted, and not embarrassing him in front of his pack members. Would it even be possible for Micah to keep his mouth shut? He wondered.

Micah knew he wasn't very good at keeping things to himself, even when he should. He had a big mouth and he wasn't afraid to use it. Unfortunately, it had gotten him into more trouble than he could count on numerous occasions. It would be a lot of hard work, but he could do it if he really tried. He hoped.

"Yes, of course, Caleb," Micah replied as he stood to his feet. He could see Thomas looking at him strangely as he plastered a smile on his lips and walked towards Caleb. He was sure Thomas was surprised by his behavior after not wanting to go into the house then suddenly changing his mind. He just hoped that Thomas understood and went along with it.

He reached back behind him and held out his hand to Thomas, grateful when Thomas stepped forward and took it. Then he held out his hand to Caleb, praying that he would take it. He felt like he had won the world when Caleb smiled and took his hand. So, maybe he had guessed right. Maybe Caleb did need him to make sure he was happy.

Micah took a deep cleansing breath then nodded towards Caleb. "Okay, let's get this over with."

"It's not going to be that bad, Micah," Caleb replied as he turned towards the house.

"Yeah, right, easy for you to say. You're the alpha of the pack, not the human walking into a den of werewolves," Micah mumbled under his breath.

He didn't know Thomas had heard him until he stepped up besides him and leaned down to whisper in his ear. "Not to worry, baby, my teeth are just as big as theirs."

Which explained why Micah was giggling when he turned around and found a room full of people staring at him. He stopped suddenly,

his eyes widening at the sight of them. Caleb was no help. He was just standing there staring everyone down as if he was daring them to say something.

“Hello,” Micah said, hoping his voice was didn’t betray his sudden fright.

When one of the men present stepped forward to sniff at him, Micah couldn’t hold himself back. “I’m not real sure how this whole greeting thing works, but if you’re going try to sniff my ass I expect dinner first.”

As the whole room erupted into laughter, the man at least had the grace to be a little embarrassed as he quickly stepped back, his eyes swinging over to Caleb’s in curiosity.

“Micah, I’d like you to meet Saul Hunter, my beta.”

Micah looked at Saul, assessing him. “The vice president?”

Caleb laughed. “Yeah, you could say that.”

“I apologize,” Saul quickly said, his face a little red as he held out his hand. “I imagine that seemed pretty rude to you.”

“Oh no, not at all. People try to sniff me all of the time. I’ve just learned to accept it,” Micah replied with as straight a face as he could hold.

The desperate look on Saul’s face as he glanced at Caleb, however, had Micah laughing a moment later. Micah knew he wasn’t doing a very good job of keeping his mouth shut, but what was he supposed to do? Saul had just stepped right into that one.

“Everyone, this is Micah and Thomas. They are my mates,” Caleb announced.

Micah started to get a little nervous, stepping back to press himself against Thomas’s larger body when the whole room fell into silence. He could feel the eyes of everyone in the room staring at him like a bug under glass.

“Well, that went over well. Maybe you should just get it all out there in one fell swoop, Caleb, and tell them that I’m human, too. I’m

sure they'll be just as thrilled to hear it," Micah replied sarcastically. He hated when people made him feel like he was lacking something.

He rolled his eyes when he heard a gasp come from the back of the room. "Oh, I am so out of here," he replied as he started for the door.

"Micah," Caleb said as he reached for Micah's arm.

Micah pulled his arm away, turning to glare at him. "You said you had a good family, one that would accept this. It is more than obvious that you lied, and I will not stay where people make me feel less than I am."

"Micah," Caleb called out again as Micah walked out the door. "I don't remember saying you could leave."

Micah stopped, astounded by Caleb's domineering attitude after everything they had discussed. It just went to show him that Caleb hadn't really heard a word he said earlier. He turned to look at him, a little saddened that thing had come to this, but refusing to back down.

"I don't give a shit!"

"Micah!" Thomas exclaimed.

"Oh please, get off your damn high horse. I told Caleb before not to order me around unless it came to my safety. This has nothing to do with my safety. It has to do with his family accepting me and it's real clear that they're not going to. I've been through this before. I will not go through it again. You can either stay here or go with me, but I'm leaving."

"Micah—" Thomas began.

"Fine, stay. I'm probably better off without either of you anyway!" Micah yelled, turning and walking away. He had tears streaming down his face before he even got to the bottom of the steps.

He knew it was too good to be true. Two gorgeous men that were supposed to be his? Things like that just didn't happen to him, not for the long haul anyway. No one ever seemed to care about him for any longer than they had to. Once he didn't do exactly what they wanted, they didn't want him anymore.

It seemed he could only have someone if he did what they wanted. He had thought Thomas would be accepting and hoped that Caleb would be. He was wrong on both counts. As long as he was a good little boy, they wanted him, but the minute he stepped out of line, they were angry.

Micah knew he could never live like that. He certainly couldn't live where people constantly made him feel like there was something wrong with him. He had done that long enough with his father, then the people in his hometown. He had thought this would be a new change. But maybe there just wasn't a place for him to be accepted.

"Micah, stop," Thomas said as he reached for him again, grabbing him by the shoulders and pulling him to a stop.

Micah tilted his head down so that Thomas couldn't see his tears as he let his body slump against his. He didn't want to hear this. He knew that Thomas could talk him into staying, even if he didn't want to. The allure of having Thomas and Caleb was just too strong.

"You have quite the temper, don't you, baby?" Thomas chuckled down at him.

Micah shrugged his shoulders. He didn't use to. It seemed to be a recent development.

"Was that one of the famous temper tantrums you were telling Caleb about?"

Micah giggled, rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. "I guess."

"You know, you're going to have to make some allowances for surprises, Micah. First off, there's the whole *Caleb's mated* thing. Then there's the *he's mated to two men* thing, and last, but not least, *he's mated to a human*. People are bound to be a little stunned."

Micah was silent as he listened to Thomas talk. Had he made a big deal out of nothing? Were they just surprised? Or was it something more?

"That still doesn't explain Caleb ordering me around, Thomas," Micah replied quietly.

“No, but you’ll have to talk to Caleb about that. I can’t speak for him,” Thomas said.

“I don’t—I don’t think he really wants me here, Thomas,” Micah whispered, telling Thomas of his greatest worry where Caleb was concerned. “I think he’s settling for me because we’re mated. I don’t think he really wants *me*.”

“How would you know, Micah? You’ve known Caleb all of a few hours. You haven’t even had time to sit down and really talk with him. Have you even taken the time to find out anything about him?” Thomas countered.

“Not really, but—” Micah hedged.

“Micah, if you don’t give him a chance, how is he ever supposed to get to know you? Every time he says something you don’t like, you start yelling at him and decide that it’s over. You won’t even listen to what he has to say.”

Micah felt about three inches tall. Thomas was right. He kept telling Caleb not to tell him what to do or dictate his life but every time Caleb said the little thing he didn’t like, he did start yelling at him. He felt so stupid. He had a lot of apologizing to do.

“You can’t keep threatening to leave every time Caleb or someone else says something you don’t like, Micah. I wouldn’t be surprised if he was afraid to say anything to you at this point in case he said the wrong thing and you left.”

“Do you think he’ll listen to me long enough for me to apologize?” Micah asked a few moments later, tilting his head back to stare up at Thomas.

“As I said before, I can’t speak for Caleb. You’re going to have to ask him.” Thomas said, stepping to the side, turning to walk back into the house.

Micah gasped. Caleb was standing right behind him, his arms crossed over his chest as he stared down at Micah. His face gave nothing away, looking as if it was made of stone but Micah could feel the unease coming from him.

He took a hesitant step towards Caleb, raising his eyes up to look into deep green ones. He lifted his hand to rest it on Caleb's arm, quickly removing it when he felt Caleb's muscles tense at the contact, his eyes dropping down so he wouldn't have to see the anger in Caleb's face.

"I'm sorry, Caleb. I shouldn't have reacted the way I did or said what I said to you, especially in front of your family. It won't happen again," Micah said quietly.

"Are you going to leave every time someone says or does something you don't like?" Caleb asked.

Micah shivered at little at the cold tone of Caleb's voice. It was obvious that he was pretty angry. Micah figured he probably had a right to be, but he sure wished he knew how to get him to be un-angry. Maybe if he stuck around long enough to get to know Caleb instead of yell at him, he'd know.

"No. I won't leave again."

"I want your promise, Micah."

"I promise, Caleb."

"Promise what?"

"I promise I won't leave," Micah replied, feeling a little like he did when his father gave him a good talking to.

"And?"

And? There was an and? "I, uh, promise I won't yell at you again."

"And?"

There was more? Micah racked his brain trying to think of what else he had done but nothing was coming to mind. He shook his head, peaking up at Caleb through his eyelashes. "I don't know."

"You disrespected me, Micah, in front of my pack. I'm the alpha of Hunter Pack. That may not mean anything to you but it does to me and my family. I was raised to respect the alpha of the pack. A show of disrespect is as good as a challenge in my world," Caleb said.

"A challenge? For what?" Micah asked in confusion.

“My position. Is that it, Micah? Do you want to be alpha? It’s a fight to the death, you know.”

Micah’s eyes widened in horror. “No, Caleb, I don’t want to be alpha. I would never do anything that would hurt you, I swear.”

“Then stop acting like a child. The next time you disrespect me, Micah, I will consider it a challenge,” Caleb growled, quickly turning on his heels to walk back into the house.

Micah stared after him, not knowing if he was supposed to follow or stay where he was. Thomas was no help. He had left Micah standing there alone, just as Caleb had done. If he went back into the house, he would have to do it all on his own.

He briefly considered walking away, but he had made Caleb a promise. If he ever expected Caleb to keep any promises he made, Micah knew he would have to keep his. Taking a deep breath and gathering up his courage, Micah climbed the steps and walked back into the house.

He could feel everyone’s eyes turn to him again as he walked in. He immediately spotted Caleb and Thomas standing across the room talking with a few other people. He wished a hole would open up and swallow him as he walked across the room but he kept going, stopping as soon as he was standing next to Caleb.

He shoved his hands in his pocket and tried to concentrate on the conversation Caleb and Thomas were having with the people they were talking to. It was hard to do when he could still feel the displeasure coming from Caleb.

“And you’ve just been driving around the country for the last couple of months?” one man asked.

Thomas nodded. “Yep. I’ve seen a lot of it, too. Some of it good, some not so good. I was just headed driving around when I discovered Micah. Once I knew he was my mate, I knew it was time to head home. That’s when we ran into Caleb,” Thomas replied.

“Why would you leave your pack to go on the road where it’s not safe?”

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "Not long before I left there was a situation with my alpha's mate. He almost died. It wasn't really anyone's fault but I still felt I should have done something more to help him. After that, I just needed to get away for awhile."

Micah watched Caleb nod his head. "It's always hard when something happens even when you have no control over it. Being an alpha myself, we run into that a lot. I have a lot of people I'm responsible for. I can't watch them all twenty-four hours a day, no matter how much I would like to. They also have a right to their own lives. Still, I don't worry any less."

And Micah knew he had just added to Caleb's worries. No wonder Caleb was so angry with him. Micah hadn't given him any reason to be happy that he had a mate. He had just yelled at him, cussed at him, and generally disrespected him. He had been acting just like a child. He certainly wasn't acting like a mate.

Micah listened to Caleb and Thomas talk for a little longer before walking over to sit down in a chair by the front window. No one came over to speak to him, although they stared. Micah didn't know if his behavior was even acceptable or not. No one had filled him in on the rules for being the mate of an alpha.

So, he just sat there staring out the window, waiting.

Chapter 6

Thomas watched Caleb shut the front door on the last of the guests before turning his head to look over to where Micah was curled up in a chair by the window, sound asleep. He looked so cute with his head leaning on the back of the chair, his knees drawn up to his chest, and his hands curled together in his lap.

“You don’t think you were a little hard on him today?” he asked of Caleb.

“No. Micah has to learn that there is an expected behavior when we’re around others. He can’t just act any damn way he pleases without there being repercussions. If someone else in my pack had talked to me the way he had, I would have been totally justified in challenging them, and you know it.”

“But he doesn’t. He’s not pack, Caleb. He doesn’t know the rules.”

“He’s pack now and he’d better learn. I don’t want to have to punish my mate in front of my pack. I’d prefer not to have to punish him at all, but if my displeasure with him will get him to behave himself, I’ll do what I have to.”

“You’d better be careful what you wish for, Caleb,” Thomas said as he turned to look at him.

“What’s that suppose to mean?” Caleb asked as he came to stand in front of Thomas. “Do you think he’s still going to leave?”

“No, he promised that he wouldn’t, and I believe him. But if you keep trying to change his behavior by giving him the cold shoulder, you’d better be prepared for the repercussions, too,” Thomas replied as he walked over to stand next to Micah’s chair.

“Why? What aren’t you telling me?”

“You remember me mentioning that something happened to my alpha’s mate? His name is Leyland. He’s a tri-omega. He has to be claimed on a regular basis or he will die. Jake and Lucas didn’t know this and grounded him to his room to teach him a lesson, not claiming him for several days. Leyland almost died because of it.”

“Micah isn’t a tri-omega. He’s human, so that shouldn’t be a problem. Besides, I don’t see myself grounding him to his room. I think he’s a little too old for that, don’t you?” Caleb chuckled.

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. “I’m just saying—”

“I get what you’re saying, Thomas, but Micah is pack now. I know he has a lot to learn. I know it won’t be easy for him. I don’t want to cause him any more discomfort than I have to, Thomas, no matter how it may look, but I have got to have his obedience and his respect, even if its just for show.”

Thomas considered Caleb’s words as he bent down to pick Micah up in his arms. Caleb had a point. Micah had to learn that there was a time and place to chastise his mate. In front of other pack members was not it.

But he was also worried that in his bid to get Micah to behave, Caleb was going to take away the spunkiness that was part of Micah’s personality. Micah could be a headache at times but he was never boring.

“Can you point me in the direction of the bedroom?” Thomas asked as he turned to face Caleb.

Caleb just pointed to one of the doors on the other side of the room, leading the way. Thomas followed behind Caleb, wondering if they were all supposed to spend the night in the same room or was he headed for a guestroom for the night?

The more he thought about it, maybe spending the night in a guestroom wasn’t such a bad idea. Caleb and Micah needed some time to bond if they had a chance of making a go of this relationship thing.

He wanted time with Micah, too, but he had already had two days with him. Caleb had just a few hours. Maybe he should give them a night alone together. He could always join them the next night.

As Thomas laid Micah down on the bed, he turned to look back at Caleb. The needy look on Caleb's face as he stared down at Micah made his decision for him. They did need some time alone together. He could be here later.

"Caleb, do you have a guestroom?"

"Yeah, why?" Caleb asked in confusion.

"I think that you and Micah need a little time alone together. I thought I'd sleep in the guestroom tonight. I can always join you two tomorrow night."

"Micah wanted you here, though."

Thomas smiled. Even though he thought Caleb was being too hard on Micah, Caleb was trying to put Micah's wishes before his own. Thomas knew that Caleb wanted some time alone with Micah. He did, too, but Caleb's concern for Micah's wishes told Thomas that things would work out in the end.

"I know he did and I want to be here, but I still think the two of you need some time to bond. I've had my time alone with him. Now, it's your turn. I'll be right down the way in case Micah protests too much, but I don't think he will. Just go easy on him. He's still a little jumpy about this whole mating thing."

Caleb stared at Thomas in wonder, nodding his head. "I will."

Thomas patted Caleb on the arm as he walked past him. "It's going to be okay, Caleb."

"Thomas? Why are you being so—why are you sharing Micah with me so easily? Every time Micah talks to me he talks about you and the things you've said that put me in a good light. Why would you do that? Why would you encourage another man to be with your mate?"

Thomas couldn't help smile at Caleb's confusion. "I watched Jake and Lucas almost lose Leyland because they were stupid. I won't let

that happen to us. For some reason, fate has decided that Micah is mated to both of us. I won't lose him because I was too pig headed to share him with you."

"I don't know if I can be as giving as you, Thomas," Caleb answered honestly.

"You don't have to be, not yet. When Micah becomes more important to you than breathing, his happiness will be all that you care about, even if it means encouraging him to be with another man."

"It's only been two days, Thomas. You can't tell me that you care about Micah that much already," Caleb scoffed.

"You're wrong. I do care about him, more than you can know. You'll understand when it happens to you, too. There's just something about him. You can't help but care about him," Thomas chuckled. "Don't worry, Caleb, you'll understand soon enough. Now, where's this guestroom?"

Caleb was still looking at Thomas in confusion when he walked out of the room and headed for the guestroom he had directed him to. As Thomas closed the door behind him, Caleb shook his head. He wondered if he would ever understand Thomas.

He turned back to the bed, his eyes immediately going to the sleeping man lying there. Damn, Thomas was right about one thing. Micah was something. Caleb just wasn't sure what. Walking over to sit on the edge of the bed, he began gently undressing him.

With each bit of cloth that he removed, he could feel his cock hardening in his jeans. Micah was gorgeous, all smooth pale skin. By the time Caleb started pulling Micah's jeans down his legs, he was breathing heavy, his cock throbbing against his zipper. He briefly wondered if he was going to come just from looking at Micah.

Standing up next to the bed, Caleb quickly pulled off his own clothes, his eyes never leaving Micah's beautiful form. He reached over and pulled the blankets down, lifting Micah up on the mattress before climbing in beside him and pulling the covers up over both of them.

As he wrapped his arms around Micah and pulled him against his chest, he wondered why Micah hadn't woken up. He must be more tired than Caleb had thought. It had been a busy day for him, so Caleb wasn't surprised.

He was surprised, however, by how wonderful Micah felt in his arms, the way he seemed to fit so well against him, his body molding against Caleb's. He was so warm, so soft. Caleb felt that he could hold Micah just like this forever, his head resting gently on Caleb's chest and one arm thrown over him.

Without even thinking about it, Caleb began running his hands up and down Micah's back and arms, enjoying the soft feel of his skin beneath his hands. Micah really did have soft skin. Caleb wondered if he used something to get it that way or if it was natural. If he used something, Caleb wanted to know. He'd buy stock in the company.

Caleb rolled over onto his side, pushing his hands against Micah's back to keep him pressed against his body. He hooked his hand around Micah's leg and pulled it high up on his hip before grabbing his ass and pushing them together until their cock's brushed against each other.

"Micah," he whispered softly, "open your eyes, baby."

He rubbed one hand over Micah's ass, skimming along the crack, moving his hand ever closer to Micah's puckered little entrance with each stroke. He hitched Micah's leg a little higher until his knee was almost in Caleb's armpit, and then licked his finger before reaching down and pressing against him.

His gaze flew to Micah's face when he heard a little gasp come from him at the light touch. Caleb couldn't help smiling at the surprised look in Micah's eyes as they opened to stare up at him.

"Hi, baby. Did you have a nice nap?"

Micah nodded his head, his eyes starting to close again, his head falling back as Caleb pressed against his tight hole again with his finger. Caleb was amazed by the look of pure rapture on Micah's face. It was breathtaking.

His eyes were nearly closed, but not all of the way. His mouth was hanging open, quick little breaths coming from him accompanied by the occasional light moan. Even his skin had taken on a soft flush.

“Open your eyes, Micah. I want you to know who’s touching you,” Caleb ordered.

“Caleb,” Micah whispered as he opened his eyes back up.

“You know I’m going to make love to you, don’t you, Micah?”

“Yes.” Again, Micah’s answer was whispered.

“Thomas isn’t here, Micah. He’s down the hallway in the guestroom. He won’t be here all night. Tonight it’s just you and me. Is that okay with you?” Caleb asked, hoping Micah would agree but prepared to get Thomas if he had to. He wasn’t going to go another night without claiming his mate.

“Yes.”

“I’m going to kiss you now, Micah,” Caleb said as he started to lower his head, stopping when Micah pushed against his shoulders. He looked down at him in confusion, and just a bit of apprehension. Was Micah going to ask him to stop?

“Would you stop telling me what you’re going to do and just do it already?” Micah asked.

Caleb stared at him for a brief moment before he started chuckling, a wide grin coming across his lips. “Alright, boss man,” Caleb said as he leaned down to capture his lips. As Micah’s tongue came out to brush against his, Caleb groaned, his eyes falling closed. Kissing Micah was just as good as he remembered it, maybe even better.

He was a little confused a moment later when Micah pushed against his shoulders, pressing his body flat on the bed before climbing on top of him, straddling his body. He started laughing when Micah grabbed his hands and pushed them up over his head before looking back down at him.

“Keep them there. This is my show,” Micah laughed. His eyes were filled with hunger as he gazed down at Caleb’s body. “It’s time

for you to give up some of that alpha control that you always have and let someone else be in charge.”

Caleb could only stare up at Micah in stunned disbelief as he lowered his head, his tongue moving gently across his skin. As Micah’s lips latched onto the soft skin at his neck, gently biting, Caleb couldn’t help moaning, his hands coming down to grab Micah’s shoulders.

“Micah.”

Micah immediately grabbed his hands as he lifted his head, pushing Caleb’s hands back up over his head. “Uh huh. This isn’t alpha business, Caleb. This is between you and me and this time, I’m in charge. Now, keep your hands where I put them or I’ll go climb into bed with Thomas and leave you here to take care of things on your own.”

Caleb lifted an eyebrow at Micah’s threat. Was he serious? Was his little mate actually challenging him in bed? Caleb didn’t know whether to growl at him or whether to jump for joy. Micah wasn’t showing any fear of him at all. Maybe Thomas was wrong.

“Whatever you say, boss man,” Caleb replied.

Micah laughed as he lowered his head once again, nuzzling his face into the side of Caleb’s neck. “Don’t worry, Caleb,” Micah whispered, “I’ll make sure you enjoy yourself whether you want to or not.” *Caleb couldn’t wait!*

As Micah’s lips moved below his neck, Caleb arched his head back, groaning as Micah nibbled his way down Caleb’s throat to his chest. He nearly came off the bed when Micah found his nipple, giving it as much attention as he had given Caleb’s throat.

Micah hadn’t even reached below his abdomen and Caleb was so close to coming he wasn’t sure he’d make it another minute. His hard cock was pressed between Micah’s legs, each little movement he made brushing their cocks together. It was glorious and pure torture all at the same time.

“Micah, hurry, baby,” he whispered desperately.

“Is there something you want, Caleb?” Micah asked wickedly as he scooted his body down Caleb’s, his lips leaving a wet trail of kisses down Caleb’s chest and abdomen. “Is this what you want, Caleb?”

Caleb groaned as Micah swiped his tongue over the top of his hard cock, almost lifting his hands to grab at him, but remembering at the last moment Micah’s threat to go sleep with Thomas.

He was pretty sure that he would attack Micah if he set foot off the bed in the next five minutes. He was too desperate, too wanting. He needed Micah more than he needed his next breath. He just knew it.

A moment later, he wasn’t so sure what he needed when all of the breath left his lungs the moment Micah took his entire cock into his mouth. “Fuck, Micah, you have to stop. I’ll never be able to—“

“Want to bet?” Micah said as he lifted his head and grinned up at Caleb. He sat up to kneel over Caleb’s body, straddling his hips so that Caleb’s cock was pressed between his ass cheeks.

“Micah, wait!” Caleb cried out as Micah grabbed his cock and began lowering himself down, impaling himself little by little.

“You want me to stop?”

“Baby, I have to—I need to get you ready first. I don’t want this to hurt,” Caleb said quickly, his hands coming down to grab at Micah’s hips. His eyes widened as Micah’s ass settled against him.

Micah grabbed his hands, pushing them back up over his head, this time, holding them in place, his hands pressing down on his wrists. “I already took care of that when I was playing with you.”

Caleb’s eyes widened in surprise. Micah had stretched himself out while he had been playing with him? Part of him was totally turned on by that. Another part of him was disappointed that he had missed the show.

He forgot all about being disappointed the moment Micah began to move his hips. He couldn’t ever remember anything feeling so

good in his life. Micah was moving in a steady pace, not too fast, not too slow. And it was killing Caleb.

“Micah,” he groaned as he tried to lift his arms only to feel Micah press them back down into the mattress.

“You don’t listen very well, do you?” Micah asked as he laced his fingers with Caleb’s. “This is my show, Caleb, and if you’ll just do what you’re told to, I can promise you’ll enjoy yourself.”

“Promise, Micah?”

“I promise, Caleb,” Micah replied as he started moving his hips faster, much to Caleb’s delight.

Caleb watched in awe as Micah let go of his hands and sat up. His eyes followed the movement of Micah’s hand as it stroked slowly down his chest and abdomen to grab his cock. His cock hardened even more as Micah began stroking himself.

At first, Micah’s strokes were slow and measured, from tip to root, but as he increased his hip movements, impaling himself on Caleb’s cock faster and faster, his hand sped up. Caleb didn’t know where he ended and Micah began.

His hands clenched in the sheets and he gritted his teeth as he tried to keep himself from coming before Micah. He just had to see him come. “Micah,” he groaned again, knowing he was just a moment away.

Micah’s cloudy blue eyes met his as a seductive grin came over his face. “Come for me, Caleb. Come for me and I’ll come for you.”

“Micah, I need—I need—” Caleb cried out.

“I know what you need, Caleb, now come for me,” Micah demanded.

Caleb threw back his head and shouted out Micah’s name as his whole body exploded. He could feel every nerve ending in his body short circuit as his orgasm shot through his body and ended in his cock.

As he erupted, filling Micah with his release, Micah cried out, covering his hand with streams of white pearly seed. Caleb couldn’t

catch his breath. He had never seen anything so beautiful in his life as Micah during his orgasm.

Just when he thought he was going to be able to breathe again, Micah smiled down at him. He leaned down over him, tilting his head to one side, baring his neck. "It's time, Caleb," he whispered gently.

Caleb didn't even hesitate. He rolled Micah beneath him and sank his teeth into the soft skin below Micah's ear, drawing in his life essence. His eyes squeezed closed at the first sweet taste of Micah's life essence.

He suddenly knew exactly what Thomas had been talking about. Micah was addictive, everything about him, from the way he felt wrapped around Caleb's hard cock to the way he tasted.

As Caleb withdrew his teeth a few moments later, and licked at the small bite, he wondered at how much his life had changed in just a brief few hours. He couldn't imagine not having Micah and Thomas, in his life. Yesterday without them just didn't exist.

Caleb opened his eyes to see Micah staring back up at him apprehensively. After the way Micah had just taken him, and he knew he had taken him, Caleb was a little confused by the uncertain look on Micah's face.

"What's wrong, baby?" he asked softly.

"What do you want from me, Caleb?"

"Everything. I want your laughter and your tears, your happiness and your sadness, even your yelling at me when I say something you don't like. But mostly, I want you, any damn way I can get you."

Micah was silent for a moment as his eyes ate up Caleb's handsome features. "I'll try, Caleb. I'll try really hard, I promise."

Caleb smiled down at Micah. "That's all I ask, Micah," he whispered before he lowered his lips to give Micah a small kiss. "It won't be so hard, baby," he said after he lifted his head. "Thomas and I will teach you what you need to know."

"Uh, Caleb? Can we go get Thomas now?" Micah asked hesitantly.

“Why do you want Thomas here?” Caleb asked, trying not to be hurt by Micah asking for Thomas minutes after they had made love.

“Because, he needs us. He knows exactly what we’ve been up to and he also knows that we needed this time together, just you and me, alone.”

“But you just said he knew what we were doing,” Caleb said in confusion.

“He does know what we’re doing. That doesn’t mean he’s not imagining *exactly* what we’re doing. How would you like to be relegated to the spare room while Thomas and I were spending time alone?” Micah reasoned.

Caleb thought about it for a moment. Micah was probably correct. If he were relegated to another room while Thomas and Micah were spending time alone, he knew he’d be imagining every damn thing they were doing. It would drive him crazy.

“Besides, while we did need some time alone together, this mating thing involves the three of us, not you and me then Thomas and me. As I told Thomas before, this is you and me and Thomas against the world.”

Caleb couldn’t help smiling at Micah’s reasoning. Sometimes, his little mate made a lot of sense. “Okay, baby, let’s go get Thomas,” he chuckled as he pulled away from Micah and reached for a small container of wipes in the nightstand, handing Micah one before using another for himself.

Tossing the wipes into a nearby trash can, Caleb reached for his jeans and pulled them on. He was just buttoning them up when he looked over at Micah, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise. Micah was still sitting on the bed, leaning back on his arms as he watched Caleb, a funny little smile on his face.

“What?” Caleb asked.

“You are so fucking hot!”

Caleb could feel his cheeks redden a little at Micah’s praise. He had never considered himself ugly but he had also never thought of

himself as being hot. Still, it was nice to know that his mate appreciated his looks.

“I could say the same thing about you, baby. Thomas is ruggedly handsome but you, you’re just so damn beautiful. You take my breath away every time I look at you,” Caleb said as he leaned over the edge of the bed to kiss Micah.

Micah giggled as Caleb raised his head. “Is that a bad thing?”

Caleb chuckled as he stood to his feet and held out his hand to Micah, helping him from the bed. He nodded his head as Micah grabbed his jeans and pulled them on. “Most definitely. I think you’re going to be a very big distraction for me.”

“Well then,” Micah replied as he grabbed Caleb’s hand and walked to the door with him, “I’m doing my job.”

“Oh? Is that how you see your role as the mate of the alpha? Causing me trouble?” Caleb asked as he walked down the hallway with Micah.

“Of course. Up until now, your life has been too boring, too caught up in being the big bad wolf. I’m here to teach you to live a little and enjoy the things around you,” Micah laughed, swinging himself into Caleb’s arms to look up at him. “Your job is to take care of the pack. My job is to take care of you and Thomas.”

Caleb paused at the door to the guestroom, smiling down at Micah. He reached over with his hand to rub his knuckles down his cheek. “You seem to have it all worked out, Micah.”

Micah smiled back. “Well, of course I do. ”

Caleb raised his eyebrow as he gazed down at the matter of fact look on Micah’s face. He looked so serious, but under that he could see a hint of vulnerability. Micah wasn’t certain that he agreed with their job descriptions.

Luckily, he did. “I think you might be right, baby. Now, let’s go take care of Thomas.”

Micah grinned, reaching for the door handle. He opened the door and stepped in, stopping when he saw the bed empty. “Where is he?”

Caleb looked over Micah's shoulder, then to the bathroom. "I suspect he's in the shower," he replied when he heard the water running.

"Should we join him?" Micah asked as he looked towards the bathroom.

"Well, we could both use a shower," Caleb reasoned, a wide grin crossing his face as his hands went to the buttons of his jeans. He quickly unbuttoned them and pushed them down his legs before looking over at Micah. "We going to do this?"

"Oh, hell yeah," Micah laughed as he unbuttoned his own jeans and pushed them off his legs. His cock was standing at attention by the time his jeans dropped to the floor, giving its enthusiastic response to the idea of showering with both Thomas and Caleb together.

Micah put his hands on his hips and rocked back and forth as he grinned over at Caleb. "Well? How do I look?" he asked, his cock swinging back and forth as he rocked.

"Good enough to eat," Caleb chuckled.

"Promise?" Micah asked eagerly.

"Come on, you hornball, let's go treat Thomas to something special," Caleb said as he turned and walked to the bathroom, Micah right on his heels. He could see Thomas's body outlined in the smoky glass shower door.

It took Caleb a moment to figure out what Thomas was doing, but the moment that he did he could feel his cock swell. What an awesome sight! Thomas was leaning back against the shower wall, his head arched back as he rapidly pumped his hard cock in his hand.

Caleb reached back and grabbed Micah, pulling him around in front of him and holding his finger up to his mouth for him to be quiet. Walking quietly across the floor, he grabbed the shower door handle and pulled it open.

"Need some help with that, handsome?"

Thomas jumped, his hands coming up defensively in front of his body. “Damn it, Caleb, you could have given me a little warning, you know?”

Caleb shook his head as he stepped into the shower beside Thomas. “Now, what fun would that be?”

Thomas felt slightly confused as Caleb grabbed him by the shoulders and turned him around, pulling his body back against his. “Caleb, what—”

“Hey, Micah, look what I found,” Caleb chuckled as he grabbed Thomas’s cock and waved it at him.

“Ooh, something to play with,” Micah crooned as he stepped into the shower, shutting the door behind him. He immediately dropped to his knees and took the hard cock waving in his face into his mouth.

“Fuck!” Thomas yelled out through clenched teeth as Micah’s tongue began moving over the sensitive skin of his cock. At the first swipe over the small slit on the top he knew he wasn’t going to last long.

He had come in to take a shower when lying on his bed and staring at the ceiling had started to drive him crazy. He knew he had done the right thing and given Caleb and Micah time alone but he had so wanted to join them.

The mere thought of what Caleb and Micah were doing had his cock so hard, he ached. Coming into the shower to jack off had seemed like the thing to do at the time. This was much, much better.

“Caleb,” Thomas groaned when Caleb’s hands moved around his chest to start pulling at his nipples with one hand, the other moving down to encircle his cock right at the base. As Caleb squeezed his hand around Thomas and began stroking him, Micah used his tongue and lips to drive him out of his mind.

Thomas reached back and wrapped his arms around Caleb’s neck as he turned his head and latched onto Caleb’s waiting lips. He moaned deeply into Caleb’s mouth as he felt the head of his cock swell, broadcasting his impending climax.

Reluctantly pulling his lips from Caleb's, Thomas turned his head, tilting it away from Caleb as he pulled his head down. "Caleb, please," he pleaded.

A moment later, Thomas was crying out as Caleb sank his canines deep into the soft skin of his neck igniting the explosion in his cock. Thomas slowly turned into a pile of satisfied goo as Micah swallowed every drop he had to give.

Thomas lifted his head as he felt Caleb pull his teeth free, licking at the small bite. He turned to look back at him, awestruck by the instant bond he felt for Caleb now that he had claimed him.

He knew that all it would take would be one small bite and the bond between the two of them would be complete. Beyond claiming Micah, he couldn't think of anything he wanted more.

"Caleb," he whispered almost silently as Caleb's beautiful green eyes met his. Caleb stared at him for what seemed like forever before taking a step to the side of Thomas, tilting his head to one side baring his neck.

Thomas reached out to grab a hold of Caleb's shoulder with one hand, pulling him closer. He leaned in, sniffing at the heady masculine scent of Caleb's skin. He could feel Caleb's body shudder as he swiped his tongue across the skin before sinking his teeth in.

Oh, he tasted sweet. It was different than how Micah tasted. Thomas couldn't put his finger on what exactly was different about it though. They were both sweet but Caleb had a stronger taste.

Thomas lifted his teeth and licked the wound clean, placing a small kiss there before resting his head against Caleb's shoulder. He took several deep even breaths to calm himself as he felt the completed bond between them snap into place.

"*Better, baby?*" Caleb whispered into his mind through their bond.

"*Yeah,*" Thomas chuckled back as he lifted his head. "*I just wish we could talk to Micah this way.*"

Caleb reached over and brushed Thomas's black curls back from his face. "*I do too, but you know it doesn't work that way. Micah's*

human, not werewolf. The bond between mates only works with werewolves.”

“*Bullshit!*” Micah whispered through their bond as he stood up and glared at them, his hands on his hips. “If you don’t want to talk to me that way you don’t have to, but don’t try to hide behind your werewolf lore crap!”

Thomas and Caleb could only stare after Micah in complete shock as he pushed the shower door open and stormed out of the bathroom. Thomas stared over at Caleb in astonishment.

“Did you know that he could do that?”

Caleb shook his head. “Nope. I thought only mated werewolves could.”

Thomas looked back towards the open door of the shower. “You think we should go talk to him? He seemed pretty upset,” he said.

“Yeah, I guess we should,” Caleb replied as he stepped out of the shower and reached for a stack of towels. He handed one to Thomas and dried himself off with the other. As he did, he looked over at Thomas. “*I swear to god, that boy throws more temper tantrums than anyone I’ve ever met. You’d think he was a two year old.*”

“I heard that!” Micah yelled from the bedroom making Caleb jump, then stare up at Thomas in surprise.

“How in the hell does he keep doing that?” Caleb whispered to Thomas.

Thomas shrugged his shoulders and started towards the bedroom. “You got me. I know I can talk to him, because I did it at the rest stop. I had no idea he could talk back.”

Caleb watched him go, eyeing the way his tight ass looked as he walked away. “I sure would like to get you,” he sighed before following Thomas into the bedroom. He came to a stop behind Thomas, looking past his shoulder to see Micah sitting on the side of the bed, his arms crossed over his chest as he glared at them.

“Now, Micah—” Caleb began as he walked around Thomas.

“Don’t you Micah me, fur ball. I may be human and not a werewolf but I can hear you just fine,” Micah snapped.

“Baby, you don’t understand. It’s not—” Caleb began again.

“Caleb, you—” Micah said.

“That’s enough out of both of you. I’m not sure who is the two year old here with the way the two of you keep going at it,” Thomas yelled, getting their attention. “Micah, it’s a simple as this. We have always been taught that a human, even a mated one, cannot communicate in that way. We didn’t mean to hurt your feelings or make you upset. We just simply didn’t expect it. That’s all.”

Micah stared up at Thomas for a moment. “Really?”

“Micah, nothing would make me, us, happier than to be able to communicate with you through the mating bond. Didn’t you hear Thomas saying that right before you got upset with us?” Caleb asked as he sat down on the side of the bed next to Micah.

“You, I got upset with you. Thomas seemed to want to talk to me that way. You didn’t. You just dismissed me as human without even thinking about it,” Micah said sadly. “Sometimes you just assume things because I’m not a shapeshifter. So what if I’m human? That doesn’t make you better than me.”

“Micah, I have never thought I was better than you because you were human. What ever gave you that idea?” Caleb asked quickly.

“You do it all of the time. It’s like you think I’m stupid or something because I’m not a werewolf like you.”

Caleb reached down and grabbed Micah’s hand in his, giving him a little squeeze. “No, baby. It’s not that at all. I don’t think you’re anything less because of who you are. In fact, I think your pretty spectacular.”

“Then don’t assume stuff,” Micah said sternly. “*I just might surprise you,*” he finished through their bond.

“Micah, you surprise me all of the time.”

Chapter 7

“Do we really have to do this?” Micah whined as Caleb handed him a clean shirt.

“Yes, we do,” Caleb replied. “The pack wants to meet you, Micah. You’re the alpha’s mate. It’s important that you meet them, too. They’re your pack as much as mine. Besides, Thomas will be there to make sure your sexy ass stays out of trouble.”

“I can think of a few other things he could do with my ass,” Micah mumbled under his breath as he pulled the shirt over his head. He so did not want to do this. He’d much rather be playing in bed with his mates.

He had met a few pack members here and there in the week that he had been at Caleb’s house, but tonight, the entire pack was coming. Yippee! Micah was so nervous he could puke. He just knew he was going to fuck this up somehow.

The last several days had been wonderful. He had gotten to know Caleb and Thomas better and thoroughly enjoyed the more intimate side of their three-way relationship. Since the night Caleb had claimed Micah, the three of them had been going at it like rabbits.

This however, this was all together something different. It wouldn’t be just the three of them, or even them and Ryce and Saul. It would be the entire pack coming for the sole purpose of meeting him.

“Baby, it’s going to be okay. They’re going to love you,” Caleb assured Micah.

“Yeah, right, that’s assuming they don’t remember what an ass I made of myself when I first got here,” Micah quipped.

Caleb chuckled as he folded his arms around Micah's smaller form. "Hardly anyone was here that day, baby. No one's going to remember it except you, so just get it out of your head. More than likely, they're all going to be wondering how I got to be so damn lucky."

"Lucky? Why?" Micah asked softly.

"I can't believe you have to ask, Micah," Caleb replied, astonished.

Micah blushed, rolling his eyes. "Humor me."

"I think you're just fishing for compliments."

"Am not," Micah replied, crossing his arms over his chest as he glared up at Caleb.

"Are too," Caleb said back, chuckling.

"Am not!" Micah exclaimed, his hands going to his waist.

"Are—"

"Fuck! Would the two of you shut the hell up?" Thomas said vehemently as he walked into the room to find Micah and Caleb glaring at each other. "I swear, I think the two of you argue just to hear your lips flap. I can think of a lot of better things you both could be doing with your mouths than arguing."

Caleb raised his eyebrow as he glanced from Thomas to Micah, smiling when he saw the little twinkle light up Micah's arctic blue eyes. "*Well, boss man? You think we should show Thomas what else we can do with our mouths?*"

Micah giggled, nodding his head right before they both attacked Thomas, wrestling him down onto the bed. Thomas laughed as he tried to struggle with them, but Micah and Caleb combined soon had him with his shirt pulled over his head and his jeans down around his ankles.

He started to protest saying they had a crowd of people coming anytime when Micah's mouth settled over his straining cock. By the time Caleb's mouth moved to his nipples and started sucking, all he could do was moan out his pleasure.

“Fuck!” he yelled when Micah’s tongue ran across the top of his cock, licking up the little drops of pre-cum pooling there, before moving down the thick veined side to lap at his balls. Micah might be relatively new at this, but he sure had picked it up fast. He was quickly becoming a world class cock sucker.

Caleb wasn’t doing much worse. He knew just the right amount of pressure to use when nibbling at Thomas’s nipples. He knew just hard to bite, how hard to pull with his teeth, adding just a little pain to go with all of the pleasure, driving Thomas out of his mind.

As Micah sucked his entire cock into his mouth, Thomas pushed up with hips, wanting more. He used his foot to push his shoes off his feet, then his jeans before spreading his legs as far as they would go.

A long groan tore from his lips when Caleb’s hand landed between his legs, moving down to caress along the crack of his ass. *Oh yeah, that’s exactly what I want*, Thomas thought as Caleb pressed his fingers against his tight entrance.

Thomas moved his hands down and grabbed his ass cheeks, pulling them apart, spreading himself further for Caleb’s exploration. He could hear Caleb’s deep chuckle as he pushed two fingers in and moved them back and forth.

He had an inkling that Caleb and Micah were doing everything they could to drive him crazy, to prolong his torture. He was positive of it a moment later when Micah released his cock and climbed to the side of the bed to strip his clothes off before moving back to straddle his abdomen.

Micah leaned over him, grinning, as he rubbed Thomas’s cock between his ass cheeks. “What do you want, baby?” Micah crooned.

“You know what I want, Micah,” Thomas growled as Micah bent over him, his lips coming down to kiss him.

“Oh? And is this what you want?” Micah giggled as he settled over the top of Thomas’s cock, pressing down just a little until the head of Thomas’s cock pushed past the first ring.

“Micah, wait! You’re not—” Thomas said quickly.

Micah just smiled, as he slid the rest of the way down, impaling himself on Thomas's hard cock. "Caleb already took care of that for us. Now, we just have to get you ready for him."

Thomas was slightly confused until he felt Caleb's cock pressing against him. "Oh fuck!" he cried out as Caleb slowly sank into his hot depths. They had played around a lot, each of them fucking the other, but they had never all come together at the same time.

The filling of Caleb pounding into his ass as Micah rode him was more intoxicating than almost anything he had ever experienced. It was almost more than he could take. He wasn't sure how long he could last.

"Micah! Caleb," he groaned as he felt his cock begin to swell. He reached down and grabbed Micah's cock and began rapidly stroking him. Damned if he was going to come without either of his mates. "Soon—gonna—"

"Come, baby," Caleb said as he thrust harder, quicker. "I want to feel you tighten around me. Squeeze my cock, Thomas, make me come."

Thomas bore down on Caleb just as his cock exploded, filling Micah with his hot seed. One hand dug into the soft flesh of Micah's hip, the other tightening around his cock as he stroked him as quickly as he could.

He dimly heard Micah cry out above him as he came, covering his hand and stomach with pearly white liquid. Thomas opened his eyes to see Caleb leaning over Micah as he continued to pump into him, his teeth embedded deep into Micah's neck.

His deep green eyes, however, were half closed as he roared out his release as he thrust into Thomas as deep as he could go. His cock throbbed with every spurt of seed released into Thomas's depths.

Thomas rubbed Micah's back as he collapsed down on him, Caleb's head coming down to rest in the middle of his back. Thomas reached up to run his hands through Caleb's dark auburn hair, loving the feeling of the soft silky strands between his fingers.

“*Feel better, love?*” Micah asked through their mental bond as he raised his head to look down at Thomas.

“Shouldn’t I be asking you that? You were the one fighting with Caleb,” Thomas replied.

“We weren’t fighting. We were relieving stress,” Micah laughed. “Right, Caleb?” he asked looking over his shoulder at the man behind him.

Caleb lifted his head to look at them both, chuckling. “If that’s what you want to call it, baby, that’s fine by me,” he said as he pulled free of Thomas and climbed off the bed to walk into the bathroom. A moment later he was back with a wet washcloth for each of them.

“What else would you call it?” Micah asked, quickly cleaning himself up before reaching for his clothes.

“Foreplay!”

* * * *

Micah smiled again as someone shook his hand. He felt like he had been shaking hands for hours. He had smiled so much, he was positive his lips were permanently stretched out in a grin. His mouth actually ached from all of the smiling he was doing.

So far, though, everyone had been very polite, even if he did get a few strange looks. There had been one small incident when several single women had arrived and immediately latched onto Caleb. Thomas and Micah had instantly let them know they were invading territory already staked out, much to Caleb’s chagrin.

After that, things had seemed to go pretty smoothly. Caleb had made it clear to everyone that Micah and Thomas were his mates and he wouldn’t be mating with anyone else, not even to produce cubs for the pack. He would choose his next successor when the time came.

“You having a good time, baby?”

Micah turned his head to see Thomas standing behind him holding out a hand. Micah smiled, taking his hand and letting Thomas pull

him into a hug. “Okay, I guess. There’s no way I’m going to remember anybody’s name, though. I hope you and Caleb realize that.”

“You’re not expected to at this point. You’ll get to know everyone as time goes by. I imagine before long, you’ll know the names of the pack members better than Caleb does,” he chuckled.

“Yeah, right,” Micah smirked.

“Has anyone bothered you?”

“No, so far everyone’s being very nice. It’s almost eerie, actually. I’m not sure if they’re being nice because they like me or they’re just afraid of what Caleb might do.”

“Our big mate? Harm someone? Parish the thought,” Thomas chuckled. “He’s just a big—”

“If you say pussycat you’re a dead man, Thomas.”

Micah turned his head to see Caleb standing behind them, a wry grin on his face. He laughed, holding out his hand to draw Caleb to them. Once Caleb was standing next to him, his strong arms wrapped around them both, Micah reached up and rubbed his finger over Caleb’s lips.

“Why the big frown, Caleb?”

“Just pack stuff, baby. Pretty much the usual when we get together like this. Nothing to worry about really. It just gets a little tense sometimes. Like most big families, we all have our disagreements.”

“Anything I can do to help?” Micah asked, turning to press his body against Caleb’s.

“You could give me a kiss,” Caleb said as he looked down at Micah.

“I’d do that anyway,” Micah replied as he lifted his arms up. “Up!”

Caleb shook his head, smirking, as he wrapped his arms more tightly around Micah’s waist and lifted him up until their faces were level with each other. He glanced past Micah’s shoulders to Thomas. “What about you?”

“Oh, I’m good. I like to watch.”

Caleb rolled his eyes as he looked back down at Micah. “Think we should let him watch or make him close his eyes?”

Micah giggled. “Oh, definitely let him watch. It just means that by the time we get his gorgeous ass upstairs tonight he’ll be so horny he’ll be ready for anything.”

Caleb lifted one eyebrow in amusement, then leaned in to kiss Micah, relishing in the sweet taste that crossed his tongue at the first touch. Micah tasted so damn good. He could go on kissing him for hours. And would have, if Ryce hadn’t cleared his throat.

“Uh, sorry to interrupt, but—”

“Then don’t!” Caleb growled as he lifted his head to glare at his brother.

“Caleb, we have a little situation that needs your attention.”

Caleb took in a deep cleansing breath and let it out as he lowered Micah to the floor. “Oh, very well.” He looked down at Micah’s dazed face, rubbing his hand gently over his cheek. “We’ll continue this later,” he said before turning back to Ryce. “What’s the problem now?”

Micah leaned back against Thomas as he watched Caleb walk away. “Is there some prerequisite for you alpha types that says you have to know how to kiss really, really well?” he asked in a high pitched voice.

“Naw, you just lucked out, baby.”

“Boy, did I. Much more of that and it wouldn’t matter who was in the room, his clothes would be coming off!”

Thomas chuckled as he patted Micah on the shoulder. “I’m going to go get something to drink. You want anything?”

“A flat surface?” Micah laughed.

“You want anything to drink?”

“Oh, to drink,” Micah laughed as he turned around to face Thomas. “You need to be more specific here, Thomas.”

“Guess so,” Thomas laughed.

“I’d like some ice water, please. I need something to cool me down.”

“Okay. I’ll be right back. You just stay where you are. If you need anything, Caleb’s right over there,” Thomas said as he pointed across the room to where Caleb was standing with Ryce and a couple of other people.

“Geez, Thomas, I live here. I should be safe in my own living room.”

“Not taking any chances, Micah. Caleb gave you to me to protect. That’s what I’m going to do. Deal with it,” Thomas grinned smugly.

Micah rolled his eyes. “Go get my water, fur ball.”

He watched as Thomas threw his head back, laughing, as he walked towards the kitchen. He was enjoying this way too much. Caleb had given Thomas the task of keeping his safe but sometimes Micah thought he took it too far. Every time he voiced that opinion, they both reminded him that he had agreed to not put up a fight over his safety. *Peachy!*

“Micah?”

Micah turned around, shock covering his features when he recognized the older man standing before him. “Uncle Mike? What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you the same thing. I thought you were at the farm. What are you doing here?”

“I—uh,” Micah stammered. Did Mike know about the werewolves? Micah didn’t want to out the pack to someone if they didn’t know about them. Never in his wildest dreams did he think he would run into anyone he actually knew, let alone his uncle.

“Well?” Mike asked, grabbing a hold of Micah’s arm.

“I’m with him,” Micah said quickly as he pointed across the room to Caleb.

“Caleb? Caleb Hunter? You’re with him? Why? What are you doing with him? Did you get into trouble or something?” Mike asked, anxiety written all over his face.

“No, not exactly. He’s, well, he’s, he’s my boyfriend,” Micah said, not knowing of any other way to explain to his uncle what Caleb was to him without spilling the *werewolf* beans. If Mike didn’t know about the werewolf thing, Micah couldn’t exactly tell him that Caleb was his mate. Of course, his explanation let the whole *man on man* thing out of the bag, but what was he supposed to do?

“Micah, this isn’t a safe place for you. You need to go back to the farm. Come on, I’ll drive you,” Mike said as he started for the door, pulling Micah behind him.

“No, you don’t understand!” Micah said quickly, distress filling his voice.

“Now, Micah!” Mike stressed, yanking on Micah’s arm a little harder.

Micah turned his eyes towards Caleb, yelling out for him through their mating bond. “*Caleb! Help me!*” He was greatly relieved when Caleb instantly looked in his direction, pure rage covering his features when he saw Mike pulling him towards the door.

Micah turned back to try to pull his arm free from Mike when he was suddenly lifted away from him and placed in Thomas’s waiting arms. “*Thomas,*” he whispered to him softly as he wrapped his arms around him in a tight hug.

“What’s the meaning of this, Mike?” Caleb shouted as he towered over Mike, his hands on his hips in a menacing manner. “What right do you have to put your hands on my mate?”

“You—you’re mate? Micah’s you’re mate?” Uncle Mike whispered.

Micah lifted his head and looked over at a man he had known his entire life when he heard the desolation in his voice. Was Uncle Mike upset because they were two men or because he had mated a werewolf? He could see the distress on his uncle’s face.

“Uncle Mike?” Micah whispered, suddenly concerned.

“He’s your uncle?” Caleb asked, turning to look back at Micah.

Micah nodded his head, totally confused at the sadness beginning to cover Uncle Mike's face.

"How's that possible? You're not a werewolf," Caleb said quietly into the silence that had suddenly taken over the room.

"Yes, he is."

Micah's eyes widened as shock filled him at the implication of his uncle's words. "You're lying," Micah shouted. He started to shake his head, pushing against Thomas until he was set down on his feet. The moment his feet hit the hard wood floor below, Micah was running towards the stairs and down the hallway to the bedroom he shared with Caleb and Thomas, throwing himself down on the bed.

This wasn't happening. None of this could be happening. If what his uncle was telling him was the truth, then everything he had always thought was wrong. And his family had hidden it from him.

Did his parents know? Was that why his father hated him so much? Could this explain why he had always felt so alone and out of place? And if his family had known, why didn't they tell him?

What did being a werewolf mean? Micah didn't know whether to be elated that he was just like Caleb and Thomas now or to be scared out of his mind. He was leaning towards outright terror.

"Micah?" Thomas whispered as he sat down on the side of the bed and rubbed his hand down Micah's back. "Would it be so bad to be a werewolf?"

Micah rolled over onto his back to look up at Thomas, reaching up to wipe the tears from his eyes. "No, but if I am, then everyone has been lying to me my entire life. Why would they do that? If what you and Caleb said were true, then you would think my uncle would be thrilled that I'm one of you. So, why isn't he?"

Thomas shook his head. "I don't know, baby. Only your uncle can answer that. I, however, am thrilled with the idea of you being a werewolf. I think it's wonderful. You were wonderful before, but now there is so much more Caleb and I can share with you."

"Like what?" Micah asked curiously.

“Running through the woods in wolf form. The natural smells of the outdoors. There’s just so much. As a human, we can explain these things to you, but you’d never really understand our fascination unless you experience them for yourself,” Thomas said wistfully.

“I guess.”

“You know I’m right, Micah. It also explains a whole lot, too. Like you being able to talk with us through our bond, the way you can smell Caleb’s arousal.” At Micah’s suddenly red face, Thomas laughed. “Didn’t think I knew about that, did you?”

Micah let out a small laugh, shaking his head. “I wasn’t even sure what it was. I just knew that every time I got around Caleb I could smell this wonderful scent. Made me harder than a rock.”

“That was your body reacting to the scent of your aroused mate. It can be a real bitch sometimes, but you’ll always be able to tell when one of us is in the mood,” Thomas snickered.

“So, does me being a werewolf explain the way I can feel what Caleb is feeling? Can you do that?” Micah asked curiously.

“I don’t know the answer to that, Micah. I can’t sense Caleb the same way you can. You have a stronger connection to him than I do. Other than that, you’ll have to ask Caleb. He might know.”

“Where is he anyway?” Micah asked as he looked past Thomas shoulder towards the bedroom door.

“He’s getting rid of our guests so that we can sit down and talk with your uncle. I think it’s safe to say we have a lot to discuss.”

Micah sat up and looked over at Thomas. “Yeah, like why my family has lied to me my entire life.”

“*Micah? Thomas? Could you join me downstairs in the study?*” Caleb asked both of them through their mating link.

“Come on, baby, we’re being paged,” Thomas said as he got to his feet, holding out his hand to Micah.

Micah looked at Thomas’s hand for a moment before raising his eyes to meet his. “Do we really have to do this *right now*? Couldn’t we wait say, forty or fifty years?”

Thomas chuckled, shaking his head. “No, baby. It’s better if we just get this over with now. Besides, don’t we have plans for later tonight?”

Micah scooted off of the bed and started towards the door. “You and your dick. I swear your brains are in your pants. You never think of anything else.”

“And you do?”

“No, but that’s besides the point. I have two mates to keep happy. I’m supposed to have my brains in my pants,” Micah replied bluntly as he opened the bedroom door and went out.

Thomas rolled his eyes, following Micah out of the bedroom and downstairs to the study. He was more thrilled than he could remember being since he had discovered Micah. His mate, his little human mate, was a werewolf.

There would be no question of the pack accepting him now. Micah was one of them. It also meant that their bond, the one only created between mates, would become even stronger as time went by. Thomas couldn’t be happier.

“Micah,” Thomas said just as he reached for the door handle to the study. When Micah paused and turned to look back at him. Thomas reached over and gently cupped the side of his face. “No matter what, remember that I love you.”

Micah smiled, tears twinkling in his eyes. “I love you, too, Thomas,” he said as he leaned up on his toes and gave Thomas a gentle kiss on the lips. Setting back on his feet, he grinned, gesturing with his head towards the door. “Come on, let’s go see what the fur ball wants.”

“You know, Micah,” Thomas chuckled as he followed him into the room. “You really shouldn’t call Caleb a fur ball. It might give him a complex.”

“Why? He *is* a fur ball,” Micah laughed.

“Yeah, but apparently, so are you,” Caleb said, catching Micah off guard.

Micah stopped in mid-step, turning his head to see Caleb standing by the window, his Uncle Mike sitting in one of the two chairs by the fireplace. Micah immediately went to Caleb when he held out his hand, snuggling into his chest when Caleb wrapped his arms around him.

“Hey, baby, how are you?” Caleb asked.

“Confused,” Micah replied truthfully.

“I’ll bet. It’s been quite the week for you hasn’t it?”

Micah tilted his head back to look up at Caleb. *“You have no idea.”*

“Bad?”

Micah shrugged his shoulders. *“No, not all of it, but I wouldn’t say it’s been a ray of sunshine either. I think I’m still trying to process it all right now.”*

“Do you wish that we hadn’t found you?” Caleb asked hesitantly.

“No, I’m glad you did. I think I’ll even be happy that I’m one of you once I get over the shock. There’s just been so much that has happened. Less than two weeks ago I was standing in alley getting ready to have my ass handed to me. Now look at me,” Micah laughed nervously as he turned around to face his uncle. *“Something you forgot to tell me?”*

“I didn’t want this for you, Micah,” Uncle Mike answered.

“Too bad. The choice isn’t up to you. Now, I want to know why you lied to me my entire life. And what about my parents? Were they both werewolves, too? Is this why my father hated me so much?”

Micah turned his head trying to hear what his uncle mumbled under his breath but he couldn’t quite make it out. *“What was that?”*

“I’m your father, damn it!” Mike yelled, jumping to his feet to start pacing in front of the fireplace while everyone else in the room looked on in shock. He stopped to look over at Micah, a fierce look on his face. *“That man never fathered anyone in his life.”*

As Micah’s legs trembled, he could feel Caleb’s hands grab onto his arms, holding him up. *“Why? Why would you lie to me? My life*

was hell with my fath—with that man. He made sure that he made every single day with him a nightmare. Why would you leave me to that?”

Mike suddenly sat down in his chair, his head dropping forward to stare down at the floor as he rested his arms on his knees. “I didn’t want to do it. I wanted you with me, but I promised your mother I would give you a chance at a normal life.”

“You think this is normal?” Micah yelled as he pulled his shirt off and turned his back so that Mike could see the faint scars on his back. He could hear Mike’s sharp inhale of breath, along with Thomas’s. He suddenly wished he had kept his mouth shut when Caleb grabbed him and turned him around so that he could look at them, too.

“Why didn’t you tell me about these before? Why have I never noticed them?” Caleb cried out.

Micah rolled his eyes as he pulled his shirt back down. “I think we’ve had our minds on other things, Caleb.”

“You should have told me,” Caleb insisted.

“Why? He’s dead. There’s nothing you can do to fix it. It’s over.”

“No, it’s not but it sure explains a lot. No wonder you don’t like people telling you what to do,” Caleb said as if a light bulb had suddenly gone off over his head.

“It was more the drinking that I had a problem with. If I wasn’t dodging his fists, I was dodging broken beer bottles. Just don’t get drunk around me and I promise not to through a temper tantrum, hmm?”

Caleb folded Micah into his arms, shocked that he had never noticed the faded scars on his back. He suddenly realized how easily he could have missed having Micah in his life. “*I love you, baby, you know that, right?*”

“*Yeah, I know. I love you, too,*” Micah replied mentally, thinking that tonight wasn’t turning out to be that bad after all. Both of his mates had professed their love to him. It remained to be seen how the rest of the night went.

“I’m sorry, Micah. I never wanted this to happen to you. Your mother and I, we just wanted you to have a normal life. If we had known—”

Micah turned around to glare at Mike. “It still doesn’t give you the right to make the decision for me. When I was a child, I can understand, but I’m not a child anymore and I haven’t been for a long time. Why didn’t you say something?”

Mike shook his head. “It all seemed so simple when your mother and I talked about it.”

“Didn’t you think he’d figure out when he shifted for the first time?” Thomas asked.

“No, if he never mated, he wouldn’t shift. We just kept him away from anyone that was a werewolf, so that he wouldn’t be mated. We figured if we could do that then we could keep him as human as possible.”

“What do you mean I wouldn’t shift if I didn’t get mated? That can happen?”

“Oh my god!” Thomas whispered vehemently as he sat down suddenly on the sofa. “He’s a tri omega!”

Chapter 8

“What the hell is a tri omega?” Micah asked anxiously. He began to get very nervous when everyone turned to stare at him. Did he have something on his shirt? Was his hair messed up? “What?”

His eyebrow shot up to his forehead and his mouth dropped open when Thomas stood up and walked over to Mike and promptly punched him in the mouth. “Thomas!”

“You stupid son of a bitch! He could have died. You know a tri omega has to have two mates to keep him grounded and safe. It was only by chance that we found Caleb. What do you think would have happened to him if we hadn’t found him?”

“You’re a werewolf,” Mike yelled as he jumped to his feet. “You would have figured it out and started looking for Caleb before that happened.”

“Bullshit! Until a couple of months ago, I’d never even heard of a tri omega. If my alpha hadn’t mated to another tri omega, I would never have known. What do you think would have happened then, Mike?” Thomas shouted back.

“But—but, that’s impossible,” Mike said, taking a step back as he looked at Thomas in confusion. “Everyone knows about tri omegas.”

“I don’t!” Micah shouted. “And I would really appreciate someone filling me in. What the hell is a tri omega?”

“Calm down, baby. Let’s go sit down and I’ll explain everything thing to you,” Caleb said as he placed his hand in the small of Micah’s back and pushed him towards the sofa where Thomas had been sitting.

Micah walked across the room and sat down on the sofa, Caleb sitting down beside him. Thomas immediately walked over to sit down on the other side of him, grabbing his hand between his.

Micah looked at Caleb curiously. “So, spill.”

“Micah, do you remember me telling you about what an omega is?” Thomas asked.

Micah glanced over at him in confusion. “Sure. An omega is like a diplomat for the pack, right?”

Thomas nodded, patting his leg. “A tri omega is a special kind of an omega. They have special abilities. Leyland can talk to people in their minds and levitate objects and tell when someone is lying. Ryland, another young tri omega from my pack, can heal people. Each tri omega has a special ability.”

“So, you’re saying I have some sort of ability? What?”

Thomas shook his head. “I don’t know. We won’t know until it manifests itself, but I’m thinking that it has something to do with Caleb.”

“Me?” Caleb asked. “What about me?”

Micah felt his face heat up. “I—uh—I can tell what you’re feeling.”

“Seriously?” Caleb questioned. “Since when?”

“Since the moment I met you. Remember when Thomas and I were talking just after you claimed me? I could feel your anger all of the way across the parking lot. I’ve been able to feel you several times since then.”

“That’s a little—”

“Weird?” Micah laughed half hearted. “How do you think I felt? I could tell what you were feeling, but I didn’t know why. And it hasn’t always been pleasant, Caleb. Remember how you were feeling when you brought me home?”

Micah watched Caleb think for a moment, then his face slowly paled as his eyes lifted to look into his.

“Oh, Micah, I’m—” Caleb began.

Micah smiled, reaching for his hand. “Relax, Caleb. That’s over and done with. A lot has happened between then and now.” He turned to look back at Thomas, a curious expression on his face. “What else?”

Thomas smirked. “What makes you think there is anything else?”

“Because that was too easy. So what if I can sense Caleb’s feelings? Big deal, I’ll know when he’s horny.” Micah shook his head. “There’s more here or everyone wouldn’t be so freaked out over my being tri omega. What aren’t you telling me?”

“Once you’re mated, if you’re not claimed, or bitten by both Thomas and I, every few days, you’ll die,” Caleb said.

“What!” Micah cried out, turning quickly to look at Caleb in horror. “I’m going to die?”

“No, baby, no,” Caleb said quickly, trying to reassure Micah. He wrapped his arms around him and pulled him onto his lap. “No, Micah. There’s no way that Thomas or I will let anything happen to you, especially now that we know you’re a tri omega.”

Thomas scooted over to sit next to Caleb, his own arms going around Micah, too. “We just have to claim you every few days and you’ll be fine.”

“Why?”

“When a tri omega is claimed, a genetic additive is introduced into your system that you are born without. Before then, it’s like your body doesn’t know it doesn’t have it, but once you’re claimed, it does and it can’t live without it.”

“Now you see why your mother and I didn’t want you to be exposed to this?” Mike said as he jumped to his feet and started pacing back and forth again. “We didn’t want anything to happen to you.”

“So, what? You left me with that pig to be tortured day and night? Oh yeah, that was such a better existence,” Micah scoffed, glaring at Mike.

Mike stopped pacing to stare at Micah, his anguish clear in his eyes. “Micah, I’m sorry. We thought we were doing the right thing. After your mother left, Lester wouldn’t let us even visit you. How were we supposed to know what was happening to you?”

“We? What we? You keep saying that. Do you have a fucking mouse in your pocket?” Micah shouted, quickly getting tired of Mike’s excuses.

“Your mother and I. Who do you think I was talking about all of this time?” Mike asked, confused.

“How the hell would I know? My mother left when I was twelve years old. I never heard from her again. Or you.”

Mike shook his head. “No, that’s not true. We sent letters every week, presents on your birthday and Christmas. We even sent money to Lester every month to help take care for you.”

Micah snorted. “Well, I certainly didn’t get it, any of it. I haven’t heard from my mother since the day she walked out the door leaving me behind with Lester. And if you are my father, and you cared so damn much, why the hell didn’t you take me with you?”

“We couldn’t. Lester wouldn’t let us,” Mike said quietly as he sat down in his chair again. He took a couple of deep breaths before raising his head look at Micah. “Lester found out that your mother was a werewolf. He blackmailed her into marrying him before I could stop her.”

“Why?”

Mike shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know. Lester met your mother and three weeks later she was marrying him. I was out of town and it was a done deal before I could stop her. After that, I went away for a while. I couldn’t stand by and watch her be with another man.”

“So, what happened? Why did my mother leave me behind?”

“She didn’t want to, Micah, I swear. It was just all so complicated. I ran into your mother by accident. We talked and decided that we wanted to be together no matter what. She tried to take you from

Lester, but he said he would tell everyone what she was, what you were. It just seemed safer at the time to leave you there.”

“That still doesn’t explain why you never came back to see me.”

“Every time we tried to set up a visit, Lester said you were busy or sick or mad at us and you didn’t want to see us. And you always looked so happy in the pictures he sent. After awhile, it just seemed easier to let you be.”

“What pictures?” Micah asked, sitting forward on Caleb’s lap.

Mike’s forehead drew together in a frown. He stood up and reached into his back pocket for his wallet, opening it up and pulling out a small plastic photo holder. Putting his wallet back in his pocket, he held the photo holder out to Micah.

Micah grabbed the pictures and began slowly going through them, curious as he flipped each little plastic page to the next picture. Coming to one picture, he laughed. “Oh, yeah, I remember that.”

Mike glanced down at the photo, smiling. “That one was always my favorite. I think you were the most happy in that one.”

“I was. I worked all summer to raise enough money to buy that damn calf. I had grand plans on raising him and showing him at the local country fair. I was going to be the next great cow farmer,” Micah laughed.

“What happened to him?” Mike asked softly.

Micah suddenly slapped the photo holder closed and handed it back to Mike. “Lester had veal for dinner,” Micah said sadly as he closed his eyes and burrowed into Caleb’s arms.

“Oh, Micah, I’m so sorry,” Mike said, moving over to kneel at Micah’s feet. “We didn’t mean for any of this to happen, Micah, I swear. We thought we were doing the right thing. We didn’t want you to go through what your mother had to go through, having to choose between her family and the safety of the pack.”

Micah stared down at Mike for several long tense moments. He didn’t know what to believe. Mike could be telling the truth, but so

far, not many people had been honest with him. He didn't know if he could tell the truth from a lie.

"You're really my father?" he asked quietly.

Mike nodded. "Yes, I am. Leeann didn't find out she was pregnant until she was already married to Lester or she never would have married him. But by then, it was too late. I didn't find out about you until I ran into her again."

"Where is she?"

"She's at home. We can go see her if you would like," Mike said, trying to give Micah his best grin.

"No! If Leeann wants to see Micah she can come here, but he's not going anywhere," Caleb said quickly.

"Caleb, she's my—"

"*Safety, Micah,*" Thomas reminded him mentally.

Micah sighed. "Okay, if she wants to see me she can come here. My fur ball has spoken."

Mike's eyes widen at Micah's words. "Micah, you shouldn't talk about your alpha that way. It's disrespectful."

"No, it's not." He tilted his head back to gaze up at Caleb. "Is it?"

Caleb chuckled. "Not from you, baby." He moved his eyes over to Mike, glaring at him. "But I would find it so from anyone else. Understood?"

Mike quickly nodded as he got to his feet. "If I have your permission, I would like to go home and get Leeann. I'll need to talk to her first, let her know what's going on before I bring her here. I'm not sure she could handle the surprise if I didn't."

"Is she sick?" Micah quickly asked.

"No, no, she's fine. She's just been up pretty much non-stop the last few days taking care of your sis—" Mike suddenly started laughing. "That's, right. You don't know. You have a little sister and brother. They're twins, eight years old."

"I have siblings?"

"Yes," Mike replied, beaming with pride.

“And you had time to make yourself another family while I had nothing? This is supposed to make me feel better?” Micah growled. “I guess you don’t need me then, do you?”

“Oh, no, Micah, that’s not what I meant,” Mike said quickly, his smile falling from his face. “I never—”

“That’s right...you never. You never took me with you. You never tried to see me. You never stopped that man from hurting me. You just went on with your life, making yourself a new family.”

“Micah—” Mike began only to stop when Caleb held his hand up before turning to Micah.

“Listen, baby, I know this isn’t easy and Mike certainly has a lot to answer for, as does your mother. But you need to look beyond that and see what you do have here,” Caleb said.

“And what in the hell do I have now?”

“Me and Thomas for a start, our pack,” Caleb said. “And once you get done being upset with Mike and Leeann, you’ll have a family, too.”

“What makes you think that I’m going to get over being upset with them? You don’t know what it was like growing up, how horrible it was.”

Caleb shook his head as he patted Micah’s arm. “No, I don’t. But I do know you. We have a family, you, Thomas, and I. Is that going to be enough for you, Micah?”

“Of course you’re enough for me. Have I ever said you weren’t?”

“No, but wouldn’t it better to have something more? A father, mother, and siblings? Mike and Leeann didn’t handle things as they should have been handled, true, but I imagine that they thought they were doing the right thing at the time. Do you think, after you’ve had time to think about it, you might forgive them?”

“Caleb,” Micah whispered.

“It’s not a decision you have to make today, baby. You can take all of the time you need to think about it.” Caleb turned to look over

at Mike. "I'm sure Mike and Leeann will wait until you're ready, won't you?"

Micah turned to see Mike open his mouth, then close it before nodding his head. "Yes, of course."

Micah nodded, still reeling from the fact that he suddenly had a family, a mother, father, and two younger siblings. He was honest with himself enough to know he wanted to see his mother again, meet his siblings. He just needed some time to process it all but it would come.

On top of that, he had two mates that had both told him of their own free will that they loved him. Two mates that had to claim him on a regular basis because he was a tri omega. Micah couldn't help but look forward to being claimed by Caleb and Thomas. He was sure each and every time was going to be mind blowing.

All of these changes had happened in just a little over a week. Micah chuckled as he wondered what would happen next week. It was sure to be a doozy!

Chapter 9

“I swear, Caleb Hunter, if you don’t put me down right this minute—” Micah shouted, laughter filling his voice as Caleb carried him up the stairs over his shoulder. He had been talking on the phone with Mike, arranging for his new family come over so he could meet them, when Caleb had come into the room and hung up the phone, tossing Micah over his shoulder.

“Sorry, baby, no can do. Thomas and I have decided that you need to be claimed at least once a day, so that we can insure your continued good health,” Caleb chuckled.

“Don’t I get a say in this?”

“Nope, and this time, you don’t get to argue about it either. This *does* have to do with your safety and you don’t get to argue with us over your safety, remember?” Caleb asked as he pulled Micah down into his arms. He leaned and gave him a small kiss on the lips before tossing him through the air to land on the bed.

“Hey!” Micah yelled as he landed, bouncing a couple of times. He rolled over onto his back and sat up on his elbows, glaring up at Caleb, his eyes widening when he saw the devilish grin on Caleb’s face. “Where’s Thomas?”

“Oh, he’ll be along soon enough. I’m supposed to get you warmed up,” Caleb laughed as he jumped onto the bed, his large body settling between Micah’s legs.

“Oh yeah? And just how do you plan to do that?” Micah asked breathlessly. He could feel Caleb’s hard erection pressing against his abdomen, encouraging his own cock to come out and play.

Caleb smiled up at Micah. “I have my ways,” he replied mischievously as he began slowly pulling Micah’s clothes off. With each bit of pale skin he exposed, Caleb planted little kisses until Micah was writhing on the bed naked.

“Caleb,” Micah pleaded as he pulled on his arms. “I need—”

“Ssshhh, baby. I know what you need and you’ll get it as soon as Thomas gets here,” Caleb assured him as he leaned down to lick along the sensitive skin right where Micah’s leg met his hip.

“Where is he?” Micah cried out as Caleb’s tongue flickered across his balls.

“He’s coming, baby, don’t you worry. We have something special planned for you. Thomas is just making sure it’s ready.”

“Gggrrr!” Micah growled as Caleb purposely avoided his hard aching cock and licked his way to the other hip. Caleb was driving him crazy. He was stimulating every inch of his body except the one thing Micah wanted stimulated, his cock.

He was ready to explode! If Caleb didn’t do something soon, Micah was pretty sure he was going to attack him, and to hell with waiting for Thomas. He could join in when he got there.

“Caleb, if you don’t—” Micah began only to stop when the bedroom door opened and Thomas walked in carrying a breakfast tray in his hands. Micah looked at it curiously, wondering what he was carrying. A white cloth covered the tray.

He sat up when Caleb rolled to one side, Thomas sitting down on the bed on the other, setting the breakfast tray over Micah’s legs. “What’s this?” Micah asked as he reached for the white cloth, stopping and looking up in surprise when Thomas grabbed his wrist. “What?”

Thomas smiled, releasing Micah’s hand to begin unbuttoning his shirt. “Caleb and I have something for you, Micah.”

Micah turned to see Caleb also stripping off his clothes. His breath started moving faster in his chest as he watched, panting louder

with each piece of skin revealed. Damn! His mates were the sexiest things he had ever seen. He was one lucky bastard!

“Come on, guys, you’re killing me here,” Micah groaned when they climbed onto the bed and sat down, one on each side of him. As soon as he reached for them, they held his hands, keeping him from grabbing them.

Caleb chuckled. “Just wait, baby.”

“Do you notice anything different about us, baby?” Thomas asked as he looked down at Micah.

Micah tilted his head to one side, as he looked Thomas over. His curiosity was peaked by the strange little grin on Thomas’s face. His eyes traveled down his face to his neck, then down towards his chest coming to an abrupt stop when he saw a little glint of silver embedded in Thomas’s left nipple.

His eyes widening, he quickly looked over at Caleb to see the same little silver ring in Caleb’s right nipple. He leaned up to get a closer look. It was a silver colored titanium ball closure ring but instead of a ball, it had a small silver heart where the ball should have been.

“What—” he whispered softly, reaching out with his hand to gently run his fingers over the small silver ring. The moment he touched it, he heard Caleb’s swift inhale. His eyes shot up in surprise.

“Careful, baby, they’re very sensitive,” Caleb chuckled.

“Why?” Micah asked in confusion.

“We wanted something to connect us all together, to say that we belonged to each other. Something that is just for us,” Thomas explained as he reached over and pulled the white cloth off of the breakfast tray.

“So, this is what we decided on,” Caleb added, his hand moving up to gesture towards the piercing in his nipple.

Micah looked down at the breakfast tray, his eyes widening even as his mouth dropped open in surprise. The tray held a hollow metal

needle, a bottle of antiseptic, an aerosol can, and two silver rings that matched the ones in Caleb and Thomas's nipples.

"You, you want me to pierce my nipple, too?"

"Nipples, baby. We want you to pierce both of your nipples," Thomas said, pointing the two silver rings sitting on the tray. "Caleb pierced his right nipple. I've pierced my left nipple. We want you to pierce your nipples to match ours."

Micah tilted his head to one side in confusion. "Huh?"

Caleb chuckled as he reached over and tugged on Micah's right nipple, eliciting a short groan from Micah. "Pierce this nipple for me."

"And this one for me," Thomas added as he tugged on the left nipple.

Micah looked back down at the tray, eyeing the long hollow needle with misgivings. "Won't it hurt?" he asked apprehensively.

"I can promise you'll hardly feel a thing," Caleb said as he trailed his hand down Micah's body to grab his cock. "I'm sure I can keep your mind on other things."

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Micah asked.

Thomas and Caleb both nodded. "We've discussed this a lot over the last few days. If we could, we'd marry you but in this day and age, that's just not going to happen. This is the next thing we could think of," Caleb explained.

"It's like a commitment between the three of us," Thomas clarified. "A way to say to each other that we're in this for the long haul."

"And mating me didn't do that?"

"Well, yeah, it did but we wanted something more, something tangible, something that shouted to the whole world that you belong to us as much as we belong to you. As much as every werewolf will understand the mating mark, humans won't."

Micah stared at both Thomas and Caleb for several moments before picking up one of the small silver rings in his fingers and

looking at it closely. He finally lifted his head to look back at his mates, surprised to see the anxious looks on their faces.

“So, basically, this is your version of a marriage ring?” he asked curiously.

“Well, yeah. It’s not like you can keep something like this hidden, Micah. At some point, someone will see you without your shirt on,” Caleb said. He seemed almost eager for the world to see Micah with pierced nipples.

“Why do I get the feeling that you’re going to want me to walk around without my shirt on all of the time?” Micah smirked as he set the rings back down on the tray. “So, how do you plan on keeping this from hurting?”

“You’ll do it? You’ll pierce your nipples for us?” Caleb asked quickly.

“You did it for me, didn’t you?” Micah asked as he pointed to the nipple ring in Caleb’s nipple. He was mildly shocked at the response his words gained him as both Caleb and Thomas immediately began kissing him all over.

Micah started to protest, laughing as his face was covered in kisses until he felt a hand close around his cock. As the hand around his cock began stroking him, Micah felt two sets of lips cover his nipples, one on each, tugging gently.

“Oh yeah, that’s good,” Micah groaned. His breath caught in his throat as Caleb bit his nipple. It didn’t hurt too much, just enough to let him know that Caleb was biting him. Micah was a little surprised. It actually turned him on a little.

When Thomas did the same thing, Micah cried out, arching his body and pressing his nipple further into Thomas’s mouth. He was almost breathless as Caleb moved breakfast tray to one side and trailed his lips down his body to envelop his cock, licking hard at the head.

With Caleb at his cock, Thomas began biting first one nipple, then the other. He moved back and forth between the two, biting a little

harder each time, building up the level of Micah's arousal until he was nearly mindless with desire.

As Thomas bit down roughly on one nipple, Micah could feel his cock getting ready to explode. He humped his hips towards Caleb's mouth when he felt a finger push in between his ass cheeks, pressing against his tight entrance. His head pushed back into the pillow behind him as the finger pushed in, breaching him.

A hard bite at the other nipple had Micah crying out as he came, erupting into Caleb's mouth and filling his mouth with his release. Micah whimpered as Caleb continued to lick at his cock while pressing another finger into his tight hole, never quite letting him come down from his orgasmic high.

Before Micah could even blink, his legs were pushed up to his chest and a hard cock replaced the fingers in his ass. Micah looked up to see Caleb pounding into him. He could see Thomas just past Caleb's shoulders, thrusting into him.

As Micah felt the heightened arousal flowing off of his mates, he was suddenly grateful to be a tri omega. He knew without a doubt, both of them were exactly where they wanted to be, right here with him.

Out of all of the things they did together, and there were a lot, he loved these moments the most, all three of them connected physically as well as mentally. This is when he felt the closest to them both.

"Come for me, my loves," he whispered.

As if a switch had been flipped at Micah's words, both Caleb and Thomas yelled out, coming at the same time. A couple of thrusts and they were collapsing down beside Micah, their arms covering him.

Micah snuggled down, content, as he listened to the ragged breathing coming from the handsome men on either side of him. If he had his way, this was where he would stay for the rest of his life, wrapped in the arms of his mates. However...

"Don't you think we should get this piercing thing over and done with before I chicken out?" He asked after a moment, his brows

coming together in a frown when both Caleb and Thomas started laughing.

“It’s already done, baby,” Caleb said as he scooted up to rest on his elbow.

Micah looked down, surprised to see two small silver rings, one through each nipple. “When the hell did you do that?”

“Told you it wouldn’t hurt,” Thomas said as he too sat up, leaning on his elbow. “They’ll be sore for a couple of hours, but your werewolf genetics should make them heal up soon enough.”

Micah reached down and touched one, amazed at the small shock of delight that shot through his body when the ring stimulated his nipple. He reached over and touched the other one, receiving the same response.

“Does it hurt?” Caleb asked quietly.

Micah shook his head, still dazed by the intense feeling touching the small ring brought him. He wasn’t sure he wanted Caleb and Thomas to know how much he enjoyed it. They would use it to torture him, he just knew it.

The decision was taken out of his hands a moment later when Thomas leaned down and wiggled the little ring with his tongue. “Oh fuck!” Micah cried out as he fell back against the pillow, his eyes squeezing close.

“Micah? Does that hurt?” Caleb asked as he reached down to gently tug on the ring in his other nipple.

His mind a whirl of lust, Micah couldn’t verbalize what he was feeling. He just shook his head rapidly, his hands fisting in the sheets beneath him as he tried to keep from begging his mates to touch him again.

“I think he likes it, Thomas,” Caleb chuckled, tugging again, this time a little harder.

“You think?” Thomas chuckled, gently tugging on the small ring with his tongue.

“You tell me,” Caleb said, his voice suddenly husky. “Look at him.”

Without opening his eyes Micah knew that Caleb was pointing out the sudden hard as steel erection that he had. He could feel their astonishment turn into anticipation then excitement as both Caleb and Thomas began playing with his nipples again.

“Fuck! Would you look at that?” Caleb whispered in wonder as he tugged on one nipple ring, watching as Micah’s cock pulsed with each tug. “I think these beautiful little nipples now have a direct line to his cock.”

And then some, Micah thought as he felt the head of his cock throb and pulse. He could feel every little touch of their hands and lips on his nipples right down on his cock. It was like having every erogenous zone on his body stimulated at the same time.

“Touch me,” Micah pleaded as he opened his eyes to look up at his mates

“No,” Caleb yelled out, grabbing Thomas’s hand just before he could grab Micah’s cock. “I want to see if he’ll come just from us playing with his nipples.”

Micah heard Thomas chuckle just before his lips latched onto his nipple again and he knew he was in trouble. He had no doubt that he was going to come from that. He also knew he had just given them a new toy to play with.

As his nipples were bitten, tugged on, and twisted around, Micah felt two sets of teeth scrape his neck, one on each mating bite. It was just too much for him. With a loud cry, Micah humped his hips into the air as he shot out spurt after spurt of pearly white cream.

Just when he thought he was going to pass out, he felt Caleb and Thomas sink their canines into the soft flesh on either side of his neck. As they claimed him again, drawing in his life essence, they continued to manipulate his sensitive nipples.

Overwhelmed with the sensations dominating his body, Micah’s eyes drifted close and he faded away into blackness, a contented smile

playing across his lips. Maybe being a tri omega, mated to two big, strong, sexy men wasn't such a bad thing after all.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Stormy Glenn 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.

When she's not being a mother to her six teenagers or cleaning up after her two 70-pound lap puppies, you can usually find her cuddled in bed with a book in her hand or her laptop, creating the next sexy character for her stories.

Stormy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website at www.stormyglenn.com



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