



MORE THAN
BLOOD

BREA ALEPOU

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Thank you, everyone, who has stood by me and helped me achieve my dream.

WARNINGS AND TRIGGERS

This book contains graphic description of sex, vulgar language, group sex scene, noncon, dubcon, and is for mature audience only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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“Fuck. I'm so fucked this time,” Karter said as he paced his room.

“Yeah, for sure this time. You couldn't just stay out of trouble, just had to see how big and bad you were. Well, now you're fucked, and I doubt the alpha will help your sorry ass this time,” Lola, his twin sister, said.

She sat on his bed watching him pace back and forth. The room wasn't all that big, and he kept ramming his foot into the bed. The pain helped clear his mind, but it would quickly disappear. The pain left too fast, not giving him enough time to relish in it. Pain was simple, his life was not.

“Fuck you, Lola. I didn't do this on purpose,” he spat.

She rolled her eyes as she clutched the pillow to herself. “Right, because you aren't the one to blame. Kart, you have to see that you're the one in charge of your own actions.”

He stopped pacing to glare at her. “Yes, Lola, I know that, but this shit wasn't my fault. I was winning, and they started rigging the game.”

She shook her head, clearly not believing it wasn't his fault. She started to get up off his bed, moving to leave his room.

“Where are you going?”

She stopped at the door with her hand on the handle. Her body was tense. They were twins, there was no denying it. They had the same facial features, and the same long, jet black hair. He had gotten tattoos on his body to make him stand out from his sister. Although Karter was clearly male, people still mistook him for her.

Staring at her back as she stayed facing toward the door, Karter waited for a response. She finally sighed out a deep breath. She turned, and her expression made Karter want to push her out the room. Pity and disappointment showed clear on her face.

“Karter, I love you, but I can't keep enabling you.”

Karter shook his head, his ponytail coming loose and sending black strands of hair all over. He cursed under his breath as he tried to pull it back out of his face.

“It's not enabling shit. Lola, I literally just need you to talk to Ryker and convince him to help me this one last time.”

He finally got the ponytail holder to hold his hair.

Her fists opened and closed, and he could tell she was getting angry with him. And when Lola was angry, she didn't help anyone.

“Karter, you said that last time, and the time before that, and the time before that. Oh, and let's not forget the time he had to bail you out from shifter fucking prison for fucking with a human official.

Damn it, Karter, you've needed more help than anyone in this damn pack. You keep this shit up, and he'll be forced to exile you. People are talking, and they're tired of you making Silver Gise Pack look like shit." She was fuming.

Karter knew people talked about him behind his back, that had been his whole life. So for his sister to point it out to him was no skin off his back, but he had an issue with her caring what others thought of him.

"Since when did you start giving a fuck what others say? You used to tell me to ignore them. Now you're talking for them."

He crossed his arms, and she gawked at him as if he was crazy. She was the one who was turning her back on him, not the other way around. He would never give a shit what people said about him, and he wouldn't let anyone talk about his sister. He used to think the same was true for her, that she was the only one on his side, but now it sounded as if she was a part of the people who didn't care for him. And that list was long.

"God, Karter, you act so fucking stupid. I swear, you have no idea how hard it is to be your sister. I love you more than anything, but, damn it, Karter, you're fucking up both of our lives. It's hard to ignore what people say when it's always true." Her olive skin was tinting with red, a testament to how angry she was. "You're turning out to be such a fuck up. Just like him."

She froze when the words left her mouth, as if surprised she'd voiced them. Karter felt something cold overtake him. He wasn't angry or sad. At that moment, he felt nothing. He felt empty. They both stood staring at each other, frozen in place. Lola's face dropped, and she opened her mouth to talk but quickly closed it.

She took a deep breath. "Karter, that's n—"

"Don't." The ice in his tone could have frozen hell over.

Lola flinched from his tone, and he could tell that she felt bad, but, at that point, he didn't care. At that moment, he felt more alone than he ever had in his life.

"Karter, I'm so—"

"Get out," he growled.

His beast was present, but he would never attack his sister, no matter if she abandoned him. She turned to leave.

"I do love you, but even you have to realize how you're self-destructing. I want to help you." She shook her head, as if even she was lost on how to help him. She sighed, her back still turned to Karter. "I'll talk to Ryker," she said as she walked out of his room and closed the door.

Karter stood there, staring at the door. He didn't know what to do with himself. Was he fucking up so bad that even his sister didn't want to be near him? Sure, Lola had agreed to talk to Ryker, the pack alpha, but that was more out of guilt from comparing him to their shit father. The man hadn't done one thing right. He'd nearly sold Lola off to some slave traders just for alcohol. He couldn't believe that she had compared them. He wasn't that, was he? He went to sit on the bed. The room he had was small but the only thing he had as his own. And, really, it wasn't even that. It belonged to the alpha of the pack; Karter got to stay for free because of Lola.

She was a dominant wolf, and so she was high on the chain of hierarchy. She'd also recently started to date the pack's alpha. Which was why he'd asked for her help, but he was quickly realizing that was a mistake. He should handle it all on his own, but no, like always he'd run to his sister.

He flopped on the bed, contemplating his next move. He needed to fix the mess he was in before it leaked over into the pack. He would cause Lola a lot more issues than she needed. Many of the other pack members didn't like that Lola was so highly ranked and given responsibility in the pack when

she had a fucked-up brother. He was making her life hard, and he had no intentions of doing that.

He rubbed his eyes. They hurt. Too bad it wasn't an ache he could just heal with his werewolf abilities. He would rest for a bit before going out and seeing how he could fix the mess he was in.



Karter stood in front of the alpha, waiting to hear what he had to say. Lola stood to the side, and Benny, the beta of the pack, stood to his right. He hated being in front of the alpha, looking like some weak wolf who couldn't handle their own shit. But that's exactly why he was there; he couldn't handle his own, no matter how he wished he could.

"Karter..."

Ryker rubbed his temples, as if just saying Karter's name was too much of a hassle. Karter said nothing. There was no point; the alpha would help him, or he wouldn't, but Karter sure as hell hated asking him for help. Ryker stared at him as if his very existence was a bother. He looked over to his sister. She avoided his eyes, and his stomach dropped. It couldn't be good if his sister was avoiding eye contact. He swallowed and looked back at the alpha.

"Karter. I'm not sure where to go with this. I know you're Lola's brother, but this is hard for me because you're also one of my wolves." Ryker stood, glancing over to Lola before he continued.

Karter saw the subtle nod from Lola. Yeah, this talk wasn't anything good. He got ready to defend himself, but he knew whatever the alpha had decided, his sister had agreed to. So, it couldn't be that bad, right? Maybe Ryker would say he would help, but Karter had to pick up more chores around the pack. He could do that; he wouldn't like it, but it was doable.

"This decision didn't come lightly."

Karter was going to combust with all the tension. The pauses were going to kill him before he heard his fate.

"Fuck, would you just say it already," Karter shouted.

He groaned. He should really learn when to keep his mouth shut. Ryker looked at him as if he wanted to slap him. Karter was pretty sure if Lola hadn't been in the room, Ryker would have done just that.

Ryker took a deep breath, and his chest swelled.

"I've never met anyone dumber than you," Benny said.

Karter glared at him, and he went to flip him off.

"Karter," Lola said with a sharp tone. She used some of her dominance, and Karter could do nothing but take notice. He hated that she was more dominant than him.

"Karter, until you get your shit together, you aren't allowed on pack land, in this house, on pack hunts, or to have any contact with pack members. It's not a full exile, as I wi—"

"What the fuck?" he shouted.

His question was at Lola, not the alpha, because he honestly saw it coming from Ryker. Ryker had expressed many times how he wanted Karter gone or to be out of the pack. But his sister had been involved in the decision.

"Watch your tone. I don't give a fuck if you're Lola's little brother, you will not speak to the alpha that way." Benny's eyes had shifted into his wolf, and he had a growl to his voice.

Karter hated that people thought Lola was his older sister when they were twins born on the same damn day. In fact, he was born first, but no one seemed to remember that part. He rolled his eyes. He

didn't give a damn about the alpha or beta; he only listened because of his sister. The one who should've had his back. He turned his eyes to her, and her body was relaxed, leaning against the wall.

"You're just going to act like none of this is happening?" he asked.

Ryker blocked his view of Lola, and Karter growled, feeling his wolf close to the surface.

"Wow, he is the dumbest shit I've ever met," Benny said.

Karter paid him no mind, his focus on Ryker. Ryker was the reason his sister was turning on him.

"Get yourself under control," Ryker said.

Karter felt the alpha power trying to will him to do what he wanted. Karter shook it off, not giving a fuck about Ryker. None of the dominance shit worked on him, but he always pretended it did. He was done faking. He wanted to talk to Lola. He wanted to know if she was really turning her back on him.

"Get the fuck out of my way, Ryker."

Ryker stared him down, not fazed by how close Karter's wolf was to the surface.

"You want to challenge me, go ahead. I've been itching to put you in your place." Ryker rolled his shoulders as he stared Karter down.

He rolled his eyes. "Lola, are you coming?"

He hoped she said yes, and they could leave together. If the pack didn't accept one of them, then both of them would leave. It's what they had always said. They stuck together, fuck everybody else. Again, she said nothing, and he waited on bated breath.

"You're just pathetic. I feel sorry for Lola," Benny said.

Karter was tired of hearing him talk, so he moved toward the beta, ready to tear his fucking throat out. Benny stood with anticipation, as if he was excited about the potential fight.

"Karter." Lola's voiced stopped him.

He turned to look at her. Brown eyes looked back at him, framing a face he'd known his whole life.

Ryker put his hand on Lola's arm, a sympathetic look in his eyes. Karter wanted to fucking gouge his blue eyes out.

"Lola, babe, you do—"

"I do," she said, interrupting him.

"You should let me put him in his place first," Benny said.

Lola flinched, the first reaction he'd seen from her since he was called into Ryker's personal living quarters.

"Benny, shut it," Ryker said, giving him a level look.

Benny bowed.

Karter waited for Lola to speak, but she wasn't making eye contact with him, which was so unlike her. He wanted to shake her, but he knew she would only get angry with that approach. He took a deep breath, calming his inner beast. There would be no fight, because, although he was going to ask her the question, he also knew the answer.

"Lola, are you leaving with me?"

She turned to look him in the eyes, and there was determination in them. He could also see the sadness, but she'd made her choice. And it wasn't him. He nodded; he didn't need her to say anything. He never imagined the day would come that his sister would choose someone else over him. He turned, heading for the exit. He needed to get his shit and get out of there before he lost his fake composure.

"Karter," Lola called out, right before he touched the doorknob.

"Whatever it is, Lola, save it. So much for twins first."

He didn't turn to look at her, but he heard a loud bang. She'd most likely hit the wall, probably putting a hole in it.

"You stopped putting twins first when you started getting in all this trouble. For months, I've begged you to stay out of trouble and not to bring it back onto the pack. You continued not to care. So, which one of us really stopped putting twins first?"

Karter closed his eyes. That was probably all true. But, if the roles were reversed, he would never leave her behind. He would never let some alpha kick her out, no matter how good his dick game was. He turned, opening his eyes. There was, in fact, a hole in the wall. Drywall coated her hand and the floor. He looked her in the eyes, knowing it would be the last time. He would never come back. He was losing his sister forever.

"It's temporary. Just get everything settled, and stay out of trouble, and Ryker agreed to let you back in the pack." The look on her face was pleading.

Even if he got everything settled and stayed out of trouble, Ryker would only let him back because Lola begged for it. He wouldn't be welcomed with open arms. All the pack members hated him. It was why he didn't stay around pack land, which in turn led him to do whatever he wanted outside of it. All the fun things just happened to get him in trouble. He turned back around, facing the door.

He opened it, the cool air calming his heated skin. He felt like he wanted to shift, but he kept himself in check.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night. I love you, Lola." He walked out the door.

He heard her say she loved him too. She wouldn't try and stop him from leaving, but she knew he wouldn't be back. He came to the realization it was better for her, because he hadn't noticed that she'd made a life for herself. Unlike him, she got along well with a lot of the other pack members, and she easily accepted her role as one of the more dominant wolves. He had stayed clear of everything, because he hadn't wanted to have any responsibility.

His heart hurt from losing his sister, but, at the same time, he saw that she needed him to leave. He was ruining things for her. That realization hurt; they had gone in together, and he had stuck to the mindset that it was just the two of them, but she had found where she belonged. He hadn't found that—he just found more trouble to have fun.

He made it to his one-bedroom apartment on pack land. He grabbed a duffle bag out of the closet, the same duffle bag they had traveled with when they set out to find a pack. That was six years ago, and now he was leaving the pack and his sister. He grabbed all of his clothes. It amounted to four pairs of jeans, a pair of grey sweatpants, and a handful of t-shirts. He shook his head as he zipped the bag and slung it over his shoulder.

An Uber took him out of the pack lands into Multicity. He only had a few bucks on him, and they would have to be used for him to eat and sleep for the night. Come morning, he would figure something out.

KARTER

He visited three different hotels and each one wanted more money than he had. It was late, and the seedier people of Multicity would be making appearances. Karter was probably considered one of the seedier types, but he liked to think of himself as one step above them.

He sighed, walking a few more blocks to check out a motel that was probably roach infested but would be in his budget. He shouldn't have spent the money on an Uber but walking from pack lands to Multicity was at least a half a day walk. He couldn't catch a ride with one of the pack members, so he'd called an Uber.

He made it to the motel the desk clerk at the last hotel had given him. Looking at the motel, he knew that it had to be filled with cockroaches and the worst germs known to man. He couldn't get human illnesses, but he still had no desire to touch anything within the motel.

People were milling around, so by the time he heard footsteps heading toward him, it was too late. He was surrounded. The familiar stench hit him before an arm went around his neck.

"Karter, buddy, you've been avoiding us," Mason said as he tapped the silver, wolfbane-dipped knife against Karter's cheek.

The burn that accompanied the light touch was an annoyance. It felt like a bee sting, something that was there but went away all too quickly. Mason was one of Santiago's goons, and the one who usually sought out the paranormal clients. Being a skillful hunter, he had the skills to deal with Santiago's more dangerous clients.

Karter thought about pushing the man away from him, because he reeked of cheap liquor. Some would take that to think that Mason wasn't on his A-game, but Karter knew that the man just poured the liquor on himself, and he never drank the shit. He made himself seem weaker so people would test him, and then he would be able to use his skills against them.

Karter could probably take him, but he heard the three others that had stopped a few feet away. He may be able to take Mason out but not before one of his men shot him.

"I wasn't avoiding anyone," Karter said between tight lips.

Mason leaned harder on him, giving Karter more of his weight. He was playing the drunk goon tactic hard tonight. Karter didn't move; he just stood there, not giving Mason what he wanted. The back of the knife slid against his cheek, and the skin started to sizzle. Flesh burning from the pure silver touching against it. The wolfsbane was making it impossible for the wound to heal right away, but there wasn't enough of the poison to really hurt him.

"I like you, Karter," Mason said, pressing the knife harder against the wound.

Blood started to drip down his face. He said nothing. The pain was there, but if anything, it helped

him focus. He heard one of the goons behind him click the safety off his gun. He heard another one in front of him step a little closer, anticipating when he would lash out.

"Do you know why I like you, Karter?"

"I didn't know you were into men, Mason," he said.

Mason removed his arm, and, in turn, the knife left his skin. The skin was slow to heal, but he could feel it as it tried to knit back together. Mason came around in front of him, a tall, muscled man. He was grey at the temples with the rest of his hair being blond. Karter thought he would look better if he dyed the rest of his hair a darker color, but he didn't think his style input would be welcomed.

"I'm not, it's pussy for me." Mason sneered at him. "You look like a girl. I might be able to make an exception for you," he said as he grabbed the front of his pants and thrust his hips in a gyrating motion.

"I wouldn't let your limp dick near me. Shit probably shoots dust with how old you are."

The slap was expected, and his face turned with it. His left cheek felt hot for all of a few seconds. Mason had strength, but it was mere human strength. He may be able to take down supernaturals, but he still wasn't strong enough to really hurt Karter. Again, the only reaction Karter gave was to hold still. He waited to see if Mason would do anything else.

"I would fucking kill you if it wasn't for the boss's wishes." The venom in Mason's voice rang with the truth of his claim.

"And here I thought you liked me," Karter said. His ability to keep his mouth shut was still not working.

There was a laugh behind Mason, and he turned to glare at whoever thought it was a good idea to laugh. Mason's mean mug turned back to Karter.

"Let's go. Boss wants to see you."

Karter didn't argue, there was no point. The goon directly behind him still had his safety off, the one to his right had their gun in their hand, and Mason had his knife out.

"Sure, I don't have any other plans."

Mason looked to his duffel bag, and a grin appeared on his face. Karter felt his stomach drop. Mason wasn't stupid, and he knew that Karter was already having troubles with his pack. Now he was out in Multicity with a duffel bag. What were the chances he would believe that Karter was on a vacation trip?

"Ryker finally got tired of your shit?" Mason said.

So, no chance whatsoever. He didn't respond. Mason started to walk, and Karter followed. When they arrived at the black SUV, he got in without any argument. There *were* times his mouth knew to stay shut. Mason got in after him, and he moved to scoot away only to have the other door open and a woman get into the car.

Karter had never seen her before but knew instantly she was the one who had been behind him with the gun. She clicked the safety back on and discreetly put it away. As if Karter couldn't tell that she was sliding it in a leather holster on her left side under her breast. The way her arm moved, and the slide of fabric told him everything he needed to know. Mason would never hide, it would be pointless, but the woman next to him did. That told him everything he needed. She wasn't used to the supernatural and didn't know enough about them. Karter filed that information away. Just in case he needed to go to drastic measures.

The other two goons got in the car, one in the driver seat and the other in the passenger. The one in the passenger seat turned and stared Karter down. He was new too, but that wasn't surprising. Mason's team always changed, too easy to be killed.

"So, you're a werewolf. Can you change anytime you want? Does it hurt? Can you change someone?"

All of the questions fired at him weren't a surprise, but what was surprising was that Mason didn't tell the idiot to shut up. Karter sat back, relaxing in the seat, and he felt the woman next to him tense. He paid her no mind. She wasn't even a threat to him, none of them were. The only threat was Mason, and he wouldn't kill Karter unless Santiago said so.

"Yes. No. Maybe."

"Maybe? So, you can. That's cool. Is the change by a bite? Were you changed?"

Again, Karter waited for Mason to say something, but there was nothing. Usually, the car rides were filled with silence and a tense atmosphere. He couldn't believe he was wishing that was the case.

"If I told you how, I would have to kill you," Karter said.

The guy's baby blue eyes went wide. "For real?" He sounded excited.

What a nut job. He guessed that would be the type of people who worked for Santiago Gruev, one of the top underground bosses. He dealt in everything: guns, drugs, hired hitmen, slave trade, blood banks, casinos, money laundering, and other shit that Karter didn't care to learn. He hadn't even wanted to know that much.

Karter leveled a look at the young guy. He looked no older than twenty-one. He was in the wrong line of work if he thought talking to a werewolf in the car on the way to his boss was a good idea.

"Have you ever made someone a werewolf?"

"Have you ever had your throat ripped out for asking too many questions?"

The woman next to him pulled her gun back out.

"Don't forget to take the safety off. Wouldn't want you to try and shoot and nothing comes out," Karter said as he stared forward. "You would be better off with the knife in your hand. A stray bullet could kill the driver and then we're all fucked, because an amateur couldn't keep her cool. If you stab me, you better have perfect aim and be able to move faster than me." He side eyed her before focusing back on the windshield.

He heard her breathing pick up, as if she hadn't expected him to notice.

"Janice, put the gun away. Eric, turn your ass around and stop asking questions," Mason said.

Janice put her gun away and Eric did turn around, and Karter was happy for it. Janice was even tenser next to him, but she was easy to ignore now that Eric was done with his questions.

The car stopped, and Karter turned to look out the tinted windows. They were at one of the many clubs Santiago owned. Mason got out of the car first, with Karter following shortly behind, then Janice—who finally had her breathing under control—and Eric bringing up the rear. They walked in the back entrance. Karter's ears hurt from the loud music, and it was jarring. It took him a few seconds before his hearing changed, and the sound no longer hurt his ears so much. They walked until they came upon another door that led to the stairs. At the end of the stairs, was yet another door. When they entered, there was no longer any music, as if they'd entered another building. The door's soundproofing was so good, Karter couldn't even hear past it.

They walked further into the huge and windowless room. In the middle was a chair with a guy in it. He looked as if he'd seen better days. His eyes were bloodshot, his nose broken, and he had a busted lip.

"I hate getting blood on my hands. It's troublesome," said the deep voice of Santiago, as he walked into the room from another room. His hand was covered in blood. The guy in the chair turned his head, trying to see where Santiago was located.

Karter knew the man in front of him was human, and he also knew that he had pissed himself already. At Santiago's entrance, he did it again.

"Mason, you're back," Santiago said. He turned to look at Karter. "Karter, I would hug you, but as you can see, I'm a little dirty. Once I finish up, we can talk business."

Karter nodded.

They didn't move anywhere, so he would be forced to watch the man before him get beaten to within an inch of his life. It would do nothing for him, but it was their way of trying to use a scare tactic. Mason eyed him and shrugged his shoulders. He knew that most supernaturals fought and spilled blood all the time. It was their pastime, but Santiago had only recently involved himself with supernaturals, so he was still learning. If Karter were a human, this tactic probably would have him shaking like a leaf.

"Please San—" The man was cut off when Santiago stuffed a towel into his mouth.

"You thought you could steal from me," Santiago said. He punched the man in the face multiple times.

The guy's nose started to bleed again and there was a cut above his eye.

"I don't like thieves," Santiago said each word punctuated with a punch to the guy's face. With his hand dripping blood, Santiago stepped back.

Karter watched as they shot the guy up with something, most likely adrenaline. He had passed out in the middle of Santiago's punches.

"Parker," Santiago called.

Parker, a larger, bald man with more muscle than Karter thought was necessary, came walking in. The man in the chair jolted, one eye already swelling, but he was turning his head in panic. He rocked the chair so hard it almost fell over.

"You there, come hold this chair." Parker pointed to Eric.

Eric went over and held the back of the chair. He tried just holding it with little effort. That was until Parker started to let his fist loose against the man's face, chest, and body. Karter heard the groans and muffled screams as the hard punches hit against the man's body. There was a distinctive cracking sound. His ribs were breaking. Another round of hits and, sure enough, Karter heard the full crack of a few ribs.

"Parker, enough."

With Santiago's words, Parker stopped instantly. He was in mid hit, his fist hovering in front of the man. He pulled it back and fixed his suit. There was a light sheen of sweat on his face, but, other than that, he seemed unperturbed about how much he'd just beat the guy up.

"Take him out of here. Make sure he knows he's got two months to get me that money, or his daughters are next." One of Santiago's other goons carried the half-dead man out of there.

"He'll be dead before then," Karter blurted out.

He had been doing well.

They all turned to look at him, and Santiago stared him in the eyes.

"Take him to the hospital, and add the bill to the money he owes," he said to the goon. The goon took off with the guy dragging him out. Everyone still stood there, staring at Karter. He didn't flinch from the attention.

"You wanted to see me?" Karter asked.

He was ready to get the meeting over with. He still needed to find a place to sleep. If Santiago wanted to talk about the money, he owed him, Karter still didn't have it and he had no idea how he would get it. If they planned to kill him, they could have done it at any time. It would have been a

waste to drag him all the way to see Santiago for it.

A smile appeared on Santiago's face. "That's right. Let's go into the other room so we can sit."

Mason dismissed Janice and Eric, so the only ones in the office were Mason, Santiago, Parker, and Karter. Santiago went to sit behind the desk positioned on the back wall. The room seemed to be an office. Spacious, and still no windows, but it had the art of the outdoors decorated around it.

Although Santiago had said for them to sit, there was nowhere for Karter to do so. He had to bite his tongue to refrain from saying anything about it.

"I contacted your alpha, and he has informed me that he will not be helping you with the debt that you have incurred."

"He was probably kicked out," Mason said.

Karter said nothing, staring at Santiago, but he wouldn't let them know the truth. He could end up in the slave trade and that was the last thing he wanted. It was hard to sell supernaturals but not impossible.

"I told him I would figure something out," Karter said.

Santiago nodded, his hands still bloody as he folded them over his desk.

"I get that. But the real question is: how are you going to get me my money, Karter?"

Wasn't that the question he was asking himself just a few hours ago when he had been talking to Lola? At the thought of his sister, there was a pang in his heart. He missed her already, and it had been less than a day. He wished that he hadn't gotten in this mess, but trouble was his middle name, and no matter what he did, he was drawn to it like a moth to a flame.

Karter shrugged his shoulders. There was no reason to lie; he had no fucking clue, but he was sure he could find one.

"You know, even for a werewolf you've got some balls on you. That's why I'm going to help you out," Santiago said.

Karter was skeptical of any help Santiago wanted to give. It was because of Santiago's help he was in the mess he was in.

"Your help isn't necessary," Karter said.

Santiago looked at him. "I beg to differ. I suggest you shut the fuck up and let me explain how I'm willing to help you."

Karter wanted to say something, but he thought it best that now—if ever—his tongue holding skills needed to work. He opened his mouth to speak, only to feel the hot blade go through his cheek, over his tongue, and then out the other side through his other cheek. The pure silver burned, but he could tell it wasn't the knife with wolfsbane on it. His wounds were trying to close around the silver knife, only to continue to burn. Blood dripped into his mouth. He turned to Mason, knowing he was the one who put the knife through his mouth.

"Help you keep your slick-ass mouth shut," Mason said.

Karter had half a mind to take the knife out and explain to him that his mouth was, in fact, still open, and it was just hard to talk. Instead, he accepted the saving grace and left the knife in his face. The wound burned, but the pain wasn't too much for him. So, when Santiago began to talk again, he was fully focused on him.

"There's a job opening, and it pays good. With it, you'll be able to pay me back in no time. All you have to do is feed some vampires."

Karter's back stiffened. He couldn't have heard right. Vampires and werewolves didn't get along. Years of wars and killing each other didn't just disappear, especially since most of the supes who fought those wars still lived. Karter went to talk, only to feel the knife cut through more skin. It

frustrated him.

"I don't give a damn about the hatred. It pays good money, and they have killed the last six humans I've sent over there. So, you will go. Mason will take you," Santiago said, ending the conversation. He stood and walked out of the room before Karter could say anything.

He jerked the knife out of his cheek and felt the skin piece itself back together. There was the itch before he knew it was safe to move his mouth. He opened and closed his mouth a few times, working his jaw. He turned to Mason and handed back the knife.

"Thanks," he said.

Mason nodded, sheathing the knife. "Let's go. I don't want to be anywhere near a vampire house for long."

Karter wanted to make a comment on the small tremor in Mason's voice, but he understood. One vampire probably was easy, but a den of them wasn't something to fuck with. He was going to be their food. The shit he got himself into. If they didn't kill him right away, he would be surprised.

Karter stood outside a huge mansion on the richer side of Multicity. The mansions had plenty of land. Each not as much as pack land, but a few acres with a house in the middle of it. He walked past the gate and to the mansion that sat with an ominous air around it. He could run. Mason had already driven off. He had basically done a rolling stop, pushing Karter from the car before peeling off in the other direction.

He could leave without any issues and travel to another city far away, but he remembered that Ryker hadn't informed Santiago that he wasn't in the pack anymore. So, Santiago could technically put everything Karter owed on the pack if he disappeared. He didn't care, but his sister was a part of the pack. It was the only reason he now stood in front of the door and rang the bell.

He heard nothing from the other side, but all his hair stood up, and the beast inside of him was restless. This was all types of a bad idea, but a small part of him was excited for the danger that awaited. That same small part of him that always got him into trouble. The door slowly opened, and Karter controlled the urge to shift as the first whiff of death wafted out of the open door. Vampires had a distinctive smell, like dirt and death. It was hard to explain, but Karter knew the only thing that smelled that way were vampires. And since they were the walking dead, he liked to associate that with the odd smell.

A young guy came to the door, his bright blue eyes peering at Karter. His pale face briefly scrunched as if he smelled something horrible before his features smoothed out as he studied Karter. Karter wasn't sure what to say. For the first time in his life, he was lost for words. The guy in front of him was shorter than him with dark brown hair. He was dressed as if he was at a party, not at home. He leaned against the doorjamb, seeming unworried by the werewolf outside his door.

"Are you lost, puppy?"

Karter blinked at him, unsure of what he heard. He had been so lost in trying to figure out what to say that he almost missed the jab at him. The growl that wanted to come out would do him no good.

"No. I know exactly where I am. Standing outside the home of a bunch of mosquitos," he said as he forced himself to relax his body.

The guy stared at him for a little while, the silence deafening. Karter could hear himself take in every breath, but the guy in front of him didn't breathe at all. He didn't move, and he didn't blink. He was there, but it was like he wasn't. If Karter closed his eyes, all of his senses but smell would tell him nothing was there. His wolf knew the threat was there, but the vampire didn't move.

"You're either a very stupid dog or you have a death wish," the man said.

"Neither of those options are me. You can always try again. I hear the second or third try is the

charm."

The vampire started to laugh. "Idiot it is then."

Before Karter could reply, the vampire was in his face, his hand around Karter's neck. His first instinct was to shift and rip the guy to shreds. Just as fast as the vampire had appeared, he went flying backward. He crashed into a tree a few yards away, and Karter turned to see who had joined them.

There stood a well-dressed man. He was tall, in a three-piece suit, had styled black hair, and glasses. Karter knew that vampires shouldn't need glasses, but here a vampire stood with glasses on.

"Eddison, that wasn't necessary. I wasn't going to kill him," the younger vampire complained.

The first vampire brushed the dirt off of his clothes as he got up. The tree was bent and leaning to the side. There were nasty cracks on the side of the tree where his body had hit. Karter turned back to the well-dressed vampire named Eddison, and he wondered if anyone had ever dared to call him Eddy. Vampires were all dangerous, but Eddison almost seemed deadly. The way he looked at Karter set warning bells off in Karter's head.

"Did Santiago send you?" Eddison asked.

"Yeah. He didn't seem to care about the whole vampires and werewolves don't get a long thing," Karter said.

He had to forcefully relax his body again. It was wound so tight being between two vampires. Eddison pushed his glasses up on his face.

"I'm not surprised, but why didn't you run?"

That was the question Karter wanted to ask himself. Why did he decide not to run again?

"Seemed interesting." He shrugged his shoulders.

"So, wait, this is our new blood bag?" the guy from earlier said. His fangs appeared in seconds once he knew that Karter was there to feed them.

Eddison put his hand up. "Not yet, Braydon. I need to call Weston first before we go through with this."

Karter had no idea who Weston was, but he was pretty sure just like wolf packs had alphas, vampires had to have the equivalent. Braydon's fangs went back, but he still looked at Karter with enthusiasm.

"I hope he says yes. The humans always died too fast, and they ran out of blood way too quickly."

Eddison ignored Braydon and pulled out a phone. Karter watched as the man's elegant fingers moved over it. Eddison put his cell to his ear but the way he stared at Karter was odd. He would have sworn that Eddison was just as eager as Braydon at the potential of feeding on him.

The phone connected and, with his hearing, he could hear everything. Eddison still stared at him with piercing gold eyes.

"Weston, the services we requested? It seems we have a pup instead."

Karter growled. "I'm no one's pup," he said, baring his teeth.

Eddison's eyes crinkled as if he found something funny.

"Ask about the pack," the man over the phone said.

"That won't be an issue. I'm here of my own will," Karter said.

There was a sigh from the man on the phone. "Axel won't like it but maybe this is better. Braydon is only allowed a cup of blood."

Braydon fell to the ground with so much dramatics that Karter almost laughed.

"This is the worst punishment ever," he whined.

Eddison and Weston both ignored Braydon. Karter knew the man over the phone could hear everything that was going on.

"Wolf, you will be allowed in our home, but first you must sign paperwork. Eddison will get everything for you." With that, there was a distinctive click ending the call. Eddison put his phone back into his pocket. Through the whole conversation, Eddison had kept his eyes on Karter. Karter would have said it was because Eddison was worried he would shift, but he got a feeling that wasn't the only reason.

"Come on, pup," Eddison said as he walked into the house.

"I'm not a damn pup." He grabbed his bag and followed after Eddison.

He walked past Braydon who still laid out on the front lawn, but his eyes followed Karter like a hawk. Even with his dramatics, he still looked at Karter as if he was a walking steak.

He finally walked through the front door. The house was surprisingly lit up with plenty of light. He turned and saw heavy curtains drawn closed where the front windows were located. He had been expecting the house to be dark and gloomy, but there was color everywhere. The tile on the floor was black marble with glittery specks. He rolled his eyes at how gaudy it made the house. But, then again, he was walking into a mansion.

He followed Eddison down a bunch of elaborate hallways, losing count of how many times he turned left and then right. It was like a maze within the mansion. Each hallway decorated with paintings or pictures. The walls were all the same; a cream color, so that each painting stood out. There had been one painting that Karter had lost himself in. Eddison had called him pup—which made him angry—and that made him turn from the picture to follow Eddison.

Eddison sat behind a large desk. They were in an office, but it was kind of like a library. There were rows and rows of books behind Eddison. The window to his left was again covered with heavy curtains.

"Afraid of a little moonlight?" Karter asked as he sat down and pointed to the thick curtains.

Eddison glanced at what he was referring to before turning back to flip through a few papers. He pulled out thick packages and placed them in front of Karter on the desk.

"You will need to read and sign all of these," Eddison said.

The documents were thicker than his arm. He looked at Eddison. "Give me the abbreviated version." He wasn't about to read all of that.

Eddison shook his head. "You truly are an idiot. You should read and understand all of this. If I decided to leave something out in my explanation and you sign, it will be your fault for not reading it for yourself."

"Yeah, I get that part, so tell me what all of this says but in less words." Karter relaxed in the chair, because he wasn't reading anything. That was pure torture, and if the vamp thought Karter gave a shit, he had another thing coming.

Eddison stared, his gold eyes trained on him. They almost made him squirm with how hard Eddison was staring at him.

"Very well then. First, let's get some information from you." Eddison turned to face the computer on the desk. The screen lit up. "Pack name?"

"None of your fucking business," Karter said.

Eddison didn't bat an eye. "Relatives?"

"Fuck that. I can tell you right now, if all your questions are like this, just put 'fuck off' for my answer. I won't be saying shit about any of that stuff," Karter said.

He wasn't going to tell them anything like that, because if they knew then things could get messy. Plus, he no longer had a pack, and he left his sister, so he didn't have family either. He could have just said none to both, but he decided to keep that to himself.

Eddison turned to him with a cool, collected look, but, by the way, his hands flexed, he was anything but cool and collected. Karter got a feeling that if he pushed a little more, he would get a real reaction from the vampire.

"You're making this harder than it has to be."

Karter shrugged his shoulders. "Bite me." After the words left his mouth, he realized that that was exactly what he was there for.

Eddison perfectly plucked eyebrow shot up. "I'm going to guess your mouth is the reason why you're here."

It wasn't a question, so Karter didn't answer.

"The document states you will not inject any of your poison into any of the vampires of this house, and you are not to shift unless asked to. Or you request permission. Everyone feeds differently and you are to abide by the way they feed. Anything seen or done in this house will remain a secret. If any information is leaked about this house and/or its occupants, then you forfeit your life and those of family. You will be on a trial period. You will have access to your own room, main living room, game room, gym, kitchen, pool, and—since you are a wolf and will need to stretch your beast—the backyard will be yours to hunt. Our land stretches to the small lake, past the forest. You're not allowed past that point or into others' territory. Mostly humans live around here, so make sure not to be seen." Eddison stopped and waited for Karter to confirm he was listening.

"I hear you. I get access to all of the common areas and outside, but only when given permission." He was happy he hadn't told the vamp anything about his sister. Even if he fucked up and the vamp asked Santiago about it, they didn't know either. They only knew about Ryker being his alpha, and now that he wasn't, he could simply send them away stating that Karter had left the pack and he had no one. That realization was truer than ever, and it hurt like hell. He turned back into Eddison talking, having completely shut off listening to him.

"Any further questions?"

Shit, he had been so lost in his head that he hadn't heard the last set of rules. He sighed. That's what he got.

"How much am I getting paid?"

Eddison sighed as if he had already said how much, and Karter hadn't been listening. Which, to be fair, he hadn't been, but Eddison didn't need to know that.

"Each feeding will be two grand. Some may be more, but it will be up to the vampire how much. No one will go under two grand; that is the minimum. We won't be draining you dry, and we will need to test how many feedings you can handle in a day. In between your feedings, you will also need to fill up four blood bags. Each one holds four hundred milliliters of blood. There will be times when no one will feed on you, and those are the times you are required to fill the bags. By day, do whatever you want, but I suggest you get rest, because at night, you will be busy."

Two thousand was pretty good for each feeding with the potential to increase. Karter nodded his head.

"So, when do I start?"

He was eager to get started. The faster he could get the money to Santiago, the faster he could get out of Multicity and find something else to do.

"Sign the papers first," Eddison said as he pointed to the packet.

Karter grabbed the pen that was next to the packet and flipped to the part where he needed to sign. He should probably read it, because he might be getting himself in more trouble. The little voice inside of him said *fuck it, Karter, no one gives a damn if you die. Just sign the paper.* Karter signed

the packet without second-guessing it any further.

"There, anything else? Should I seal it with blood?"

Eddison took the packet. "Your sarcasm is going to get you in trouble."

Karter shrugged his shoulders. "What's new. So, when do I start?"

"Now," Braydon rushed in and stood behind Karter.

Karter would never admit it to anyone, but he hadn't noticed the other vampire whatsoever. He was caught off guard, something that hadn't happened to him since he was a teen. He stayed still by sheer will, but he was sure they knew how surprised he was by Braydon's appearance as his heart beat faster in his chest.

Eddison put a mug on the desk in front of him. He quirked his eyebrow.

"Fill that up. Braydon isn't allowed to sink his fangs into you until he is relieved from his punishment."

"It's so not fair. I want to sink my fangs into you, to feel the hot splash of your blood against my tongue," he moaned.

Karter looked to the mug. He shifted his hands, allowing his claws out. He dug into his wrist with a sharp claw and tore the skin open. The pain was there, but he caused it, so it did nothing. It didn't focus him, it was just an ache on his wrist. He held his bleeding wrist over the mug, and it filled pretty quickly. It started to overflow, and Karter pulled his wrist back and let it heal itself.

"Fuck, don't waste so much," Braydon whined.

Karter looked over to Braydon, who now stood right next to him, his eyes flicking from Karter's wrist to the mug of fresh blood. There was a little drool in the corner of his mouth.

"I've never had werewolf blood before. I bet it's amazing." He wiped the drool from his mouth; his fangs descending.

Karter looked to Eddison to see if his blood had the same effect. Eddison was calm and collected, but his eyes said differently. The hungry look in them made it seem as if Eddison was seconds away from grabbing Karter's wrist and drinking from the source. Eddison's golden eyes finally flicked up to look at him.

"How are you feeling?"

"Besides feeling like a snicker bar, I feel fine. That small amount of blood won't hurt me."

"Eddison, can I drink it already before it gets cold and clots up?" Braydon's tone was sharp, but he still waited for Eddison's permission.

Eddison nodded, and Braydon moved quickly but was careful not to spill a drop from the overfilled mug. He stuck out his tongue to lick the blood around the mug. There was a moan as he closed his eyes. He didn't lick anymore. He gulped the blood down, groans and moans leaving him. He didn't stop until there was nothing left in the mug. Even then he licked it clean. The places his tongue couldn't reach, he used his fingers and made sure to get every drop that was in there.

Karter was strangely transfixed by the whole thing. He had no idea his blood tasted that good. The way Braydon reacted Karter thought the vampire would come from drinking his blood. Once the last drop was gone and Braydon had cleaned the mug completely, he sunk down to his knees, shivers raking his body.

"Why the fuck have we been drinking human blood this whole time?"

Eddison glanced at him and then focused back on Karter.

"Because any other werewolf would have attempted to kill you if you came within an inch of their personal space with fang," Karter said.

"Braydon, you can go now that you have fed," Eddison said.

There was a something in his tone that made Karter peer over to him. He studied Eddison, but there was nothing there. He was calm, doing the whole statue thing. No breathing or even pretending like he needed air to live.

"So, I'm guessing you get to bite me first?"

Eddison's eyes flashed for a brief second. "No, I've already eaten for the night. Braydon wanted to wait for the new blood." He stood. "I'll show you to your room."

Karter got up and followed Eddison out of the office. Again, they went down too many hallways and made too many turns for Karter to learn. He would take the time to explore later, and he did want to know where the kitchen and the gym were. When he couldn't shift, he would have to work off the excess energy. They finally made it to a door, and Eddison opened it. Karter walked in.

The room was huge, and there was a king-size bed in the middle of it. To the left, next to the window—which was heavily covered with thick curtains—were two leather armchairs and an ottoman. On the other side were two other doors which he was sure went to a bathroom and a closet. The room was nicer than the one he had on pack land.

He stood in the middle of the room, very aware that Eddison hadn't left him. He went to the door he thought was the closet and opened it. It was huge, too big for him. He only had a few items, and they would look sad in the closet. He tossed the duffle bag into the closet, not unpacking. He looked through the other door into the bathroom. He turned the light on and gawked at how spacious it was. There was a shower as well as a black, clawfoot tub. It was more than he'd ever had when living with the pack.

"Is everything accommodating?" Eddison asked.

It was more than he had expected. He had thought they would put him in a small box of a room with a twin-size bed. He was going to stay in the lavish room *and* get paid for it. The gig was sweet.

"Sure," Karter said, shrugging his shoulders.

He turned and looked at Eddison to find the man was still studying him. He was starting to think that was what the vampire did.

"The kitchen is down the hall, turn left, and then turn until you reach the vase with white lilies, then make a sharp left. You will be in the kitchen."

"Was the purpose of this house to be a maze?" Karter asked.

"Mornings you are allowed to do whatever you please but stay away from areas you haven't been cleared for." With that, Eddison left the room.

Karter watched as the door closed. He looked at his wrist, the skin healed but bloodstained. This would be his new life, opening a vein for vampires. He knew he should probably hate the idea, since vampires were sworn enemies, but he didn't feel anything. All he knew was that they were paying good money, money he needed to pay off Santiago, get the fuck away from Multicity, and start a new life.

He hadn't expected a werewolf when he went to go check on Braydon, and now the sarcastic mutt was in the house. It would be bad if anyone found out they had a werewolf within their den, and Weston would face grave consequences. But Weston had cleared it, and Eddison wondered why.

He went to his office, needing space from the alluring wolf. He was a thing of beauty, almost like a doll. If it wasn't for the way he talked, he would be the perfect doll. Piercing, dark brown eyes; long, jet black hair; a lean, muscular body; angular face; and high cheekbones. Just thinking about the werewolf was making Eddison hard. He rushed to his office before his urges got the better of him.

In his office, he quickly shut the door. That was a bad idea. The scent of blood filled him and overruled all his senses. The wolf had bled in the office, and he'd made such a mess. There were still blood droplets all over his desk. Saliva pooled in his mouth. He wanted to lick the blood from the desk. He locked the door. In the blink of an eye, he was standing over the desk. The blood had hardened and was no longer fresh.

Eddison bent over and ran his tongue over the droplets, groaning from the tingles against his tongue. He knew it had to be even more electrifying when it was fresh from the source. He had to hold himself back. He could have fed from Karter, but he'd known he wouldn't be able to control the urge to see if he could break the doll. The mouth on him had tempted Eddison more than he thought was possible.

Usually, mouthy food was annoying, but the way Karter talked... Eddison wanted more than anything to break him. To see tears streaming from those deep brown eyes. To hear screams from his pretty pink lips. To mark up the beautiful golden skin. He wanted it all, and he wanted to see how far he could push before the doll broke. The last few humans who had come had all cried and begged after only a few minutes with Eddison. It hadn't been enough to fulfill his appetite. He had even held back, but they all still broke too easily.

He just knew Karter would be different; he had to be. Eddison's whole body shivered. He didn't think he would be able to hold back when it came time.

He stood back, but the desk was cleaned of all the blood droplets. He went to sit behind his desk and saw his grip on the desk had left fingerprints in the wood. He sighed. He had just ordered the desk. He'd broken the last three, and the company had assured him that this one would be able to handle anything. He would have to inform them that it, in fact, could 't handle everything.

He turned to the computer, contemplating getting some work done. He saw his reflection in the monitor. His hair was out of sorts and his eyes glowed. It was good he'd left Karter when he did. He fixed his hair and dove into his work. He managed the money and accounts, so that they could live

their lives in peace and so that humans wouldn't get suspicious.

Hours passed, and he felt when the sun started to rise. He shut everything down and locked his office. He had given Karter all the rules and the places he wasn't allowed, but he had a feeling the wolf hadn't really been listening. He moved toward his room, but, for some strange reason, he ended up outside Karter's door. He had been walking toward his room—which was on the other side of the house—and yet he stood in front of Karter's door. He stopped and listened inside the room.

"If you're here to spy on me, the least you can do is cover up your smell," Karter said through the door.

Eddison shivered. Oh yes, breaking him would be all too pleasurable.

The door flung open, and there stood a wet Karter. Water droplets all over his body and low-waisted grey sweatpants. It didn't look as if he had any underwear on. His stomach had well-defined abs, and his chest was covered in ink. His muscle definition was even better than Eddison had imagined. His light brown nipples stood out.

Eddison's mouth watered at the sight in front of him.

"I'm confused. Do you want to kill me or fuck me?" Karter asked.

Eddison said nothing. He wanted both but, at the same time, he didn't want to kill Karter. He felt it would be a waste. No, he wanted to do so much more to him, and he wanted to have Karter beg for death.

"There it is again," Karter said.

Eddison composed himself. "What?"

Karter popped his hip and relaxed his body as he leaned against the door frame. It was like he knew what he did to Eddison. How crazy it drove him to hold back from doing things to Karter. The way he relaxed around another predator, he was either confident that Eddison wouldn't do anything to him, or he was that good of a fighter. Which led to the question about Karter's pack. If he was powerful, they wouldn't lend him out to vampires. Eddison didn't think Karter was weak, but he couldn't figure him out either. Maybe that was really why he wanted to break him.

"So, am I to feed you before you go to bed or are you here for something else?"

Eddison didn't miss the flirting tone in his voice. He thought about taking Karter up on the offer, but, instead, he shook his head.

"Making sure you know we're shutting down the house. No one will be able to get in or out until dusk. If you get a surge of energy, the gym is on the other side of the kitchen." Eddison left before Karter could say anything else, because his hands had started to move on their own. He was tempted to pull the black, silky strands of Karter's hair.

He ended up back at his own room, and just as he was about to go to sleep, he felt Braydon's presence.

"What do you want?"

Braydon came from out of the shadows, and he pressed his body against Eddison's. Braydon had been a doll to play with once upon a time. It had been hundreds of years, and, over time, they had stopped playing. Braydon had grown his own sadistic side and had demanded things from Eddison that he hadn't been able to give.

"You want to play with him, don't you?" Braydon asked as his hand wandered over the bulge in Eddison's pants.

The light squeeze was torture; he wanted so much more.

"You can play with me until we get the all clear," he said, batting his long lashes over his blue eyes.

The same blue eyes Eddison used to enjoy making cry and look at him, pleading for more and for him to stop all at once. He craved that, but he knew if Braydon did cry and showed him what he wanted, it would be nothing more than an act. But maybe an act would suffice until he got to play with Karter.

"I will not go easy on you," he said, gripping Braydon's hair tightly.

The strands were short, but he imagined them longer. Braydon changed in an instance, and he became pliable. He knew just how to turn Eddison on, when to plead, when to beg, and when to cry. It was too perfect, fake, but it would have to do for now.

"We only have a few minutes. I want to be fully rested when Weston and Axel get back."

Braydon nodded his head. "My room or yours? Or do you want to go down in—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Eddison threw Braydon to the floor.

"I won't hold up, and I won't stop," he said.

He hoped Braydon heard the other words that didn't come out of his mouth. That the urge was too strong, and he wouldn't stop because he couldn't.

Braydon looked back at him and nodded.

Eddison rolled his shoulders, and he took his glasses off.

"Fuck," Braydon let out on a gasp.

Braydon knew Eddison well enough to know that when he took his glasses off it meant his control was slipping. Eddison let himself feel the urges he'd been holding back. They were stronger than before, and they'd gotten stronger since Karter had shown up.

In seconds, he'd stripped Braydon of all his clothes, not caring if he damaged the clothing. Nothing he did was gentle. He moved Braydon's body around as if he was a doll. Braydon relaxed and let Eddison move him how he saw fit. He bet Karter would fight him the first few times. Or would the werewolf strip himself? He shivered, relishing the thought.

"Is that for me?" Braydon asked.

He backhanded him, the sound of flesh hitting flesh ringing in the quiet room.

"Don't speak again," Eddison said.

It would be Braydon's only warning. Braydon's eyes watered. Eddison knew it was an act, but he still let it settle him. Tonight, it would have to do.

KARTER

Karter had no idea what had happened. The bloodlust that had been wafting off of Eddison had been insane. Karter had just gotten out of the shower when he'd felt it, and his beast was unsettled by the feeling. Right away, he'd known it had to be Eddison. The man was too well put together not to have a darker side. It was no surprise that, instead of ignoring it, Karter had gone to poke at the vampire. He'd wanted to see how Eddison would react and if he would act upon the burning urge that Karter had seen in his golden eyes.

Now, he just sat in his new room, all by himself. He wondered what would happen if he were to seek out Eddison? He contemplated how much trouble he would be in if he did and what would happen. His stomach growled, deciding for him.

"Food first," he said.

He got up and went in the direction Eddison had told him. He still ended up making a bunch of wrong turns. It took him over twenty minutes to find the damn kitchen. He was going to ask for a map later, because that had been ridiculous. He was even hungrier from his travels.

He went straight to the refrigerator, hoping the vampires had food inside. He wasn't sure if vampires ate regular food, but he sure hoped they stocked up if they didn't. He opened it, the bright light momentarily blinding him. The fridge was stocked with all types of food.

He started pulling things out instantly. There was a whole rotisserie chicken, and he grabbed it, along with ingredients to make a sandwich. He didn't hesitate, digging into the chicken. It was cold, but he was so hungry he didn't care. The meat was good, but what would have made it better was a little blood. He didn't need it to survive like vampires, but werewolves liked their meat a little raw and bloody. He went back to the fridge to see if they had any uncooked meat. Since he couldn't go out and hunt, he would have to do with prepackaged food.

He found a package of raw ground beef, and he used his claws to open the packaging. The smell of raw meat and animal blood made his saliva build. He grabbed handfuls and ate. It wasn't as good as a fresh kill, but it was still delicious. He groaned around the meat. It had been a long time. He hadn't gone on a hunt in over a month, and he hadn't eaten any raw meat since then. The wolf inside of him wanted a chance, but the trek to the kitchen would have to be enough.

He finished off the ground beef, licking the last of the juices off the plastic. He stuck it in the trash with the bones of the rotisserie chicken. There was only a little bit of the chicken left, so he put it on the sandwich he'd made to take back to his room. He cleaned up his mess before leaving the kitchen in search of his room.

The hallways were quiet, as if no one lived there. Karter ate his sandwich as he got lost in the

house. He was sure that he was supposed to turn right, but it might have been a left.

"Damn it," he muttered.

He wasn't familiar enough with the smells that he could use his nose to get back to his room. It was too confusing and hard. So, walking around until he either ran into one of the vampires or into his room would have to work.

He walked around for what felt like forever, and he realized that it was most likely daytime and his chances of running into a vampire were slim to none. He sighed. He'd been up all night and, after eating his sandwich, he was done walking around. He turned another corner, coming upon a door. If he wasn't supposed to be in there, he would get in trouble later or leave before the sun set. He opened the door and was happy to see a large, comfy-looking couch on the far wall. The lights were off, but he could see books lining every wall. He closed the door and made his way to the couch. Laying down, the soft cushions nearly lulled him to sleep. There was a draft in the room though, and, even with his werewolf blood, he was a little cold.

He sat up and stripped his sweatpants off. He liked them, they were comfy, but he hadn't worn a shirt and the pants weren't enough to keep him warm in the drafty room. He relaxed his muscles, concentrating on the change. It started with hair forcing its way out of his pores, then his bones breaking and reforming, and the itch in his gums as his teeth lengthened, becoming sharper.

There was pain, but nothing he hadn't grown accustomed to. Soon, it was all over, and he was in his wolf form. He shook off the lingering discomfort and hopped back onto the couch. He found a spot that would allow his large form to lie comfortably. He laid his head down on his front paws.

It had been a crazy day, and now he lived with a bunch of vampires. He wondered how many were in the coven, since he'd only met two so far, but he knew it wasn't just two. He remembered the phone call. There was at least one more, for sure, and maybe another. He closed his eyes, relaxing. He would deal with the rest later that night.



Something was wrong. Karter felt eyes on him, but he didn't change his breathing or even open his eyes. The eyes on him were from a predator.

"I know you're awake, wolf."

Karter knew it wasn't Eddison or Braydon; the man sounded different. Karter didn't move right away, still feigning sleep.

"You can stop pretending. I've been standing here for a while, and your heartbeat changed the moment you realized I was here. I have no idea how you've survived for so long, because I've been standing here for over an hour."

Karter opened his eyes, done with pretending to be asleep. He had been so deep in sleep he hadn't noticed anything. Even the wolf hadn't noticed the newcomer. If it hadn't been for the moment when the vampire released his presence, Karter would probably still be asleep. He went to talk only to realize he was still in his wolf form. The room was still dark, and his vision was good in the dark. He looked over to where he had felt the presence.

"Shift back," the vampire said.

Did he think that Karter would simply obey? Karter stretched his body. His paws stretched out in front of him as he bent his back, and a yawn escaped his mouth. He shook his fur out, waking up fully. He glanced over to the well-dressed vampire. Eddison wore suits, but this man looked as if he had

been born in them. His long golden hair was the complete opposite of Karter's. He bet if the man had been a werewolf, his fur would be the same stunning gold.

"Are you intentionally not listening to me or, when you shift, you become nothing more than an animal?"

What was the name of the man that Eddison had called? Karter stared, trying to remember. The man moved in a flash, grabbing the scruff of Karter's fur right on his neck. He yanked firmly. Karter went to bite the vampire, only to remember he'd signed the contract. He closed his mouth, biting his tongue. The little pain calmed him, and the vampire looked at him strangely for a second before dragging him off the couch.

"Animals aren't allowed on the furniture."

Karter tried to shake off the vampire's hold on him, but the hand went nowhere.

"Sit," the vampire said.

Karter growled in reply. He wasn't some pet dog.

"You'll need training."

Karter growled again. He was a second away from just biting the vampire's leg off at that point. The vampire's hand moved before Karter could do anything, and the slap to his nose hurt. He shook his head. The fucker had just hit his nose!

"No growling. I think I'll have Eddison order a muzzle," he said, his grip tightening.

Karter growled again. Like fuck he was wearing a damn muzzle. He started to fight harder against the hold the vampire had on him. But, still, the grip went nowhere. He was getting frustrated and his logical thoughts were leaving him. He could feel his wolf pushing for full control, but if he allowed that, he would end up biting the vampire. Most likely injecting the vampire with werewolf venom.

"If you keep up with this, you'll end up hurting yourself."

The vampire sounded so calm while Karter was breathing heavy from trying to free himself.

"Are you done?"

Karter growled at the vampire in reply, and, again, the vampire slapped him. He wasn't some damn dog! He was a werewolf and the way the vampire was treating him was pissing him off. He went to growl again, but he saw the vampire's hand was ready. He stopped himself.

"Look at that, you're trainable."

He growled. The vampire sighed, clearly disappointed in Karter.

"I'm guessing you'll be the kind that will need constant reminders. A smart dog would have learned their lesson by now, but it seems you'll need a stronger hand." As if to emphasize, he yanked on Karter.

Karter stopped fighting the vampire's hold. He was only tiring himself out.

"Good boy," the vampire said, patting Karter's head.

This motherfucker. Karter was losing his battle with letting his beast rule him. He kept himself from growling, but he needed the vampire to let him go if he was to shift and be able to give the fucker a few choice words. If he shifted while the vampire held him, it could potentially backfire on him.

"Now, sit."

Karter hated the damn command but trying to fight the vampire's hold had proven futile. He sat down hard on his haunches.

"Good boy. Would you like a treat?"

The vampire sounded as if he was playing with a puppy, and Karter had just performed some trick. He wanted to roll his eyes, but it didn't work in his wolf form.

"I'm going to pretend as if you didn't just try to roll your eyes at me. I'm going to release you, but you aren't to change forms."

The vampire's unwavering gaze held him captive. He felt as if he was drowning in the ocean.

"I need to feed and feeding on your beast will suffice. When you're called to feed me, you will be nothing more than an animal." His grip tightened even more.

Karter didn't whimper, but he felt the pain on his neck. If he moved even a little, he would end up with a torn neck with how hard the vampire was holding him. The punishing grip loosened until the vampire wasn't holding him anymore. He jumped back quickly, putting distance between them. He was about to growl when the vampire sat in the middle of the sofa Karter had been sleeping on.

Not a hair out of place; he looked like a fallen angel.

"Come here," he demanded.

Karter was no house pet. He sat where he was, not willing to listen to the vampire. But he was listening to him already. He hadn't shifted back to his human form, although that had been his plan before the annoying vampire had stated what he wanted.

"I will not ask twice." The tone he used promised things that Karter both wanted to test and not see.

Karter reminded himself that he was an employee, and, even if the vampire was an entitled ass, he needed to listen. He reminded himself of the money. That was why he was moving toward the vampire. Not because the tone the vampire had used had thrilled and scared him.

He sat in front of the vampire, but he wasn't sure where the vampire would drink from with so much fur in the way.

"Tilt your head to the side."

Karter would be offering a vulnerable part of his body. He shivered. From the throat. He hadn't even given his throat to Ryker when he'd joined the pack. The vampire was asking for something Karter wasn't sure he wanted to do. The thrill that went through him surprised him, but he always liked danger. He wasn't so stupid as to offer his life up. He looked into the bluest eyes he had ever seen—even Braydon's eyes weren't the blue of the vampire that sat in front of him. The vampire didn't move, and Karter knew he could force him. He had the strength, was stronger than Karter. But the vampire just sat there, looking at Karter, expecting him to obey.

He wasn't a dog and didn't obey willingly, but the more he stared into the vampire's eyes, he felt his head tilting, offering his neck. His wolf felt it; they were prey at this moment. Nothing more than a deer to be hunted. His wolf didn't care for that, but the human side of Karter found some odd pleasure in it.

The vampire didn't wait, moving his fingers into Karter fur and spreading some before his fangs descended. His head moved and the next thing Karter felt was pain on his neck. He listened intently, and he heard the vampire swallow once before a suction started at his neck. As blood flowed from him and into the vampire's mouth, he sat and listened as the vampire swallowed every few seconds. The sting of the bite was gone, but he could feel the vampire's fangs still embedded in his neck as he drank.

He had no idea how much time had passed, but he started to feel a little lightheaded. His vision was blurring and getting darker around the edges. His body grew slack, and he no longer had the strength to keep his body up. Still, the vampire stayed at his neck. Karter tried not to panic. Eddison had told him they would drain him. His body felt cold despite all of his fur, and his eyelids felt heavy as he started to fall down. The vampire's arms wrapped around him to keep him from falling all the way to the ground.

There was no heat coming off the vampire. It just felt as if ice bands held him up. A whimper escaped him when he felt the vampire pull harder for his blood. Hands rubbed soothingly up and down on his furry head. It was soothing, and he wondered if the vampire did that to all the victims he killed. Giving them one last bit of comfort before they died. He just needed to rest his eyes for a little bit; the vampire had to be done soon.

His eyes closed, and he felt the moment the vampire's teeth moved out of his neck. It was a sweet relief, but the small amount of pain almost had him wanting more. He was weak in that moment and glad that he was in his wolf form. He might have begged or done things that he kept bottled up otherwise. The vampire laid him down on the ground gently.

"Rest."

Karter couldn't muster up enough energy to disobey. He rested fully, allowing the pull of sleep to overtake him.

Weston looked at the black wolf at his feet. He had been surprised to see a wolf in his study when he got home, but, after observing it for a bit, he found himself not wary of the wolf, but oddly drawn to it. Eddison had told him about the wolf, and he had gotten a call from the human scum about a new blood donor. He'd been surprised that they had a werewolf, and a willing one at that.

The wolf snored lightly on the floor. Weston stood to clean the fur from his mouth. It had been a bad idea to drink the wolf's blood in his wolf form. It was odd that he'd felt drawn to something that was his natural enemy. He went on the side of caution. From Braydon's description, he knew the wolf was sex walking on two legs. Weston didn't need that type of temptation.

He went to the bathroom that was attached to the study and brushed his teeth. He wished the fur hadn't been in the way. The wolf's blood was divine. It was the best tasting thing he'd ever had. He'd lost control momentarily, nearly killing the wolf. If it hadn't been for the soft whimpers, he would have kept going. It had been thousands of years since he'd last lost control. Five seconds into drinking the werewolf's blood and it was as if he was a newborn vampire.

He was still getting the hair out of his mouth when he heard someone entering the study. He walked out picking at his tongue, trying to get the last few strands. Axel stood in the room, a long sword in his hand and ready to kill the sleeping wolf.

"Axel, put your weapon away," Weston said.

Axel's eyes didn't leave the wolf, but he slowly lowered his weapon.

"You let a beast into your private area?"

Weston glanced down at the wolf. What a magnificent beast. He was larger than Weston had imagined. When he'd heard they had a werewolf for a blood donor, he'd thought it would be a weak one, or at least a small one. The wolf that laid on his floor was as big as some alphas.

"He's sleeping. What could he do to me?"

Axel looked up at him then.

"You've got to be kidding, right? He's a beast, a werewolf. You cannot tell me you've forgotten all those battles. All of the vampires we lost as his brethren killed ours?" The look in Axel's silver eyes showed how much he remembered of that time.

Weston understood Axel had been on the front lines more than Weston had. He had seen things that Weston could never understand.

"Axel, I'm not so weak that I would allow a werewolf to gain the upper hand on me."

He continued to pick at his tongue, finally getting the last piece of hair. He turned and headed for his desk, but at the last second, decided to sit on the couch. He sat where he'd been earlier: in the

middle of cushions and right in front of the wolf.

"This is dangerous. He could tell his pack all about this den. Then your life will be in danger," Axel said.

Weston relaxed on the couch, still admiring the wolf. It really was a powerful beast.

"I fear you forget that I'm no weakling." He looked up at Axel briefly.

The man was a warrior, but when Weston allowed his power free, it seeped from him and Axel took a step back. The wolf whimpered, and Weston instantly drew it back.

"You may be tasked with watching over me, Axel, but never forget that I am ruler here."

Axel bowed at the waist. "Of course not, Prince Weston. I only wish for us to stay cautious with the wolf."

It wasn't unreasonable, so Weston nodded in agreement.

"Very well. While he is here, he won't be allowed to have contact with his pack or leave."

Axel seemed to be happy with that.

"Prince Wes—"

"I reprimanded you and it's over. You can refer to me as just Weston."

Weston was a prince, but he was the fifth in line of succession to the vampire empire. He had no belief that he would make it there either. Vampires lived for a very long time. He was in his thousands, and he was still considered a toddler compared to the king. So, royalty was fine and all, but he had no use for the men in his den to refer to him as such. The only time he used his station was when he had to remind them that he was, in fact, more powerful than them.

"The wolf is a liability when it comes to his fangs, and he shouldn't be allowed to shift or at least not in the house."

Weston moved to pet the wolf, his fur soft against his hand. It would be a shame not to be able to pet the wolf.

"No, he will be allowed to shift."

He heard Axel groan. "And if he bites one of us? We don't have any werewolf antivenom. And it will take a couple days for some to get here."

Weston continued to run his hands through the thick, black fur.

"You can order the antivenom, but I honestly don't see us needing it. He had plenty of chances to bite me, but not once did he even attempt. Well, accept the initial try, but he stopped himself. I didn't even have to move." He shrugged. The wolf had surprised him. He'd been sure he was going to have to break the wolf's neck, but, no, he'd stopped and instead chose to growl.

Weston hadn't cared for the growling either, but that could be something he fixed with the wolf. So that he was easier and more well-mannered. A good wolf that came to sit at his feet and rested comfortably next to him. How nice would it be to sit and read as his wolf laid with him?

He sat up, pulling his hand from the wolf. That was dangerous thinking, but he knew he could train the wolf to be what he wanted.

"Eddison," Weston called out.

He felt Eddison getting close to his office, and in a second, he'd entered the room. His metal-framed glasses were pushed up the bridge of his nose, making his golden eyes look bigger. Weston knew for a fact that Eddison didn't need the glasses, but he had them in his human life. There was the added benefit that they looked incredible on Eddison, and they hid his sadistic side perfectly.

"Yes?"

Eddison looked down at the wolf, a hungry look crossing his eyes, but it wasn't for blood. Weston looked down at the wolf, and he felt an urge to tell Eddison no. But he wouldn't do that. He wouldn't

become his sire.

"I need you to order me a few things," Weston said.

"Of course, when will you need everything?"

"As quickly as you can get them to me. I'll send a list later. For now, everyone is to leave me be. I'll send the wolf on his way once he's awake. I drank a lot from him, so he may not be up for a feeding."

Eddison nodded. Axel looked grim, but he knew better than to speak up about the wolf anymore. They both turned to leave, but Axel stopped outside the door, as if he wanted to say something else. He thought wisely and left.

Weston looked to the wolf. He should get some work done. It was trivial work, something his sire gave him to keep him from getting bored, but now that he had a werewolf, he felt an odd pull toward him. He doubted he would be bored anytime soon. But, alas, his work had to be done, and staring at the beautiful wolf wouldn't get it done any faster. He got up from the couch and went to his desk. He could still see the wolf as he slept peacefully. He would do the list of items that he wanted Eddison to get first, then he would get to work.

Karter felt like shit. His body felt heavy, and, no matter how many times he tried to turn over, his body wouldn't respond. Not to mention, the bed he was laying on felt like a hard, marble floor. His head was killing him. He hadn't had a headache since he was a kid, and now he was having the worst one yet. He moved his arm, unable to get his hand to his face. When he finally got it up, he realized it was his paw and not a hand. He was still in his wolf form.

He started the change without a second thought. It hurt more than usual with the banging of his head and the lethargic feeling in his muscles. By the end of his change, he had broken out in sweat and was panting. He held back the bile that threatened to come up.

"Shit," he muttered. It had been years since that happened to him. Shifting back and forth from forms was so easy for him, but, right then and there, he nearly passed out from it.

"Here," a commanding voice said. A hand set some pills and a glass of water in front of him.

He remembered that voice, memories came rushing back to him. It wasn't a bed at all he was on. No, he was on the damn floor. He turned to glare at the vampire for putting him in that state, but, when he moved his head too fast, the pounding started again. He was good at handling physical pain, but the pain in his brain hurt on another level.

"Fuck."

"Take the medicine and drink the water before you pass out."

Karter took the pills and downed the glass of water. He hadn't realized how thirsty he was. When there was no more water, he handed the glass back, asking for more. There was a laugh before another glass appeared in front of him. He hadn't felt the vampire leave or come back. He was so out of it. He downed the next glass of water.

"Feeling better?"

Karter looked over to the vampire with his golden hair and blue eyes.

"I stand corrected. You aren't like a fallen angel, you're more like the angel of death." He put the glass down and laid back down on the cool, marble-tiled floor. His body temperature was going back to normal which was a good sign. He'd felt so cold before.

"You think I'm an angel?" There was laughter in his tone.

Karter rolled his eyes, happy that now that he was in his human form he could do just that.

"I think you're an asshole for nearly killing me," Karter said.

He shifted his eyes to look at the vampire, but the vampire wasn't looking Karter in the eyes. Karter followed the vampire's eyes down his body... and he realized that he was still naked. Living with werewolves, he'd become accustomed to being naked, but in front of the vampire, being looked

at so deeply, was almost too much for him. He felt like he should get dressed to be modest, which was a strange feeling for him.

"Eyes up here," Karter said.

Blue eyes looked into his own, and he almost told him to look back down. The intensity alone from his eyes was scary.

There was a small smile on the vampire's face.

"Weston is the name you can call me by for now. If you are still feeling lightheaded or dizzy, then you won't be asked to feed anyone else today."

"If everyone feeds like that, I can see why your last few died. Learn a little contr—"

Weston was on top of him, hand around his throat, and Karter could feel his power but could do nothing. His body wouldn't respond for him to move or fight. He felt helpless, and Weston only had a hand on his throat.

"You'd do best to remember something around here. I may allow everyone to call me by my first name, but never make the mistake of thinking we are equals. *Do* I make myself clear?"

For emphasis, he pressed harder on Karter's throat.

"Yes," he wheezed out.

Weston released him, and the overwhelming pressure of his power went away along with it.

"Go," Weston said.

Karter's body moved. He got his legs under him and headed for the door. Until he remembered his pants were still in the room, and he thought about it for a second. He was going to leave them, but they were one of his favorite pairs.

"Can I have my pants?" he asked.

"You mean the rag that resembled a pants shape that were laying on my couch?"

Karter had a bad feeling. "Yes."

"I put them in the trash where rags go," Weston said. He sat back on the couch as if he hadn't just tossed someone else's property.

"What the fuck? Those were my favorite pair."

Weston shrugged. "They looked as if they had been dragged through the mud."

"What if I trashed your books because I thought they were nothing but tissue paper with words on them?"

Weston didn't seem amused by Karter's words.

"Then I would have to punish you." He said it so nonchalantly.

"I'm not a fucking house dog," he yelled. He was getting tired of Weston treating him like one. The smile he got in return made his stomach flip.

"You're right. You're like a wild animal... for now."

Karter gawked at the infuriating man. "I'm a werewolf. Of course, I'm wild."

He was bothered by Weston saying *for now*. What did he plan on doing to Karter?

"Run along, dog. I have business to do."

"My name is Karter. I'm not a damn dog," he said, slamming the door to Weston's study.

He didn't give a damn how much power the vampire had, there was no way he was being someone's dog. He wasn't a house pet. He walked down the hall, but he was so lost in his head that he ended up lost again.

"God damn it! I need a map for this shit."

At least the dizziness and headache had gone away. He still felt a little shaky, but it wasn't anything like before.

"You look like a delectable mess," Braydon said.

Karter turned to see the young-looking vampire walking down the hall toward him.

"This place is a maze," Karter said.

"Yeah. But once you've walked around a few times, you'll get the gist of it."

Braydon stopped a few feet from him, eyes roaming down Karter's body. His eyes didn't feel as intense as Weston's had, but Karter still felt them all the same.

"Am I here for more than just you guys' meal?"

Karter was honestly perplexed. They all seemed to look at him with some variation of *a look*. It wasn't how you looked at a steak after starving either, it felt like more.

Braydon's eyes traveled back up the length of Karter body. He shrugged.

"That would be up to you. Are you offering something more?"

The excitement in Bradyon's voice didn't surprise Karter. But he wasn't sure if he was offering more.

"You want something more than blood?"

Braydon's eyes seemed to glow for a second. "Yes, but it might not be your thing."

The way he said it, Karter thought it might definitely be his thing.

"Braydon, what are you doing?" a gruff voice said.

Karter turned to look at the person who'd spoken. A rugged, older man walked toward them. The hair at his temples was greying, giving him the salt and pepper look. He had eyes like liquid silver and there was a large scar through his right eyebrow. It made him look dangerous and just the type of guy Karter always flocked to. The ones that hurt him in all the right ways.

"Axel, I was headed to your office, but our werewolf was lost. Thought I'd help him back to his room."

The innocent look Braydon gave Axel was pure gold, but Axel didn't seem to believe it.

"I'll escort him back. You go to my office and wait for me there."

Braydon sighed but went on his way.

Karter looked Axel up and down. He could feel himself getting hard; the man was his picture-perfect man. Rugged, battle scarred, and definitely older than him. The only thing that kept Karter from getting a full-on erection was the fact that Axel glared at him as if Karter was the one to give him the scar.

"A werewolf give you the scar?"

His mouth to brain filter was disconnected. Good to know.

If possible, Axel glared even harder at him.

"So that's a yes," Karter said, relaxing against the wall. He knew he was fully naked, and he watched as Axel realized it too. Once his eyes traveled down Karter's body, Karter watched a light blush appear on Axel's face. He smirked, knowing that he affected the vampire in a different way than the anger that was in his eyes.

"Why are you in this hallway?"

Even his voice was rugged. Karter wanted to roll over just hearing it.

"Standing, obviously," Karter said.

He could never make things easier for himself. He always had to go the hard route. Why didn't he just say he was lost? He'd never know, but Axel seemed to be suspicious of him.

"What pack are you with? Eddison said you wouldn't give the information," he said.

"And you think someone else asking me will all of sudden change that? Why?" Karter tilted his head to the side, playing on the confusion that he didn't feel. He knew they would ask again, but he

wasn't telling them anything.

"Don't walk around. Eddison informed you of all the places you are allowed," Axel said.

"He probably did, but this place is a damn maze. There are at least five fucking hallways to the damn kitchen. You don't want me walking around looking at your vampire secrets, then either give me a map or stay with me and walk me everywhere I want to go."

Karter was hoping the second choice was viable. He wouldn't mind spending more time with Axel, even if he eyed Karter like he was a spy.

"Or stay in your room until called upon."

Karter wished the vampires would all stop acting high and mighty with him.

"Not happening. Have you ever seen a caged werewolf? I don't do cages, no matter how lavish it is."

A haunted look crossed Axel's face, but just as fast as it had appeared it disappeared.

"Let's go," Axel said, pointing the opposite way Karter had been going.

He looked over his shoulder. "I need to go to the kitchen first."

"For what?"

"I don't know, maybe because I'm fucking hungry." He glared at Axel. What other reason would he have to go to the kitchen?

"Do you always talk like that?"

Karter rolled his eyes. Great, one vampire wanted to treat him like a dog, and now one wanted to complain about how he talked.

"If you have a problem with it, send your complaint to the customer service department."

He kicked off the wall and headed in the direction Axel had indicated. Axel walked directly behind him. He could feel Axel's eyes on him. Karter walked until he had to choose a direction to go.

"Left," Axel said.

Karter looked over his shoulder at the vampire. "Are you taking me to the kitchen?" He really was hungry. He was tired as well, but food came first.

The eyebrow with the scar lifted. "Shouldn't you put on some clothes first?"

"Nah, food first. Plus, the way your eyes keep roaming my body, you like seeing me naked. No reason to ruin your view."

Axel blushed before he went statue-like. Karter hated the statue thing, when they didn't breathe or move, it was unnerving.

"Ugh, which way is the kitchen?"

Axel took in a breath to speak. "To the left."

Karter nodded and headed that way. There was another stop at the end of the hallway. Again, he could either go left or right.

"This is the stupidest thing I've ever seen."

"Go right," Axel said.

"You have to realize how fucking confusing this is," he said, turning right to go down another hallway.

"It isn't that hard to remember."

"Like fuck, it's not." His arms flailed up, wanting the vampire to understand how absurd the architecture of the house was.

"Turn right and the kitchen is right there," Axel said.

Karter stopped in his tracks and turned to the vampire.

"So, just to get this clear, you don't want me roaming around the hallways, but you expect me to

get back to my room once I'm done in the kitchen?"

"Your room is on the other side. It's not hard to find."

Karter shook his head. If it wasn't hard to find, he wouldn't have ended up in the room where Weston seemed to do work or lose his favorite pair of sweatpants.

"Whatever." He turned and headed the way Axel had told him.

He made it to the kitchen with no problems. He dove in to the refrigerator instantly, looking for raw meat. He shouldn't need it so soon, but the vampire had drained more than he thought was safe. He found a few raw pork chops.

"This will have to do."

He opened the package and ate the first three pork chops right there in the fridge.

"What are you doing?"

Karter turned to see Eddison standing in the kitchen doorway. He tried to talk, but it came out all muffled. He still had a pork chop in his mouth. He quickly swallowed the bite he had.

"Eating, want some?" He held the raw meat out as an offering to Eddison. The look that came over the vampire's face answered Karter's question. He shrugged his shoulders. "Fine by me. More for me then." He ate the rest of the pork chops, making sure to suck the blood out of the absorbent pad.

"You eat raw meat?"

Karter licked his lips. He was nowhere near full but the pork chops had helped. "You drink blood," he said.

He turned back around, looking for more food. Now that he'd eaten something raw and with a little blood, he could eat cooked food. The only problem was that everything looked as if it needed to be cooked. He could make another sandwich, but he wanted something more.

"Hey, do you know how to cook?"

He still felt Eddison behind him. Karter hadn't bothered to learn since Lola had loved cooking so much. But now that he didn't have her, he either needed to learn or get someone else to do it for him.

"Yes, but now that I know you eat food raw, I'll need to put in a call for extra food."

He turned, closing the fridge as he looked at Eddison. "Wait, so you guys do eat regular food?"

Eddison looked out of place in the kitchen, he was too well dressed. Eddison's eyes traveled down Karter's body. *What's with these vampires? They act as if they haven't seen a naked body before.*

"If you stare hard enough maybe something will happen," Karter said.

He didn't mind them admiring him, but damn were Eddison's eyes intense. In fact, all of them looked at him like that, well except Axel. Axel looked at him with hatred and suspicion. But he'd made Axel blush, so maybe Axel was just better at hiding it than the others.

"Sarcasm works for you all the time?"

Karter shrugged. It hadn't ever worked for him, but it was a hard trait to lose. "Are you going to cook?" he asked. He was hungry.

Eddison walked further into the kitchen. "I need to get back to work, but I can fix something quickly."

He took off his blazer and unbuttoned his sleeves to roll them up. Karter watched Eddison as he got himself ready to cook. He'd never found suits to be his thing; the people he'd known to wear them were all assholes. But Eddison—with his neatly-styled hair, glasses, and rolled up sleeves—was definitely giving him second thoughts on the matter.

His dick agreed that Eddison looked sexy as fuck in the kitchen with his rolled-up sleeves. He'd seen fully naked men, but he was getting hard from seeing Eddison's arms. It was bizarre, but he

couldn't deny his reaction. He moved to the side to watch Eddison move around and to stay out of the way. Eddison moved with proficiency, not one step was made without a purpose. He didn't fumble around; he got out the precise amount, no extra, and he didn't need to get more.

Karter felt as if he was in an alternate universe. His reaction to Eddison wasn't a surprise, but, at the same time, it was. The smells from what Eddison was cooking made his stomach growl. He was hungry, and, now that his dick was fully erect, he was hungry for more than food.

Eddison was turning with a plate of food, but he stopped and stared at Karter's obvious hard-on. He still didn't have clothes on, but he hadn't thought about it until Eddison turned around. It was too late to try and cover it up, and, even if he did, he'd still be hard.

"It smells good," he said. He went to grab the plate from Eddison, but the vampire took a step back just as Karter reached for the plate. He tried again, and again, Eddison took a step back. "What the hell?"

He tried again and still the same result; Eddison stepped back from him. He looked Eddison in the eyes. The vampire had to be fucking with him. Eddison wasn't staring him in the eyes at all, he was too busy staring at Karter's dick. Having all of Eddison's focus on him, a bead of precum came out. He watched Eddison's eyes glow as they followed the bead of precum falling to the ground. Fuck, it was too hot. The sexual tension was thick in the room.

The food forgotten, he took another step toward Eddison. This time, the vampire didn't move. Karter was about to take another step.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," Eddison said.

His voice sounded strained, as if he was holding something back. That intrigued Karter, so he inched a little closer. Gold eyes stared into his own. It was a different feeling than when Weston stared at him. When Weston looked into his eyes, he felt like prey. Eddison's stare sent a shiver down his body, but he didn't feel like prey. He felt something dangerous within Eddison, and he wanted to play with that danger.

He wanted to move again and see what Eddison would do, but his body was frozen in place. He tried to move again, but he couldn't. He didn't think it was nerves; he seriously couldn't move. He started to freak out.

"Calm down," Eddison said.

How the hell was he supposed to be calm when he couldn't move even his damn pinky?

"You're too tempting, but you have no idea what you're getting yourself into."

Karter tried to talk, but no sound came out. He tried again, but again there was nothing. He couldn't even move his mouth. He knew Eddison had done something to him, but he didn't know what. Fucking vampires. He hoped the look in his eyes portrayed how fucking angry he was at being frozen in place.

Eddison took a few steps back, but still, Karter couldn't move. Not until Eddison closed his eyes. Then, as if the spell was broken, Karter could move. He took a step forward and brought his hands up to his face, moving it around to make sure everything worked. He turned to give Eddison a few choice words, but he was gone.

"Motherfucking vampires."

Eddison had at least left the plate of food. The pasta smelled fantastic and it had plenty of chicken on top of it. He turned and looked toward the kitchen doorway, expecting Eddison to come back. But once he noticed that Eddison's blazer was gone, he knew the vampire wasn't coming back anytime soon.

He sat on the counter, the cool granite calming his heated skin. It did nothing to calm his raging

hard-on, but he hadn't seen a table to eat at. He took a heaping forkful of food. He contemplated Eddison's words. What did he mean that Karter didn't know what he was getting himself into? None of what had happened so far was a part of any plan. He hadn't known anything going into the whole thing. The look in Eddison's eyes... He was sure it had nothing to do with drinking blood and everything to do with his dick

"Damn it," he said with a mouth full of food.

He hadn't checked to see if Eddison had been hard; he'd been too busy admiring everything else about the vampire. He would have to try again.

With his food gone and a full stomach, Karter stretched and contemplated going back to his room to sleep or going to find the gym. Since he had no idea how to get to either one from the kitchen, whichever one he found first would have to do.

He put the dish in the sink and noticed that Eddison had cleaned while he cooked, so the kitchen wasn't a mess at all. He wiped the counter off with the dish towel Eddison had used. He left the kitchen in search of his room or... somewhere.

Karter found his room after turning down a bunch of hallways. The next time he saw one of the vampires he was asking for a damn map. He wasted more time roaming the damn halls and getting lost than he cared for. There were only so much art pieces he could distract himself with before he lost his mind in the halls. Most of the art looked the same to him, so when he passed the same painting for the fourth time, he realized he had gone in a big ass circle. Four fucking times.

He went to shower, deciding that looking for the gym wasn't worth it anymore. He would just get lost and end up in another part of the mansion looking at more damn art.

He laid on the bed, and it was the most comfortable bed he'd ever laid on. The vampires sure knew how to live luxuriously. But he was bored, and sleep wasn't coming to him. He didn't feel bored enough to get lost though. He sighed as he sat there, staring up at the ceiling.

He wondered what his sister was up to. He hoped she was happy. He'd been gone for what felt like forever but, really, was only two days. So much shit had happened in such a small amount of time. He couldn't believe he was lying there, bored, in a house with four vampires. He'd only met four, but he was sure there wasn't more. Walking around the mansion, someone would think that there was more than four.

Now that he'd met all four of them, he knew their smells and it was only their smells in the house. At first, he'd thought all vampires smelled the same, but each one had a little difference in their scent.

There was a knock at his door, interrupting his thoughts. He jumped out of bed, excited for anything. He was that bored. He opened the door, knowing who it was before he saw the pale, young vampire.

"Tell me you've got a map."

Braydon looked confused.

"Never mind, what can I do for you?"

A smile appeared on Brandon's face. "Eddison needs to eat and all of the blood that was stored has clotted up. Are you good to give blood?"

Karter felt fine. He'd checked everything, and he felt a hundred percent again. Thank goodness for wolf healing abilities. He was sure if he was human, he would have needed a blood transfusion and to be admitted to the hospital.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

Braydon's blue eyes raked up and down Karter's body. He'd decided to get dressed and wore an old pair of blue jeans and a loose t-shirt with some logo that was so washed out there was barely anything there.

A frown appeared on Braydon's face. "I liked the way you looked earlier." Braydon stuck out his lower lip in a pout. Oddly, it worked on his face.

Karter laughed since he'd been naked earlier. "Yeah, well, walking around naked wasn't in the job description."

Braydon looked sad, as if his puppy dog eyes would get Karter to change his mind about wearing clothes. Fuck if he didn't think about it. The vampire was cute, something Karter never went for, but was finding attractive when it came to the vampire.

"I'll have to talk Eddison into adding that to the contract," Braydon said as he turned.

"Wait," Karter said.

Braydon turned to look at him.

"I don't know where to find Eddison. This damn mansion is a bunch of hallways."

"Okay, I'll take you."

Karter sighed in relief. He really didn't feel like getting lost. He followed behind Braydon. From behind, he admired Braydon. His body was a little smaller than Karter's own, and he wore jeans as well. The difference wasn't lost on Karter; the ones Braydon wore were more high-end and tight fitted. His shirt was a little big on him, but Karter figured it was the style that Braydon was going for. Although Braydon looked young, Karter doubted he was in fact young.

"How old are you?" he blurted out.

Braydon didn't falter in his steps, but Karter saw the subtle way his shoulders tensed.

"Eighteen, of course," Braydon said in a sweet voice.

"Yeah, and I'm Mufasa from The Lion King," he said.

Braydon really couldn't believe that Karter would fall for such a stupid lie. There was a small laugh from Braydon, but nothing else.

"We're here Mufasa," Braydon said.

They stood outside one of the many doors in the hallway, but Eddison's smell was strongest near the door. Braydon knocked. Karter heard no reply, but after a few seconds of waiting, Braydon opened the door.

"The werewolf with a cat complex is here."

Karter glared at the back of Braydon's head. "I don't have a cat complex."

Braydon shrugged. "Could have fooled me. You're the one who wants to be Mufasa."

Karter was back to wanting to strangle the young vampire. Braydon smirked before leaving the room in a blink of an eye.

"Fuck, a warning when you guys leave like that would be nice."

He looked to Eddison and saw the man was fully dressed. Gone were the rolled-up sleeves from the kitchen. Eddison now had his blazer on and his golden eyes trained on the paperwork in front of him. He didn't even acknowledge Karter.

"So, Zippy back there told me you needed to feed," he said. Still no reply, not even a glance in his general direction. "So, how do you want to do this?"

Nothing.

He was starting to get upset. The vampire couldn't take his eyes off of Karter earlier, but now he didn't even look at him once. Karter opened his mouth when Eddison put a mug on top of his desk.

"Fill that up and then you can go," Eddison said.

Karter stared at the mug and then back to Eddison. He couldn't be serious.

"You on punishment too?"

He had no idea why he cared, but it bothered him that Eddison wouldn't be biting him. Which was

weird. Eddison didn't answer him, so he said nothing else about it. There was a knife next to the mug. He grabbed it and made a deep cut on his wrist. Blood bubbled up, and he placed his wrist over the cup, flexing his hand open and closed as he filled the mug.

Eddison continued to shuffle papers and Karter let him. He didn't say anything when he felt his wound closing, bringing the knife back up. The mug was only halfway full, so he re-slit his wrist and held it back over the cup. The room was quiet, the only sound paper being flipped or moved. The quiet was starting to get to him.

"I need a map," he yelled.

Why he yelled it he had no idea, but Eddison hadn't been expecting him to yell and sat straight up. His golden eyes trained on Karter. The feeling in him flipped again, just from the vampire's stare.

"Why do you need a map?" There was suspicion in Eddison's voice, the same as Axel's.

"I don't know. Maybe I'm tired of getting lost and would like to walk to the kitchen without seeing that one painting with the purple flowers five times."

"You get lost that much?"

Again, the blood flow had slowed since his wrist had healed up. He brought it back, looking down at the cup. One more deep cut would fill the rest of the cup. He cut his wrist for the third time and put it back over the mug.

"This place his fucking huge. Sorry I haven't learned all the hallways in less than a day."

Eddison eyed him, before flicking his eyes to the mug of Karter's blood.

"Hmm, well a map of the ho—"

"For fuck's sake, it doesn't have to have every room on it. Just give me a general map. Name the places I'm allowed to go. I hate getting lost, and I hate feeling caged even more. If this keeps up, I'm going to go crazy and I've only been here twenty-four fucking hours." He didn't give a damn how suspicious they were of him, he wanted a damn map.

"Your language needs some improvement," Eddison said.

"Ugh, fuck that."

The cup was overflowing, but his wound was still open. He looked at Eddison's desk for a napkin or a towel.

"Here let me," Eddison said, holding out his hand.

It was either let Eddison help or get blood all over his clothes, and then he would have to find his way back to his room to change, and he really only had so many clothes. He handed his bloody wrist over to Eddison, a few drops getting on some of the papers on Eddison's desk. Eddison didn't seem to care at all, his grip tightening on Karter's arm. His pink tongue licked his lips, and Karter felt his breath against his wrist. He wondered for a second if Eddison would bite him.

Eddison tentatively licked the wound. It was soft and didn't bother Karter at all. Eddison again swiped his tongue against the wound, cleaning some of the blood off. The wound still oozed blood, but the flow was much slower than before. A groan escaped Eddison as he licked again. His eyes were closed as he licked.

Gone were the tentative licks, and Karter felt Eddison put more pressure in his swipes. There was a small bite of pain, but it was nothing he couldn't handle. The next lick, Eddison added more pressure. Karter wasn't sure, but it felt as if Eddison was trying to see how much pain Karter could handle. Eddison would be surprised to find it was a lot and nothing he did with his tongue would cause Karter serious pain.

He gasped.

Eddison had forced his tongue into the wound as it was closing. He wasn't gentle at all. He forced

his tongue in, groaning around Karter's wrist. The pain that blossomed up his arm from his wrist felt oddly erotic. Pain had always been his focus, but the pain Eddison was inflicting with his tongue was making everything hazy with arousal.

He moaned as he felt Eddison's fangs against his skin, wanting more of the delicious pain. He watched, transfixed by the way Eddison seemed so lost in the act of licking his wound. Eddison's eyes opened, and their gazes locked. Karter couldn't look away, but he could still move his other hand, so he knew it wasn't the weird freezing thing.

He was just trapped, because he didn't want to look away. Eddison was still licking his wound, but as he stared into Karter's eyes, Eddison bit him and thrashed his tongue around at the same time.

"Uhhmm fuck," Karter moaned.

The pain was there, and it felt good. His eyes closed, and he was lost in the sting for the few seconds it lasted. All too soon, the pain left, but little shocks of pleasure still lingered. He'd never gotten off on pain before, but this pain felt different.

"You can go now."

Karter blinked. He hadn't noticed when Eddison had stopped licking his wrist. He looked down at his now clean wrist. Not a speck of blood lingered on his skin. The skin wasn't even red from the cut, it was completely healed. He turned it over a few times before looking back at Eddison, but he was back to reading over his papers. The mug Karter had filled with his blood sat next to him.

"So, you tongue fuck my wound and send me on my way?"

"You will be paid extra for it," Eddison said.

Karter gawked at him. "Wow. I don't even know what to say to that."

He just looked at Eddison. He knew he was there to work for them, but for a second, he'd forgotten. And he had no business forgetting that they were vampires and natural enemies to werewolves, and he was nothing more than hired blood.

"Enjoy the mug of blood," he said, turning and leaving Eddison's office.

He didn't even care that he would get lost; he was pissed off. Mainly at himself, because he'd been there less than two days and he was already forgetting the rules he and Lola had come up with.

Don't trust anyone but each other.

Never let your guard down.

Don't let your real emotions show.

Sure, Lola had broken all of those rules, but Karter had always stayed true to them. But back there in Eddison's office, he'd almost fucked up. And for what? Because he'd never felt a little pleasure with pain?

Stupid.

Pain is only meant to focus the mind, nothing more.

He recited the mantra a few more times before he looked up to see where he'd ended up. He recognized the picture of a field, and he turned from it to look at his door. He sighed with relief and went into the room.

He was still upset with himself, so he hadn't noticed the subtle change in his room. Four steps in and he smelled it... or, more accurately, him.

"Braydon, what do you want? The blood bank is closed for another few hours," he said.

Braydon laughed. "What happened to make you so grumpy?"

"Fuck off." He wasn't in the mood for games, and he just wanted to sleep at that point.

"I can make you feel better. You can take all that anger out on me."

Karter looked to Braydon as Braydon laid on his bed. Naked, with his head propped up on his

hands. He had an innocent look on his face, but Karter could tell it was all an act.

"Yeah? And what if I just want to beat the shit out of something?"

Braydon batted his long, dark lashes at Karter. "Then, by all means, let's see what you got."

He couldn't be serious. "You sure about that?"

Braydon turned onto his back, looking at Karter upside down. "I doubt you can really hurt me," he said.

He sounded so sure that Karter couldn't hurt him at all. Karter tentatively stepped forward, eyeing Braydon. He half expected the vampire to get up and move faster than his eyes could see.

Braydon laughed. "Why are you moving so slowly? Usually, men move fast when I offer up my body."

Karter stopped and stared at Braydon's body. Pale skin, pink nipples, and a very hard dick.

"Yeah, I can see why," he said. Braydon was fucking beautiful.

"So why are you moving so slowly?"

"Waiting for you to do the vampire speedy thing or freeze me in place."

Braydon blinked at him a few times before he laughed. "Eddison caught you in his gaze? Sorry, sweet thing, but I can't do that. I have no intentions of running from this. I've always wanted to have sex with a werewolf."

Karter stared at him. "Why?"

Braydon shrugged his shoulders, but Karter saw something in his blue eyes. "I heard they're wild in bed," he said.

"And I'm the first werewolf you've ever met?"

Braydon rolled his eyes. He huffed and turned back over to his stomach. "You know, for someone who is supposed to be getting naked to take his anger out on my body, you ask a lot of questions."

Karter just looked at Braydon. "I'm not ready to give more blood yet," he said. He wasn't lightheaded, but he did feel a little bit hazy. It wasn't anything he couldn't handle.

"I can't drink from you directly still, so that's fine with me."

He wanted to ask why, but he had a feeling Braydon would just avoid the questions. He stripped off his pants and shirt.

"No underwear. You always go commando?"

Karter started walking toward his bed where Braydon laid. He stroked his dick a few times. He'd already been half hard from Eddison tonguing his wound, and then walking into his room to see a very naked Braydon had brought it to full mast.

"Are you playing twenty questions or are we going to fuck?"

Bradyon quirked an eyebrow at him. Karter made it to the bed, positioning himself so that his dick was within reach of Braydon's mouth. He looked expectantly at Braydon, waiting for him to move. Nothing happened. Karter was about to back away and put his clothes on when he remembered something.

He gripped Braydon's hair, making sure to pull hard. A smile appeared on Braydon's face before he changed it to one that Karter knew was fake. Tears welled up in his eyes, making it seem like the grip Karter had in his hair actually hurt.

"No," Karter said. He stepped back.

Gone was the fake look on Braydon's face, replaced with one of confusion. "What?"

Karter stared at him. "This isn't the damn drama club. I don't want some performance."

Braydon sat up, staring intently at Karter. "Fine," he said.

He sounded a little put-off, but Karter wasn't into pretending. He nodded and moved back to

Braydon. He was still hard and so was Braydon, the momentary pause not erasing the sexual need in both of them.

He gripped Braydon's hair again, just as hard as before, but there was no reaction that time. The grip he had on Braydon's hair wasn't soft at all. His hair was just long enough to grab onto. Karter guided Braydon back down to his dick. His lips opened and Karter shoved his dick in. He didn't wait for Braydon to get used to his length and girth. He started to face fuck Braydon. It felt good, but he wanted to hear sounds coming from Braydon and there was nothing. Only Karter's breathing filled the bedroom. He remembered that vampires didn't need to breathe, and an idea appeared in his head.

He shoved his dick all the way down Braydon's throat and stayed there.

"Swallow around it," he said.

Braydon's throat started to squeeze around his dick. It felt amazing, so he thrust his hips a little. He wasn't willing to pull out any farther than a few inches. Braydon's throat felt too good. Especially when he swallowed. Braydon wasn't fighting his grip or seemed as if he was going to move. Karter let his hair go and moved his hands to touch all of the milky, pale skin on display.

He wondered how fast vampires healed?

He shifted his hands, allowing his claws out. It was a partial shift and only a few werewolves could pull it off. He was happy he could. He lightly touched Braydon's back with his claws. He watched as Braydon's body tensed for a second before he relaxed.

"Stop me anytime it becomes too much," Karter said.

Braydon made a muffled sound, which made vibrations on Karter's dick. His body shivered as he thrust a few times. It had felt good. He took the muffled noise as an okay, but the way Braydon looked, Karter doubted that even if he went too far Braydon would stop him. It worried him for all of a few seconds.

He pressed his claws to Braydon's lower back, right above his perfectly round cheeks. He scraped down, only giving enough pressure to leave red marks on the pale skin. Braydon said nothing under him, but Karter could see the way he held his body. He was waiting for the real pain.

Was that how he'd looked when Eddison had been inflicting the pleasure-filled pain? Had he been anticipating and waiting?

He shook his head. He didn't feel like thinking about it. It was too much to think about. So he focused more on Braydon and getting a real reaction out of the vampire. He pulled out of Braydon's throat, leaving only the tip of his dick in his mouth. He lifted his hands from Braydon's body.

"No teeth," Karter warned.

The last thing he wanted was for his dick to be bitten off.

Braydon hummed in confirmation, and Karter was a little upset he wasn't buried in his throat when he did it.

He focused back on what he had planned. Without warning, he plunged his claws into Braydon's back at the same time he thrust his dick forward. The groan and tightness around his dick were worth the risk. He started a slow thrust as he dragged his claws up Braydon's back. Blood bubbled up from the wounds he made. He kept his claws deep, stopping once he reached Braydon's shoulders.

Braydon shook under him, muffled moans around his dick. He flattened his palms and ran his hands over the claw marks. He knew he liked a little blood and fight in the bedroom, but the claw marks on Braydon's back looked deadly. He hadn't meant to go so hard, but he couldn't deny that it turned him on, and by the way Braydon sucked on his dick with enthusiasm, he liked it too.

He pulled out of Braydon's mouth. He had no plans of coming in his mouth. He picked him up and flipped him over, blood splattering everywhere. He looked at Braydon's face, his pupils blown. He

couldn't even see the blue anymore. He didn't shift his hands back, and he showed Braydon his bloody claws. His eyes focused on Karter's claws, and he followed them wherever Karter moved them.

So, he wanted more.

Karter made it look as if he was going to claw up Braydon's front, but instead, he lightly ran his claws over his skin. Blood smeared over his nipples and torso, the red standing out against his pale skin. He looked to Braydon and saw he waited with anticipation, eyes still on Karter's claws.

Karter grabbed Braydon's legs to spread them, getting closer to his body. He looked around for some lube, but he hadn't had time to go through the bedroom nightstands to see if there was any.

Braydon sat up a little, his fangs out, and bit into his own wrist. The way he tore his wrist open, blood gushed out. He held it over Karter's dick, and hot blood rushed over his dick. Karter lifted his eyebrows in question. He'd never used blood as a lubricant. Braydon let more of his blood drip between his legs, a red trail running down to his hole. More quickly joined.

Karter made eye contact with Braydon, and he placed two clawed fingers at his entrance. The small catch of Braydon's breath was enough to tell Karter that he wanted it just as bad as Karter wanted to do it. He shoved two fingers. Braydon was tight, but his blood made it easier to move. It didn't slip his notice that Braydon hadn't licked his wound closed. He let his wrist bleed freely.

Karter moved his fingers around, doing minimal stretching. He quickly pulled out of Braydon, lining his dick up to his entrance. He pushed in with all his strength. They both groaned in unison. He took a second to collect himself; he wasn't ready to come yet, but with the smell of sex and blood, his wolf was right there with him.

He started with slow thrusts, and he kept up the rhythm. He knew it wasn't enough to get him or Braydon off, but he wanted to use his claws a little more on Braydon before he really allowed his wolf side loose.

He ran his claws over Braydon's chest. Without warning, he dug his claws in, making small openings where more blood poured out. He held his claw right over Braydon's nipple, then went a little above it. He cut open Braydon's skin slowly, watching as the blood beaded up before it started to run down his chest. Braydon moaned as Karter did the same to the other side. He sat back a little and stilled his hips. He admired his claw marks all over Braydon's front.

"More," Braydon whispered, licking his lips as he stared at Karter.

Fuck if Karter didn't want to give him more. He wanted to see how much more he could give. But he was close. All the blood—and the way Braydon tightened around him when given so much pain—felt too good.

Instead, he pulled out of Braydon, and before he could say anything, Karter picked him up, tossing him farther onto the bed. He climbed on right after. Without pausing, he thrust back into Braydon from behind.

"Use whatever vampire strength you have," he warned.

Before Bradyon could ask any questions, Karter allowed his wolf a little bit more control. His body started to shift a little, his muscles got larger, his claws grew a little longer, his teeth sharpened, and his dick had a knot at the base of it.

"Fuck, did you just grow?" Braydon sounded strained.

Karter didn't answer him. He started to fuck into Braydon—knot and all—with abandon. He brutally fucked him, pulling almost all the way out only to thrust all the back in. He kept up the punishing rhythm and hard thrusts. At first, they were moving, but Braydon steadied himself and they stabilized on the bed. Once Karter felt that Braydon was secure enough, he wrapped his arms underneath Braydon's and plunged his claws into his shoulders.

"Uhm, yes," Braydon moaned.

Karter smiled. Braydon hadn't felt anything yet. Once his claws were deep enough, Karter picked up his pace and intensity. He quickly changed the angle and—by the shouts Braydon was letting loose—he was hitting his prostate. Karter lost himself, fucking into Braydon. He moved his hips so hard.

He hated that he'd shown weakness.

Kicked out of the pack.

His sister abandoned him.

He'd become nothing more than a walking blood bag.

All of that pissed him off, but more than anything, he was pissed that he'd felt like prey in front of Weston. He was no one's prey.

"I'm fucking coming," Braydon shouted out.

Karter felt when he did, his ass squeezing so tight that it was hard for Karter to keep up his thrusts. He felt the tingle of his own climax coming. He thrust a few more times before burying himself fully inside of Braydon.

"Mmmgh, yeah."

He came, filling Braydon with as much cum as he could. Sparks went off in his body. He felt as if he were floating. After a few more spurts of cum, his knot went down. Karter slowly let his body shift back, his claws receding. His fingers held onto bloody holes. His spent dick slipped from Braydon's hole, blood and cum coating it. He rolled over and laid down, catching his breath. Braydon slipped to the bed, breathing hard even though he didn't need it. The claw marks Karter'd made on his back were nothing more than red marks.

Braydon started to move, but he wobbled a little as if unsteady.

"You lost a lot of blood, maybe you should rest a little more."

Braydon's eyes glowed when he turned.

"Braydon," he said.

Braydon shook his head, the glow in his eyes dimming. "Whenever you can, get me some blood in a mug," he said right before he left.

"Yeah, sure, because this is Burger King and you can have it your way." Karter laid back down. His post-orgasm high no longer enjoyable. Blood covered him and the bed; he was going to have to ask for new sheets. Next time, they would have to do this somewhere where blood could be cleaned up easier and wouldn't be an issue.

He sat up.

Next time?

Fuck. He'd almost fucked up and bitten Karter. Weston still hadn't lifted the punishment. The wolf had made things bloodier than Braydon had initially thought he would. His ass still hurt a little from how hard he'd been fucked. The warnings had been an annoyance, mainly because he'd figured Karter would go easy on him. Boy was he wrong; the wolf hadn't held back. His muscles ached where they were still knitting themselves together.

He hadn't just torn skin, he'd torn some muscle with it. It wasn't as cruel and calculated as Eddison's way of doing things, but it was wilder and untamed. He hadn't known what to expect with the wolf, so all of his reactions had been truly his own. It had been amazing.

Braydon paced in his room, his hunger eating at him. A knock at his door stopped his pacing. He knew who it was.

"Come in."

Eddison walked into his room. The look in Eddison's eyes showed his need, but Braydon couldn't do it at that moment. One, he was still feeling it from Karter due to his lack of blood, and two, he was fucking starving.

"Eddi—"

"You fucked him," Eddison said, interrupting Braydon.

It wasn't a question, but Braydon answered anyway. "Yes, why the hell you're avoiding playing with him I don't know, but I can't right now."

A sharp pain brought him to his knees. It wasn't the type of pain he could find pleasure in. No, the pain was too sharp and had everything to do with the need to feed.

"You're covered in blood. I know it's your own, so I'm guessing you didn't feed?"

Braydon tried a breathing exercise to get through the pain, but it did nothing to ease it. "No, Weston still hasn't lifted the ban."

At that moment, he wanted to smash Weston's head into the ground and demand that he be allowed to feed properly. Of course, it would never happen that way. Weston was years older than him and ten times more powerful.

"If you didn't lose control when feeding, he wouldn't have placed it on you in the first place."

A few humans drained. "They were just humans" he said.

"Yes, but they were employed, and their safety was guaranteed, but you just couldn't help yourself."

He could hear the disapproving tone in Eddison's voice. He hated it. He wasn't a child. "If you're

here just to remind me of my past fuck ups, you can leave."

Eddison stood in front of him. He grabbed Braydon's chin and tilted his face up. Braydon stared into the golden eyes that he'd seen so many times over the past hundred years. The eyes he wished still looked at him with the hunger they once had. There was still a little there but gone was the heat that once existed. Braydon craved surprise and wild pain, whereas Eddison was control and precise in everything he did.

The heat and passion they'd once shared had fizzled down once Braydon could predict the pain that would be inflicted on him, his reactions becoming dull. He'd tried to fix it by acting, but he knew Eddison could tell.

"I fed today, so you can feed from me until the wolf is ready to bleed more." Eddison tightened his grip. "You didn't make him bleed, right?"

Braydon saw the flicker in Eddison's gold eyes, and it told him everything he needed to know. That Eddison also felt a pull toward Karter. It wasn't just Braydon, Eddison did want to try sex with a werewolf, but he never would. Their bite alone could kill a vampire, but Eddison obviously wanted to try with Karter.

"I didn't. It's all my blood."

Eddison nodded. Still holding onto his chin, Eddison offered his wrist. Braydon's fangs came down so fast his gums tingled. He bit into the offered wrist and relished in the blood that coated his tongue. It was warm, but it was missing the spice and kick that Karter's blood had. His stomach wasn't picky though, and he continued to drink, taking only enough to settle his stomach. He eased his fangs back as he licked the wound closed.

"Thanks," he said.

The pain was gone, and he could stand without fear that the pain would knock him back down. There was another knock at his door, and they both looked to see Axel walking into his room.

He eyed Braydon, his disapproval showing clearly on his face.

"We have a meeting," he said.

Eddison nodded. He glanced once more at Braydon before he left the room. Axel stood there, staring at Braydon. He knew Axel wouldn't approve of anything he did, but it didn't stop the hurt he felt. Axel opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, Braydon stopped him.

"I'm not a child, Axel. What I do in the bedroom has nothing to do with you."

He hated saying it, but it was true. Axel was the only one to still treat him as if he were a child. He was too old for it.

"I know, just be careful." His voice sounded resigned.

It made Braydon feel like crap. If it wasn't for Axel, he would still be in the hands of his sire. Axel had saved him and convinced Weston to allow him to live with them and join their den. He was thankful, and he allowed Axel to hover over him the first fifty years he lived with them. Still, the man felt the need to hover and overstep. As long as he didn't endanger Weston, anything he did should be fine.

"I will be," he said.

Axel nodded, some of his gray hair falling from behind his ear. Braydon moved before he thought better of it and tucked the hair.

"I know you worry about me, but, Axel, I've been a vampire for far too long and—thanks to your teachings where my sire fucked up—I'm a better one. The mess up with the humans was my fault."

Axel's steel grey eyes stared hard into him, but after a moment, he nodded. "Okay, get changed and clean all the blood off of you."

Axel knew what Braydon enjoyed, but he didn't understand it. He'd learned not to ask many questions about Braydon's preferences in the bedroom. Braydon nodded and went to get cleaned up.



Freshly showered, he left his bedroom. He moved quickly, not wanting to have Weston waiting on him for too long. He arrived in seconds. He walked into the room where they held most meetings or formal dinner parties. Weston sat at the head of the table with Axel on his right and Eddison on his left. Braydon tended to sit next to Eddison. Axel had informed him that he needed to be ready at all times to save Weston or kill someone, and Braydon may get in the way of it. So, he took that to mean to sit next to Eddison or stand near him. Braydon took his seat. No one was talking, but that wasn't unusual.

"Now that everyone is here, it seems a few rogues have been making a mess outside the city limits." Weston didn't look very happy about the news.

"Outside city limits is Lord Gregory's territory," Braydon said.

Weston nodded. "Yes, but he's saying they're rogues from Multicity. The king has ordered us to handle it." The edge in Weston's tone told Braydon everything he needed to know. "That means Eddison and Braydon—you will handle getting information on the rogues. Axel and I have to go see our dear king."

Braydon didn't envy Weston. He'd met the king once and never again wanted to be in his presence. It was too much. He was glad that he didn't have to worry about it, since he served a prince.

"How long will the wolf be staying?"

Axel's question came out of nowhere. Braydon turned to look at Axel. He hoped Karter stayed permanently, especially if they could have sex like before.

Weston looked at Axel as if he'd heard the question too many times and was tired of hearing it.

"He stays unless he proves untrustworthy," Weston said. He stood, ending any retort Axel may have had. "Day approaches, get some sleep. Axel, you need to feed before we leave. I don't care if you're skeptical of the wolf. I will not have a weakness by my side."

Weston left the room, and even Braydon couldn't track his movements. Braydon looked over to Axel. "Why don't you like him? Once you ignore his sarcasm, he seems okay. Plus, his blood is fucking delicious. It's the best I've ever tasted."

Braydon drooled just thinking about the blood.

"How would you know what kind of person he is? Just because he had his dick inside of you, doesn't give you insight," Axel bit off.

Braydon sat back, shocked. Axel had never been mean to him or sounded so angry. He wanted to be offended, but he was too shocked by the way Axel was acting.

Axel stood, his fists balled. "Sorry, but you don't know what... He's a werewolf. Don't let your guard down." Axel left the room.

"Is it because he hasn't eaten since he's been home, or something that I'm not getting?"

Eddison sat back in the chair, his calm, collected composure completely opposite of Axel's outburst. "He's older than I am. I fought in the war years ago, but Axel was around when the war started. He is warier." He shrugged his shoulders. "He's right. Just because Karter had his dick inside of you, doesn't mean he's some great person."

Braydon rolled his eyes. "I never said he was some damn saint." He stood. "And just so you

know, his dick was fucking amazing. Giving good D is a good quality."

With that, he left the room. He didn't care what they had to say. They were just mad that he didn't wait before approaching Karter. As old as he was, he wasn't one to wait for something he wanted. He firmly believed he deserved whatever he took.

And he had no problems with taking.

In his room, he thought about how he wanted to drink from Karter next time he fed.

"Shit," he muttered.

He'd forgotten to ask Weston if he could be off his punishment. He could feel the sun coming up. He could stay awake for a few hours during the day, but it weakened him too much. Since he had the task of rouge hunting, he would need all of his strength.

Getting undressed, he looked to his dresser and a mug of blood sat there. He breathed in the air in his room. Not needing to breath, he sometimes forgot to use the sense. His room didn't smell of the wolf, but he could smell the blood. He touched the mug and it was still warm. Not hot, but he didn't let it sit any longer. He downed the rich liquid. His taste buds dancing from the wolf's blood.

"I hope he never leaves," he whispered.

KARTER

Once all the blood and cum was cleaned up, Karter cut his arm and filled a mug that was left on his nightstand with blood. He had no idea when Braydon had even left it. He dreaded going out into the house and looking for Braydon's room. He just knew he was going to get lost in the elaborate mansion.

"Fucking maze," he muttered as he started out his door.

"It's not a maze," Eddison's calm voice said.

Karter turned to look at Eddison as he stood next to his door. He hadn't heard Eddison move. The one thing worse than the house, was the fact that all the vampires moved so damn fast.

Eddison's eyes flickered to the mug in Karter's hand. "Is that for Braydon?"

"Yeah," he said.

Eddison's eyes looked him up and down, solely focused on him. "You did a lot of damage."

Karter blinked a few times. He knew he'd gone a little too far, and he hadn't planned to really hurt Braydon, but once he'd started, he'd lost himself while watching the blood flow from Braydon.

"He enjoyed it. I'm sure he will be back." A look crossed Eddison's face before Karter got to read it. Eddison took the mug from him. "I'll deliver this." His eyes flickered to the stripped bed. "There are extra sheets in the closet."

"Thanks."

Karter looked to the closet Eddison indicated. He turned back around, only to realize that Eddison had left. All of the vampires needed bells around their necks so he could hear them come and go. Since he was in their house, everything smelled of them, so he couldn't really use his nose to warn him. And if the vampires didn't want their presence known, it took Karter longer than he liked to even notice them.

He went to the closet to get the sheets out, and he quickly got the bed ready. He felt fatigued; he'd given a lot of blood. Not enough to really hurt him, but he was feeling it. He thought about going to get something to eat but decided it could wait until later. He would sleep for a little bit, and then go get some food from the kitchen.

Before laying down, he moved the heavy curtain to look outside the window. He figured it was almost morning by how the sky looked. He yawned, glancing around for his phone. He hadn't charged it since he'd left simply because he knew that his sister would try and reach out to him. He loved her more than anything in the world, but it hurt that she'd turned her back on him. But he understood why. He was destroying things for her. He'd been selfish and had simply lived for himself, and his sister was trying to do the same. He didn't fault her, but he still felt the pain of what had happened.

He stopped searching for his phone, knowing it was dead and deciding he'd rather leave it that way. He had nothing to set an alarm with. He glanced at the covered window again. If he uncovered it, then the sunlight would help wake him up. If Eddison refused to get him a map of the mansion, he was going to need some time to map the place out.

He went to open the curtain fully, and his eyes flickered to the door. It was best he lock it. It wouldn't stop any of the vampires entering, but at least he was giving a fair warning. A part of him wondered why he was doing that in the first place. If any of them walked into his room while he slept, then they got what they deserved.

His hand hovered over the lock on the door. Why did he truly care? He couldn't come up with a reason, and he had no desire to delve deep into his mind and figure it out. He went with his gut and locked the door.

With the door locked and secured, he went to his bed and face-planted onto the clean sheets. Before closing his eyes, he remembered why he'd locked the door. He reluctantly pulled himself up and opened the curtains. The sky was brighter than it had been a few minutes prior. He stood there, staring at all the plush land. His wolf wasn't antsy, but soon he would need to go out and hunt, allow his wolf some freedom. There were some trees, and he watched as a rabbit hopped across the yard and behind one of the trees. He could hunt a few rabbits out there.

He sagged against the window, still looking out the window. He contemplated just going out and hunting anyway. He was reckless and he may have tried it—or still might—but he was too tired.

It also didn't help that their neighbors were humans. Supernaturals were in hiding... kind of. Only some people knew about them, most governments and underground people like Santiago. It was a matter of time before everyone knew, but even then, it probably wouldn't be looked on favorably to change in front of humans.

He sighed as he pushed himself up and went to his bed. His life had always been a rollercoaster and adapting to it had been his thing. Well, kind of adapting to it. He knew he always made the rollercoaster more dangerous than it needed to be. For a long time, he didn't care how dangerous it got or how crazy his life turned. As long as he had Lola, he was happy. That was no longer the case. He had nothing grounding him or there to hold his hand when he got tired of the ride.

It was like a bucket of ice-cold water. It seemed every second he was alone he thought about his sister and the way he'd messed things up. He almost wished one of the vampires would come into his room and distract him.

He closed his eyes, trying to focus on anything but his own emotions. He needed sleep if he was to map out the house later in the day.



Karter turned over, nearly falling out of the large bed. His body was turned at a strange angle, his head hanging off and away from where he knew he had laid. His legs were tangled in the sheets, most likely the only reason he hadn't fallen. He blinked a few times at the amount of light in his room, remembering that he'd opened the curtains. Still upside down, he looked around his room. He didn't see anything that looked like a dead vampire, so he assumed that none of them had come to his room.

He pulled himself up into a sitting position in the bed. He couldn't remember his dream, but considering how he'd woken up, he figured it was a wild one. He'd forgotten to braid his hair before

falling asleep, so the long strands were now knotted and tangled. He untangled his legs to go to the bathroom.

He showered again and finished getting ready to walk around. He found a small notebook and pen in the nightstand. He closed the blinds.

Out in the hallway, he decided to go left first. He usually went right, but he usually got lost, so he decided he was just going to keep going until he found all the rooms he was allowed in.

The first room he found was the gym. He'd passed the painting with the horses and taken a left at the painting of the beach, and after passing two doors that were locked, he found the gym. One room down. He jotted down which paintings and how many turns from his room. He retraced his steps back to his room. Getting back was faster than ever. He started again, but that time, he went the opposite way.

He did that a few times, until he found all the areas that Eddison had listed and then some. He had found a strange room that wasn't locked but it hadn't been listed either. The room smelled of sex and blood. The smells weren't fresh, so Karter figured it had to be at least a week or two since the room had been used. He didn't linger in the room, unsure of how he felt about it.

With his notebook in hand, he made it to the kitchen without any issues. He followed his directions and was able to get there in a matter of minutes, instead of the hours he used to spend in the hallways. He looked to the clock on the stove only to realize a lot more time had passed than he'd thought. Soon it would be dark out.

He concluded that the vampires did, in fact, slept during the day. Not one of them had come out or run into him. And, since he now knew he had spent a few hours out in the hallways, he figured it was safe to say that information about vampires was true.

He grabbed some eggs out of the fridge, along with some green onions, tomatoes, colorful bell peppers, and two different kinds of sandwich meat. With all the food out, he started to prepare his breakfast food for dinner. He was going to need to get on some type of schedule. His eating was all over the place.

He sautéed the vegetables, not letting them get too soft before putting them to the side. He cracked his eggs in the skillet, adding a little salt and pepper.

"You can cook?"

Karter turned so fast that the pepper shaker that had been in his hand flew the other side of the kitchen, hitting the wall. His heart beat out of control.

"Fuck. You guys all need to wear bells around your necks."

Axel tilted his head, his eyebrows scrunched. The one with the scar raised slightly. "You're burning your food," he said, pointing toward the stove.

"Damn it."

Karter turned the stove off. His eggs weren't ruined but they wouldn't taste as good. He looked at the clock and knew the sun had to either be setting or was gone.

"How long have you been up?" Karter heard the skepticism in Axel's voice.

"Long enough to be hungry." He put his food on the plate and grabbed a fork to eat the slightly overcooked eggs. He had a staring contest with Axel. Axel's silver eyes staring him down with so much intensity, Karter was afraid to blink. "Did you want something, or do you just go out of your way to find me?"

Axel's face scrunched more, as if that was the craziest thing he'd ever heard. It probably was, but it seemed to Karter that Axel was always finding him.

Axel moved and was next to Karter. Karter tried to pretend it didn't bother him, still eating his

eggs. He side-eyed Axel next to him. There was a mug in his hand. Realization dawned. Axel came looking for him for blood. His eyes traveled from the mug up to Axel's face. He saw the frustration all over his face.

"Did you want some coffee?"

He tried for an innocent voice, as if he didn't know what the mug was for. Axel glared at him. He had another thing coming if he thought Karter was going to help him.

"I didn't make any or even see any in the house. I did see some tea. I can put a pot on for you." Karter put his plate down and moved to the pantry where he'd seen the tea.

"I don't want any tea." Axel's disgruntled voice rang clear in the otherwise silent kitchen.

Turned away from Axel, Karter smiled to himself. He turned around, making sure to play the confusion up a bit. "Oh, well, I guess some people drink milk out of mugs."

The mug broke in Axel's hand. Glass shards landed and broke into smaller pieces as they hit to the ground.

"Well, now you me—"

Karter was shoved against the wall with Axel's hands holding him there. Silver eyes flared with so much hatred. Axel's face tensed with anger, but all Karter could really notice was the fact that Axel's body was pressed against him. Hard muscles pressed firmly against him.

His heart rate sped up, and he saw the anger and hatred in Axel's face, but it did other things to him. His dick began to harden. Who would have ever known moving to a house full of vampires would turn him on so much. Liquid silver eyes moved from staring deeply into his own and to focus on his neck. He should have felt bothered by it, should have pushed Axel off and just bled into a damn mug. Just like he had done for the others, except Weston. He shivered at the memory of Weston and all his power.

Axel backed up, and Karter didn't stop him. He needed to get himself under control. Axel once again stood in front of him with a mug.

"Blood."

One simple word. The only reason Karter was there. He nodded and grabbed the mug from Axel's hand. He grabbed one of the random kitchen knives and stabbed it through his wrist. He went deeper than he'd planned but the pain made him focus. Gone were the thoughts that clouded his brain. He was there to settle a debt, nothing more. His blood was needed, and he was paid for it.

"You always go that deep?"

Karter didn't move, watching his blood drip into the cup. "What does it matter? I heal."

The mug was nearly full, but it wasn't the biggest mug. Axel had grabbed a regular size, unlike Eddison had the night before. Just as Karter was about to move his arm away from the mug, Axel's strong hands gripped his forearm. Karter tried to yank it away, but it didn't budge. His strength was no match for Axel's.

"If you were human, you would die."

Karter rolled his eyes. "We both know I'm not human. It's why you always look at me suspiciously and with so much hatred."

If Karter hadn't been looking at Axel, he may have missed the small flinch. Axel continued to examine his cut. "You scraped the knife against the radius and ulna."

Blood dripped onto the kitchen floor and all over Axel's hand. Karter stared at him, trying to see if he was really focused on his wrist or the blood. To his surprise, Axel ignored all the blood and examined his cut.

"What is this, science class?"

Axel laughed. "No, but your muscles are knitting back together and the blood flow has slowed. Werewolves have good healing abilities."

He still held onto Karter's wrist. The touch had softened at some point. If Karter wanted to, he could snatch his arm away, but instead, he stood there and let Axel move it around.

"Does it hurt?"

Karter shrugged. "I guess."

He was at a loss. Axel wasn't looking at him with hatred. Instead, he seemed almost concerned. He lightly tugged on Karter's arm, directing him to the sink. He turned on the water and placed Karter's wrist under the flow. The ice-cold water made him shiver.

"Fuck, that's cold." He still didn't yank away. He continued to let Axel do what he wanted.

"It will help slow the blood down."

Axel removed his wrist. Karter's hand shook a little, but he paid it no mind. He was too focused on Axel. Axel brought Karter's wrist to his mouth and swiped his hot tongue across the wound. It had mostly closed, but there was still a small opening. Karter prepared himself for Axel to probe the wound like Eddison had. He watched, eyes transfixed on the pink tongue that swiped across his pale skin. Heat flared and his heart began to beat harder.

Soon the wound was closed and healed.

"What? Do you guys have super spit?"

Axel quirked an eyebrow at him. "Something like that."

Axel grabbed the mug of blood and left the kitchen. Karter stood there in the middle of the kitchen, wrist still out where Axel had held it last. He shook his head. He looked around, seeing the blood everywhere. He sighed and wondered if there was a maid or something.

"Wow, what happened in here?" Braydon's cheerful voice announced his presence.

Karter turned to the younger-looking vampire. "Is there a maid?"

Braydon nodded. "We have a cleaning service that comes during the day, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. If you're going to bleed all over the place, we may need to have them come more often."

Karter rolled his eyes. "What's today?"

"Friday."

"Damn it." Karter searched around the kitchen for something to clean up the mess.

"Don't bother. I'll tell Eddison to call the cleaning service and have them sent out."

Braydon walked farther into the kitchen. The way he stared at the blood, blue eyes glowing a little, Karter figured he might be hungry.

"If you're here to drink blood, I need a little bit more time."

He didn't feel dizzy, but he'd wasted a shit-ton of blood all because he needed the pain to clear his mind.

"I drank yesterday, so I'm fine. Any blood now would just be for enjoyment."

Karter leaned against the counter, making himself comfortable. "So how often do you need to feed?"

Braydon hopped up on the counter. "Hmm, well, it all depends on how old and powerful you are. I can go three to four days; Eddison and Axel can both go a week or two. They are around the same age, but from what I understand, Axel may be able to go a whole month if pushed. Weston... I have no idea. But I'm sure it's a long time." He shrugged.

"So why have all your humans died if blood isn't needed very often?"

Braydon gave him a look. "Why do humans eat three meals a day when it's possible to survive off one? Just because we can do it, doesn't mean it's ideal."

Karter nodded. He pushed himself from the counter. He wasn't hungry, but he thought it best to eat something before going to work out. He rummaged in the fridge, but he could feel Braydon's eyes on him.

"Did you want something?"

Braydon laughed. Karter turned to see what he was laughing at.

"You're interesting, that's for sure."

"Glad I can be good entertainment for you."

"Don't be upset, that's not what I meant. Just saying, you're better than the boring humans we had before. Although, most werewolves wouldn't step one foot into a vampire's den."

Karter closed the fridge. Braydon wasn't wrong. He wouldn't normally go anywhere near vampires either. Well, considering his past life choices maybe he would have.

"I'm not upset," he said.

Braydon laughed more. He was so carefree. "Right." Braydon wiped an imaginary tear from his face, as if he'd laughed so hard it made him cry. "We need bags of blood to go." He hopped off the counter. It looked as if he floated for a second before gracefully standing.

"To go?"

Braydon smirked. "Vampire business. Bring all the food you can and snack as we fill up some bags."

He followed Braydon down a few hallways. Since his exploration of the mansion, he knew, generally, where he was. If they took a right, they would be headed to the indoor pool. Instead, Braydon turned left, leading them to another section.

He stopped in front of a door. Karter didn't remember the door, but by the sound of the door unlocking, he probably skipped over the room once he'd realized it was locked. Braydon opened the door and the smell of antiseptic and bleach overwhelmed his senses.

"Fuck, it stinks," Karter said, covering his nose. He dropped the food, backing away from the room.

"It doesn't smell that bad," Braydon said.

"Like fuck, it doesn't. You aren't even breathing, how the hell would you know what it smells like?"

Braydon shrugged his shoulders. "I don't need to breathe to live."

"Yeah, well, I do, and the room smells like you poured bleach everywhere." His eyes began to water. The smell was too strong, nearly choking him. He backed farther from the room. He glanced at the door. With how strong the smell was, it shouldn't have been able to block it.

"I need you to come in and fill up some blood bags."

Karter didn't think twice about it. "Fuck no."

He turned and walked away from the room. He needed to get farther away, the chemical smells were giving him a headache.

"Don't be such a baby. Or would it be puppy?"

Karter rolled his eyes and kept walking, getting farther and farther from the smell. Braydon kept up with his pace easily, even though Karter was a good two feet taller than him and had a longer stride.

After turning a few corners, Karter took in a big breath, happy not to be smelling the room any longer.

"All the equipment is in the room."

Karter glanced at Braydon, who was just standing there, watching him, as Karter tried to take in

as much non-chemical air as he could. "I don't care. The room stinks and there is no way I'm stepping one foot in there."

He didn't give a damn what they needed. Braydon moved fast, putting Karter on the floor and stared down at him. Karter blinked, unsure how he'd ended up on the floor.

"Wha—"

Braydon grabbed his chin, his eyes glowing. Something felt very different. The hair on his neck stood to attention, and his wolf prepared to shift. The power coming off of Braydon felt deadly, not as all-consuming as Weston's, but Karter could tell Braydon wasn't someone to mess with. He may be playful and young looking, but right then and there, Karter knew Braydon would be able to kill him in seconds.

Sweat beaded on his forehead as he waited for Braydon to move. He couldn't say anything, Braydon's hold on his chin kept his mouth shut. He was sure if it wasn't for that, he would probably have said something stupid that just might have led to his death. They stared, Karter unable to break eye contact.

"It's an order. You are going to sit in that room and fill up blood bags."

Karter felt something, like a blanket was being wrapped around him. He tried to move but felt stuck. It wasn't that he couldn't move, it was the fact that Braydon held all of his attention. Braydon let go of his chin, but Karter stayed still, staring into the light blue eyes.

"I'm not going into that room. Think of another way," he said.

Braydon blinked in surprise and backed away. He fell over laughing. He was laughing so hard he rolled into the wall. Karter sat there, watching him.

"So, werewolves don't respond to compulsion."

Karter didn't know about compulsion, but he figured it was the strange feeling of being wrapped in a blanket. His wolf hadn't liked it at all.

"Now I'm a test subject?"

Braydon stopped laughing and looked to him. His blue eyes focused and were serious, vastly different than the laughter that had been there only seconds prior.

"No." Braydon stood. "I'll get some of the stuff. We can do it in your room."

He was gone before Karter could say anything. He got up and looked around. He pulled out his notebook and looked to the walls, trying to decipher where in the house he was. He made his way back to his room. He opened the door, not surprised in the least to see Braydon standing there with arms full of stuff.

"Come on," Braydon said, impatiently.

Karter didn't move any faster. He walked into his room and took a seat in one of the comfortable chairs.

"You left the food in the hallway, didn't you?"

Karter didn't answer, because Braydon had left the room. In front of him sat a couple of bags, a needle, and some tubing. Then Braydon stood in front of him, and Karter didn't flinch, attesting to the fact that he was getting used to the vampires appearing out of nowhere.

"Here, you snack as I get some bags filled. When you start to feel dizzy, let me know."

Karter nodded. "Sure, do you want me to tell you before or after I pass out?"

Braydon rolled his eyes.

AXEL

Axel paced in his room, his eyes flicking over to the mug full of blood. He hadn't drunk any of it, but he couldn't deny the way his fangs ached, and saliva pooled in his mouth. The smell of the sweet iron only giving him a small tease of the blood that awaited him. Licking Karter's wrist had only given him a small taste. The blood had made his tongue tingle, and he'd barely held back a groan. The wolf's blood had set his body on fire.

Something so good couldn't be good for you. It was just too good. Weston had ordered him to drink blood, but he felt if he drank it, he might become addicted to it. No, that wasn't right. He might become addicted to Karter.

The way he'd responded to Axel when he was pressed against him told Axel everything. Axel wasn't blind, he'd seen the way Karter's eyes had dilated and his pulse kicked up. He'd felt the heat wafting off him and felt when Karter's dick had started to get hard. It had all been surprising and so good. He'd needed to distance himself before he either kissed Karter or plunged his fangs into his pale neck. Oh, how his fangs would easily slice through his skin to the sweet, hot blood.

Would he moan?

Axel fangs descended on their own.

"How much longer are you going to let the blood sit?"

Axel turned to see Weston sitting on his bed, his prince calmly looking to the mug full of Karter's blood. Axel felt a strange need to rush over and down the mug just so Weston wouldn't drink it. He paused. If Weston wanted to drink it, then he would give it to him. That's what he should have been thinking, but instead, he didn't want to give the blood up. He moved over to the mug and picked it up.

"Are you afraid I'll drink it?" Weston's dark eyes were trained on him.

"If you would—"

"That's not what I asked."

Axel looked to the mug. "Yes," he said.

"Then drink it," Weston commanded.

Axel didn't wait; he drank the blood. It was a little cool, but it hadn't begun to clot, so it still went down smooth. Before he knew it, there was nothing left in the cup. Instead of feeling full and satisfied, he wanted more. He didn't want it in the mug either. No, he wanted to sink his fangs into Karter's flesh and drink from the source.

"It was good, wasn't it?"

Axel had forgotten Weston was in his room. He turned to look at the prince. "Yes."

Weston nodded, his long, golden hair moving. He looked regal, as if he belonged on the throne. "It

seems Eddison and Braydon also think so. It might become too dangerous. We may need to let him go." Weston stared at him.

Axel tried not to react. Yesterday he was all for Karter leaving. Even now, he agreed the wolf should leave, but then why didn't he say yes and agree with Weston. Instead, he stood there and looked at Weston, trying to see how serious he was.

"When we come back, I'll see about getting two humans instead. That should help. One sees to die too quickly." Weston stood. "Unless you think we should just keep the werewolf?"

"Whatever you decide," Axel said.

"I knew that would be your answer." Weston sighed. "Come on. Now that you fed, we need to head out."

"Yes, sir."

"You're the only one in this house that continues to treat me as if I'm royalty," Weston said.

Did he not realize how much he acted like royalty?

"Braydon already collected some blood from Karter."

"Are we staying long?"

Weston shrugged. "You never know."

Axel nodded, knowing all too well that it was best to plan for just in case. Although blood would be offered from plenty of willing humans, it didn't hurt to bring their own supplies. Lessened the chance of poisoning.

"Will Nyiah and Cambridge be there?"

"Unfortunately, yes. It seems we all will be making an appearance."

Axel was a warrior, battle was his occupation, but dealing with a bunch of vampire royals was even bloodier than war.

"Oh, I don't envy you whatsoever," Braydon said.

Axel looked at the youngest vampire in their den. Braydon even looked young. He'd once taken to nurturing Braydon when he'd first come to live with them. When Weston and Axel had brought him home many years ago, Braydon had taken to Axel. They had been inseparable, but over time they had gone their separate ways. Braydon started to gravitate toward Eddison. Axel wasn't hurt by it; he knew he couldn't give Braydon what he needed, no matter if he had tried to show him in other ways.

"Here you go." He handed a case over to Weston.

"How much were you able to get?"

Braydon averted his eyes. "Well, before he passed out, I got eight bags filled."

Axel grabbed Braydon before he thought better of it. His reaction took them both by surprise. The anger that filled him... Braydon taking so much blood from Karter that he passed out was just as bad as when Karter had gouged his wrist with the kitchen knife. It'd made him angry then, and he was angry again.

He didn't know why he was so angry. Just as he was about to let go of Braydon, Weston spoke. The ice in his tone made Axel freeze.

"If he dies, you will be punished."

Axel felt the power in his words. He cringed and flinched away from Weston just as Braydon did.

"He isn't dead. I stopped as soon as he stopped responding. I told him to tell me when he started to feel dizzy, but he didn't say anything."

Axel believed him. The wolf had some type of recklessness about him.

"I don't care," Weston said.

In unison, they both said, "Yes, Prince."

Weston reined his power back in, seeming to collect himself. Axel let Braydon go, and the younger vampire shook slightly. He didn't blame him. It wasn't often Weston used his power on Braydon. Axel was used to it, because he was always next to Weston. Even if the power wasn't directed to him specifically, he always felt it.

"Go on, Braydon," Axel said.

He squeezed his shoulder. Braydon stood there, frozen, before he blinked and looked at Axel, fear visible in his eyes. Braydon bowed and left.

"Now he's going to avoid me for a few years," Weston said. He sounded down.

"I doubt it will be that long."

Weston arched a perfectly-groomed golden eyebrow at him. Axel shrugged. "Come on."

Axel followed behind Weston. Instead of leaving, Weston made a few different turns. Axel realized a little too late that they were headed in the direction of Karter's room. If he'd had a pulse, it would have been racing. Instead, his cold, dead heart didn't beat. Weston opened the door without knocking. He walked in, as if it was his own room, which technically he owned the whole house, so it was his room.

There in the bed was a snoring Karter. His long black hair fanned out over his body and the white sheets. He was wearing the jeans he'd had on earlier but gone was the shirt he'd worn. Axel saw the intricate black ink all over his torso.

He stood there watching Karter sleep. He turned to Weston, only to see him moving closer to the bed. He bent over Karter, putting his face close to Karter's blood. His golden hair lay on top of Karter's black hair. It was so different but oddly beautiful. Karter didn't move, continuing to sleep. Weston straightened and fixed his suit before turning to leave the room.

Axel stood there for a little while longer, watching Karter. He wanted to touch him just as Weston had, but he felt wrong for wanting that feeling. He'd fought in the war many years ago. Werewolves were not creatures to take lightly. He sighed before turning and leaving the room. Weston stood there, but he said nothing.

Axel closed the door to Karter's room. They made eye contact, but no words passed. Instead, they left the house.

KARTER

The first thing he wanted when his eyes opened was food. Karter got out of bed, not wasting time, and handled all of his hygienic needs before getting the notepad and finding his way to the kitchen. He dug around and ate as much as he could. He drank plenty of water. He soon realized that he didn't hear any movement in the house. He looked to the stove for the time. It was night time, and although the vampires were quiet, usually one found him by now. He'd gone back to the fridge to grab more food when he noticed the note on the fridge.

Karter, you are welcome to the designated areas that were listed in the contract. No one is allowed in the house. Will be back later.

He looked the note over again. Great, they'd all left while he slept, and now he had the whole mansion to himself. He crumpled the piece of paper and went back into the fridge. He made himself something else to eat. His wolf wanted out, and even though the house was large, it wouldn't be freeing enough. He decided swimming and some exercise would have to do.

He felt like all he'd been doing lately was eating and sleeping. When had his life become... nearly domesticated? He sighed.

He ate and went back to his room to change. With his notebook, he found the pool with no issues. He jumped in, doing a few laps to get his heart pumping. He went to the gym that was only a few doors down from the indoor pool. He lifted weights and ran on the treadmill. He was done working out after a few hours.

Now, what was he supposed to do?



Six days passed. Six *fucking* days, and Karter was going insane. He hadn't seen any of the vampires. He did the same thing day and night. He slept during the day, and, at night, he ate and worked out. He was restless. He decided he was done playing by the rules, and he needed to stretch his wolf.

He waited until nearly midnight. Stripping, he quickly took on his wolf form. It felt good to be on four legs again. He inhaled the night air. He could smell the little bit of wildlife. There were other smells, but they were farther away. He moved around, chasing after a few rabbits. He would catch them and then let them loose. He hunted for a while, losing track of time. He allowed his wolf to take more of the lead as he sat back and enjoyed the feeling of freedom that running around in his wolf

form gave him.

Lost in the hunt and enjoying the night air, he heard the approaching humans a little too late. He sniffed the air, only catching a small whiff of them. They must be coming from downwind.

"What the hell," one of the humans shouted.

The girl with him screamed, the shrill sound hurting his over-sensitive ears.

A bullet grazed past him, hitting the tree directly behind him. The human stood there with shaking hands and the barrel of the gun pointed at Karter. Karter stepped backward, and another bullet hit the tree.

He was lucky the human had shit aim. He froze, growling at the human in warning. He didn't want to hurt the guy, since he was obviously scared, but his best bet would be to leave.

"Call animal control, Karen."

The human girl fumbled with her phone. This night was supposed to be Karter enjoying some freedom, but here these two humans came and fucked it all up. He couldn't let animal control get ahold of him. He heard movement, a branch breaking. The human whirled his gun over to where the noise had come from. Karter saw his chance.

"Karter, sit." The commanding voice made Karter react before he thought about it. Weston walked through the small woods and stood there, staring at the human who had a gun pointed at him in fear. "You're on private property and pointing a gun at my dog."

Karter growled. He was not a dog.

Weston eyed him, and Karter stopped growling. He wasn't a pet, but at that moment, he could see how his growling wasn't helping.

"That's not a dog. It's a fucking wolf." The human sounded hysterical, the woman behind him still clutching her phone, but at least she hadn't called animal control.

Weston turned to the human, his eyes off of Karter. Karter relaxed a little, feeling better now that Weston's predatory gaze was off of him.

"Come on, Tod," Karen said.

Tod wasn't budging. He still had his gun out, and he'd stopped pointing it at Weston. Instead, he pointed it back at Karter. Little did he know that the true danger to him was, in fact, Weston and not Karter.

"You should listen to your girlfriend, Tod."

"He says it's his dog. Look it even listened to him. Come on, I need to get home," she pleaded with him.

Karter started to move. He didn't listen to anyone. Weston got closer to him and placed his hand on his head. Karter froze in place. The overly-oppressive presence that was Weston made him submit. A whine escaped him.

"It's okay, boy," Weston said.

He even sounded sympathetic, as if he wasn't the one doing it to him. Tod looked at Karter, and the human looked skeptical. His scent still had a touch of fear, but ever since Weston had shown up, he seemed less scared of Karter. Which was good in that he stopped shooting, but it hurt Karter's ego.

"It's illegal to have wolf hybrids," Tod said.

Karen smacked her own face from Tod's stupidity. "It's illegal to be on someone else private property, but here you are, Tod. If you happen to disappear, would anyone come looking for you? They wouldn't think to look on private property, would they? Even if they did, I'm sure a full-grown dog can bury a few bones or whatever is left."

Todd took a step back.

"My father wouldn't be too happy about me going missing. Tod and I will leave now," Karen said, tugging on Tod's arm once again.

"That would be best, Ms. Edelberg. Your father would be disappointed to know his only daughter is out in the woods with a..."

"Fuck you and your uppity attitude," Tod spat.

The human was an idiot if he thought making Weston angry was the best route.

"Tod, let's just go." Karen tried again to get her boyfriend to leave with her.

He yanked from her grasp. "No, just because he has money, he thinks he can make fun of me. I'm the one with a damn gun."

He fixed his aim back on Karter and gone were the shaky hands. He looked firmer and resolved with his decision.

"Tod, don't be a dumbass. Just come on."

Tod laughed, but it sounded dry, lacking any humor. "Fuck you, Karen. I only asked your rich ass out because I heard you give it up on the first date."

Ouch.

Karen slapped him, tears in her eyes.

"I hope he does let his dog eat you, it would be more than you deserve." She turned and left.

Tod looked back and forth from Karter and Weston. His gun stayed aimed at Karter, but his eyes looked to Weston.

"That wasn't wise of you."

Tod glared at Weston with a murderous look. With Weston's hand still on Karter's head, he didn't move, but he wasn't sure what this was turning into. Why didn't Weston just kill Tod or use the compulsion thing that Braydon had tried on Karter the other day?

"Yeah, why's that?"

Weston began to scratch behind his ears. It was strangely calming, even though the situation was anything but. Weston seemed so calm and in control of everything that Karter relaxed further. He almost pulled away, but he'd never been so relaxed around anyone except his sister. And even then, he'd never allowed himself to let down his guard fully.

"She was the only reason I hadn't killed you."

The air felt as if it got colder with the declaration. Karter's whole body tensed, and he could feel how angry Weston was. He looked up and saw Weston still had a calm, placid look on his face. But by the way his eyes locked onto Tod, Karter knew that if the human didn't run now, he would end up dead.

Tod took a step back, the air tainted with the smell of his fear. Once again, he feared for his life but not from Karter. The aim of the gun went from Karter to Weston. Karter growled. He didn't know why, but it pissed him off that Tod would point a gun at Weston. Tod looked back at him.

Karter stood on all fours, baring his teeth as he growled at the human. More of the rank fear smell polluted the air as Tod began to shake. His eyes flickering from Weston to Karter. The gun moved wherever his eyes went.

"Get your dog under control," Tod shouted, as if they weren't only a few feet from each other.

Karter growled at him again, and this time, Tod decided to keep his gun trained on him.

"I don't care what you do with him," Weston said.

Karter was shocked for a second, and he didn't understand. Until he smelled Braydon right before he knocked Tod out.

"You have permission to feed on him," Weston commented.

Braydon glared at Tod as he lay on the ground, unconscious. "Please let me kill him."

Braydon had never sounded so deadly. He kicked Tod for emphasis. Weston looked down at Tod, and his power kept touching Karter. It made him whine, the fear that power could inflict. Weston's eyes looked to him and gone was the power that had made him flinch away.

"No," Weston commanded.

Braydon kicked Tod again. There was a groan, but he didn't get up. "He pointed a gun at Karter."

The anger in his voice shocked Karter. Braydon was angry because someone had pointed a gun at him?

"Yes, I know. And he will pay for that."

Weston glared at Tod. Was he angry about Karter being found or was he also angry that Tod had pointed a gun at Karter? It was an absurd question. He was probably upset that the human came onto his property and had the balls to point a gun at him.

"Come on, Karter."

Weston began walking back toward the house. Karter looked over to Braydon before following behind Weston. Weston kept a leisurely pace. He could vamp speed back to the house, yet he walked slowly. Karter kept up with him, occasionally glancing at him as he walked by his side. His night out had started off good, but now, he wasn't sure. They didn't talk on the way back. Karter couldn't talk because he was in his wolf form, but Weston said nothing, just kept walking.

Weston stopped a few feet from the house. Karter also stopped, and he looked up at Weston, prepared for Weston to get angry with him for not following the dumb house rules.

"Did you stretch your wolf enough?"

Karter stared at him. He'd hunted and ran for a while. His wolf side was relaxed, but his other side... not so much. How was he supposed to answer the question?

"When we get inside, you are to follow me," Weston said as he started walking once more toward the house.

Karter followed behind him, but he didn't know why he just did. Before they walked into the house, Karter turned back to the woods to see if he could see Braydon but knew all too well that Braydon would stay hidden. He hadn't seen Braydon in a while, or any of the vampires. Seeing Weston and Braydon all of sudden made him feel something, and he had no idea why. He shouldn't give a damn whether vampires stayed away or not. He heard Weston clear his throat. He turned back around, following Weston into the house.

Weston led the way down a few hallways. Karter stayed in his wolf form, unsure if he should shift back or not.

Ugh, this is so stupid.

He was becoming dependent on the vampires, and he had no idea when it had happened. The fact they'd been out of the house for the past few days shouldn't have affected him at all. He so blindly followed Weston that when Weston stopped walking, Karter bumped into him.

He shook his head. It felt as if he'd hit a brick wall. He looked around and they were in a room. It smelled of Weston. Turning his head, he noticed a large bed. He was in Weston's bedroom. He turned to look at Weston, wondering what they were doing there.

"Shift," Weston commanded.

Karter stared at him, confused by the whole thing, but he still started his shift. It was simple, he just thought of his human body. Hair receded, bones broke and reshaped teeth went back to normal. It was a matter of seconds, but Karter knew every bone that broke and when it was okay to stand. He stood, fully naked, in front of Weston.

Weston's icy blue eyes traveled down Karter's body, making his skin tingle.

"Why were you outside in your wolf form?"

"I'm a werewolf. That's like asking why you drink blood."

Weston eyes flicked up and bore into Karter's. Karter stood up straighter, not breaking the eye contact.

"You should have waited for one of us. I'm sure Eddison would have taken you for a walk."

Karter rolled his eyes, and that broke whatever hold Weston seemed to have over him. "I'm not some fucking dog. Do I look like a Dalmatian? I don't need to be walked. I wanted to run around in my wolf form, so I did."

Weston continued to watch him, his face unchanging. Still the calm look.

"For someone who isn't a dog, you sure act like one." Weston turned away from him and walked farther into the room.

Karter followed. "You act like a damn mosquito, but you don't see me swatting at you." No matter how much he wanted to do just that.

Weston started to get undressed. Karter stopped to watch him. He watched as Weston began to take off his shirt, the fabric slipping off his shoulders and giving Karter a glimpse of skin. It shouldn't have turned him on, but his dick was clearly hard just from seeing Weston's shoulder.

Weston turned his head, his golden hair sweeping to the side and his ice blue eyes looking at Karter.

"You're even horny like one."

Karter felt the blush as embarrassment shot through him. He didn't cover himself, since it would mean Weston won whatever game they were playing.

"You keep ogling my body. It's a natural reaction."

The corner of Weston's mouth turned up slightly as if he was smiling. He turned back around and full removed his shirt. His sculpted back on display.

Fuck, he really does look like some angel.

He turned and Karter caught his breath. Weston walked over to the dresser on the far left. If Karter thought his room was big, then Weston's room was ginormous. He had a whole seating area within the room.

Weston moved, using his vamp speed, and was in front of Karter before he knew what was happening. He had something in his hand, but Karter couldn't see what it was. He was stuck, staring into Weston's eyes.

"I'm hungry," Weston said.

His eyes roamed over Karter's neck. Karter gulped.

"No surprise there, I don't think mosquitoes ever get full."

Weston's eyebrow lifted. "Go lie on the bed."

It was like before when Weston had commanded something from him and Karter went to do it without even thinking about it. Halfway to the bed, he stopped himself.

"Can't you just drink from a mug like everyone else?"

He didn't want to sound weak, but Weston had taken a shit-ton of blood last time he'd fed. If it was going to be like that again, Karter wasn't sure Weston would pull back.

"Are you afraid?"

Karter went to the bed and propped himself against the pillows. as if the bed belonged to him and not Weston. He looked at Weston, knowing he couldn't come off as scared. Weston smirked at him, as if he knew he was pretending. Weston unbuttoned his pants, slipping them off his long legs. Karter's

mouth opened as he stared at Weston and all his glory.

"Fuck," he whispered.

Weston was huge, long, and very much hard. Karter wasn't the only one turned on. Weston's erect dick showed he enjoyed looking at Karter just as much. Or was it the thought of sinking his fangs into Karter's flesh? Karter's dick twitched, as if happy about the idea as well.

Karter admired everything about Weston's body. He wasn't only powerful but looked it as well. He noticed that Weston had stopped moving now that he was fully naked. Karter's eyes traveled up Weston's body until he finally made it to his angelic-looking face. He still held something in his hand, but it was out of Karter's sight.

"There are rules in this house." Weston started as he walked slowly toward the bed. "I put the rules there in order to keep all in my home safe. What you did today not only put yourself in danger, but this den."

"I didn't plan on getting caught. The humans came out of nowhere. Plus, I was told that the area belonged to you guys. How was I supposed to know some humans would take a damn stroll at midnight?"

Weston kept moving forward. "That may be the case, but I had a rule and you broke it. You will need to be punished for it."

Karter sat up straighter. "I'm not a dog that needs to be punished for disobeying," he practically growled at Weston.

"You sure about that?"

Weston was on him before he could speak again. He growled at Weston, but Weston seemed unfazed by it. He placed his hand around Karter's throat, applying pressure.

"Do you think you're superior here?" Weston asked.

With every word, more of Weston's power was unleashed. Karter couldn't control the tremors the power invoked in him. The fear it created. He felt as if he was a small animal in the jaws of a true predator. His breathing labored and his heart racing, he didn't look Weston in the eyes, too scared to challenge him.

"Answer me," Weston commanded.

"No," Karter said. It was no more than a whisper. He'd never felt so much fear in his life. The hold on his throat loosened until Weston was simply stroking his throat. His power gone, no longer pressing down on Karter.

Karter's heart rate slowly came back down as he got his breathing under control. He chanced looking at Weston's face. When he did, he almost stopped breathing. Weston was looking at him with such a warm look. It confused him. Wasn't Weston angry with him?

"Your safety is important. What if that human had better aim or silver bullets? I know you can heal, and you're a strong wolf, but you're not invincible."

He sounded concerned for Karter and that just made him even more confused. He spent less time with Weston than any of the other vampires, yet Weston had been the one to come and save him. Sure, Karter could have escaped the human no problem, but would that have caused issues for Weston, Eddison, Braydon, and Axel later?

"I'm sorry," he said.

He meant it. It wasn't one of his apologies he said to get out of trouble. He truly meant the apology, and he didn't want to cause them any trouble. Trouble just seemed to follow him.

Weston tilted his head back up, still stroking Karter's neck. He found comfort in the touch.

"It's okay. As long as you're not hurt."

Karter nodded, not sure what to say to that. He couldn't find the words to speak. He wanted to ask why it was important to Weston if he got hurt or not. The intensity in Weston's eyes made him hold his tongue.

"Now that that's settled, I'm hungry and I need your blood to be at its best."

Weston moved closer, his gold hair falling forward and lightly brushing against Karter's face. He wanted to run his fingers through it, to see if it was as soft as it looked. Weston's firm lips pressed against his. Karter's shocked gasp gave Weston the opportunity to plunge his tongue in. Weston's tongue took over Karter's mouth, taking everything, and Karter had no strength to fight against it.

He didn't want to fight it. It felt good to give in to Weston. He had no idea how long they kissed, but when Weston pulled back, Karter sucked in as much air as he could. He'd felt as if he was drowning, but not once did he try to stop or dislodge the kiss.

"You like kisses. Then they will be your treat for when you're a good dog."

Karter glared at Weston. "I'm no—"

Weston kissed him again, subduing him. He needed to make the point that he wasn't a dog, but damn, the way Weston twirled his tongue with Karter's was just too good to ignore. He lost himself in the kiss, only able to see gold and feel the press of Weston's body.

Weston pulled back once more, and Karter chased after his lips. He wanted to kiss more. He'd never been a huge kisser, but damn, Weston had changed his mind about kissing. He opened his eyes, their faces mere inches apart. He could see all the perfection that was Weston's face. He was truly an angel.

Weston's hand moved on his thigh, caressing against his skin. Goosebumps broke out wherever Weston's hand touched. Karter watched as Weston's hand wrapped around his dick, lightly stroking.

Karter moaned from the simple touch. Weston's eyes bore into him as he continued to stroke him. It was all so much but not enough all at once. He felt it when Weston released some of his power.

"You're going to be a good dog from now on, aren't you?"

The power that made him shake in fear earlier was now added on to the things building to his orgasm. He didn't answer Weston and more power came from him, like a weight crushing down on him. Noise came from him; not a moan and not a whine either, but it was clearly need filled. He didn't know what he wanted, but he knew Weston could give it to him whatever it was.

"Karter."

The sharp tone and the way his eyes focused intently on Karter made him squirm.

"I'll try," he whispered. He would if Weston just gave him what he wanted. He needed Weston to tell him why he was so confused right then. A golden, perfectly-arched eyebrow rose.

"You will try?"

Karter shrugged his shoulders, trying to lift his hips to meet the slow strokes Weston's hand was doing to his dick.

"I'm not going to lie. I probably won't listen half the time."

A smile appeared on Weston's face, and he backed away from Karter, turning his head. Karter heard the laugh although Weston tried to hide it.

"Fine, I guess a bad dog will be okay too."

With Weston's power back away and the vampire longer touching him, he sat up and looked at Weston.

"You know I'm not a dog, right?" Just because he turned into a werewolf didn't make him a dog.

Weston looked back at him, his face back to the calm look he always had. "Yes, you're my dog."

The finality in his voice scared and intrigued Karter at the same time. Lube appeared in Weston's

hands as if summoned, but Karter knew the vampire probably moved too fast for him to even notice.

"Do you think I'm Karen and just going to give it up on the first date?"

Weston stared at him, confusion clearly written all over his face.

"You know, the humans we wer—"

"I know what you're talking about. I don't understand how they are relevant to me fucking you."

Karter blinked a few times. He hadn't expected for Weston to just put it out there like that. The fact that his dick had been calming down and was now back to fully erect said that he was more than on board.

"Okay," he said.

He had nothing else to say, all thoughts were gone. He focused purely on having Weston and that was it. Weston moved, climbing over Karter, and once again took his mouth in a deep kiss. Karter never would have imagined Weston as the kissing type, but damn, he knew what he was doing. He felt the tap on his legs, and he willingly spread his legs, letting Weston move between them.

Cold lube and fingers entered him, and he moaned from the stretch. It had been a while since he'd had someone fuck him. Weston's one finger quickly turned to two. Karter was breathing fast as Weston moved his fingers inside of him.

"I'm ready," he whimpered.

Weston smiled at him. It was barely there, but Karter was starting to see them. Weston withdrew his fingers, and Karter watched him pour more lube on his dick through heavy-lidded eyes. Karter remembered how big it was, and for a second, considered asking Weston to stretch him more, but the moment he made eye contact with Weston, all thoughts of prolonging went out of his head.

Weston grabbed one of his legs, placing it on his shoulder as he lined himself up with Karter's entrance. Karter watched, not wanting to miss a beat. The head of Weston's dick pressed firmly against him, and he relaxed his body. Weston took that to mean he could move. There was a lot of pressure, but once the head of Weston's dick went past the first ring of muscle, Karter released the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding.

"You're fucking huge." Karter was panting.

Weston moved farther in, and Karter moaned. Despite the pressure and slight pain, he could only focus on Weston and how deep he was going. After intense seconds, and cursing from Karter, Weston bottomed out.

"You said you were ready," Weston said, a smug look on his face.

"Fuck you," Karter spat.

Weston flexed his hips, and Karter threw his head back with a loud moan. Weston was hitting his prostate dead on.

"I believe it is I who will be doing the fucking."

Karter lifted his head to respond, only for Weston to set a relentless pace. Karter could do nothing but hold on. With each thrust, there was more strength. Weston didn't just fuck him wildly. No, he hit his prostate with each thrust, driving Karter insane.

Karter moved his hand and wrapped it around his own dick. He was so close, and he couldn't take it anymore. He looked at Weston above him, and fuck if there wasn't a glow behind him, making him seem angelic. Karter matched his strokes with Weston's pace, holding eye contact. Only when Karter was seconds away from coming did he tilt his head away, offering his neck to Weston. He didn't know why, but he wanted Weston to sink his fangs into him.

Weston didn't hesitate, and fangs pierced his neck. There was a sharp pain that quickly turned to pleasure, filling him, and making him feel as if he was floating. Shouts erupted from him as he came.

Not able to hold back, he kept coming and moaning Weston's name. White spots danced behind his eyes, as electric shocks went through his whole body. He felt the hot liquid inside of him when Weston came. Weston released his neck, blood smeared around his mouth as he came inside of Karter.

"Definitely a demonic angel," Karter whispered.

Too spent to do anything else, he laid there. Weston pulled out of him, and Karter moaned from the feeling. Weston bent back over him, and Karter was ready for another kiss. There was the smell of leather and the *ding* of metal before Karter knew what was happening.

Weston sat back with the small smile on his face. Something was on Karter's neck. He touched it, the smooth leather, and it didn't feel restrictive, but he knew what it was.

"What the fuck?" he shouted as he tried to take it off, but he couldn't find the buckle.

"It's a collar." Weston sat there, watching him struggle.

"I know what the fuck it is. Why the hell did you put it on me?" Karter was pissed.

"Dogs need collars."

Karter moved before he thought better of it, and he was on top of Weston. "I'm not a dog."

Weston didn't fight him, laying there looking up at Karter. "That's not what you said a few minutes ago."

"I never said I was your dog."

Did he?

"Well, you are, and don't worry, the collar is enchanted. It will shift with you." Weston's hands moved, and he touched the collar lovingly, as if it meant something. "Plus, if none of us are home, the collar will at least keep most humans from calling more humans to help with a wild animal."

Karter blinked. He was still pissed off about being collared like a dog, but now he could go running as his wolf more often.

"That doe—"

Weston sat up and began to kiss him again. Karter pushed against him for all of five seconds before giving in to Weston's kiss. Weston pulled back. "I must sleep now."

Karter looked at him. Was he supposed to leave?

"Okay," he said. He got off the bed, heading toward the door.

"Karter," Weston called out.

Karter turned.

Weston almost looked unsure, nothing like what he always looked like. "Tomorrow night we will be going shopping."

"Why?" Karter asked.

"The clothes you have are worthless."

Karter balled his fists. "Excuse me for not having the proper clothes."

"You're excused, but don't worry, we will take care of it tomorrow."

Karter turned and walked out of Weston's room. If he spent any more time in there with him, he was either going to end up fighting Weston or being fucked again. The latter appealed to him too much.

WESTON

Weston stood looking out his window. The night before so many things had happened the night before that he had had little control over. He wouldn't change any of it, but everything was different. He'd told Axel that they may change blood donors, but now he didn't think he could. He felt a connection to Karter that went beyond all reasoning. His sire would kill him if he knew. Or he would kill Karter. Just the thought sent blood-hot rage through Weston. No one would touch Karter.

Except then he thought of Eddison, Braydon, and Axel touching Karter, and it didn't bother him. They were a part of his den. If he told them no one was to ever have Karter, they would listen, but he had no wish for that. It was anyone else that he would rip their head off and shove it up their own ass.

"Sir," Eddison said.

Weston turned to look at Eddison. He realized that he had loosened the grip on his power. No wonder Eddison had referred to him as sir. He pulled it back in, gaining control over himself.

"Yes, Eddison?"

Eddison straightened, fixing his glasses. "The car is ready."

Weston nodded. He felt a certain amount of happiness that he was taking Karter shopping. Besides that, he clearly needed more clothes, and Weston wanted to spend a little more time with the wolf.

"Are we all going?" Braydon's cheerful voice carried into the room.

Weston hadn't thought about everyone going, but he saw no harm in it. "Did you two handle the rogue issue?"

Eddison nodded. "Yes, there were only five of them. They had a few victims, which took more time to cover up, but we took care of everything."

Weston grabbed his blazer, nodding at Eddison. "Very good," he complimented. He expected nothing less from his men.

Axel came into the room behind Eddison, and he looked as if he'd rather be doing anything but going shopping. Weston laughed internally. Axel would most likely rather be fighting.

"Eddison and Braydon are going, th—" Axel began.

"We are all going. Braydon, go get Karter and meet us outside," Weston said cutting him off.

Axel nodded. Though his facial expression showed that he wanted to argue, he wouldn't argue with Weston. Weston walked past Axel, leaving his room and heading for the car that awaited them. Since everyone was going now, he looked over to Eddison where he walked slightly behind Weston.

"I went ahead and messaged the driver. He switched to the limo, since all of us will be going," Eddison informed him.

Weston nodded and turned back just as they walked out of the house. A black limo with fully-

tinted windows sat in the driveway. The driver—some human that was employed through a company—opened the door as soon as he saw Weston walk out of the house. He bowed, not lifting his head once. Weston got into the limo, followed by Eddison. Axel stayed outside the limo until Braydon got in. Pitch-black, long hair came through next, and Karter lifted his head, looking at Weston, then Eddison and Braydon. The glare on his face was one that Weston was becoming accustomed to. Karter wore the look as if he had to prove to everyone that he needed no one and wanted nothing.

"What is this? A damn field trip?"

Weston looked to the black leather collar that he'd gotten Karter—well, Eddison had specially ordered. At first, it was going to be a joke, a way to tease the werewolf, but Weston changed his mind the night before. Something in him craved the wild beast. And what better way to make sure that his cravings were met than to put a collar on what he wanted? He wasn't known for his subtlety. He wanted it, so he would have it. It's why he liked Braydon; the young vampire reminded him of himself often.

"Come on, Karter, and get into the car. You're wasting the night away." Braydon patted the seat next to him.

Weston side-eyed him. He didn't mind, but he wanted Karter to sit next to him. Eddison moved without being asked, leaving a spot open for Karter. Karter watched them with his dark eyes, not once releasing the intensity of his glare.

"If we're going shopping, then whatever money is spent will be taken out of the money I already have."

Eddison made eye contact with Weston, and he subtly shook his head no.

"Come sit, Karter," Weston said as he sat back into the seat.

Karter glared at him but moved farther into the limo. He sighed and sat between Braydon and Weston, his arms crossed and a pout on his face. It was quite cute. Axel got in, taking the other seat next to Weston. It was the seat he took every time and everywhere, no matter what. He had the same pout and glare on his face Karter had, only Axel hid his a little better.

"Shopping is going to a blast," Braydon said.

"Why the hell are you so cheerful?" Karter asked.

Braydon scooted closer to him and wrapped an arm around him, his hand inevitably touching Weston. He didn't pull back and Weston didn't tell him to either. He wanted to see how Karter interacted with Braydon, and with each of the others. They were all different and liked different things, but as he looked around, they all looked at Karter the same. They all wanted the werewolf. Even Axel, who tried to hide his desires.

"I get to help in the dressing room," Braydon happily volunteered.

Karter smirked at Braydon, a cocky gesture he didn't use around Weston but gave to Braydon so easily. "I don't need help getting dressed. You just want to see me naked."

Braydon nodded. "Duh. Seeing you naked is too much fun to pass on."

Axel cleared his throat, gaining the attention of everyone in the car. He glared at Karter and Braydon. Weston was going to interfere, but Karter spoke first.

"Don't worry, Axel. I'll let you see too. I know how much you like looking at me," Karter flirted.

A light blush appeared on Axel's face before he glared quickly at Karter. "I don't want to see you naked, wolf. We're shopping because you need more clothes," Axel practically growled.

"I know. So you have more options to strip me out of," Karter said.

Weston watched as Karter baited Axel. He was intentionally getting under Axel's skin. Axel's fists balled up, as if he wanted to hurt Karter, and Weston eyed him, not willing to allow it to come to

that. Axel blew out a breath he hadn't taken and turned to look out the dark windows. Weston looked to Karter and saw he had a smirk on his face.

"A suit may be good," Eddison said.

"Like fuck, if I'll wear a suit," Karter said.

Weston thought a suit would look good on Karter. He nodded. "A few suits are always good to have. Have Nathen meet us at the store to get measurements. We won't be getting a suit off the rack."

Eddison nodded, quickly sending off the message.

"Did you hear me? I don't want a damn suit." Karter nudged him.

Axel glared at him, along with Eddison. Weston watched as Braydon tightened his arm around Karter. Weston looked at Karter and again his eyes went to the black collar. It looked marvelous against his skin and the most vulnerable part of his body. Weston grazed his fingers against the soft leather and touched the warm skin of Karter's neck. Karter shivered slightly from the touch.

Was he remembering how Weston had taken him and then drank from him as he came? Weston was and his dick got hard from the memory, his fangs aching to do it again. To sink into Karter's neck and relish the rich taste of his blood.

"The suit will be custom," Weston said, pulling his hand back into his lap.

It didn't go unnoticed by Weston how everyone eyed the way he touched Karter or his lack of reprimand regarding Karter's manners. He quite liked having Karter as he was. He was a bad dog, but it made it more fun.

"When you die, does your hearing stop?"

"No, we all can hear you just fine. The whining is annoying," Axel said.

Karter ignored him and looked to Eddison. "I'm not putting a suit on."

Eddison looked up at him, fixing his glasses. "You won't have to. You will only need to stay perfectly still so that Nathen can get your measurements. It requires no brain power from you. It should be a very easy task."

If a look could have killed, Eddison would have died at that moment.

"If you can't stay still by yourself, I can always help you," Eddison said.

Karter slouched, seeming defeated from the conversation, and a pout firmly on his face. Braydon still held onto him, as if he was his new favorite toy, and he most likely was.

"Braydon, when was the last time you fed?" Weston asked.

Braydon's blue eyes looked to him with so much hope. Weston knew it had been a while since Braydon had gotten to feed using his fangs. The last two humans had been killed because Braydon hadn't restrained himself. Hence his punishment of having to only drink blood from a bag or mug.

"The night before last," Braydon said.

Weston nodded and looked over to Eddison. "And you?"

"The same. We finished the blood bags from Karter then."

Weston didn't bother asking Axel, since he knew he'd eaten the night before. Weston had given the last bag to Axel, since they were going to be home.

Weston looked to Karter, wondering if he could handle two drinking from him at once. He'd filled a lot of bags of blood at once, so as long as Braydon and Eddison paid attention, then it would be okay. Weston would be present to keep watch as well.

"Only take enough. Not too much," Weston said.

Karter eyed Weston but moved for Braydon to release him. He took off his shirt, all eyes on him, watching. Weston looked at all the tattoos covering his body. It made him even more alluring if possible.

"Showing off?" Braydon asked.

Karter smirked at him. "No, but I have realized that blood gets everywhere."

Eddison's eyes glowed looking over Karter's body. Weston watched Eddison as he moved closer to them. Karter got up and moved to sit between Eddison and Braydon. Oddly, Weston missed the warmth of Karter next to him.

Braydon licked his lips, his fangs descended. "I wish we were at home biting you wh—"

"You can always wait," Weston said.

Braydon looked over to him with pleading eyes. Weston nodded at Braydon to go ahead while Karter's dark eyes stared at him. There was no glare. He seemed not to mind that they fed on him.

Braydon looked to Karter's neck where the collar blocked him. Weston watched, and then turned to Axel to see how it affected him. Axel's eyes were roaming over Karter's body, fists balled as if to help him hold himself back. Weston smirked. No matter how much Axel said he didn't like Karter simply because he was a wolf, Weston knew Axel wouldn't be able to keep his attraction locked away.

Weston turned back to see how being fed on by Eddison and Braydon would affect Karter.

KARTER

Karter sat in the limo between Eddison and Braydon, both of their eyes glowing with hunger. He looked at the other two vampires in the limo. Axel's eyes glowed, but his fists were balled as if he was angry with Karter. Weston's eyes, on the other hand, glowed, but Karter felt as if they always looked like that. Weston sat back with a calm look and watched as Braydon's hands ran all over Karter's body.

When Braydon's hands touched the collar that Weston had put on him, Karter shivered, his eyes automatically seeking out Weston's. He closed his eyes, trying to get his breathing and heartbeat to calm the fuck down. Neither of the vampires had bitten him yet, and he was already acting as if they had.

"Are you nervous?" Braydon whispered in his ear.

He knew everyone in the car could hear, it didn't matter how softly he whispered it. All of them had super hearing. Karter opened his eyes to look at Braydon.

"No. Would you hurry up and eat already?" Karter said.

"In such a rush," Eddison said, his breath blowing next to Karter's ear.

Karter jumped a little. He hadn't noticed that Eddison had moved so close. Eddison's hands joined Braydon's as they touched his skin. Their hands passed over his nipples, making him take a sharp intake of air. It shouldn't have felt good, but it did. His body was so aware of them. Braydon moved his head down to Karter's nipple. He flicked his tongue against the nub, and Karter moaned. As he watched, Braydon's pink tongue swirled around his nipple.

"Aren't you supposed to be biting?" Karter asked.

Braydon smiled before he bit Karter's nipple. Karter threw his head back and moaned. The bite wasn't soft at all, but it wasn't hard enough to draw blood.

"You enjoy pain, don't you?" Eddison whispered in his ear.

Did he?

It had always been a focal point for him, a way for him to focus his mind and help him deal with shit. But this pain... It made everything muddy. He wanted more but was scared of it. Not that he was scared of the pain, but of needing and wanting it. He didn't answer Eddison's question, afraid of his own answer and the ramifications of it. Eddison didn't seem to care for an answer as he took Karter's earlobe into his mouth. He bit down, and the sharp pain Karter felt went straight to his dick. He moaned again.

Eddison had bitten hard enough that a small drop of blood laid on his lip when he pulled back. Karter breathed heavily as he looked at Braydon and Eddison. Their hungry eyes were focused on

him, and both of them opened their mouths to show their sharp fangs. A shiver worked up his body. He wasn't going to ask for them to bite him, but damn it, if the thought didn't occur to him.

"We're almost at the store," Axel said.

The cold and distant tone in his voice was like a bucket of ice water. Karter had forgotten that they were going shopping, and he'd even forgotten that Weston and Axel were in the limo with them. He ran his fingers through his hair as he regained some of his composure and sat up.

"Damn it, he was so into it." Braydon pouted.

Karter didn't argue, because he had been, but now, he tried to calm himself down. "Come on, let's get this over with."

Eddison and Braydon looked a little disappointed, but Braydon didn't wait any longer. He moved closer to Karter and positioned himself at a weird angle, so he was still touching Karter as he bit him on the shoulder. The pain that flared in his shoulder made him squirm a little. Eddison grabbed his other arm and bit into his wrist before Karter knew what was happening. He moaned, unable to hold it back. The pleasure he got from it was shocking. The limo was quiet except for little moans coming from Braydon and the sound of Eddison and Braydon both swallowing his blood.

He wondered if it tasted that good to them.

Blood in animal meat was good, but it wasn't something Karter cared for. His eyes closed as both of the vampires fed from him at once. He was very much aware of the other sets of eyes on him, and the fact that his dick was hard as granite. He could feel the wet spot in his pants as Braydon and Eddison fed on him. He felt another set of hands on his legs.

His eyes popped open to stare into Weston's ice blue eyes. Eddison and Braydon still fed, but it felt as if they'd slowed down. Weston unzipped Karter's pants, and his breath caught. He wanted relief from his hard-on. He watched as Weston freed his dick from his pants. Weston's eyebrows went up in question, but his dick in Weston's hand meant his brain had short circuited.

Braydon's mouth moved back from Karter's shoulder. "He goes commando," he snickered.

The small smile appeared on Weston's face, and his eyes moved to Braydon. Braydon licked against Karter's shoulder a few times before backing up. Karter almost asked for him to stay, but Weston began to stroke him, and he lost all train of thought. Weston gave the right amount of pressure as he stroked him. Karter moaned, and Eddison stopped drinking from him as well, licking the wound closed.

Karter whimpered as Weston relentlessly jacked him off. But it just wasn't enough to push him over the edge. A whine came out as he moved his hips, trying to chase his climax that seemed to be just out of reach. His breathing labored, but he couldn't get there. He opened his eyes and looked to Weston. He pleaded with his eyes, he just needed it.

"If you don't ask for it, pup, you won't get it," Weston said.

Fuck.

Karter threw his head back. Fuck that. He was going to come with or without their help. He moved his hips more, but Weston loosened his grip a little. Karter growled in frustration. He moved his hands toward his dick, but Eddison and Braydon both pushed his hands back down to the seat.

Fuck. So fucked.

Desperation started to eat at him. He wanted it so badly, wanted to come, but more than that, he wanted to feel their fangs in him again. He felt Weston's tongue on his dick, and that was what broke him.

"Fucking bite me already," he shouted.

He was a ball of nerves, and the little licks Weston did weren't enough. He held his breath as he

waited for them to bite him. He waited to feel the sweet pain that only they gave. Nothing happened. Weston continued to stroke him, but no one else touched him. He opened his eyes, looking at them. All of their eyes glowed, but not one of them moved to act on the hunger that clearly showed. Karter looked to Weston for answers and saw the cocky smirk on his face.

“Who do you want to bite you?” Braydon said.

Karter turned to look at Braydon, his stare intense as he waited for Karter to answer the question. No one was breathing but Karter, his labored breaths sounding loud in the otherwise quiet limo. He looked to each of them, even Axel. He could see the hunger in Axel’s silver eyes and he wanted that. It was better than the hatred and unwarranted anger that Axel had shown him. But right that moment, they all wanted Karter. It may have been for his blood, but they wanted him.

“All of you,” he said.

Weston stopped his movements, a small smile playing at his lips. “Pants off,” Weston commanded.

Eddison got the pants off Karter before he’d even thought about trying to unbutton them. He was naked, surrounded by fully clothed men. Two in high-end suits, another in slacks and a button up, and another in tight-fitted jeans and a loose shirt. Their being clothed should have made him feel awkward, but it didn’t. Oddly, it turned him on more. More precum appeared as if to attest to his thoughts.

“You look so fucking sexy right now,” Braydon said.

“He’s being a good dog,” Weston said.

Karter wanted to argue he wasn’t a dog, but instead, he moaned as Weston tongued his slit. Karter sucked in air through his teeth, making a hissing sound as Weston’s tongue brought him to the edge.

“He responds so well,” Eddison said, as he pinched a nipple to the point only pain flared there. And it made Karter that much harder. Fog filled his head as the pain almost took him over. Eddison released his nipple all too soon, and Karter whimpered in protest.

He felt another set of hands touch his body. He opened his eyes, not realizing when he’d closed them, only to see that Axel had joined them. He was surprised; he’d expected Axel to stay away. Weston’s hand sped up, and Karter found himself closing his eyes as his head went back on a moan.

Braydon licked the shell of his ear, rubbing his fangs against Karter’s skin, teasing him. Eddison continued to torture his nipples and it felt good, better than good, it was everything he’d ever wanted. To feel wanted to the point of desperation. He was back on the edge, ready for it, and his body relaxed completely. Four sets of fangs pierced his skin at once, and Karter no longer balanced on the edge. He came shouting and moaning. He called out each of their names, as they each drank from him. It felt like he was going to come forever, as spurt after spurt kept coming. His body shook with the pleasure racing through it. White spots danced behind his eyelids.

He felt when the first set of fangs left him, and then the next, followed by the last two sets. Each of them licking the bite marks closed. His body hummed as no more come came out, and he was satisfied. His eyes were still closed, too heavy to open. He felt a large hand in his hair as it softly cupped his head.

“Think it was too much?” Axel asked.

Karter wanted to open his eyes, to see the look on Axel’s face, his tone sounding concerned. Karter fought the sleep that pulled at him and opened his eyes. He hadn’t realized he’d been moved. He now sat between Weston and Axel. Axel still cradled his head with his big hands, and it felt good.

Karter looked over to Braydon. He looked practically dazed and there was a distinct wet spot on the front of his pants. Eddison looked a little out of sorts, his perfectly groomed hair was a little messy and his glasses were tilted at an odd angle. His soft dick laid on his pants, come still on it.

Karter looked to Weston, and he froze when he saw Weston studying him, a small smile on his face. "Good, you're awake. We can go shopping now."

Karter blinked a few times. He was sure he hadn't passed out, but then again, he hadn't noticed when they moved him, so it was likely.

"Can't we go home?" Karter whined. He sat up, dislodging Axel's big, warm hands.

Did he just refer to their house as home?

It's not your home, Karter.

He repeated it a few times, making it into a mantra. It was dangerous thinking.

"No. Eddison tore your pants, so you'll need clothes," Axel said.

Karter looked to the floor of the limo, and there were his torn pants. He had other pairs at the mansion, but he probably should buy a few more.

"I don't mind you walking around naked all the time," Braydon said.

Karter turned his attention to Braydon. Of course, Braydon wouldn't mind. Karter checked the others. It seemed they all wouldn't mind that, and if he was being honest with himself, it didn't bother him either.

"Are we at the store yet?" Karter asked. He needed to break the sexual tension in the limo before something else happened, and he lost his damn mind.

"We've been parked for the past few minutes," Eddison said. He smoothed back his hair, putting everything back in place.

Karter tried to look out the window, but the tint was so dark, he couldn't see anything. "Where are we?"

"The mall," Braydon said.

Karter looked to Weston. "I can just go during the day."

He didn't know how he felt; living with vampires was different than he thought.

Weston smirked at him. "I wouldn't trust you to dress yourself properly."

"I'm a grown man. I can pick out my own clothes," Karter argued.

Eddison and Weston both looked him up and down.

"I have to agree with Weston. You can't be trusted to pick out the right clothing." Eddison pushed his glasses up.

"I'm still fucking naked! You looking me up and down while I have nothing on shouldn't count."

Braydon laughed and tossed him his shirt. "Get your clothes back on, so we can go shopping."

Karter glared at him. Braydon passed him a pair of pants he'd never seen before. He didn't ask who's knowing they weren't his and even if he knew they would still make him get dress to go shopping. He sighed as he slipped his clothes back on. He looked for his shoes, not remembering where they had gone. Axel handed them over, and Karter looked up to thank him, only to stop short. Anger and hatred were back in Axel's eyes. Karter sighed, snatching his shoes from Axel's hands. Axel was giving him fucking whiplash.

Axel opened the door once Karter was fully dressed and everyone looked presentable. He got out first, followed by Eddison, and then Braydon. Karter went to move, but Weston's hand stopped him. He turned to look at him.

"What?"

Weston cupped his face, and Karter didn't pull away. He should have pull away; his brain was getting confused. He was nothing more than a blood bag, but the way Weston's thumbs stroked his cheeks spoke of other things. Things Karter had no business thinking, let alone wanting.

Weston said nothing, he just stared at Karter. His eyes flickered down to where the collar laid on

Karter's neck a few times.

"You called my name. What did you want to say?" Karter asked.

Weston's eyes bored into his. "You bark a lot. I think we should get a muzzle."

Karter stared at Weston in shock. "Not once have I fucking barked. I'm not a damn dog," he practically growled.

Yet, he hadn't taken off the damn collar.

"A ball gag would suffice," Eddison said, poking his head back in.

Karter moved his head to glare at Eddison for the stupid suggestion.

"Come on, I want to see Karter in some clothes and out of clothes and then into more clothes," Braydon said.

Weston let Karter's face go. "A ball gag will work. A dog needs toys to play with," Weston said as he fixed his eyes on Karter.

"Ugh, I don't know how many times we've been over this: I'm not a damn dog." Karter turned to get out of the car.

Eddison backed up, his golden eyes focused on Karter as he moved closer to him.

"Put in an order, Eddison," Weston said.

Karter rolled his eyes. There was no point in arguing with Weston. It was as if he couldn't hear or understand anything Karter said.

As if he really was a dog.

KARTER

He got out of the limo and the night air felt cool against his heated skin. He turned to see where they were. They were in the heart of Multicity. Karter thought they would stay on the outskirts, but they were in the biggest shopping, club, and casino district.

"You don't look very happy," Braydon said.

He probably didn't. He couldn't care less for that particular side of town. Santiago and his goons owned most of the places and were the reason he was in the mess he was in. Granted, he had placed himself in the mess, but it still ticked him off. The game had been rigged, made for him to win and then all of sudden lose until he dug himself into a huge pile of debt.

"Yeah, you could say that," Karter muttered.

Weston got out the car, and his hand touched Karter's lower back. Axel took the spot next to Weston, Eddison to the other side, and Braydon slightly in front of Eddison. They walked into the twenty-four-hour mall. Karter had never been inside; he avoided places that had too many smells, and malls had perfume shops. He prepared himself for the smells and the burn that would accompany them.

They walked through the doors, and Karter expected to see many humans and supes walking about, but it was empty. Not one person was walking around. He moved his head. He could still smell a few people, but not as many as he'd expected.

"Is there some type of huge party all of Multicity is attending?"

Braydon looked back at him. "No, we bought the mall for a few hours. Can't have too many interruptions."

Karter quirked an eyebrow. "The whole fucking mall?"

"You sound so surprised," Eddison said.

Weston's steady hand on Karter's back gave a little push. Karter began to walk again.

"Who the hell buys out the whole mall? Wouldn't it have been cheaper to have the stores bring the clothes to the house?"

He couldn't believe they had so much money that they could throw around. Karter figured they were rich, but damn, they bought a fucking mall.

"That would mean opening our home to a bunch of people. That's too dangerous," Axel remarked.

"Oh, yeah, can't forget that four vampires can't take care of a few humans," Karter said with all the sarcasm he could muster.

Braydon laughed, but Axel glared at him. "Protecting all of us is what's important, but I wouldn't suppose you would know anything about that. You probably only look out for yourself and no one

else."

It hit closer to home than Karter would ever admit. He had thought he looked out for his sister, but his time in Ryker's pack proved he'd been selfish, only caring about himself and causing trouble for his sister. He caused so many problems that he'd forced his sister's hand. Now they were separated, all because he was a selfish ass.

"You don't look out for yourself, then who will?" Karter said.

Axel shook his head at him. "I have no idea why any pack would want to deal with you. You're a liability."

Shit. Axel was on a roll with the punches. Every word hitting Karter to the point he would have rather been anywhere than with them. He wanted to be alone, he deserved to be alone.

"Well, sorry I don't fit into your mold of an ideal werewolf," Karter said.

He walked a little faster, effectively severing the connection he had with Weston. He walked a little farther ahead of Braydon. He didn't care if he looked like a pouting child, he didn't even want to go fucking shopping. They should have just left him in the room, only calling on him to drink his blood. Why the fuck did they do any more than that?

Braydon caught up to him easily. Karter thought about walking faster, but there would be no point. Braydon could easily outrun him.

"You're breaking formation. Axel is having a small heart attack."

Karter glanced behind him, and Axel looked upset but said nothing. He didn't even look at Karter.

"Fuck formation," Karter said.

Braydon glanced at him, and Karter could feel his eyes boring into him. "Why are you upset?"

"I'm not." He may have been too quick to deny it, because Braydon was in front of him with an all-knowing smirk. "Fuck," Karter said, stopping to glare at Braydon.

Didn't he ever stop smiling?

"We're going in this shop," Braydon said, tilting his head to the side.

Karter looked at the store. It was a name brand store he'd never gone into or even bothered looking at before. He could tell just by the display of clothes, everything in there would be out of his price range.

He sighed. "I don't need anything expensive."

Braydon shrugged his shoulders, looking behind Karter. Karter's fists balled. He turned around to look at Weston, because he knew that was the person Braydon had looked to.

"I don't want an—"

Weston was in front of him, his eyes glowing as they locked onto Karter's own. Karter felt the overwhelming power that was Weston as his hand grabbed Karter's chin.

"We are shopping. Whatever is going on in your head, push it to the side. I don't care for it interrupting our time." Weston's grip tightened on his chin. "Now, be a good dog and go into the store so that we can pick clothes out for you." The command in his tone left no room for argument.

"This is fucking stupid," Karter said.

Even to his own ears, he could hear the acceptance of the situation. Weston smiled and released his chin. Weston's small smile shouldn't have filled Karter with warmth, but it had, and he wanted more than anything to make him smile more.

Ugh, so stupid.

He turned and walked into the store. There were two clerks inside, and they both turned and saw Karter. The male looked Karter up and down with a distinct frown on his face.

"If you're undressing me with your eyes, I'm going to need compensation for it," Karter said.

The male clerk's head shot up, disgust clearly written all over his face. The female clerk had a cheerful smile on her face as she looked at Karter, but he could tell it was forced. He remembered why he would never normally walk into a store like that one. Everything about them screamed pretentious asses.

"We would like to get a few outfits," Weston said.

His voice commanded attention, and both clerks turned to look at Weston who was directly behind Karter. The woman's face changed, a genuine smile appearing, and the male clerk looked to Weston as if he hung the moon. Karter didn't blame them. Weston was stunning to look at and with a voice to match. Both clerk's noticed Braydon, Eddison, and Axel, giving them smiles and approving glances.

"Of course, sirs, we would be more than happy to assist you."

Karter rolled his eyes. "I bet you would," he said.

The clerk turned a nasty look to Karter, but it didn't offend him. He was used to being looked at with disdain, but what did surprise him was Axel. Axel walked to the clerk, and since Axel was at least two feet taller and bigger than the clerk, he loomed over him mostly.

"I suggest you do your job and get him some clothes to wear."

Karter could smell the fear from the clerk as he looked at Axel. He nodded, eyes cast down in submission.

The female clerk had taken a few steps back, rightfully afraid of Axel and what he might say or do to her. She looked over to Axel. "What kind of style are you looking for, sir?"

Axel glared at her, but it was Braydon who stepped up to diffuse the tension Axel was clearly creating.

"It's for him." Braydon grabbed Karter, moving him in front of Braydon.

The woman smiled at him, and it was still forced, but Karter no longer thought it was because of him. Karter turned to look at Axel, and he was still glaring at the other clerk, giving him the meanest look. His scar made him even scarier. He had looked at Karter as if he hated him, but the look he gave the clerks was one of murderous intent. Karter turned back around to look at the female clerk with brown hair and a button nose.

She looked at him. "Did you have anything in mind?"

Karter raised an eyebrow at her. "Yeah, my idea is to leave, go back home, and rest."

The woman looked at him, pleading with her eyes as if he could help her. He didn't even want to be in the damn store. He knew nothing of fashion and would have been fine staying that way.

"The clothes in the display window is the style he will be trying on," Weston said.

Karter rolled his eyes. He hadn't even looked at the display window, but he couldn't care less what they put on him.

"Barney, go look for the clothes. Also, grab the Emmy outfit. That'll also look good on him." She looked Karter up and down. "Would you mind turning around?"

Karter turned around.

"Thank you," she said as she scribbled some stuff on a piece of paper and handed it to Barney. "This way, please." She showed them to a sitting area. There were enough seats for all of them to sit, but she stopped Karter from sitting. "I need you in the dressing room."

Karter sighed. "Do you really?"

The woman looked confused.

"You can always get changed out here," Braydon said.

Karter shrugged. All of them had seen him naked, and as a werewolf, he was accustomed to nudity. So the clerks seeing him naked was something he could easily ignore.

The woman blushed.

"Go to the dressing room," Weston commanded.

"All of you have seen me naked. I'm not seeing the reason why I have to go to the dressing room."

Karter turned to look at Weston, waiting for the reason why. Karter looked at all of them. Braydon seemed on board with the idea, Axel didn't look at him, and Eddison's gold eyes could have melted metal. Karter's breath caught at the heat in them. His dick began to harden just from looking into Eddison's eyes. Shit. All of the vampires had an effect on him, and it was driving him insane.

Axel stood up suddenly, catching Karter's eye, and then Eddison stood. Their faces went stone serious. Karter looked to Braydon, and he was standing as well and had a blank expression. Weston's face—always a calm look—had a slight downward tilt to his mouth.

Karter was about to ask what was wrong when he smelled it, and before long, he heard footsteps approaching the store.

"Weston," called out the vampire that stepped into the store.

Six vampires stood at the entrance, two females and four males. One of the males looked like Weston, except his gold hair was cut short in a modern haircut, long at the top and short on the sides. He had the same blue eyes as Weston. When his eyes focused on Karter, they did nothing for Karter.

"Great, more vampires," Karter said.

All six of the vampires turned to stare at him, and the disdain toward him was expected. The one that looked like Weston spoke.

"Something told me you were the one to rent the whole mall out."

Weston hadn't turned around in his seat, his back facing the new vampires. "What do you want, Cambridge?"

Cambridge took a step forward, and Axel was quick to move. Cambridge looked to Axel. "Mind calling off your dog, brother?"

When Cambridge had said dog, he looked directly at Karter. Karter held back the growl that wanted to come out. He'd fucking show that dipshit a dog. Weston said nothing, and Axel didn't move.

Cambridge sighed. "I smelled wolf. The wet dog scent can be smelled a mile away. What is a wolf doing here? Don't tell me you got a pet dog. Is he well trained?"

Cambridge's eyes went to the collar that was clearly visible on Karter's neck.

"Come here and I'll show you how fucking well trained I am as I bite your fucking face off," Karter said.

One of the vampires behind Cambridge moved before Karter could shift. Braydon slammed the oncoming vampire onto the floor, crushing the vampire's windpipe. Braydon's eyes glowed as he looked at the vampire on the floor. The vampire stopped fighting, unable to escape Braydon's hold.

"Let him go, underling," Cambridge commanded.

Karter watched as Braydon didn't move a muscle. The vampire under him, on the other hand, tried to get up, only for Braydon to slam him back down. The other vampires took a step forward. Cambridge's hand stopped them. Cambridge looked to Karter and Braydon. Braydon paid him no attention, all his focus on the vampire under him. So, when Cambridge released his power, Karter knew it was coming, but still was unprepared for it. He fell to the ground, and the human clerks passed out next to him.

Braydon's worried blue eyes were in his line of vision before Karter knew what was happening.

"You okay?" Braydon asked.

Karter nodded, his head feeling funny. His wolf scratched to be free, and it was dangerous. He needed to shift, his skin itching with the urge.

"Not right now," Braydon said as he ran his fingers through Karter's hair.

Strangely, it soothed his wolf. Braydon was a vampire—just like the threat—but his wolf didn't see Braydon as a threat any longer. He wondered when that had happened. Karter looked and Weston was standing, facing Cambridge. No wonder Karter felt off. Weston was releasing his power along with Cambridge.

Movement caught his eyes, and he looked over. The vampire that Braydon had flattened was starting to sit up.

"I suggest you stay lying down," Braydon said.

The vampire went still, his eyes turning to look at Karter and there was confusion in them. Karter felt the same. He was confused as to what the fuck was happening.

"The wolf was out of hand," the vampire on the floor said.

"The only reason you still live is because Prince Weston didn't give me permission. If my prince had allowed it, I would have torn your throat out for even thinking about laying your hands on Karter," Braydon said.

Karter stared in surprise. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"The wolf is important," Cambridge said.

Weston said nothing, and they stared at each other for a few more intense seconds before the pressure in the room eased. Cambridge took a step back. Weston stood there, stock still, just glaring at Cambridge.

"It would be best if you left, Cambridge," Weston said.

Cambridge's eyes moved to look at Karter. Their eyes locked for a second before Cambridge looked back at Weston.

"Wolf, whatever they are paying you, I'll double it," Cambridge said.

Braydon's hand tightened in Karter's hair, slightly pulling on it. Karter looked to Weston again, waiting to see if he was going to say something. He didn't know what he hoped for, but he waited for Weston or any of the guys to say something. Fuck. He was evening hoping Axel would say something at this point. But what were they supposed to say?

"Double seems a little cheap to me," Karter said, looking at Cambridge.

Cambridge smiled a full smile, teeth and all. Karter got a distinct feeling it was supposed to charm him, but it only made his skin crawl and his wolf stand to attention.

"Very well, triple. You know what—name your price. Money is not a problem."

Again, none of the guys said anything. Karter stood, dislodging himself from Braydon, and he walked around the sitting area to get closer to Cambridge. Weston moved his hand, reaching out to Karter to stop him. Karter looked at Weston, and the surprised look on his face showed that Weston had done it without looking. He quickly recovered his calm façade, but his hand still stopped Karter from moving.

"What's the matter, Weston? Afraid the wolf will choose me over you? It would be in his best interest."

Karter looked Weston in the eyes. For a second, he thought he saw worry in them, but just as fast as he thought he saw it, it was gone. Karter tugged at his arm subtly. Weston let it go and stood straight. Karter stared for a few more seconds, before moving around the sitting area. He passed Eddison, whose golden eyes watched him like a hawk. Karter shouldn't care, but he glanced over to Axel, and his silver eyes were trained on Karter. He saw the worry in his eyes. That shouldn't have made him feel good.

He stopped a few inches from Cambridge. He was playing with danger, but that was nothing new

for him.

"He isn't afraid of me leaving," Karter said.

Cambridge smirked at him, and it seemed ugly on his face. Whereas on Weston, it was almost sexy, if not a little infuriating. But on Cambridge, it just made Karter want to slice his face off.

"Why? Is it because you're his dog?" Cambridge said in a mocking tone.

Karter smiled. "Yes."

Cambridge looked to him, confused. "For how much?"

Karter laughed humorlessly. "He doesn't pay me to be. You, on the other hand, wouldn't be able to afford me. Why don't you take shit-for-brains over there and the rest of your blood-sucking leeches and leave? I'm supposed to be modeling clothes and you're ruining everything."

Cambridge took a step forward; his face had turned deadly during Karter's spiel. Weston was behind Karter before Cambridge could even take a full step.

"Leave, Cambridge. I would hate to call Nyiah or our sire," Weston said.

Cambridge glared at Weston. "You need to muzzle your dog." Cambridge looked to his vampires before giving Karter a glare and vanishing.

"Damn. And here I thought Axel looked at me mean. Your stank eye's got nothing on Cambridge," Karter said.

"You're fucking insane," Axel retorted. "Do you have a death wish?"

Karter looked over to Axel. "No." He shrugged. His sister had asked him that a lot as they grew up. Karter turned to look at Weston, the small smile playing on his face. "Me telling him I was your dog doesn't count as me admitting to anything."

Weston continued to smile at him.

Karter rolled his eyes. "I feel like you're not listening."

Braydon laughed. "It's good you finally accepted."

"I haven't accepted shit. I'm not a damn dog."

"I've erased the male clerk's memory and Braydon is working on the other one," Eddison said.

Weston placed his hand on the back of Karter's neck, most of his hand touching the collar and his thumb stroking against the skin above. Karter relaxed into the feeling.

"Since its ruined, can we go?" Karter asked.

Another set of footsteps sounded as someone came into the store. Karter rolled his eyes, turning to the entrance. "Fuck, I thought you guys bought out the mall," Karter said.

"Good evening, gentlemen." An older man bowed at the waist in greeting.

"Nathen, perfect timing," Eddison said.

The older man was Nathen the tailor. Karter sighed. He doubted he could get out of being measured. Nathen looked to him but quickly moved his eyes over to Weston. Weston moved Karter to the front of the sitting area before taking a seat. Axel followed, sitting next to Weston, and his silver eyes watched Karter as if expecting him to run. Eddison and Braydon took seats. Nathen came around with a roll of measuring tape.

"Arms out, sir," Nathen said. He said a few more directions, jotting down the numbers to record. He was done in a matter of seconds. Karter was relieved to be done, and he took a step away from the older man. He wasn't human, vampire, or wolf, but his smell tickled Karter's nose. He had felt as if he wanted to sneeze the whole time.

"The clerks are indisposed. If you could pick out a few things for him to try on," Weston said.

Karter turned to glare at Weston. He couldn't believe he still had to try on clothes and shop. Nathen nodded, and he was gone in seconds, grabbing clothes and piling them up.

"These are some items that would look good, but I can design or personally select more for him from other places," Nathen said.

Karter was starting not to like Nathen. He obviously didn't care that Karter was glaring at him and showing his distaste for everything. Weston nodded at Nathen and it was a done deal. More clothes for him to try on later.

"Come on," Nathen beckoned.

Karter started to follow, but he turned back to the vampires. "Because you all are still making me do this, I'm not stripping out here." He turned his back and walked to the dressing room.

He heard Braydon whine.

In the dressing room, Nathen was professional. He got Karter dressed in seconds and sent him out to model the outfit. It was light brown pants with a button up that didn't need to be tucked and dark loafers. The outfit did look good on him, but Karter would still rather wear his sweatpants or plain jeans.

He walked out, and four sets of eyes were on him. He stopped a few feet in front of them. He had no idea why he had to show them, but he just went with it.

"Turn," Braydon said.

Karter turned in a circle. "I feel ridiculous," he said.

"Yeah, but you look sexy as fuck," Braydon said.

"He does look a lot better," Eddison said.

Karter stayed turned, because he felt the blush on his face. "Good to know I just needed expensive clothes for you all to say I look nice."

"Turn back around," Weston's commanding voice said.

Karter tried to calm his heart beat as he turned around. "You didn't like looking at my ass?"

Weston stared at him. "Come here."

Karter shivered at the command, and he walked over to Weston. "Eyesight going bad? Maybe Eddison will share his glasses."

"You talk a lot," Axel said.

Karter shrugged.

Weston pulled him down. He ended up on Weston's lap, his legs on either side, with one touching Eddison and the other Axel. Karter's heartbeat skyrocketed as he sat there. His breathing picked up as he looked into Weston's eyes, the memory of what happened in the limo too fresh in his mind.

"You pick everything else," Braydon said.

Karter didn't turn to see who he was speaking to, figuring it was Nathen. Weston's finger moved between the collar and Karter's neck, and he tugged, bringing Karter's face to his. Weston kissed him, and Karter lost himself in it. He moaned, and before long, he began to rock his hips against Weston, his dick fully hard. He wanted Weston again.

He wanted more than just Weston; he wanted all four of them. That should have had alarm bells ringing in his head, but instead, images of all four of them spent after having sex, come dripping out of his and Braydon's holes, filled his mind. The imagine alone nearly had him coming in his shorts. Another moan escaped him. Weston pulled back, his eyes glowing.

"We should get home," Axel said.

Karter turned to look at Axel, but his head was turned away. Karter wanted all four of them, but he doubted Axel would ever really want him. Why would he? Karter was a mess, and he was trouble waiting to happen. Karter pulled back from Weston.

What the fuck was he doing?

Weston let him go, and Braydon came over and started to rub himself against Karter. Karter looked at him, then turned his head to kiss Braydon. It was different than kissing Weston. Weston controlled Karter's mouth, but with Braydon, he was in charge. It was a heady experience, since he knew if Braydon wanted to, he could easily overpower Karter. He pulled back from the kiss, biting Braydon's lower lip until it bled. The moan he received from Braydon was one he knew all too well. He could give pain just as good as he could take it. He pulled back as they all began to leave the store.

Overall, not the worse shopping trip he'd ever been on.

KARTER

A few weeks after the shopping trip, Karter looked at his closet full of clothes. It was more than he'd ever owned in his life. When would he ever have time to wear all the clothes in the closet? So far, he'd worn three outfits, and they either got blood all over them or were torn off of him. He wasn't exactly angry about how they had been torn off. Weston had taken him almost every night since the mall incident. Braydon had been finding him randomly, and they had been getting bloody. Karter had to find Eddison and ask to have a shit-ton more sheets put in his room. They did bloody up Braydon's sheets once, but he seemed to like finding Karter and attacking him in his room when he least expected it.

Eddison had drunk from the spare bags that Karter filled up on occasion, but Eddison was scheduled to feed that day. It wasn't like Karter had a printed-out schedule or anything. Braydon had informed him the night before that it was Eddison's day to feed and Axel had taken the last bag, so he would need to feed from Karter.

Karter stopped in the kitchen, grabbing something to eat. He no longer needed the notes, roaming around the mansion easily. He didn't get lost knowing every damn painting. He even stopped looking at them. He knew which hallways led to where. The mansion was more familiar to him than the pack lands he'd lived on for ten years with Lola. He sighed, thinking about his sister. He hadn't talked to her in a while, and she was probably worried about him. He shook his head. She was better off without him. He cleaned up his mess before leaving the kitchen.

He found Eddison in his office, the place he usually stayed in. Karter knocked before entering the room. Eddison was busy looking over papers. He glanced up before burying his face back into the papers. He pulled out the familiar mug and planted it on his desk, ignoring Karter's existence. Karter walked up to Eddison's desk and looked down at the mug in disappointment. Eddison had bitten him in the limo, and it had felt amazing, but here he was with the mug again.

Karter picked the mug up and threw it, shattering it against the wall with a loud clang. Eddison looked up at him, and Karter glared back into his golden eyes.

"That will cost you," Eddison said as he sat back in his seat.

"Like fuck, if I care. Add it to the bill."

Eddison fixed his glasses. "No worries," he said, pulling out another mug.

Karter growled. "How many fucking mugs do you have?"

As Eddison set it down on the desk, Karter picked it up and threw it where he'd thrown the first one.

"Feeling destructive? Maybe you need to see Braydon," Eddison said.

"If I needed to go see him, I would, but I'm here in front of you."

Eddison looked as if he was reaching for another mug.

"Don't you fucking pull out another stupid mug," Karter said. He would smash the next one. Fuck it, he would smash all of them. He didn't think about why he was so enamored by the idea of Eddison biting him, or why he wanted him in the first place. Maybe he should leave. Fuck, his head was a mess. All because he kept getting mixed signals from all of the vampires. Well, not Weston and Braydon. But Eddison looked at him as if he wanted something, and Axel was nice one second, looking at Karter as if he was sex on two legs, and then all of sudden looking at him with so much suspicion and anger, like Karter had killed his mother or something.

"Are you trying to test my limit?" Eddison said.

Karter looked to Eddison. He'd been lost in his own head, trying to figure out why the hell he wanted all four of the vampires. Why he wanted them at all. Eddison's question was lost on him.

"What?"

Eddison fixed his glasses and folded his hands together. "Why are you pushing so hard for me to feed from you?"

Wasn't that the fucking question of the century? Karter had no answer, because he wondered the same thing.

"Why do you look at me as if you want something but won't take it?" Karter countered.

Eddison's eyes widened for a second. His gaze went up and down Karter. "You won't be able to handle what I want," Eddison said.

Karter didn't give a damn what Eddison thought he could handle. He wasn't stupid. He knew Eddison liked pain, liked giving it. He just didn't know why Eddison was holding it back. Karter planted his hands on Eddison's desk. He smiled at Eddison before he shoved everything off of Eddison's desk and onto the floor. Papers went flying and Eddison's computer crashed to the floor. It made a long beeping noise before the screen went black.

Karter looked at Eddison. "Fuck what you think I can handle."

Eddison's eye twitched, but he didn't move, still sitting back with his hands folded together. He didn't look at the mess Karter made, his eyes only staring at Karter.

"I couldn't care less about controlling you like Weston," Eddison said.

Karter shrugged. "Good, because I doubt you could."

Eddison was out his seat and had Karter pinned against his desk before Karter knew what happened.

"Fucking vamp speed."

Eddison got close to Karter's face, his golden eyes glowing. There was more than hunger in them. Karter could see the need in them. Fuck him sideways if he didn't want to respond to the need in Eddison's eyes.

"You have no idea what you're tempting, little wolf," Eddison said.

Karter's heartbeat raced, but he felt no doubt. He wanted to know what Eddison truly craved from him. "Why do you hold back?"

Eddison sighed. "If I break you, Weston won't be too happy, and Braydon will be even more upset."

Karter wanted to ask why when they could just call for a new blood donor, but deep inside, he knew the answer. But he didn't want to think about that. He wanted Eddison, and he wanted what his eyes promised.

"You don't know that."

Eddison made a face saying Karter didn't know. Karter shifted his hands, allowing his claws to grow. Eddison was focused on his face, so when Karter sliced his own torso, Eddison backed away to watch the blood soak into Karter's shirt. The cut wasn't so deep that he'd scraped muscle, just enough to draw blood.

The look in Eddison's eyes would have scared anyone else, but it intrigued Karter. He lifted his clawed hand again to make more scratches.

"No," Eddison said.

Karter stopped, looking to Eddison. "Why? You won't do it." Karter wondered if the excitement he felt was the same as a lion tamer.

Golden eyes fixed on Karter. "You have no idea what you're doing."

Karter shrugged. "The story of my fucking life." He brought his claws closer to his body.

Eddison moved, grabbing his hand and stopping him. A look of anguish crossed Eddison's face before being replaced with one of acceptance. "Not in here. You've already made a mess, but I would like to keep from getting my work bloody."

Karter nodded, looking at the mess he'd made. "Then where?"

Eddison wrapped his arms around Karter. They were moving and fast. The air whipped Karter's hair, and when they stopped, he was a little unsteady on his feet.

"Shit," he said, patting down his hair. "How in the hell do you guys keep your hair perfect when moving that damn fast?" Karter looked around the room they'd entered. A bed sat on the far left with cuffs on the headboard. On the other side of the room was a metal bench with straps to hold someone down. There were a few other devices: a cross, a chair with no bottom, and more. Karter turned back to Eddison. "Everything has straps or cuffs."

"Very observant of you," Eddison said.

Karter rolled his eyes. "So, you want to chain me to something?" He tried to feign boredom, but he was excited. He didn't care for being cuffed or chained, but he looked forward to what would be happening to him.

"No, I prefer if you aren't chained. Others needed it." Eddison looked at him and then moved his stare to roam over the room. "Are you sure about this?"

Karter shrugged. He wasn't sure of anything lately but that had never stopped him before. "Did you bring me in here just to ask me if I'm sure?"

Eddison walked farther in the room, passing by Karter. He said nothing, just kept walking. Karter watched as he stopped by the bed.

"Strip and take off the collar. I don't want to ruin it."

It didn't sound commanding, just mere suggestions. Karter touched the collar that he hadn't taken off since he'd gotten it, but he didn't want it ruined either. It felt expensive, and he didn't even want to know how much it would be to get a new one or pay Weston back for it. He found the metal clasps and it took a few tries, but he finally got it off.

Karter looked down at his new shirt with rips in it, stained with blood. Good thing he had a closet full of clothes. He tore the rest of the shirt off. There was no point in neatly unbuttoning it. His pants hadn't gotten any blood on them that he noticed, but then again, he didn't really check them over. Too busy trying to get out of them as fast as possible. He threw his clothes to the side. Eddison's back was still to him.

"Will you need to be chained?" Eddison asked softly.

His voice was almost too soft. Karter stared at his back, trying to figure out if he needed to be chained down. Would he want to run in the middle of whatever Eddison had planned for him? When

he didn't answer, Eddison turned, and Karter's breath caught. Eddison's golden eyes were glowing brighter than Karter had ever seen, his glasses were off, and a piece of his hair fell over his forehead. He looked dangerously sexy, and Karter knew right there that, even without chains, he wouldn't run.

"No," Karter said.

Eddison's eyes swept up and down Karter's naked body. Karter couldn't hold back the shiver the stare invoked.

Fucking vampires and their glowing eyes.

But why did it affect him?

"This will be the last time I give you an option: kneel or bench?"

Karter looked to the bench and then the hardwood floors. Both were cold to the touch. "Kneel." His breathing was quick, and his heart was nearly beating out of his chest.

Could Eddison hear it?

Eddison unbuttoned his blazer, taking it off, and Karter watched. He couldn't wait to see Eddison naked. He had imagined that under the suit Eddison was all muscle and flawless skin. Eddison undid his cuffs and rolled up his sleeves. Karter's disappointment at not seeing Eddison's naked body disappeared when he looked up and saw the look in Eddison's eyes.

He was so fucked. What had he gotten himself into?

"Just know, I won't kill you," Eddison said. He moved with vamp speed and was pushing Karter down to his knees all in a few seconds.

Karter found himself stretching his neck back to look up at Eddison. Goosebumps broke out all over as waves of excitement and fear coursed through him all at once.

"But I will make you beg me to."

The menacing words should have sent Karter running out of the room and to the safety behind a locked door, but of course, his brain worked differently. He smiled up at Eddison.

"Let's see you try," he said.

Eddison cupped his face, surprisingly gentle, nothing like what shown through Eddison's eyes. Karter opened his mouth to comment and there was a loud smacking sound of flesh hitting flesh. His cheek burned and blood dripped from his split lip. He blinked a few times, realization dawning on him. Eddison had hit him; the pain was slow, but it was there.

Karter looked to Eddison and saw he held a long whip in his hand, his eyes looking over Karter. Karter licked his healing lip. The coppery taste of his own blood did nothing for him, but the way Eddison's eyes followed the movement did.

Eddison disappeared out of Karter's sight. He tried to turn around and see where Eddison had gone only to be stopped by the crack of a whip. The first hit made him groan, pain flaring in his back. He breathed in through his nose and out through his mouth. Eddison was only a few feet from him when Karter felt another hit from the whip. Karter expected that one, as the pain made him focus. He knew when Eddison lifted his hand with the whip again and brought it down.

The whip made a slight noise when it moved in the air, and Karter could hear it. Eddison didn't breathe, so he wouldn't know Eddison was even there if it wasn't for the constant strike of the whip. He timed it. Every three breaths the whip would come down and strike against his back. Karter didn't shy away from the whip, the pain sharp but bearable. He stopped groaning by the tenth strike.

"I don't feel like begging," Karter said.

He probably had a death wish, because the next strike that came down took his breath away. He didn't have time to catch his breath. Eddison brought down more strikes faster and harder than the ones before. Karter felt the blood as it dripped down his back, the pain nearly blinding. He tried to

gain control of himself, but then Eddison would change it up again. The whip cracked in the air before coming down on Karter's back. He shouted, sitting up straighter on his knees as another excruciating hit came down.

Karter cried out at another blow. He didn't count how many blows he took. He could barely get his breathing under control, and his body shook with each blow. He nearly fell over. He had no idea how he was able to stay up on his knees. The thought of falling didn't sit well with him, not that he could think much of anything with the strikes Eddison was delivering.

Time stood still as no more strikes came against his raw back. He felt the blood dripping down his back. He could feel where certain wounds were healing but others were bleeding right over. The searing pain in his back nearly blinded him, his breathing ragged as he stayed kneeling. Shiny black shoes appeared in front of him. Long, elegant fingers tilted his head up, and he saw gold orbs shining back at him.

"We are nowhere near done."

Karter tried to nod, but his head felt too heavy. He was sure if Eddison hadn't been holding his head it would have fallen back down. It took all of his strength just to stay upright on his knees. Fingers ran through his hair before they disappeared. He opened his eyes, not realizing he'd closed them. Eddison wasn't in sight. A touch to his still aching back made him jump.

"This time, I will be going to the back and front," Eddison said in a nearly-whispered tone.

Karter shivered when he felt the metal pieces. They weren't silver since they didn't burn against his skin. Eddison walked around him. Karter's eyes followed him until he went behind him. He didn't strike right away, just circling around Karter a few times. Karter held his breath in anticipation. He almost shouted for Eddison to do it already.

He had to be fucked in the head.

The first strike made him topple over, the metal pieces tearing his skin. He screamed out in pain. Eddison waited until he pushed himself back onto his knees. As soon as he was upright again, another blow came down on his chest. Karter saw the three-tailed whip and each end had three triangle-shaped metal pieces attached. The pieces of metal scraped against his chest, leaving red slashes that resembled claw marks. Karter stayed up on his knees. His chest bleeding, he pulled his head up and looked squarely at Eddison.

Fucking mistake.

Eddison looked sexy as fuck. How in the hell did someone look so good with rolled up sleeves, blood splattered all over, hair slightly disheveled, and a grin that should have scared Karter but only turned him on?

How the hell was he getting hard for this?

He couldn't deny it, and he didn't want to try and think of the whys.

Why do some people put pineapple on pizza? Could he compare this to pizza? Was he losing his fucking mind?

Probably.

Eddison put the whip down. Karter moaned as Eddison's hand traced over the scratches that were still bleeding. Karter watched as Eddison brought his bloody fingers to his mouth and licked them clean. Karter moaned as if it was him Eddison was licking and not his fingers. Fuck, he was jealous of some damn fingers.

"I like your hair, but it will be ruined if I don't put it up. Unless you can make your hair grow faster?"

Karter, still transfixed on Eddison's mouth, was lost for words for a second. "No, I can't," he said.

Was that his voice? He sounded breathless and so small. Eddison nodded as he gathered up all of Karter's hair. He gently tied it up, the gentleness a drastic difference to what Eddison had been doing with the whip.

"There, now I won't have to worry about slicing hair off on accident." Eddison stepped back from Karter, and he went to grab the three-tailed whip again. Karter's breathing picked back up, but now that he knew what it felt like, he would be able to handle it.

Or so he thought. The new strikes were harder than the ones before, as if Eddison had been giving him a warm-up before really getting into it. Karter cried out as Eddison continued his assault. Like before, Karter wasn't able to grasp anything. His vision swam and his body shook. Blood poured from wounds, and the sound of the whip slicing through the air was his only warning, but even that sound was blocked out. All he could hear was the rushing of his own blood as his heart beat out of control.

He felt hands on his face, and he opened his eyes. Everything was blurry, tears blinding him from seeing Eddison's face as it peered down at him.

"You're more beautiful than I could have ever imagined," Eddison said.

Karter stared, lost, unsure what to say or do. His whole body ached; there wasn't a spot on him that didn't hurt. Eddison knelt on the floor in front of him. Tears still leaked from Karter's eyes as he watched him. Eddison wrapped his hand around Karter's aching dick and he moaned.

He was in so much pain he cried, and yet he was still hard.

Eddison stroked him, and Karter wasn't sure he was going to last past a few strokes. He moaned louder as Eddison began to lick the blood off his body. The wounds were closing, but Eddison still found some to push his tongue into, all while stroking Karter. Karter didn't know what was more pleasurable: the pain or Eddison's hand. It was nearly too much. Eddison twisted his hand just as he scraped his fang against one of the wounds on Karter's chest and Karter cried out while coming.

He opened his eyes. He was no longer on his knees or on the floor. He was against soft sheets. He looked around, and he was still in Eddison's room. He turned his head. Eddison sat on the bed—still fully dressed—and he turned to look at Karter. Blood was all over his face and hands. Karter's eyes traveled down his own body. Blood covered every inch. The wounds had all healed.

"Did I pass out?" Karter asked. It was a stupid question, but he asked it anyway.

"Only for a few minutes," Eddison said.

Karter nodded. He waited for Eddison to say something else, but he didn't. He just sat there. The silence was getting to him, and Eddison just stared at him. Did Eddison want to keep going? Fuck, did Karter want to keep going? His dick twitched at the possibility, so that answered his question. He did want more, but did Eddison?

"Fucking say something already," Karter shouted.

Eddison moved and was above him. "You aren't afraid?"

Karter quirked an eyebrow. "Afraid of what? You said you wouldn't kill me."

Karter was afraid, but not in the way Eddison was probably thinking. He was afraid he would always want them. Want the pain Eddison could give, the control Weston took, and the escape Braydon provided. Karter's mind went to Axel, but he pushed that aside. He focused on Eddison as Eddison stared into him as if he could see the answer in Karter's soul.

Eddison bent down and kissed him, and Karter opened his mouth to deepen it. Eddison's hands roamed and groped Karter's body. It felt good after so much pain, the simple touches bringing pleasure of their own. He moaned into the kiss when Eddison again grasped his dick in his hand. Karter breathed heavily as Eddison brought him near to the edge. He pulled back from the kiss,

breathless.

"Wait... I'm... I'm going to come if you keep that up."

Eddison moved to Karter's neck, licking it, and Karter moaned, giving Eddison more access to his neck. He felt Eddison's fangs against his neck, and he whimpered. Eddison bit him. Karter cried out as he came again in Eddison's hands.

He didn't pass out this time. His body shook with the aftershocks of coming. Eddison withdrew his fangs and licked against his neck to heal the puncture wounds. Eddison pulled his hand back, coated in Karter's cum. Eddison flipped him over, spread his cheeks, and rubbed Karter's own cum on his entrance. Two fingers were forced into him, and he moaned. It would take him a few minutes before he was ready to come again.

It seemed Eddison didn't care one way or the other, because his fingers went inside of Karter and instantly found his prostate. Karter screamed when Eddison stroked against the pleasurable bud of nerves. Eddison didn't ease up. He kept pushing on Karter's prostate.

"I..." What was he going to say?

Eddison's hand wrapped around his half hard dick.

"Fuck," Karter moaned.

It hurt as Eddison tried to make him fully hard. He was still a little sensitive. He moaned and groaned as Eddison continued to play with his prostate and dick. Soon, he was hard and rocking his hips back to meet Eddison's fingers and thrusting himself into Eddison's hand. In no time, Eddison withdrew his hand and fingers, leaving Karter wanting. A whimper escaped as he held back the urge to beg for Eddison to come back.

There was ruffling of clothing and Karter turned his head to look at Eddison's naked body. Karter's jaw dropped. His imagination didn't have shit on the real deal. Eddison was smooth skin over toned muscles. Karter's mouth drooled when he saw his dick.

Fuck.

Karter ogled Eddison until he got onto the bed. A slap to his ass surprised him, and he jumped slightly. Eddison did it again and again. As soon as one cheek would feel hot, Eddison would move to the other one. The back of his thighs got slapped along with his ass. The pain was different than the whips. It made him feel warm, and soon he was scooting his ass back, prepared for the strikes.

Eddison kept up the hits, increasing the strength behind them subtly, but Karter could tell that they were getting harder. He moaned when a particular hit nearly had him sagging to the bed. He expected another slap against his overheated ass, but instead, he felt cold lube being poured on his hole and fingers shoved roughly inside. He grunted from the entrance.

He opened his mouth to tell Eddison off, when Eddison shoved his dick inside of him. Karter's breath caught as Eddison didn't give him a chance to get accustomed to his entrance. He began to fuck into Karter with abandon. Karter found himself holding onto the sheets with a death grip.

Eddison hit his prostate with so much strength Karter's eyes rolled to the back of his head. The fucking had only just started, and he swore he was going to come. Karter moaned and tried to thrust back to meet Eddison's thrusts, but all he could do was hold on for the ride.

His hair came down, shielding him from everything. Eddison's long fingers ran through his hair before grabbing most of it. He yanked back, and Karter had no choice but to follow. His back arched, his hair in a painful grip, and Eddison fucking into him harder.

Karter couldn't even hold on; he just let Eddison use his body. He moaned as Eddison brutally fucked into him, and there was a growl that wasn't his own. The hand that wasn't pulling Karter's hair moved to his nipple and pinched it so hard Karter thought Eddison would rip it off. He cried out in

pain, just as Eddison hit his prostate again, smearing the line between pain and pleasure.

Eddison fucked into him as if he wanted to make Karter nothing more than a ruined mess. Karter moaned. He was just that torn to pieces by Eddison, nothing more than a pile of nerves that Eddison played like a well-tuned instrument. Fingernails scraped against his skin and Karter moaned louder.

Karter was brought to the edge of climax again. Eddison pulled his head to the side and pierced Karter's neck with his fangs without warning. Karter's yelp quickly turned into a moan. He felt the first hot spurt of cum enter him, and he moaned from it. Before he knew it, he was coming. Shocks sparked behind his eyelids as he cried out his release.

EDDISON

Eddison smoothed back a few strands of Karter's hair. He was beautiful as he slept. Seconds after coming, he had passed out. Eddison checked over his body, making sure all the wounds had healed. Karter didn't even twitch while Eddison turned him over and inspected him. Everything was healed.

His eyes roamed over Karter's body, his finger tracing the outline of a few tattoos. He would ask Karter when he woke up how the tattoos stayed on his skin. Eddison had tried to avoid the tattooed areas, but there were too many and he'd lost a little control while whipping Karter.

He had responded so beautifully, even better than Eddison's imagination had conjured. Remembering made Eddison crave more, and he touched Karter's skin. He felt real, so he knew it wasn't a dream.

He sat there for a while longer, watching Karter rest, before picking him up and taking him into the bathroom. He turned on the shower, letting it run until it was hot. Karter was pressed against his body, and Eddison listened to his calm heartbeat. A drastic difference from just moments ago when Karter's heartbeat sounded so loud Eddison had felt it.

He couldn't believe that Karter had come into his office and pushed him into this. Karter handled everything so well that Eddison knew he could take it a little further if he wanted to. And he planned to. But not now. The water finally warm, he took Karter in and washed all the blood off his skin. He sat Karter on the bench in the shower after washing his body. Eddison went back under the spray to clean himself off.

He closed his eyes, remembering the way the tears had spilled so easily from Karter's eyes. But not once had he broken from sitting straight up on his knees. He'd taken everything Eddison had given. Just the memory made him want to grab Karter and never let him go. No one had ever responded as well as Karter.

Was it the werewolf in him?

Eddison didn't think so. He was pretty sure it was Karter himself.

"You're so deep in thought," Karter said.

Eddison opened his eyes to look at Karter.

Beautiful.

The only thing that would make him even more beautiful was if the marks stayed longer, but Eddison was okay with making more.

"What's with the 'fuck me' eyes?"

Karter had a mouth on him, that was for sure. The werewolf said whatever he wanted. Eddison

was finding himself less annoyed with how he spoke. He closed his eyes and turned to wash his hair. He heard Karter get up and move closer to him in the shower. The heat that came off of his body was hotter than the water as he stepped closer to Eddison.

"You didn't make me beg," Karter whispered.

Oh, how the wolf was playing with fire.

"You passed out.," Eddison said.

He rinsed the shampoo out of his hair. He turned and there stood Karter. With a smirk on his face as if he'd won some battle.

"Yeah, but I didn't beg."

Eddison blinked a few times. He couldn't be serious. Could he? Eddison moved before Karter could even fathom what was going on. He pressed their naked bodies together, his face mere inches from Karter's.

"Next time," Eddison said as he licked Karter's neck.

The collar Weston had made him get for Karter did look good on Karter. He was glad he'd had him take it off before they did anything. He could always order a new one, but the one they'd gotten was a specially-ordered one.

He pulled back from Karter. It didn't go unnoticed by Eddison that Karter's heartbeat had escalated, tempting Eddison to take another bite, but he held back. He didn't need the blood. He had drunk enough. Plus, Karter had spilled a lot of blood on the floor.

"You need to eat," Eddison said. He heard Karter's stomach growl just as he said the word eat.

In a matter of minutes, Eddison was dressed, but Karter only had his collar back on. He wondered if Karter realized he was becoming domesticated in a way?

"Not getting dressed?"

Karter's dark eyes looked to him. "My shirt is ruined and apparently so are my pants."

Eddison looked at the pants. There wasn't any blood on them that he could see, but it was Karter's call. Eddison found his glasses and slipped them onto his face.

"Why do you wear glasses?" Karter asked.

Eddison grabbed his blazer and buttoned it before walking toward the door. "I wore them when I was human. It feels comfortable to keep them on."

Karter followed behind him as he headed toward the kitchen. He noticed Karter didn't get lost anymore when traveling in the house.

"How old are you?"

"I'm eight hundred and ten, I believe. Give or take one or two years."

He had stopped counting long ago. He heard a gasp behind him. He stopped and turned to look at Karter.

"Fuck, you're old." The shocked look still present on his face. "Wait, if you're eight hundred, how old are Weston and Braydon? Oh, and Axel?"

Eddison shrugged his shoulder. "Weston is somewhere in the thousands, and Axel is also around eight hundred. He's older than me, but only by a few years. Braydon is about a hundred years old."

"Wow," Karter said. He leaned against the wall, as if floored by the information. "Wait, how come none of you have accents or talk funny? Well, besides the lack of swear words. Would it kill any of you to say fuck besides Braydon?"

Eddison didn't care for swear words. It was one thing he'd never picked up on. "Weston requires all of us to learn modern ways of speaking. Over time, adapting erases any accents."

Karter nodded as if he understood. Eddison turned back around to continue walking. They made it

into the kitchen without further interruptions. He watched Karter rush over to the refrigerator, open it, and begin to pull a bunch of stuff out, but Eddison knew he couldn't cook.

"What are you doing?" Eddison asked.

Karter's head was still in the refrigerator. "Pulling stuff out for you to cook."

Eddison leaned against the counter and watched Karter's bubble butt continue to bob up and down as he looked through the refrigerator. He didn't care what Karter pulled out. Eddison heard Braydon enter the kitchen. He stopped short and was also transfixed by Karter's ass.

Karter stood and turned with an armful of food. His dark eyes flickered to Braydon and then back to Eddison.

"Will any of this work?" Karter asked.

Eddison stopped admiring Karter's body to look over the food. "Yeah."

"You're cooking?" Braydon asked.

"Fuck yeah! It tasted good last time," Karter said as he put down the food in his arms.

Braydon rushed over to Karter and kissed him. Karter kissed him back willingly, and it was almost sweet. He felt no jealousy toward the others touching Karter. He turned and began to chop the food as the other two made out.

"Wait, do you guys eat regular food?" Karter asked.

Braydon answered. "We can, but I'd rather not. It just tastes like cardboard. I prefer blood, especially fresh from the source."

"Later, Braydon. He spilled too much blood," Eddison said.

"Oh, did you two do it?" Braydon asked.

Eddison stopped chopping, thinking about how the knife could easily slice off Braydon's tongue.

"It was fucktastic," Karter said.

Eddison fixed his glasses before continuing to chop the onions.

"Details," Braydon said.

Karter laughed. "Fuck no."

For the first time in a long time, Eddison felt happy and content. Nothing eating at him. Karter still acted the same after everything Eddison had done.

Eddison let their conversation drone in the background as he cooked.

KARTER

Karter paced in front of the door that led to the backyard. It had been a while since he'd shifted, and he was starting to feel the itch. All that kept going through his mind was how things had changed in so little time.

He still couldn't believe he'd gone into Eddison's office and basically demanded he do what he wanted to Karter. In the end, Karter had liked it more than he thought he would have. Shit, but did he wake a sleeping bear. It had only been three days, but he'd gone to Eddison the night before last. It had floored him how much pain he took and still nearly begged for more. He was happy he was a werewolf. He doubted if he was human, he would be able to deal with half of the shit Eddison did to him.

He would probably be dead. Between going to Weston, Braydon, and Eddison, Karter passed out when daybreak happened. His schedule completely changed, he slept all day and awoke at night. It was just easier. He went to whoever's turn it was to drink from him. The only one he didn't go to was Axel. He specifically requested blood bags only, not even willing to drink from a mug.

Karter hadn't really seen him in a few days. Sure, he saw glimpses of him, but Axel never stayed where Karter was. It was annoying. Axel went from glaring at him and following him, to avoiding him at all costs.

"You look like you're about to scratch the door," Braydon said.

Karter rolled his eyes. "Just open the fucking door." He hated having to need one of them to go out, but after the last mistake, they all agreed that someone needed to be there.

"Yeah, yeah." Braydon opened the door, and Karter shifted within seconds and took off.

His paws hit the dirt as he ran at breakneck speed. The collar, still on his neck, hadn't choked him like he'd feared. It shifted with him, and it was comfortable, not too tight. He stopped running, and he watched as Braydon ran past him.

Was he getting too comfortable?

He sat there.

Why the fuck did he keep the collar on?

A rabbit dashed past him.

"Aren't you going to hunt or whatever you do in wolf form?" Braydon asked.

Karter pushed all his thoughts to the back of his head. He took in a lungful of fresh air and took chase after the rabbit. He caught it easily, tearing into it. Karter sank further into his wolf mind as he continued to hunt. He enjoyed the feeling of freedom as he ran around.

He hunted a few rabbits and a squirrel, until his stomach was full. He turned and sniffed the air.

He picked up the distinct smell that was Braydon and followed it. He found Braydon leaning against a tree, looking up at the stars. Karter sat there for a while on his haunches, waiting for Braydon to turn and look at him. He just kept staring up at the stars, so Karter growled. Still no response. Karter walked over to him, and he pushed his head against Braydon's chest.

Braydon scratched behind his ears. "You ready to go in?"

Braydon sounded off, and Karter shifted without a second thought. He was soon back in his human form, fully naked, and pushing Braydon up against the tree. Braydon's eyes finally looked at him and not the stars. Karter pressed his body firmly against Braydon as he leaned his head down to kiss him.

"Braydon. Karter," Eddison called out.

Karter pulled back from the kiss that had only just started. He turned his head in the direction of the house.

"Great fucking timing, Eddison," Karter muttered.

"You can fuck him later," Eddison replied from behind them.

Karter growled. "All of you need fucking bells."

"Yes, you've said that before."

Braydon laughed. "The bell would make too much noise, especially when we're doing it."

Karter backed away from Braydon and turned to look at Eddison. "Definitely need to order bells."

"Why the interruption?" Braydon asked.

Eddison fixed his glasses, a habit that Karter noticed Eddison did a lot. "There has been more rogue activity. Weston's called for a meeting."

Braydon's facial expression changed to one of seriousness. Both vampires had an exchange of looks that Karter didn't understand. They were gone in seconds.

"A fucking heads up would have been nice. A 'hey, Karter, we're heading in,'" Karter grumbled. He shifted back into his wolf form and rushed back to the house.

He got there in record time, shifted back into his human form, and entered the house. He stood there. He had no idea what he was supposed to do now. The rogue stuff had nothing to do with him. He sighed. Well, if they interrupted him, then he didn't see a problem with interrupting them. He went in search, simply walking around for a while, until he heard noise from one of the rooms. He went to the door, and before he could contemplate walking away, he heard Weston's command.

"Come in and sit."

He looked at the door. Maybe he could get away with walking away and going swimming instead or reading. He laughed at the last part. He opened the door, realizing he really had nothing else to do. He walked into a large room with a large, round wooden table in the middle. The walls had large paintings decorating it, and there were three large chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. If it wasn't for the large table taking up so much space, Karter would have thought the room was a ballroom. At least, it looked like one he'd seen on TV before.

As he grabbed the nearest seat to the door, Weston stared at him, Axel glared at him before turning back to Weston, Eddison paid him no attention, and Braydon smirked at him. Karter was second-guessing just from looking at them.

"There have been reports of new rogues, and they have already killed six humans that we know of," Weston said. He pushed a file over to Eddison.

"There seem to be more and more rogues lately," Braydon said.

Weston nodded. Karter had never seen a rogue vampire, so he didn't know if it was rare or not.

"They seem to know where to hunt," Braydon said.

"You two will go kill them and any others that might be hiding," Weston said to Eddison and

Braydon.

Braydon nodded. "No problem."

"I want to go," Karter said.

All eyes turned to him. He was tired of being in the house. He was bored and what better way to get out then go hunting.

"No," Axel said.

"Why the fuck not?" Karter asked.

Axel turned away from him. Karter looked to Braydon, but he was no help, only shrugging. Eddison shook his head at Karter, stood with Braydon, and exited the room.

Weston sat there with a calm look on his face. "You will stay here."

Karter balled his fists. They thought so little of him. "I always stay here. I'm going stir crazy."

"That's your job. You're a blood donor." Axel pointed a finger at him. "Nothing more than blood, but if you die, there's no blood. You stay in the house." Axel got up from the table and was gone in the blink of an eye.

Karter sat there, dumbfounded, as he stared at the now-empty seat. He gripped the table, nearly breaking it.

Why be angry? Everything Axel said was right.

He was angry with himself for even giving a fuck.

Why did he want to help them? Once he had enough money, he would leave, never to see them again.

So why did the idea of leaving all of sudden make him want to puke?

"It's best you stay here. No one wants you hurt."

Hearing Weston's voice made Karter jump. He'd forgotten Weston was in the room still. He shrugged, getting up from the table. He should have just gone swimming.

"Yeah, whatever."

Karter left. He didn't want to be around Weston. He feared that he might go to him for comfort. The comfort he didn't want. At least, that's what he kept telling himself. So what? He got his feelings hurt. They never would have been a problem if he hadn't crossed the damn line with his thoughts. He was just there to be fucking food. That was it.

He punched the wall, making a huge hole. Drywall fell to the ground. He punched the wall a few more times, making the hole larger. His hands bled, but nothing was enough.

Why couldn't he get rid of the emotions that were inside?

Why? Why?

He stopped punching the wall after he realized there was not much left of it. The wall closest to his bathroom was completely destroyed, drywall lay crumbled at his feet. Blood dripped from his hands. His knuckles were swollen, turning purple as they healed. His body was slick with sweat, but he still had so much tension in his body.

He went into his bathroom and cleaned the blood off his hands. When he looked up at his own reflection, he punched the mirror, shattering it to a million pieces.

He wasn't weak.

He showered and went to bed. He didn't want to face any of the vampires. He didn't know what would happen, but his emotions and mind were too lost to interact with anyone. He missed Lola. She would know what to do or say in this situation.

He was lost.



Karter cut his wrist and filled a mug full of his blood. He left it on Eddison's desk before nightfall. It was only minutes until Eddison would have to go if he had to go back out to hunt rogues. He had blood ready for him. Karter had never seen Braydon in an office, so he took his mug of blood to his room. He set it right outside his door.

After filling two mugs, he felt a little lethargic, but he was okay. He went back to the kitchen and ate a quick meal before going to the gym. He focused on running and then some weight lifting. He was working on his triceps when the door to the gym burst open. It went flying off its hinges.

"What the hell is this?" Braydon asked, the mug clearly in his hand.

Karter looked to the mug and then back to Braydon. He opened his mouth to talk.

"This is fucking stupid! I'm not on punishment. Why give me a mug of your blood?"

Karter again tried to talk.

"I don't want this," Braydon said, tossing the mug still full of blood. "Is this because of what Axel said to you yesterday?"

Karter put down the weights, and he saw Eddison walk into the gym. He was also looking to Karter for an answer.

"No."

Yes.

"Like hell, it's not. He said no to you, so now we have to drink out of fucking mugs." Braydon glared at him, clearly very angry.

It's for the best.

"You're getting the blood. What the fuck does it matter?" Karter shouted.

"It matters when we all know you enjoy us biting you as much as we enjoy doing it."

"Not all of you like it," Karter muttered.

He knew they could hear what he'd said. He wanted to throw the weights, letting himself slip like that.

"So then the rest of us have to drink out of mugs because of it?" Braydon sounded hurt.

Karter had to be hearing wrong.

"So, everything that we've done up until now is over, all because of what Axel said? All because your feelings got hurt."

Karter flinched at the accusation. "Fuck you. I'm just a fucking blood bag. Nothing more than blood to you. So don't stand here throwing a hissy fit about a fucking mug of blood. I'm doing my fucking job."

He was shouting, no matter how hard he tried to tell himself to calm down. He picked up one of the weights, ready to throw it, but Eddison was in front of him before he could. Eddison's long fingers wrapped around his wrist.

"Drop the weight," Weston said.

Karter turned, surprised to see Weston in the room.

Fuck, had he heard the whole thing? Had he heard how Karter lost his fucking mind?

Karter almost dropped the weight. Instead, he glared at Weston, yanked his hand from Eddison, and threw the weight into the wall. Weston took a step farther into the room, and Karter stepped back.

"You're being a very bad dog," Weston said.

"Fuck you! I'm not a dog, and I'm sure as hell not good."

Braydon looked at him oddly, but Karter looked away. He didn't want to think about what the look was.

"Come on," Weston said as he turned around.

Eddison stared at Karter a moment longer before turning and following behind Weston. Braydon looked at him with pleading eyes before turning and leaving the room. Karter felt almost numb as he watched them leave. He hadn't expected for them to just leave. He stood there in the gym by himself.

"I said come. I hate to repeat a command." Weston stood at the door, disappointment showed clearly on his face.

"I did my job—"

Weston was in front of him, pulling on his collar. The one he still hadn't taken off. The one that he should have taken off last night but hadn't wanted to part from it.

"You wear this collar still. If it was just a job, you would have taken it off."

Karter audibly swallowed. He had nothing to say to that.

Why didn't he take it off?

"Now come," Weston said.

He let Karter's collar go and walked out of the gym. Karter absently touched the collar, feeling the smooth leather. He sighed. He knew he should stay in the gym, ignore Weston, and take off the collar. Instead, he found himself leaving. Karter stared at Weston's broad back as he walked. He said nothing, just followed.

They walked into a room that Karter had never been in. There was just a large bed, the biggest one he had ever seen. Braydon laid on top of it and stared at Karter with the most seductive look on his face. Eddison stood to the side next to the curtain-covered window, his sleeves rolled up and his glasses off.

Karter knew that look, and he shivered at the implications of it, his body anticipating having all the delicious pain delivered to it from Eddison's skillful hands. Karter remembered Weston was in front of him, and Braydon on the bed. Were they all going to do something? Karter's dick twitched at the thought, and he was already hard.

"Take off all your clothes," Weston commanded. He walked farther into the room.

Eddison left and was back before Karter got his shirt off. He had a chair in his hands, and he set it down near Weston. Weston sat down on the chair like it was a throne and not one of the chairs from the dining room. He looked like a king, and Karter stood there staring at Weston.

"Are you going to continue and not listen?"

Karter felt the blush in his cheeks. "You're the one sitting in the fucking seat, looking like a damn king."

Braydon laughed. "That's because he is. Well, a prince really, but close enough."

Karter looked to Braydon in surprise. He looked at Weston again, and he could see Weston with a crown on his head, sitting there waiting for people to get naked.

Weston quirked an eyebrow, and Karter remembered to finish taking off his clothes. With his clothes all off, he looked to Weston.

"I need a shower."

Weston smiled a little. He stood and took off his blazer and then his vest. In a blink of an eye, his clothes were off. Karter would never get tired of seeing a naked Weston. All the fine skin lightly dusted with golden blond hair.

Weston walked across the room as if he owned it all. He probably did, but Karter still thought it was hot. He followed behind Weston, figuring he was leading to the bathroom.

He was right. Weston opened the door to the bathroom, and it was even larger than Karter's, with a large tub that could easily fit five people at once, and a shower that was just as large. Weston entered the shower. He turned it on, the water wetting his hair and his body. Karter watched through the glass shower walls as Weston stood under the spray.

Ice blue eyes peered at him, and Karter shivered at the implication in them. He went to the opening of the shower and got in, and the water wasn't too hot. Weston moved to the side and let Karter under the water. It was refreshing, but he couldn't fully relax. He felt Weston's eyes on him.

He stepped back, looking for the soap, but he couldn't find it. He turned to ask Weston but saw it in Weston's hands.

"Shower gel," Karter said, holding out his hand.

Weston smirked at him. "I'm going to wash my dog."

"I'm not a dog," Karter said, but he'd already put his hand down and stepped away from the spray of water.

Weston made no comment about Karter's denial. He never did. Karter watched Weston squeeze some soap into his hands before rubbing it on Karter's chest. He worked up a lather and soon was washing all of Karter's body.

He wasn't a dog; he could wash himself. But fuck, if it didn't feel good to have Weston's hands all over him.

Weston washed down his legs, even had him lift his legs so he could get his feet.

"Against the wall and spread your legs," Weston commanded.

Karter's body was already tingling, and he walked to the wall and bent over. He spread his legs, exposing his hole to Weston. His breathing picked up as he waited for Weston. Soft, soapy fingers touched his entrance, and Karter nearly jumped out of his skin.

Weston rubbed his finger around his hole, the soap making it slippery. He didn't press against it, so Karter tried to push back, wanting the pressure. But each time he pushed back a little, Weston would move his finger away.

"Fucking tease," Karter growled.

"Only good dogs get treats. You were being a very bad dog," Weston said as he continued his too-light touches.

Karter rolled his eyes, but the touches were driving him insane. He needed Weston to do more than the light caresses.

"Will you be good from now on?"

Karter opened his mouth to respond, but Weston took that opportunity to thrust two fingers into him at once. Karter groaned, taken by surprise. The burn of the stretch felt so good. Weston moved his fingers inside of Karter until he found his prostate. Once Weston found it, he pressed against the bundle of nerves.

Karter shouted as his body shook.

"I asked you a question," Weston said.

Karter tried to catch his breath and answer, but Weston pressed against his prostate like it was a fucking button. He could only moan and growl. His mind blanked, and he didn't even know what the question was anymore. All he knew was that he needed to come and needed to come now. He moved his hand toward his dick.

"No."

The command stopped him instantly. He was breathing heavily, his body strung tight. He needed to come, but Weston wouldn't let him touch himself.

"Need t-to come," Karter stuttered out.

Weston continued to move his fingers in and out of him, pressing against his prostate. "That didn't answer my question."

Karter's growl turned into a moan as Weston added another finger.

Fuck. What were the questions?

"Wha-what was... Question?"

There was silence, the only noise was Karter's moans and the sound of water hitting the floor. Karter feared for a second that Weston wasn't going to answer and was just going to keep him on the edge of coming.

"Will you be a good dog from now on?"

Karter let out a breath he hadn't noticed he was holding. He moaned again.

"Yeah... I... Don't know. N-not... exactly g-good at being good," Karter answered honestly.

It was why he didn't have a pack, it was why his sister left him, and it was why he needed to stay away from the vampires. Not because they were supposedly werewolves' natural enemy. No, because Karter was bad and brought danger and chaos wherever he went.

Weston's body pressed against Karter's back, his mouth next to Karter's ear.

"You only need to be good for me," Weston whispered into his ear.

Could he?

"I can't promise you anything. Everywhere I go, I fuck something up."

It hurt to confess that out loud, but it was true. Weston moved Karter's hair to the side.

"Do you think I'm so weak that your simple troubles will be a problem for me?"

Karter felt Weston's power as he asked the question, and Karter shivered. He didn't think Weston was weak at all. Still, who would willingly deal with someone that constantly fucked up?

"No, b—"

Weston started to move his fingers again. Karter moaned, unable to finish his train of thought.

"Nothing else needs to be said. You're my dog, and you will be good for me."

Weston didn't let up on Karter's prostate, making it impossible for him to answer. He was once again brought to the edge of coming, and he just needed to touch himself. Weston withdrew his fingers, but Karter stayed bent over. He flexed his hole, missing Weston's fingers. He felt empty and that was the last thing he wanted to feel. He waited for Weston to touch him again, but there was nothing.

"Rinse off," Weston said before he walked out of the shower.

Karter moved quickly, rinsing all the suds off his body. He got out of the shower, looked for a towel, but didn't see any in the bathroom. He gave up, glimpsing his reflection in the mirror. He turned away from it. When had everything changed? This was just a job, but it didn't feel like that anymore. He took a deep breath and walked back into the large bedroom.

Braydon still laid on the bed, his deep blue eyes roaming all over Karter's exposed flesh. Karter watched as Braydon's pink tongue came out to wet his lips. Eddison still stood next to the window, his sleeves rolled up and his glasses nowhere in sight. Goosebumps broke out all over Karter's skin. He was hyper-aware of all of them, and they had their eyes on him.

KARTER

"You're sexy as fuck dripping wet," Braydon said.

Karter started to turn and look at Braydon, but Eddison moved from the window. Karter watched him as he moved around the room to grab a bag. Karter didn't know what was in the bag, and he waited with bated breath to see what Eddison would bring out. Eddison didn't open the bag though. Instead, he faced Karter.

"Will you kneel or lay on the bed?"

Karter was guessing if there was a bench Eddison would have offered that instead. Karter looked from the hardwood flooring to the bed. Braydon smiled at him when he looked to the bed. He glanced at Weston who just sat there staring at him.

"Floor."

Eddison nodded and turned back to the bag. Karter walked shakily over to an open spot on the floor. He knelt down, breathing heavy, his dick rock hard, and every muscle pulled tight. He lifted his hands to his collar, but he made eye contact with Weston and stopped.

"The collar can stay on," Eddison said.

Karter nodded and put his hands down. His heart felt as if it was going to beat out of his chest. Karter cast his eyes down, and he took controlled breaths to get his breathing under control. He sat there on his knees, collecting himself. The room was silent. He could almost pretend that no one else was in the room. There was no breathing, and he couldn't hear anything but his own heartbeat. But he felt the weight of their collective stares as he knelt there naked.

The first touch surprised him, but it was Eddison pulling Karter's long hair up and out of the way. When his hair was secured, something cold pressed against his skin, making him shiver. Eddison ran the smooth metal against his skin. Karter tried to place what the metal object was.

Eddison pulled the metal back from his skin. Karter heard the whistling of something cutting through air before the sharp edge of a knife sliced against his back. He cried out in shocked pain. He felt the blood spill from the cut, and it felt hot. Eddison again sliced his back with the knife. The searing, hot pain warmed Karter.

Soon, Eddison picked up a rhythm, slicing every which way, but the cuts only going deep enough to shed blood. Karter stopped crying out, and he was reduced to moans. His mind blanked as Eddison made sliced art out of his back. As soon as one cut would heal, Eddison would be back over it to create a new one.

Karter's ragged breathing filled the room. It was the only noise to be heard. Shiny black shoes came into his line of sight. Karter hadn't realized that Eddison had even stopped. The bloody knife

passed Karter's eyes and went under his chin. Eddison used the knife to lift Karter's head up.

"All this bloodshed is making everyone hungry," Eddison said.

His hair was slightly out of place, making him look dangerous. Karter saw the hunger in his eyes, but he couldn't even think of the words to reply. He felt a hot tongue against his back, licking against a cut that hadn't healed yet.

Karter moaned from the sensation. The person behind him moaned and kept licking the blood from his back.

"Look at me," Weston commanded.

Karter struggled to get his head to move, and he finally looked at Weston. Weston sat there, still in his chair, naked from the shower, and a very hard dick. Karter admired him. Shit, he looked every bit the royalty he was.

The hot, fresh pain that blossomed over his chest was completely unexpected. Karter's back went rigid as he shouted. Karter's head began to fall back forward.

"No, look at me."

Karter used every ounce of strength he had to look at Weston. Eddison waited for Karter to stare at Weston. Braydon had stopped his licking. Karter didn't feel him behind him anymore, but then again, he couldn't notice anything but Weston and Eddison as he delivered each slash with such precision.

Eddison made cuts on his chest, torso, and thighs. Not once was Karter afraid that Eddison may slip up and cut his dick off. Eddison was too precise in his cutting. Karter's vision started to blur, blackening around the edges. His body was on fire. The only thing keeping his eyes open was the fact that he stared into the ice blue of Weston's eyes.

Like before, his whole body felt like an open wound. He felt Braydon's hot tongue against his front. He moaned as Braydon licked against some of the bleeding wounds, healing them faster. Karter's body shook. He needed to stay up, but it was getting increasingly difficult. Braydon licked him a few more times before stopping.

There was a new knife pressed against his skin. Unlike the one before, it wasn't smooth and had a jagged edge.

"Fuck," he whispered.

He felt Eddison's face next to his ear. "Would you like to beg now?"

Yes... No... Maybe...

He didn't answer. He just breathed, bringing himself back down. His vision cleared. He could take it, but his body hurt all over. Eddison kissed his cheek.

"I guess not."

Karter stayed kneeling, staring at Weston. The first slash with the new knife nearly made Karter pass out from the searing pain. He heard a loud scream. He knew it had to be him who made the noise, but it hadn't felt like him. Again, Eddison cut into him with the jagged knife. Karter closed his eyes as he cried out.

It hurt so much worse than the other knife. It felt as if it went deeper and tore the skin instead of a clean slice. Another cut but this time to his front, and he let out another scream. His throat felt raw from screaming. His body shook from the pain. Another and another. One after another, and Karter lost count. He thought he stopped screaming but that wasn't the case. He still opened his mouth to scream, but they were silent screams as he took every tear from the knife. Mind blank, it almost felt as if he was floating in darkness. Where nothing could ever truly harm him.

"Karter," Eddison's soft voice called him.

Karter slowly opened his eyes, his head resting on Eddison's shoulder. Blood smeared all over Eddison's shirt, slacks, and arms. Karter looked up to see just as much blood was on Eddison's face.

"Here drink this."

Karter drank the water and orange juice in a few gulps, finishing both glasses. His mouth felt dry and his throat felt itchy. His back and front were both tender, but they were healing fast. Soon he wouldn't even feel the ache any longer.

"You're breathtaking," Eddison said.

Eddison pressed his lips against Karter's, and Karter opened his mouth, wanting to deepen the kiss. Karter moaned into the kiss, and he lifted his arms, wrapping them around Eddison's neck as they kissed.

"I want a kiss too," Braydon said.

Karter pulled back from the kiss to look at Braydon. He wondered if Braydon saw him differently now? Braydon moved before he could ask and kissed him. There was never any dominance when Karter kissed Eddison, but with Braydon, it felt natural for Karter to grip Braydon's short hair and take over his mouth. He bit Braydon's tongue, cutting it, making the kiss bloody. Braydon moaned, offering his tongue for Karter to do it again.

Karter pulled back from kissing Braydon, and blood smeared on Braydon's face. Karter was sure it was his own from when Braydon licked the cuts. Karter sat up and turned, and there Weston sat in the chair. His eyes glowing as he looked at Karter.

"Come here," Weston commanded.

Karter slowly got up off the floor, still unsure if his legs worked under him. His body still felt a little shaky, but he made his way over. He stood in front of Weston, and just seeing Weston hard for him, made Karter fully hard. He had been halfway there from making out with Braydon and Eddison.

Braydon handed Weston some lube, and Karter watched as Weston poured some on his dick and stroked himself a few times before looking expectantly at Karter. He reached out and gripped the collar, pulling Karter's face down. He kissed Karter, owning every inch of his mouth. Karter didn't fight, willingly let Weston take everything he wanted.

Weston pulled back and Karter was breathless.

"You guys need to remember that I need air," Karter said as he tried to catch his breath.

Braydon laughed. Weston just smirked before grabbing Karter's hips and positioning him over the head of his dick. Weston was lubed up, but he was fucking huge. Karter looked into Weston's eyes. Weston's hands were still on Karter's hips, but he didn't push Karter down.

Karter sat there, waiting for Weston to move him, but he did nothing but look at Karter. Karter was too impatient to wait, so he took the initiative and sat, bearing down as he took Weston in. He didn't stop, taking Weston fully. He sat there, breathless, as his hole burned and there was so much pressure. He gripped Weston's shoulders with a death grip that probably left bruises. He breathed in and out slowly, trying to get accustomed to the girth that was Weston's dick.

His body healed itself and got used to Weston being inside of him. His breathing under control, he tentatively moved up and thrust back down. He did it a few times until he found the perfect angle. He hit his prostate on his way down and moaned in ecstasy. Weston's hands, that had just been resting on Karter's hips, squeezed. Karter stopped to look at Weston.

He blinked and they were on the bed, Karter on his back and Weston above him. He didn't get a chance to say anything. Weston began to pound into him, and Karter could only moan as Weston took him. One of Weston's hands left his hip and moved to his collar. He gripped the collar as he began to really thrust into Karter. Weston hit his prostate dead on, and Karter was moaning his name. He was

soon begging to come.

Weston wrapped his fingers around him, and Karter shouted as his orgasm barreled through him. Weston continued to fuck him through it. As the last of the cum shot from his dick, he felt the warmth flood inside him as Weston came. He moaned as he felt every shot of cum paint his inner walls.

Weston kissed him. "Good dog," he whispered.

Karter rolled his eyes, too blissed out to even argue with Weston that he was, in fact, not a dog. Weston pulled out of him, and he felt the cum dripping out of his hole. He felt the bed dip, and he turned to see Braydon get onto the bed. He was naked and his dick red and hard.

"Fuck," Karter said.

He looked to Weston, and there was his small smile before he moved over. Karter sat up and looked back to Braydon. Braydon moved fast and was on top of Karter in seconds. Karter shifted his hands, letting his claws grow as he gripped Braydon's hair and scraping his sharp claws against his scalp. Braydon moaned from the pain. Karter now knew how good pain could feel. He wondered why Braydon just didn't go to Eddison.

Braydon rocked his hips, rubbing up against Karter's spent dick, distracting him from his thoughts. Karter tightened his grip, and he growled when Braydon still rocked his hips. Karter flipped them over. He laid on top of Brandon's back, his hand still tight in Braydon's hair.

Braydon moved his hips again. Karter growled and pierced Braydon's shoulder with his claws. He wished he could use his wolf teeth and bite Braydon, but he didn't want to kill Braydon, so his claws would have to do. Braydon groaned under him.

Lube appeared next to Karter, and he knew it had to either be Weston or Eddison. He grabbed the bottle. He was only half hard, but hearing Braydon's moans, he knew he would be fully hard in no time. He smeared some on Braydon's entrance. Karter pushed one finger in at first and then two. He left his hands shifted, thrusting his clawed fingers into Braydon, so some blood accompanied the lube. Every time one of his claws scraped the inside, Braydon would moan and push back farther.

All too soon, Karter was fully hard and ready to put his dick inside of Braydon. Karter saw movement in his peripheral vision, and he saw Eddison still wearing his bloody clothes. He knew after he shifted to his half form he would be too tired to get it up again. He might even pass out.

"You're going to have to fuck me while I'm inside of Braydon."

Eddison stripped his clothes off without asking why. Karter saw Eddison was leaking precum, and he was so ready to fuck. Karter had no idea how Eddison sat back looking so controlled when he obviously wanted to come just as badly.

Eddison moved behind him, and Karter felt him thrust in. Karter moaned. Weston's cum providing plenty of lubrication. Braydon moved under him, not to be forgotten. Karter thrust his clawed fingers a few more times before pulling them out. He lined his dick up with Braydon's entrance. He thrust in one go. He and Braydon moaned together.

Braydon squeezed him perfectly, the heat nearly making him come. Eddison didn't wait and thrust into him. Karter moaned again as Eddison entered, forcing him farther into Braydon and making Braydon moan as well. Eddison pulled back and began to fuck into Karter. His ruthless thrusts forced Karter's hips forward. The dual sensations making his eyes roll to back of his head.

"Fucking fuck," Karter moaned out.

"Come, Karter. I'm close but I want..." Braydon moaned as Eddison put more strength into his thrusts.

Eddison's dick may have been inside Karter, but he was fucking them both. Karter knew what Braydon wanted. He just needed a second to concentrate, but Eddison was pounding into his prostate

like a man on a mission. And with Braydon's tight heat around his dick, he was going to come too soon.

He held onto Braydon, sinking his claws in, as he tried to start the shift. Eddison slowed down, and Karter took the opportunity, shifting to his half form. Braydon cried out as Karter's dick got slightly larger inside him.

"Yes," Braydon moaned out.

Karter was too close to draw it out any longer. He pushed forward until he'd worked his knot into Braydon. Braydon moaned and groaned as Karter tried to force his knot in. Finally, he pushed his knot all the way in past the ring of muscle. Karter tightened around Eddison, indicating that he could move. Eddison took the cue for what it was and fucked into Karter with more strength. Karter used the momentum and thrust just as hard into Braydon. They were all moaning.

Karter was the first to come, his knot growing larger as he climaxed. Braydon screamed as Karter's knot tied them together, and Braydon came as Karter filled him with cum. Karter had tightened around Eddison as he came, and Eddison came with a groan. He bit into Karter's shoulder while his cum filled Karter's hole along with Weston's.

Eddison pulled out, and Karter felt the cum gush out of his hole. He stayed laying on top of Braydon as he tried to catch his breath. His knot slowly deflated as the last of his cum shot into Braydon. He slipped out of Braydon and fell over to the side of him, closest to Weston.

Too tired, he shut his eyes, and he felt hands grab him before everything went dark.

AXEL

Axel checked around the mansion, making sure everything was secure. It was still good. Just like the other forty times he'd checked. He didn't want to go inside. All that awaited him was the smell of sex and blood. He could smell it throughout the house. He knew it was his imagination, but he also knew what they were up to.

It didn't bother him what they were all doing, what bothered him was that he let his hang-ups get in the way. Because of his own issues, he'd said some mean things to Karter. It wasn't how he really felt, but he had said them. Axel paced outside for a little while longer, trying to get the apology together.

He owed Karter one, that was for sure. It wasn't Karter's fault for the war so many years ago. Karter hadn't even been in the war. If he had been, he wouldn't have stepped foot near the mansion. So why did Axel continue to treat him like dirt?

He sighed. Because he was a deranged vampire, with too many years in battle and not enough enjoying his eternity. Karter came there, and at first, Axel was skeptical of him purely on the fact that he was a wolf. But after seeing him interact with everyone, Axel knew that Karter was just a lost soul.

Like him.

Only... Axel was messing everything up by trying to push Karter away. But it wasn't just him. Eddison, Braydon, and Weston all really liked Karter. He'd never seen Weston take to any of the blood donors before, not even the ones his sire had sent. Some had taken a liking to him, but not once had Weston shown any interest. Braydon and Eddison had had their own things with some of the blood donors, but they too had never shown so much interest. Eddison cooked for Karter, and Axel hadn't seen Eddison cook in the past four hundred years. Karter arrives and all of sudden he wants to cook again. Braydon was more playful since Karter came.

Everyone had changed since Karter walked into the den. Axel was the only one fighting his pull toward Karter. The sky started to lighten, and Axel sighed as he knew he had to go in or face death by sun. He almost thought it would be easier. He shook his head and went into the mansion. He didn't look for anyone. Weston would call if he needed anything. He went straight to his room and shut everything down. All the door and windows locked.

He laid down on his bed, contemplating how he was going to apologize tomorrow night. Just the thought made him groan. There was no other way around it. He couldn't just joke off the encounter with Karter. He'd been treating him wrong since he'd walked through the door. He sighed as he pressed the heel of his hands against his eyes.

Whatever happened tomorrow night, he needed to fix his mess. As the sun rose, he closed his eyes, letting the dreamless slumber claim him.



He awoke and the first thing he knew was that he wasn't alone. He stayed still, no alarms sounded and no sound of a heartbeat.

"I know that you are awake, Axel," Weston said.

Axel rose from the bed to look at his prince and friend. "Weston, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

"How long are you going to sulk and avoid him?"

Just like Weston to ignore a question he didn't care about. Axel sighed. "I planned to talk to him today," Axel said.

"Stop denying what we can all clearly see. You want him." Weston turned but stopped before leaving. He turned back around. "Is it the fact that we all share him?"

Axel shook his head. He didn't even have to think about it. He thought it would have bothered him, but it didn't when he saw Karter with one of the others. He felt happy. His issues were just with himself and his past.

"You are one of my oldest friends. We live too long to allow our pasts to cloud what we could have now." Weston left.

Axel stared at the now empty doorway. Weston was right. He allowed his past to keep him from so much. No more. He was too old to continue the way he was going. He got up, and he quickly showered and got dressed. He left his room in search of Karter.

He knew Karter would be in the kitchen. Axel arrived just as Karter put his dirty plate into the dishwasher. He hadn't noticed Axel yet. Axel watched as Karter's long black hair swayed, and it looked like fine silk. Axel had the urge to feel the beautiful strands. He first needed to apologize.

Karter turned, and when he saw Axel, he jumped a little. Axel tried for a smile, and Karter looked at him skeptically. He deserved that.

"What?" Karter asked.

The word sounded harsh to Axel, but he took a step forward. How did he start this off?

"Out of bags?" Karter asked. He turned before Axel could answer and pulled a mug out of the cabinet. Axel watched as Karter grabbed a knife. He moved before he thought it through.

"Stop," Axel said as he held Karter's wrist, stopping him from cutting into his skin.

"You're hungry. I'm just doing my fucking job, like you said."

Axel flinched, but he had said those words to him. "I'm sorry I said those things to you. I wa—"

"Why? It's the truth. I'm nothing more than blood, and I'm here to do a job."

Axel's grip tightened. "Yeah, you're here on a job, but that doesn't mean what I said to you was right."

Karter looked at him with so much confusion. "What the fuck do you want? One moment you're hot and then cold. One minute you're nice, and then the next, you're treating me like I shit in your coffee. Or, in your case, mug of blood."

He had definitely messed this all up. "I know, I'm sorry."

"You are al—"

Axel pressed his lips to Karter's, effectively shutting him up. Axel pulled back from the chaste kiss and stared into Karter's dark eyes.

"What the living fuck?" Karter said.

He pulled his wrist and Axel let it go before Karter ended up hurting himself. Axel watched as Karter backed away with confusion on his face. Had he really expected kissing Karter would change anything or make all of the things he'd said go away?

"Sorry, this isn't going the way I'd planned it."

"No shit. Kissing me is just fucking confusing." Karter glared at him.

Axel rubbed his face, lost as to what to do. How to make it all better. Did he need to unload all his past shit on Karter? He'd rather they moved on. If only he could go back in time...

"So, what do you want?" Karter asked. He sounded a little less hostile.

Dare to hope, Axel. Axel looked into Karter's eyes. "I want to start over. How I treated you when you first got here wasn't your fault, and how I continued to treat you wasn't right at all."

"If you got to start over, what would be different this time?"

Axel took a step forward. "So much would be different."

Karter looked skeptical but didn't back away as Axel walked closer to him. He stood mere inches from Karter. He could hear his heartbeat and the small hitch in his breathing as Axel lifted his hand and touched Karter's cheek.

"I have lived for a long time, and for years, I let my past get in the way of anything I wanted. I don't want to miss out on something that could be more."

Karter bit his lip. "What does that mean, Axel? I need you to fucking spell it out for me."

Axel smiled. "You use the word fuck a lot. It means, I want you, Karter. Not just your blood, but you. I'm tired of avoiding you simply because I'm too scared that I might touch you and never want to stop."

Karter looked down and Axel feared that he'd messed things up beyond repair. Karter moved and placed his head in the middle of Axel's chest. He was stunned but didn't hesitate to touch Karter's hair. It was just as soft as he had imagined.

"Fuck it," Karter mumbled against him.

Axel wasn't sure what he meant. He pulled Karter back a little so that he could see his beautiful face. "What?"

Karter rolled his eyes, something else he did often. "Fuck it, I've gotten myself into crazier things. Why not this too?"

Axel smiled. "So you're attracted to danger?"

Karter shrugged. "More like danger finds me, and I do nothing to avoid it."

Axel laughed. He could see that being the case. His hands still gripped Karter tightly, and he didn't ever want Karter in real danger. "The real reason I said no to you going with Braydon and Eddison, is be—"

"You don't have to tell me," Karter said.

"I need to." Axel tilted Karter's head up to make sure they had eye contact. "I was afraid you would be hurt. I know you can handle your own, but all that went through my head was rogues piling up on you and taking you away before I even got a chance at this."

Karter's eyes widen. "You're a fucking sap."

Axel groaned. Karter's choice of words could use some work.

Karter twirled some of his hair with his finger. It seemed like an uncharacteristic mannerism and Axel found it cute. Axel kissed Karter again, but this time, he didn't let up. He licked against the seam of Karter's mouth until he opened. Axel deepened the kiss, tasting the sweet taste of Karter. He couldn't taste the kind of food Karter ate, but that was okay. Karter was sweet all on his own.

Axel pulled away slowly, and he looked at Karter's slightly-flushed face and wet lips. He couldn't believe that he'd held back from this. Now that he had it, he never wanted to let Karter go.

KARTER

Karter was floored by Axel's confession. He'd honestly not seen it coming. He lifted his arms and wrapped them around Axel's neck. Axel's kisses were so gentle and soft that Karter found himself wanting more. He pulled Axel's head back down and kissed again. Karter melted against Axel as he kissed him more.

If he had woken up that night thinking that he would be confessed to by Axel, he would have chucked it all up to a dream. What did that say about him that he so easily rushed into Axel's arms? The fact that he rushed into all of their arms? He not only kissed Axel but Weston, Braydon, and Eddison. Well, more than a kiss with the other three. He couldn't lie to himself; even before Axel's confession, he'd wanted the gruff vampire.

Karter ran his fingers through the brown and grey hair, brushing it against his hands. He moaned, trying to get closer to Axel. He was as close as he could get, but he pressed his body harder against Axel's. Karter had to pull back in order to suck in air. Vampires didn't need to breathe, but Karter needed to remember that he needed the air.

"Fuck," Karter breathed out.

Axel's body shook with his laughter. "Do you just use that word for everything?"

Karter shrugged, still catching his breath. "It's universal. It has so many uses that it really should be the ultimate word. I have no idea how you, Weston, and Eddison don't use it."

Axel laughed. "There are other words that can be used."

Karter rolled his eyes. "Fuck is the best one."

Axel kissed his forehead. "I'll take your word on it."

Axel was so tender with him, it was a stark difference from the others. The heat in his silver eyes was just as intense though. He just touched Karter differently. It scared him a little how he easily wanted more of Axel's soft touches.

"Thank fuck," Braydon said.

Axel groaned as Braydon came into the kitchen.

"See," Karter said. He looked to Braydon's smiling face and wondered if Braydon had been listening and decided to come into the kitchen just to make Karter's point that fuck was, in fact, the best word?

Braydon came up to them and kissed Karter while Axel held him still in his arms. Karter bit Braydon's lip for good measure before he pulled away from the kiss. Karter licked the small droplet of blood that was left on his lip.

"Man, did the wrong supe change you. You would have made a sexy as fuck vampire," Braydon

said.

Karter looked to Braydon. "I wasn't changed."

Axel stepped back. His hands still held Karter, but he was looking at Karter as if he was an anomaly. Braydon also looked at him as if he had two heads.

"What?"

"Would explain why his blood is so potent," Eddison said.

He stood by the entrance of the kitchen, looking at Karter as if he'd finally figured everything out.

"So?" Karter felt as if he was missing something. And why the hell was everyone in the kitchen?

Were they all waiting for Axel to talk to him? The only one missing was Weston.

As if conjured by the thought of him alone, Weston walked into the kitchen. "A purebred dog."

Karter rolled his eyes.

"Your eyes are going to get stuck back there one day," Axel remarked.

Karter eyed Axel. He couldn't be serious. Karter looked back to Weston, who stood out in the kitchen. He didn't look like someone who'd ever used a kitchen before.

"I'm not a dog, and why the fuck is everyone in the kitchen? Were you all just in the hallway waiting for your chance to come in?"

Braydon hopped onto the counter with a large grin on his face. "No, not the hallway. I was in the formal library a few doors away. Eddison stood outside his office. I have no idea where Weston came from."

Karter glared at Braydon. "Why do you sound so proud of that?"

Braydon shrugged. "Pretty sure we just wanted to make sure our big, tough warrior here didn't make matters worse. Or, in your words, fuck it up."

Karter looked to Axel, but he didn't seem upset. He shrugged. "I'm sure they're all tired of me messing things up."

Braydon scuffed. "Plus, we were all tired of you moping around like a lost kitten." Braydon winked to take the sting from his words.

"So, now that he didn't fuck up whatever this is, now what?" Karter asked.

He wasn't confused with the fact that he was sleeping with four vampires that were okay with him, but was this just another part of the job?

"What are you asking?" Eddison asked.

Karter groaned. He didn't want to ask for an explanation. What if it was just a new part of the job? But he needed to know. He already felt things for each of the vampires, feelings that he needed to crush if it was just a part of the job.

He took a deep breath, only one way to know. "Is this," he pointed between all of them, "just a part of the service with blood?" He felt itchy after getting it out there.

His skin felt too tight and he was too aware of all their eyes on him. He usually liked it, but right then and there, he felt vulnerable. He opened his mouth to tell them never mind when Axel pulled him close and kissed him. Again, the kiss was so gentle and soft that Karter melted from it.

As soon as Axel let him go, Braydon hopped off the counter and was in his arms. He kissed Karter as if his life depended on it. As Braydon stepped back with a smirk on his face, Eddison stood next to Karter. Eddison's elegant fingers slipped into Karter's hair and tugged him close before ravishing his mouth. Karter was left breathless as Eddison pulled back. His head was spinning with so much that when he felt a tug on his collar, he went without a second thought.

Weston's ice blue eyes peered down at him. "None of this is part of your job."

Weston pulled him until their lips touched. His kiss claimed everything that Karter had. Weston

pulled back, and Karter's eyes closed as he tried to catch his breath.

Did it mean they wanted him?

Fuck, he hoped so.

Karter slowly opened his eyes, hoping that he wouldn't wake in his bed. He looked around the kitchen, still seeing the guys around him.

Braydon's huge smile made him want to laugh. "You'll be the first werewolf in history to say that you have four vampire boyfriends."

Karter felt the blush and knew he was probably incredibly red. He'd never had a boyfriend before, let alone four of them.

"Oh, so that's what makes you blush?" Braydon wiggled his shoulders next to Karter.

Karter groaned at the antics. "Does anyone need to eat?" he asked in a whispered tone.

"We all ate yesterday," Eddison said.

Karter remembered exactly how they'd eaten. His body remembered, shivering from the memory. Karter looked to Axel, since he'd been the only one who hadn't been there, on account of Axel having been avoiding him. Axel smiled at him but didn't say anything.

"I've been meaning to ask, Karter, how do your tattoos come back? Even when you're cut, the tattoos appear when you heal." Eddison asked.

"Oh, that's because I went through the magic fire in order to keep them." Karter shrugged. It had been a long time since he'd added any new ink to his body.

"That sounds fun," Braydon said.

"Sure, I guess it can be fun," Karter said.

"You just let a witch set fire to you?" Axel asked.

He looked a little upset. That was exactly what Karter'd let happen, but he figured he should explain the process a little better. Then maybe Axel wouldn't look at him like he'd suggested they all take a silver bullet to the head.

"The tattoo must first be inked with silver dust and wolfsbane. Once the tattoo's done, it has to heal. Once it's healed, the area of the tattoo is doused in witch's fire. After that, the tattoo is forever. So even if I was skinned alive and somehow lived through it and my skin had to grow back, it would grow back with all the tattoos included."

"All of that for a tattoo?" Axel asked.

Karter crossed his arms. "Yeah, is there a fucking problem with that?" He glared at Axel.

Axel shook his head. "No, but you could have been killed. Wolfbane is deadly to werewolves."

"Don't you think I know that? I'm a fucking werewolf. I know what's poisonous to me."

"Does your pack have a witch who is trusted?" Eddison asked.

Karter flinched. "What is this? Twenty fucking questions?"

They all looked at him as if he was crazy, but he didn't care. He still hadn't told them he didn't have a pack, that no pack wanted him, and that he was kicked out of his pack. He feared it would make them want him less.

"Well, getting a magical tattoo still sounds fun," Braydon said as he kissed Karter on the cheek. "Eddison, come on. We skipped yesterday, and we still have two rogues to hunt down."

Eddison kissed Karter bye and left the kitchen with Braydon. Karter's arms were still folded as if he was a child. He internally groaned when Weston patted his head. Karter looked up, and Weston had a small smile on his lips before he left the kitchen.

Karter and Axel were left in the kitchen once more.

"It was dangerous of you to trust random people with your life."

Karter blew out a breath. Axel wasn't really angry. Karter was starting to see it was just his way of worrying.

"I was young and didn't care about that. I just wanted people to stop com—" He stopped himself.

He'd almost told Axel about his sister. Axel looked to him to continue what he was saying, but Karter just shook his head. Karter headed out of the kitchen, but Axel stopped him from leaving.

"I'm going to check the perimeter. Do you want to come with me?"

Karter thought for a second. He couldn't afford to slip up. Lola was the only thing he had, and although he was with them, he didn't know if it was okay to tell them about Lola.

"Yeah, but I need to stretch my wolf form."

Axel nodded.

Karter was happy that Axel didn't bring the conversation back, letting it die was for the best. Karter followed Axel out of the kitchen. So many things had changed and in so little time. Maybe one day he could tell them about Lola, but at any minute they could toss him out, saying he was too much trouble.



A couple nights passed, and Axel still had yet to do anything but kiss Karter. Karter paced in his room, trying to figure out how to get Axel to progress past kissing. The others had done what they wanted right away, but Axel just kept holding back. Every time Karter tried to move it a little further, he was deterred. Karter sighed as he tried to find a way.

"What are you doing?" Braydon asked.

Karter turned to look at Braydon on his bed. He'd long stopped jumping or reacting when any of the vampires showed up randomly. They were too quiet, and no one wanted to wear a bell. Well, except Braydon, but he only wanted one during sex, and although it would be fun, Karter had given up on asking them to wear bells.

"Trying to think of a way to get into Axel's pants."

Braydon nodded, and Karter kept pacing, trying to come up with something.

"Have you tried stripping down his pants and putting his dick in your mouth?"

Karter stopped and looked at Braydon. "No, I didn't think of doing that. But he might run."

"That's true, and there's no way you would be able to catch him if he used his vamp speed."

Karter walked over to the bed and sat down. "Ugh, exactly."

"Okay, what if you trap him and then attack?" Braydon was having too much fun.

Karter laughed. "If it was easy, I would have done it already. When we kiss, I can clearly feel his hard dick when it's pressed up against me, but when I make a move, he steps back and then all of sudden he remembers he has some security bullshit to look over." It was truly frustrating Karter.

"Well, I have no idea. Axel and I've never been a thing, so his pants are a mystery to me."

Karter turned to look at Braydon. "Never?"

Braydon shook his head. "I have with Eddison, but only because he could give me the pain I so craved, but it wasn't wild. It was controlled, so we never lasted long. We were each other's placeholders." Braydon shrugged.

"I can see that," Karter said. He fidgeted a little. "So, you don't mind sharing me with the others?"
Fuck. Did he sound stupid?

Braydon smiled at him. "No, not at all. I can't give you what Eddison gives you or Weston. I sure

as hell can't give you what you get from Axel. You're the first person to ever come in here and fit all of us. It's new, but it's not unheard of." Braydon crawled over the bed until he was right next to Karter. "But if anyone else was to touch you, I wouldn't hesitate to kill them."

Braydon kissed him and was out the door before Karter could even say anything about the threat. He flopped back against the bed. He could take that declaration as things were serious between all of them. He looked to the drawer where his dead phone laid, and he wished he could call Lola. She would know what to do. Then again, she might tell him to get the fuck out of there before he was drained to death. He covered his eyes with his arm.

He laid there for a few minutes before getting up and getting his phone out of the drawer. It had been a while since he'd left. His days got a little mixed up since he was awake at night, but he was sure it hadn't been longer than three months since he'd left the pack. He found the charger and plugged the phone in. There was a knock at this door. The only one who knocked was Axel. Karter made sure the small button on the side for the ringer was down. He put the phone down and out of sight as it charged.

He turned around to face Axel. He looked him up and down; Axel looked nervous. He looked exactly how he looked the night he came into the kitchen and apologized to Karter, and then followed it up with a confession. Karter went to Axel and kissed him, slowly and sensually.

"What is it, Axel?"

Axel's silver eyes bore into Karter's, and for someone who was a warrior, he was the softest out of all his vampire lovers.

"I want to take this further," Axel confessed.

Karter jumped up and down. "Fuck yes."

After he shouted it, he realized maybe he should have just nodded, but Axel didn't run. He just stood there laughing at Karter.

"I mean, yeah, if you want to."

Axel kissed him again. "I more than want to."

Karter smiled, happy the problem was finally solved. Karter turned to indicate his bed. Air rushed past him as Axel picked him up and vamp sped to the bed. Karter laid on his bed, looking up to Axel. Axel's smile was infectious. Karter touched Axel's scar on his eyebrow, tracing it. He felt the urge to ask about it, but he didn't know if it would be okay. Especially since he was still hiding things himself.

He pulled his hand back, but Axel grabbed his wrist, kissing his fingertips one by one. It was so sweet that Karter's heartbeat skipped. They kissed again. Breathless, Karter watched as Axel sat up and pulled off his shirt. His body had rock hard abs and chest. There were a ton of scars that marred his flash, and Karter didn't hesitate to touch Axel's body. He marveled at the scars. Axel was a true warrior. How many battles he must have faced and survived to have gotten the scars that were littered all over his body.

"You're fucking amazing," Karter said, tracing a jagged scar that went from Axel armpit to right above his hip bone. "Each of these attests to how grand you are and what a magnificent warrior you are." Karter lifted up to kiss the biggest scar.

He heard Axel inhale a breath he didn't need, all because Karter had kissed the scar. Karter smiled against the scar, only to stick his tongue out and run it against the scarred flesh. He laid back down, staring up at Axel.

"You're more than I deserve," Axel said.

Karter stared at him, surprised by the declaration. He shook his head, feeling a little raw. "That's

what I should be saying to you."

Axel laid back on top of Karter and kissed him. The slow heat that built inside of Karter was making him squirm under Axel. His hands roamed all over Axel's back as they kissed. Soon, they were parting to take Karter's shirt off. As soon as it was off, Axel was back to kissing him. Axel didn't rush; he took clothes off as if they had forever.

Karter's body was on fire. He didn't know if he could last forever, but he wouldn't rush Axel either. Finally, a naked Axel pulled back from a kiss, and Karter took in large gulps of air. He was getting used to the longer kisses with lack of air, but he still needed to breathe. Axel's lips went to Karter's neck, making a wet trail down his neck and over the collar.

"You never take it off?" Axel asked, his fingers touching the collar.

"Only when I need to," Karter admitted.

Axel nodded and kissed Karter under his chin. He moved to Karter's chest. Karter watched, transfixed, as Axel licked around his nipple. Axel took the nipple into his hot mouth, and Karter moaned, watching Axel kiss and tease his body. Axel moved farther down his body, dipping his tongue into Karter's navel. Karter shivered from the feel. Soon, Axel hovered over his dick, and Karter held his breath in anticipation.

Axel's silver eyes looked up at him and a smile appeared on Axel's face. "You look like you want something."

Karter nodded. Axel licked Karter's inner thigh, making him moan. He bit Karter's thigh and licked it more. It was as if he was making out with Karter's inner thigh. Karter watched, transfixed by the sight. Karter's body shook with the tension that he held as he waited for Axel to touch his dick.

"Fuck," Karter moaned as Axel moved to the other thigh.

"Is that what you want?" There was laughter in his tone.

Before Karter could say exactly what he wanted, Axel took his dick into his mouth. Heat enveloped him, and Karter moaned as Axel gave him the blow job of his life. Axel's hands held Karter's hips down, and he laid there as Axel's head bobbed up and down his dick. He watched as Axel took him down to the root.

"Fucking fuck," he moaned, gripping the headboard.

Axel did something with his tongue, and Karter swore he saw stars. He heard the wood splinter as he tightened his grip. Just as Karter thought he was coming, Axel pulled back.

"You say fuck too much," Axel said, his lips still wet from sucking Karter off.

"You... don't say... it enough." Karter tried to control his breathing, his racing heartrate.

Axel kissed him, and Karter tasted himself on Axel's tongue. Axel pulled back with a smile. "Maybe because you use it enough that no one else gets a chance."

Karter was about to remind Axel that Braydon used the word—maybe not as much as him, but he did use the word fuck—but before he could say anything, Axel flipped him over. Karter ended up on his hands and knees.

Axel spread his cheeks, and Karter waited for the sound of lube opening, but didn't hear it. Instead, he felt Axel's hot tongue against his hole.

"Holy fuck, you're going to kill me."

He moaned as Axel licked around his entrance. Axel's tongue pushed against his hole, trying to gain entrance. Karter moaned from the feeling, and Axel pushed through the first ring of muscle. Karter's body shook from the feeling of pleasure coursing through him.

Karter clawed the sheets as Axel kept rimming him. "Need... Fuck... Come..." Karter was reduced to nothing more than a shaking mess as Axel ate him out.

Axel finally pulled back, but Karter's body was still wound so tight. He needed his brains fucked out of him. He finally heard the lube bottle. With how long Axel rimmed him, he felt wet enough, but he wasn't going to say anything that might slow Axel down.

Axel pressed two fingers to his entrance and pushed in. He was loosened up a little thanks to the rimming of his life. Axel moved his fingers slowly in and out of him. Karter tried to move back, to take Axel's fingers faster, but every time he did, Axel moved his hand back. It was frustrating. Karter stayed still as Axel slowly stretched him open.

By the end of it, Karter was panting and ready to come. Axel kept bringing him to the edge but wouldn't let him go over. Each time slowing down or stopping.

"You're trying to fucking kill me."

Axel leaned over his back. "Not at all."

Karter felt Axel press his dick to his entrance. He moaned, finally he would get it inside of him. Axel entered him slowly, drawing it out. Karter moaned from the feeling. Axel began a slow, easy rhythm that still had Karter moaning and groaning.

Axel's arms wrapped around him, and he pulled Karter close. Karter felt Axel everywhere. He lost track of where Axel began, and he ended. The slow, passionate sex was almost too much for Karter to handle. Fucking, he knew. Fucking, he could handle. The way Axel touched him and eased in and out of him so slowly could only be one thing: Axel was making love to him.

Karter shook with the realization. He felt more exposed in that moment than he ever had in his life. Tears streamed down his face as Axel held him and connected them. With each stroke rubbing against his prostate, Karter was soon moaning his release. He cried out Axel's name as he came. A few thrusts more and Axel was coming too.

Karter flopped down to the bed, his face in the pillows as he tried to rein in his emotions. Axel's soft hands and sweet kisses to his shoulders didn't help.

"You fucking killed me," Karter mumbled into the pillow.

There was a laugh from next to him. "Karter," Axel called to him.

Karter wiped his face before turning to look at Axel. Axel moved some of his hair and tucked it behind his ear.

Axel smiled at him and kissed him before pulling back. He stared at Karter with eyes that had so much in them, Karter had no idea where to even begin.

"You're more than blood to me," Axel said.

Axel's eyes glanced to something behind Karter, and Karter turned around to see Weston standing in the doorway, looking at Karter with a fond look in his eyes. Braydon and Eddison soon showed up. Braydon raced to the bed and laid next to Karter. He kissed him.

"Agreed," Braydon said.

Karter looked to Weston and Eddison who both nodded. Fresh tears spilled. He didn't deserve this. He would ruin this. He would bring nothing but trouble to their door.

"Hey, Kar—"

"Leave!" Karter shouted. Someone touched him, and Karter flinched away. He didn't deserve their touch. "Please leave."

"Kart—" Weston began.

"No, just get the fuck out now!" Karter shouted. He sat up and got out of the bed. "All of you leave now."

No one moved. They all looked at him as if he was going crazy.

Good.

Maybe they would think he was so crazy, he wasn't worth being with. Because he wasn't.

Still, no one left. "Fuck it, I'll leave. It's your place anyway." Karter moved toward the door. It was quickly blocked by Weston and Eddison. He growled. "You can't keep me here."

Weston stared at him, but Karter was beyond reasoning. He needed to get the fuck out of there.

"Karter, what's wrong?" Braydon asked.

Karter turned to tell him off, but his eyes flicked to Axel. He nearly crumbled to the ground. Axel's face looked so hurt. Karter had hurt him, and more than anything, he wanted to go over to Axel and apologize. He turned away from the sight of a hurt Axel and a confused Braydon.

"I quit. I'm going home."

He didn't have a home, but they didn't know that.

"You're going naked?" Eddison asked.

"I'm a werewolf. Who gives a fuck if I'm naked?"

"I doubt your pack would want you back once they found out you've been with vampires," Axel said. The anger in his voice made Karter flinch.

He wasn't backing down. He laughed. Little did they know, his fucking pack didn't exist, because no one with a sane mind wanted him.

"Yeah, well, that's my business, not yours. Now move the fuck out of the way."

Weston took a step forward. Karter took five steps back. He wasn't going to let Weston get a hold of him. Weston's ice blue eyes bored into him, making him want to yield.

"What the hell are you afraid of?" Braydon asked.

Karter turned to Braydon.

Everything.

"Fuck you, I'm not afraid of anything."

"I don't know what's going through your head, but you're not leaving." Axel came up behind him.

"Ugh."

Weston stared at him longer. "If he wants to leave, then he can."

Karter was shocked, but he took the chance for what it was. He was a little hurt, but it just showed that Weston saw that he wasn't worthy of keeping either.

"But—" Braydon said.

"No, you can leave tomorrow night. Get some rest." Weston left the room.

Eddison looked at Karter, his face unreadable. "I'll have all your bank information ready tomorrow." He left.

Braydon stood by the door. He looked young and sad as he looked at Karter. He opened his mouth but shut it and left Karter's room without another word said.

Axel was the last one in the room. He walked to the door, still naked. "I can only imagine what you're thinking, but let me tell you this: everything in your head is wrong. You have a choice to leave tomorrow, but we both know you want to stay." With that, Axel left.

Karter was left in his room. Alone. The way things needed to stay.

KARTER

Karter showered and now sat on his bed, looking at his hands. He had fucked everything up. Axel was right. He didn't want to leave. It was the first time he'd ever felt like he belonged somewhere. But he had to go, fuck it all to hell. All because he got too fucking emotional. Damn it, he was a wreck. His eyes cast down and he saw the small glow of his phone where he'd hid it. He grabbed the phone, now fully charge.

On the screen were at least a hundred missed calls from Lola, and a few text messages asking him where he was and that she was worried. Right then and there, he needed his sister more than anything. He stopped reading the text messages and called her phone.

The phone rang a few times before he heard the sound of the other line picking up. He held his breath, ready to hear his sister yell at him for completely cutting off communication.

"Hello, Karter," a man said.

Karter pulled the phone away, making sure he had, in fact, pushed his sister's contact. It clearly read Lola's name on the screen.

"Who the fuck is this and where is Lola?" Panic began to rise. It didn't sound like Ryker.

There was a laugh that made Karter's stomach drop. "Are you alone?"

"Where's Lola?" he growled out.

"She's fine. Your sister is one tough bitch. She can take a beating like a man."

Karter stood, gripping the phone so tightly he nearly broke it.

"I can tell you're one of those types to say something stupid and piss me off, and then I'll have to take it out on your hot-as-hell sister. So, let's save your sister from more beatings, shall we?"

Karter's body vibrated with the anger that threatened to make him shift. "What do you want?"

"Glad we have an understanding. How fast can you get to the Black Diamond nightclub?"

Karter pulled his phone away from his face. It was seven in the morning.

"Two hours."

"Make it here in an hour and maybe I won't kill your sister," the man said before he hung up.

"Ugh," Karter screamed out as he punched the wall.

He collected himself quickly. He didn't have time to sit there and be angry. He had to make it all the way across town in an hour. He got dressed and rushed out of his room. He made it to the front door, and he looked back down the hallway. He knew he wouldn't see any of the vampires, but a small part of him wished he could. He shook his head, clearing his mind of everything except saving his sister. He had no idea what the asshole over the phone wanted, but he knew it wouldn't be good.



Karter got out of the car he'd hot-wired and went to the entrance of the Black Diamond nightclub. There was no one around, so he pulled out his phone. He still had ten minutes to spare. He circled around the club to the back entrance. He banged on the door, but there was no reply. He was getting nervous as more time passed. He went back to the front. There were glass doors. He punched through the door and unlocked it. No alarm went off as he entered. He smelled Lola's scent and moved as fast he could, tracking her scent.

He traveled down two flight of stairs before he came to a door, and he burst through. The site that greeted him had his vision turning red. Before he knew what was happening, a needle punctured his arm, and his arm felt as if it was on fire. He whirled around to attack the person, but everything turned sideways. He tried to catch himself, but he kept falling. His vision got blurry. He saw his sister in a chair, a bloody mess, and she struggled against her bonds. Karter tried to move but nothing responded, his whole body on fire.

Wolfsbane was the last thought he had before everything went black.



Karter woke slowly. His head hurt and something was making too much noise, making his head pound something fierce. He tried to open his eyes, but that hurt too much. The light burning his eyes and making his head worse. He felt so sick he wanted to puke.

"Finally waking?" a voice said.

A voice that Karter knew but couldn't place it with anyone in particular. Hands touched him and he flinched away. It burned to even be touched. He felt bile rise as his headache got worse.

"I'm tired of waiting. Wake him up," a gruff voice said.

"I might have given him too much." Again, Karter tried to place the voice nearest to him, but he kept coming up blank.

"I don't care."

The hands were back. Karter groaned and tried to pull away. He couldn't get away, no matter how hard he tried. The hands shook him, making his headache worse. He couldn't hold back the bile that came up. He emptied his stomach until all he could do was dry heave.

"Aw, man, I have puke on my shoes," the voice complained.

Karter didn't feel better after puking. He still felt like shit. He could crack open his eyes a little, but he wasn't able to see anything. Footsteps walked away from him only to return a few minutes later.

Ice cold water splashed into his face. He tried to breathe but only ended up breathing in water. He felt as if he was drowning. He couldn't breathe as the water continued to spray in his face. He moved his head, trying to escape the water.

He still shook his head even after the water had stopped spraying. He shivered in his seat, confined by mere rope. He tried to break out of it, but he didn't have any strength. His hair was yanked back painfully. Karter groaned from the angle. He tentatively opened his eyes. The light hurt, but he fought against it.

Parker stood above him. Karter blinked a few times, confused by what was happening.

"Finally, you're awake."

Parker pulled Karter's head, controlling where he looked. Karter stared at a man he'd never seen

before. When he recognized Parker, he figured he would see Santiago.

"I can tell you're lost. I'm not surprised. Your dumb dog brain probably can't think past humping legs and hunting."

The man probably thought he was clever, but Karter had heard worse. He collected the remaining bile and saliva in his mouth to spit at the man, and it landed on the man's shoes. He was aiming for the man's face, but Karter figured he wasn't at a hundred percent, so his aim was off.

"You vile creature." The man punched Karter in the face.

Karter's lip split and his cheek blossomed with new pain. But with the new pain, the pain in his head took less of the focus, and Karter could pay more attention.

The first thing he noticed was that the person in front of him wasn't human, but he didn't smell like a werewolf or a witch. He smelled a little of a vampire, but he wasn't one. Karter looked the stranger up and down, trying to figure him out when a blow hit him in the head, jarring his brain. Parker still held his hair, and he felt some rip out as his head turned from the blow.

He blinked back the spots. His body was too weak because of the wolfsbane. His head was yanked back so he was once again staring at the stranger. He felt the blood running down his face, and he didn't feel the wound healing.

"You're one hard wolf to get in contact with. That idiot Santiago told me where you were, but he couldn't get in contact with you without contacting the vampires." The man paced in front of Karter. "That just wouldn't do. So, you can understand my surprise that Santiago said you had a pack. And then going to the pack, a treasure was found."

Karter heard muffled footsteps as someone came in front of him. Another guy Karter'd never seen before pushed his sister down. His sister had puncture wounds all over her body. Blood crusted over some of them, but she wasn't healing like she was supposed to.

"Lola!" He tried to get closer to her, only to be yanked back by his hair.

"Man, they have been drinking on her like she's a fine wine. Even with the wolfsbane in her blood. I've had to regulate them. She nearly died four times before you got here. A week we've been trying to get a hold of you. Do you know how hard it is to keep rogue vampires from killing?" The man tsked at him.

Karter's brain couldn't catch on to everything, and he was confused. The only thing he knew was that his sister was hurt because of him. They wanted something from him, and they'd hurt his sister to get to him.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

If only he'd stopped being a scaredy-cat and had plugged his phone in sooner.

"You have me now, so let her go."

Karter saw the man's hand move before the slap to his face happened. Another cut on his lip appeared, and like the other one, it bled but it didn't heal.

"You, filthy dog, dare to tell me what to do?"

The stranger went over to his sister. Karter's heart nearly stopped, afraid of what the man would do to her. She was in no state to protect herself. She could barely sit up. Not once had she lifted her head to look at Karter. He feared she might have been too badly hurt.

"String him up."

Karter was dragged from the seat by his hair, his legs too shaky to hold him up, so he fell to the ground. Parker didn't stop, and pain radiated from where his hair was being pulled. He tried to lessen the pain by scooting, but even doing that, he couldn't move fast enough. He was dragged across the floor. Another set of hands appeared and helped stand Karter up.

With his hands tied, they hooked them above his head to something that hung from the ceiling. Karter's feet no longer touched the ground. He looked around. They were in a basement that had yet to be renovated. He turned and saw the young face of the guy who had been with Mason.

Peter? Josh? Evan?

"Eric," Karter said.

Eric looked at him with a puzzled look on his face.

"Just remembered your name."

Eric looked at him strangely. Karter opened his mouth to tell him how dumb he was for getting involved in this shit, but the punch to his abdomen knocked the wind out of him. If he'd had anything left, he would have puked all over again.

"You hit like a kitten playing with yarn," Karter said.

Eric took a few steps back from him.

Another flurry of punches nearly made him pass out. Parker gave him no more chances to talk, punch after punch coming at him. All over, nothing was healing, and blood was pouring. Karter fought to stay conscious.

"I don't need him passing back out again."

No more punches came. One of Karter's eyes was swollen shut, his nose broken, and his lips felt busted up. The rest of his body felt like tenderized meat. Nothing about this pain brought him any pleasure. The stranger stood in front of him, Karter's one good eye trained on him.

"I'm going to ask you a few questions and you're going to answer. If you don't... Well, you already look like you're having a hard time focusing."

Karter didn't answer the stranger, his mouth full of blood. Surprisingly, in the flurry of punches, his jaw hadn't broken. Karter tried to see his sister from where he hung, but his one good eye couldn't see her. He had to hope that since the stranger was focused on him his sister was somewhat safe.

"How many vampplings does Prince Weston have?"

What the fuck was he talking about?

Karter didn't answer the question. One, he wasn't going to give the sick piece of shit any information about Weston or any of the vampires, and two, he had no idea what a vamppling was. He had heard the word before. Cambridge had called Braydon that, but that felt more like an insult than actually referring to what Braydon was.

Ugh.

Another punch to his already sore abdomen, and it hurt worse since his body wasn't healing itself. Karter looked to the stranger and once again collected all the blood and saliva in his mouth and tried to spit on him. That would be his fucking answer. The wad of spit landed short.

"You disgust me." The crazed man held a switchblade in his hand. He pressed it to Karter's chest. The sound of fabric ripping as the blade sliced through his shirt was deafening in the room. The cold blade pressed against his overheated skin.

"You're not healing, thanks to the latest poison that keeps your werewolf abilities at bay. Now, tell me how many are in Prince Weston's den." He pressed the knife harder against his skin.

Karter felt when the blade pierced his skin. He gave no reaction. He simply hung there, staring at the stranger. He would rather die than betray Weston, Eddison, Axel, and Braydon.

"I know you know something. You have a fucking collar around your neck like you're some prized pet." The stranger removed the blade from his skin and brought it to his neck. "What a pathetic animal."

He put the blade against the collar and Karter tried to move away. It was a gift from Weston. He

should have taken it off and left it, but he hadn't and now it was going to be ruined. Karter struggled where he hung, unable to really move away from the stranger. He had no leverage.

"How stupid. I cut you and will probably kill you, but all you care about is this collar." He yanked on the collar, cutting off Karter's air supply. "Did he fuck you as he collared you?"

There was the sound of fabric tearing as Karter was yanked around, and his pants were torn off him.

"I have to say, you have a nice ass for a dog."

Karter said nothing. He wouldn't break, no matter how scared he was. Weston never made the word dog sound like dirt and shit. Just the thought of Weston made him want to cry out. He wished that Weston, Eddison, Axel, and Braydon would come and take him home. He wanted to be home, because that's what the mansion felt like with all of them. Home.

"But your sister looks better. Maybe we should use her instead."

Karter panicked. Anything but that. "Fuck you, you're the pathetic one. You'd fuck a helpless woman while she can barely move? Or is that the only way you can get your dick wet?" Karter goaded him.

A hit to his chest had him coughing. He wheezed, trying to breathe in air. He would take it all, as long as they left his sister alone. His hands were unhooked, and his arms lowered. His shoulders screamed in protest. He bit his tongue to keep from crying out. They wouldn't get his screams or anything from him. He was tossed to the cold, hard ground. It chilled his body as he laid on the ground and coughed up blood.

Not a good sign.

Karter felt hands spread his ass cheeks. He opened his one eye he could see out of. He could see his sister. She was turned away from him, her body still. The only indication she was still alive was the small rise and fall of her back as she breathed.

Thank fuck.

There was pressure and pain that flared through his body as the guy behind him impaled himself without lube of any kind. Karter felt the tearing of his ass as the man fucked into him. Karter clenched his still-bound hands. They tingled with the movement from the circulation being cut off.

"You like this, don't you?"

Karter said nothing, his whole body going numb. His hair was once again yanked back. Karter closed his eye as he was arched back. His head hurt and that what he decided to focus on. The pain in head and not anything else that was happening to him. He pulled against the hold in his hair. He felt the hair pulled out in patches and some breaking as he fought the hold.

"You're not all that special."

Karter didn't need the asshole to tell him that. He already knew it. Karter finally broke the hold on his hair. He laid his face on the ground and waited for it to end. He felt the guy pull out, and shoes appeared in front of him. A kick to the face had him rolling over. He opened his eye to look up as the man stroked his dick with Karter's blood on it. Karter closed his eye. He felt the first hot, slimy cum shot hit his face, the man moaning above him.

Karter felt disgusting with just having it touching him. Another kick but this time to his side. He grunted, his ribs hurting like hell. More kicks came as he tried to curl in on himself, to protect his aching ribs. He knew all three men were kicking him, but he could do nothing. With the poison coursing through his body, he was weaker than a human.

He found himself wanting to cry out for his vampires. He had no right after how he'd treated them, but he needed them. He didn't see a way out, for him or his sister. He felt hopeless.

WESTON

Weston sat in his office, trying to figure out a way to keep Karter from leaving. He didn't want the wolf to leave. Over the past few months, Weston had grown fond of Karter. More than fond. They had all found peace with Karter around. The house seemed less down. With Karter, everything seemed more bearable. He sat there, deep in thought, when the door to his office crashed open. He looked up to see Braydon at his door, looking frantic.

"He's gone," Braydon said, the young vampire pacing in front of Weston's desk.

"I told him to wait until tonight." Karter wouldn't ignore what he'd said and leave, but then again, he had seemed so strange the night before.

"I went to his room to try and talk some damn reason into him, but he wasn't there. I checked everywhere. I even went outside and searched the woods but nothing. He's gone."

Braydon sounded hectic, every word making Weston feel uncomfortable. In all his years being alive, it had been a long time since he felt dread in the pit of his stomach. "Get Eddison in here."

"No need, I'm here," Eddison said as he walked in.

Axel walked into the office right behind Eddison. "Where is his pack?"

Eddison cast his eyes down. "Unfortunately, he never gave that information. I have tried to reach Santiago, the human who sent Karter over, but he isn't answering."

Weston sat up, feeling the unease growing.

"He said nothing and just left," Axel said.

Weston turned to look at Axel. His words and face said two different things. He was worried about their wolf.

"The alarms weren't triggered," Weston said.

Axel looked guilty. "I messed up and didn't set them."

Weston stood angrily, upset with Axel, and they all flinched away as he released the hold he had on his power. "Why?"

Axel knelt. "I have no excuse."

Could he really be angry with Axel? All of this was new to all of them. Karter's rejection the night before had stung them all. Although, Weston knew there was more to it. Karter's heartbeat had been erratic as he yelled for them all to leave.

Weston closed his eyes and sat back down, reeling in his power. He needed to have better control over himself.

"He can't be gone," Braydon said.

Weston opened his eyes and looked to Braydon as he stood there in the middle of his office

looking lost.

Axel touched Braydon's shoulder with a somber look. "Maybe he didn't want this."

Braydon turned a glare on all of them. "He did! He was just scared. Tell me we're going to go get him." He directed that last bit to Weston.

Weston stared into Braydon's pleading eyes. He wanted to say yes but forcing Karter wouldn't work. They couldn't force Karter to stay with them and still have the same dynamics. Was he wrong for wanting to drag Karter back and lock him away so that he would never be able to leave again?

"We can track him," Eddison said.

Weston turned to Eddison. "How?"

Eddison fixed his glasses, before pulling out a tablet. "I had the witch who made the collar place a tracker on it."

Weston hadn't thought of that when he'd told Eddison to order a collar. He'd only asked that it be able to shift with Karter, so that he wouldn't need to take it off.

"He didn't take it off?" Axel asked.

Weston hoped he didn't, because if Karter kept the collar on, then that had to mean he wanted to come back. He didn't truly want to leave them.

Eddison turned on the device and there was a dot on a map. "No, he still has it on."

"That means he does want us. We need to go get him." Braydon headed for the door.

"Wait." Axel stopped Braydon from leaving.

Braydon yanked back from his hold. "No. Years we have had many come and go and no one ever felt so fucking right. Karter belongs here in this house, with all of us. You know it's true." Braydon stared Axel down.

Axel nodded to Braydon. "I do, but we need to know exactly where we are going, and we need to know what's going on, before we just go in and drag him back."

Weston stood and moved to stand next to Eddison. "Where is he?"

Eddison moved some things on the tablet. "The nightclub Black Diamond. He hasn't left this place since I last checked. Once Braydon told me, he wasn't in his room I checked."

Weston nodded. He would have checked too if he'd known about the tracking.

"But it doesn't make sense. The club is closed down for renovations for the next two months. So, he isn't there partying," Eddison said.

The dread that hadn't really left flared as Weston heard Eddison's discovery.

"Do you think something happened?" His beyond-worried expression reflected how Weston felt.

"Eddison, anything else?" Axel asked. Axel's face serious as he looked at the tablet as well. He was in protector mode.

"We need to go now," Weston said. Braydon nodded and followed him to the door.

"Wait," Axel said.

Weston released his power, not willing to wait. What if something happened to Karter while they waited?

Axel bowed his head. "I'm worried too, and I want him back safe, but we can't just go into the building without knowing more. What if it's a trap?"

"Then we kill them all and take back what is ours," Weston said.

"Please, Prince, listen to me. We must be smart about this. What good would it do if we went in and ended up trapped? We wouldn't be able to save Karter or take him home."

Weston heard Axel's words, but he wanted to go to Karter, regardless of his own safety. Weston closed his eyes. He couldn't afford to lose his control. No matter how worried he was for Karter.

"Okay," He said.

He heard a sigh leave Axel. "Give us a few minutes to try and figure out any information we can. If there isn't anything, then we go in."

Weston nodded.

Eddison cleared his throat. "I'm sure we can handle whatever it is, but just in case, maybe we should call for backup. I know for sure Prince Cambridge is still in the area."

Weston looked at Eddison. He didn't want to talk to his brother, but for Karter, he would deal with the arrogant ass. "Okay, you two find out what you can. I'll call Cambridge." He turned to Braydon. "You stay with me."

Braydon worried his lip but nodded. Eddison and Axel left the office. With little time, Weston went back to his desk and picked his phone up to call his brother.

The phone rang three times before Cambridge answered. "I wasn't expecting a call from you," Cambridge said.

"I know you're still in my territory, Cambridge."

"Oh, and here I thought you were too busy fucking your little wolf to notice."

Weston's anger rose at the way Cambridge referred to Karter. "Watch it, Cambridge. I..."

Braydon paced in front of his desk, catching his eyes. Weston sighed. He needed to play this right.

Weston rubbed his eyes as he tried to control the anger he felt.

"This isn't like you. Usually you have something threatening to say, and then I threaten you back, and then we both hang up. So why don't you tell me what's going on?"

Weston sighed. Once upon time, talking to his brother had been easy, but years of the constant competition for their sire's attention, had put a wedge between them. They were actual brothers, not just because they had the same sire, but because they had the same human parents. He needed to remember that right then and there, and not the past three hundred years of arguments.

"Karter may be in danger, and we aren't sure who's got him. It would be better and safer to have more vampires show up than just us." There. He'd asked for his brother's help.

The other side of the phone was eerily quiet, no movement, and since they didn't need to breathe unless they talked, it was just silent.

"Someone stole your wolf?"

"Will you help?" Weston asked.

The silence happened again, and Weston almost hung up. He hated his brother's stupid antics.

"I can feel your anger through the phone. Calm down, Weston. Yes, I'll help. You're still my brother, even if you're an egotistical asshole. We'll be there in an hour."

Eddison and Axel walked back into his office, catching his attention.

"Don't come here. Meet us at the club. Eddison just sent the location over to you. Don't be late, Cambridge."

"He's important to you?" Cambridge asked.

Weston was caught off guard by the question, but he didn't hesitate to answer it. "Yes, to us all."

"Okay." Cambridge hung the phone up.

Weston wasn't sure if it had been smart to tell Cambridge, but he wasn't going to deny his feelings or how special Karter was to him. He looked up at his fellow vampires. To all of them, Karter had become so much more than blood.

"Let's go get our wolf back."



Standing outside the club, Weston could smell the blood where the dot still blinked, claiming Karter was there. Cambridge came with five other vampires, making their numbers nine.

"This is where your wolf is?" Cambridge asked.

"Can we go in?" Braydon asked.

The front door was broken, and they all entered. "Getting Karter is what's important. You can kill anyone else," Weston said.

Everyone nodded. Spreading out, Weston went for the area that smelled most of blood. He wasn't the only one with the idea to follow the stench of blood. As he went down the stairs and got closer, the more worried he got for Karter. He opened the door, hoping to see Karter sitting there waiting for him.

That wasn't the site that greeted him. A ghoul stood over a bloody, curled-up ball on the floor. Weston saw red as he realized the balled-up, bloody mess was Karter. He roared as he went on the attack. The ghoul turned and noticed Weston, fear and shock on his face. The room quickly filled with the others as they killed the two humans in the room.

Out of nowhere, dozens of rogues were attacking them. The ghoul tried to run, but Weston caught him, slamming him into the ground.

He wanted to tear the ghoul to pieces. He heard the noises of everyone else fighting the rogues.

"Wait! Don't kill me, Prince Weston," the ghoul pleaded.

Weston pushed its face harder into the ground.

"Without me, the wolf will die," the ghoul rushed out.

Weston stopped instantly. He turned to look at Karter. He was still on the ground and hadn't moved even with all the noise and movement around him. He stayed laying there, curled up into a ball. Weston watched Braydon make it over to Karter. Braydon's scared eyes locked with Weston's.

"What did you do?" Weston asked.

The ghoul shuttered and tried to make himself seem small. "Poiso—"

Weston saw red. The next thing he knew, Cambridge was next to him, trying to get his attention. Weston turned his eyes to look at Cambridge, the anger and fear he felt overpowering.

"Calm down. He's dead and we need to save your wolf."

Weston looked to his bloody hands and then farther to the blood pile in front of him. He couldn't even call it a corpse. He'd shredded the ghoul's body to pieces until it was no longer recognizable.

Cambridge once again pulled on Weston's shoulder. Weston quickly turned and moved to be next to Karter. Where he still lay.

Why hadn't Eddison, Axel, or Braydon picked Karter up?

He looked around, finding all the vampires on the ground. Only Cambridge and himself still up.

"They can't move with how much power you're releasing."

Weston had lost complete control of his power. Looking down at the crumbled mess of Karter, he reeled all his power in. Gaining the control he needed in order to help Karter. Back in control, Braydon was up and next to him, reaching out to touch Karter. Just as Braydon's hand touched Karter's hair, Karter flinched away, trying to roll in the opposite direction.

"Karter," Braydon called out.

There was no reaction from their wolf.

Eddison and Axel moved to the other side of Karter. They all looked down at him. He was naked

with bruises and cuts all over his body. Nothing was healing. Weston touched Karter's shoulder gently. Karter flinched as if Weston had burned him and tried to curl further in on himself.

"Karter. Please, we're here to get you," Braydon tried again.

No reaction.

Eddison touched Karter's wrists where they were so tightly bound that Karter's fingers were purple. He removed the bondage, and Karter still didn't move. Axel touched Karter's hair where there were patches missing and bloody spots. Weston wanted to kill the ghoul all over again. Karter only tucked himself further into a ball, not making a noise. Weston knew Karter was in more pain than he'd ever been in. Axel punched a hole into the ground.

Weston looked to him. He was angry as well, but Axel didn't look up at him. Weston traced where Axel was focused and saw the trail of blood leading from Karter's lower half. Weston clenched his fists. He wanted to kill whoever dared touch Karter and violated him.

"Karter, come on, let's go home," Braydon pleaded.

Weston waited for Karter to respond but there was nothing.

"Get up, Karter," Weston commanded.

He needed Karter to move, to react, to tell them to all fuck off, and that he was okay. Karter moved a little, coming out of the tightly tucked ball only to retuck himself.

Braydon shook next to him, with fury and worry. Weston moved to pick Karter up. As he lifted Karter, the others rose, staying close to him as he moved to leave. They needed to get a doctor if there was poison in his system. It was most likely the cause of Karter not healing. Weston began to walk away when one of the vampires that came with Cambridge stepped in the way. Her head was bowed to Weston. He didn't care, he wanted her out of the way.

"Ummm, before you leave, what do you want us to do with the other wolf?"

Weston stared at her, confused about another wolf. Another one of the vampires that had come with Cambridge carried over a female werewolf with pitch black hair. When the vampire turned, Weston knew the face instantly, it was the same as Karter's.

"We will take her," Weston said.

Eddison moved to grab her from the other vampire. Cambridge stood to the side as Weston left. Weston stopped before leaving.

"We will be in touch, brother. Go take care of your wolf. It is too rare for us to find someone that fits us."

Weston nodded and left with his vampires, Karter and, the female version of Karter.

KARTER

Karter laid against something soft and nearly pillow-like. His body no longer ached, he could feel his fingers, and his shoulders no longer screamed at him.

Was he dying?

"I can hear your heart rate change. Get up."

He had to be dreaming, because it sounded like Braydon was talking to him. But he was in the basement of some old club. If he was, then why did he smell Braydon, Eddison, Axel, and Weston so close?

Fuck, he was losing his mind.

"Braydon, let him rest a little more," Axel said.

Karter shot up, eyes open wide, as he looked around the bedroom he was in. Not the basement of the club.

Had it all just been a nightmare?

He ran his hand through his hair, only for him to realize it was short.

"What the fuck? Where's my hair?"

Karter looked to Weston who sat in a chair mere inches from the bed. Eddison stood at the foot next to Axel. Karter turned to find Braydon on the bed next to him. Braydon smiled at him but frowned when he looked up at Karter's now-short hair.

"Do you remember what happened?" Eddison asked.

Karter did, and if the looks on their faces were an indication, then he hadn't been in a nightmare. It had all really happened. His stomach tightened with the memory.

"Where's Lola?" He needed to go get his sister. She had to be okay.

"She's fine. She's in the other room. She woke yesterday, but she was still weak so she's sleeping now," Eddison said.

Karter started to move, wanting to go see his sister to make sure she was okay.

"We'll take you to see her in a bit," Axel said.

The look of worry he had on his face made Karter a little nauseous. What had happened? He looked to each of them. "Why are you guys looking like you're at a funeral?"

"Karter." Axel moved around the bed, but he looked as if he was lost for words.

"I'm guessing you guys saved me and my sister?"

"Yes," Axel said. "Sor—"

"Don't," Karter rushed in.

If they were the ones to save him, then they probably saw what he'd looked like and guessed what

had happened to him.

"Kar—"

"No." He shook his head. He didn't want their pity. He knew what happened to him, but he didn't want to talk about it.

"Come here," Weston said.

Karter looked over to Weston. He got off the bed slowly and walked over to Weston. He felt out of sorts. They had to know. Was this the part where they said 'sorry we don't want you anymore?' All because he had been violated. Weston lightly touched his hand, and Karter looked down at where they touched. Weston pulled him down into his lap and hugged him tightly.

It had shocked Karter, but he found himself burying his face into the golden strands and holding Weston back. He soon felt the others get closer to him. Weston ran his fingers through the short hair.

"Never leave us again," Weston said.

Karter shuttered as he cried into Weston's hair. "You still want me?" He cried as he asked the question, waiting for the inevitable.

"Dumbass," Braydon said. Karter pulled back to look at Braydon and saw he was crying as well. Karter had never seen Braydon cry before. Braydon was wrapping his arms around Karter. "Of course, we still want you." Braydon kissed him before pulling back.

Eddison moved in front of Karter, a tight smile on his lips as he leaned over and kissed Karter. "You're too important to ever let go," he whispered against Karter's lips. Fresh tears fell as Eddison kissed him passionately.

Then Axel stood in front of him. Karter worried that Axel may not want him anymore. There was anger in his eyes. "Never put yourself in danger like that again. We al— Never again. Promise me, Karter." Axel looked deeply into his eyes.

"I promise," Karter whispered.

Axel's eyes softened as he leaned over to give Karter a kiss. It was so sweet, Karter reached out to keep him there. When they pulled back, Karter was breathless.

"I'm sorry," Karter cried out.

They all moved closer, touching a part of him. Soothing touches. Weston stood with Karter still in his lap, easily lifting him, and walked him back over to the bed. They all got in. Karter curled up next to Weston, Braydon and Eddison on his sides, and Axel covered his lower half. He felt cocooned by his vampires.

His vampires.

He felt safe and cared for within the cocoon. Braydon's fingers dance against Karter's skin. There was nothing sexual about it, but it was comforting.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Axel asked.

Karter closed his eyes. Did he want to talk about it? No. But did they want to?

"Do we have to?" Karter asked, his voice barely over a whisper.

"Not if you don't want to," Braydon said.

Karter—with his eyes still closed—breathed in the scent of all four of them. "It happened, but I wouldn't change it. I wish it never happened, but it did. But if I had to make the choice all over again, I would make the same one. He was going to hurt my sister worse. What kind of brother would I be if I had let that happen?"

All of them tightened around him.

"He will never touch you or your sister again. Or anyone for that matter. Weston shredded him to pieces," Braydon said.

The ball of fear that Karter hadn't realized was there, eased inside of him at knowing the bastard who had hurt his sister and him was dead. And would never again be able to hurt him.

"Thank you," Karter said.

"Nothing to thank us for," Eddison said.

Weston pulled his collar. Karter opened his eyes to look at Weston. "You belong with us. Here."

Karter smiled. Of course he did. He moved closer, pressing his lips to Weston's. Weston claimed his mouth, kissing him as if he needed to reinstate his ownership of Karter's mouth. Karter shivered and moaned from the feeling. He needed it. He needed them all. Weston pulled back, and Karter only had a few seconds to catch his breath before Braydon pulled him in for a kiss. They each took turns kissing him. Soon, hands were touching him, and Karter was once again naked. None of them rushed. They simply kissed and touched. It felt good and it felt right.



Karter stood outside the door where his sister slept. He had finally extracted himself from the pile of bodies. He'd finally found out what happened to vampires when the sun rose. They slept without breathing. He thought they turned to stone, but he'd been wrong. When he'd tried to extract himself from the bed, Weston's hand had stopped him.

His eyes had opened, and Karter had nearly freaked out. A white film had covered Weston's eyes. He'd quickly calmed down when Weston had just held his arm, not pulling or hurting him. He'd told Weston that he was going to see his sister and that he would be back. As if it had been the secret words, Weston had closed his eyes and let go of Karter, all without saying a word.

He knocked on the door. Seconds later, his sister opened it and jumped into his arms when she saw him.

"Karter," she cried as she held him.

Karter fell to the floor with his sister in his arms, clutching her tightly as they cried. They sat there, shaking and crying, while holding each other. Karter missed his sister, and more than anything, he was happy she was okay. Well, okay physically. He had no idea how long they sat there holding each other, but all too soon, Lola was pulling back and wiping the snot and tears from her face.

Even with a red nose and red-rimmed eyes, she still looked beautiful. "You okay?"

She sniffled but nodded. "Yeah, I'm okay. What about you? Your vampire guards aren't letting you leave their sight?"

Karter laughed. "They aren't guards, and it's morning. They are, um, sleeping."

She nodded. They sat there in silence, unsure of where to begin. "So, if not guards, what are they to you?"

Karter stared at her. "Ummm, I think my boyfriends."

"All fucking four of them?" she asked.

Karter laughed at the surprised look on her face.

"Wow, four vampires. How does that even work?"

He smirked at her. He opened his mouth to tell her *exactly* how it worked, because it had just worked a few hours ago.

"Never mind, don't tell me. I don't want to know the details of my brother's sex life."

He pulled Lola into another hug. He'd missed his sister so much.

"Hey, everything's okay. Your vampire boyfriends totally saved us and brought us to the biggest

fucking mansion. And we are okay. Right?"

He felt tears against his shoulder as she cried, and he tightened his hug and held her as she cried. He smoothed her hair down as she shook in his arms. "Yeah, we're okay. Weston made sure that crazy man will never get to us again."

She nodded and continued to cry, and Karter continued to hold her. He had no idea what she'd really gone through for the days that she'd been held captive. But he knew his sister was strong, and he would be there for her no matter what.

They sat on the floor for a while until Lola had stopped crying, but they still clutched each other. Until Lola's stomach rumbled. Karter laughed.

"Not funny, I'm starving," Lola said as she snuggled closer to him.

"Well then, let's go eat." Karter started to get up off the floor, Lola still clinging to him

They walked into the kitchen. "Holy balls. This place is huge."

Karter nodded, knowing exactly what she meant. He'd been living there for a while and the place was still huge to him. He went straight to the refrigerator. "Too bad Eddison is asleep. His cooking is amazing."

Karter opened the fridge. He smiled to himself. There was precooked food with instructions on how to heat it up. Karter pulled out two plates and went to go warm them, per the instructions.

"Vampires cook? Who would have known."

"Yeah, I know. The first time he cooked I was surprised too."

"So, you have home-cooked meals, live in a huge mansion, and are surrounded by four hot men. Am I forgetting anything?"

Karter turned around to look at his sister. "Yeah. There's an indoor pool, gym, and theater. The backyard isn't as large as the pack lands, but my wolf enjoys running out there." He turned back around and got the food out so they could eat.

"Wow, and you thought 'oh shit, all of this cool stuff is happening to me, let me not call my sister.'"

Karter handed her a plate. He sighed. He'd thought about calling her plenty of times. "I did think about calling you, but I thought it better if I didn't." He shrugged and shoveled some food into his mouth.

She rolled her eyes at him and quickly shoveled some food into her mouth. He led her to the dining room so they could eat. She looked around, admiring everything and all the paintings, but she didn't stop eating to talk so Karter kept eating.

All too soon, their food was gone, and his sister was looking at him. But every time he would look at her, she would cast her gaze somewhere else.

"Just spit it out, Lola," Karter said.

Lola sighed, placed her elbows on the table, and looked at him. "I'm sorry for not fighting for you when Ryker kicked you out. I should have tried harder. We have alwa—"

"It's okay, Lola," he interrupted her.

"No, it's not. We have always had each other's backs, and that day I didn't have yours."

Karter sighed as he looked at his sister. She looked truly sorry, but she honestly had nothing to be sorry about. "You did what was best for you and I'm happy you did. I wasn't thinking about how my actions were putting you in trouble or about how it could have impacted you within the pack. I was so focused on not feeling like I belonged in the pack, that I didn't think about how you fit in so well. In the end, we both found somewhere we belong. It just so happens it's not together."

She looked at him, a small smile on her face. "You really like them?"

Karter rolled his eyes, not playing along with his sister. He got up, grabbing her plate on the way back into the kitchen.

"Come on, this is the first time I've seen you all lovey-dovey. You usually just, you know, hit and never look back."

Karter put the dishes in the dishwasher before turning to face his sister. "Yes, I really like them," he admitted.

She smiled at him and he feared that she would ask more questions about the more emotional side of things.

"So, the pool. Can we go swimming?"

He sighed in relief. "Come on."

They swam for what felt like hours, laughing and just relaxing together. He was glad to see his sister was still able to smile even after everything. He floated in the water on his back, looking up.

"Karter," Lola called out.

"Yeah?"

"I'm marrying Ryker. Do you think he'll still want me?"

Karter couldn't even fathom why he wouldn't want a wolf as strong as his sister. "He would be an idiot not to want you."

"Yeah, that's what I was thinking too." They went silent for a moment longer. They got out of the pool and headed to Karter's room. "I know I said this already, but *damn*."

Karter laughed. "Wait until you see the closet." He opened his closet full of clothes.

"So where are the sweatpants?"

Karter blushed. Weston had taken the last of his sweatpants, and when they'd gone shopping, he hadn't gotten any new pairs.

"I have some jeans." He grabbed the jeans and handed them to her.

She looked at him, shrugged, and went into the bathroom to take a shower and get dressed. Karter waited for her to finish. She soon came out of the bathroom, freshly showered with his t-shirt and jeans. Good thing they were so close in size.

He went into the bathroom next, showering and changing into a comfy pair of pants. He wouldn't call them sweatpants, but they were the closest thing he had to them. He looked at himself in the mirror before leaving the bathroom. His hair was short. He missed his long hair, but he could grow it back out. He stared at himself a little longer, making sure nothing else had changed about him. There was something different, but he wouldn't say it was a bad change. He had a stupid grin on his face that wouldn't go away.

He walked out and sat with his sister. They got into his bed.

"So, what do you do during the day?"

"I'm usually sleeping."

"Oh, is that because they're awake at night?"

He nodded his head, yawning. He was tired. He hadn't slept last night, and only slept two hours that morning before getting up and going to Lola. Lola got under the covers, snuggling into the bed. Karter smiled and did the same.

Karter awoke, hearing his sister crying. He opened his eyes, looking for Lola. She laid next to him, still asleep, but tears fell as she slept. He pulled her close, hugging her.

"It's okay, Lola," he whispered to her as he tried to comfort her.

She woke and hugged him as she cried more into his chest. He held her through it all until she no longer cried.

"Can we go eat some more food?" Lola asked.

"Yeah, come on. Eddison made enough for a pack of wolves."

She laughed and sat up, her eyes red from crying. Karter held her hand, lightly squeezing. She squeezed back and smiled at him. They got up and went to the kitchen. She sat up on the counter as he grabbed more food to warm up. He glanced at the stove for the time. It was late and the guys would be waking up soon.

As if conjured by the thought, Braydon walked into the kitchen. Karter saw how Lola tensed and had to force herself to stay still. Braydon simply acted as if he hadn't seen it, but Karter saw how he moved farther away from Lola.

"What are you eating?" Braydon asked.

"Food. Want some?"

Braydon looked at the plate of food and actually gagged. "No. But you, yes."

Lola laughed. Karter smiled at her before saying to Braydon, "You ate last night."

"I'm greedy."

"Braydon, you're going to end up on mugs again," Eddison warned.

Lola yelped. They all turned to her. "Shit, I didn't even hear you. You guys need fucking bells or something," she said.

"You two are related," Axel said.

Lola yelped again. She gave Karter a look, and he shrugged. He was used to them walking around without noise and popping up randomly.

"I've put in a request for bells, and I have been denied," Karter said. He took the new plate of food to her.

"There's one missing."

"I'm not missing," Weston said.

He looked to Karter but didn't move toward him. Karter realized that all of the guys were in the kitchen—and just moments ago had been surrounding him—but now he stood next to Lola and none of them took a step near him. He looked to Lola who was still a little tense. Karter remembered that the sicko had let rogue vampires feed on Lola. She was probably scared of them. He opened his mouth to ask the guys to leave.

"So, Karter told me the jackass who kidnapped me won't ever do it again. Thanks." She shoved some food into her mouth.

"We're sorry for what happened to you," Eddison said.

"Why? It's not like you were the ones to kidnap me. It was that dirt bag's fault and no one else's."

Weston bowed to Lola. Karter was so stunned by the action that he stood there in shock. "They kidnapped you because another den wanted to take over this territory. They tried to get information in order to destroy us. I am deeply sorry that you were harmed. If I could kill them all over again, I would."

Lola put her plate down and turned to fully face Weston. "Thank you." She got off the counter and walked up to Weston. Her body trembled but she kept moving. Weston looked at her as she drew closer to him. She wrapped her arms around him for a quick hug before backing away. Her body still shook slightly. "You saved us, and you killed them all, and—the most important thing—you care about my brother. Don't feel sorry for it. It's not indirectly your fault or anyone else's but the people who did it. So, no need to apologize. Ever. Sorry, I can't thank you more and hug all of you. It's going to take me some time to get used to being around vampires. Don't worry, I'll be able to get used to it, especially since my brother is with four of them." She smiled at all of them

Karter side hugged his sister. She was the strongest person he knew. She hugged him back, tremors still rocking her body, but she didn't let it stop her.

"I'm going to finish this food and then call Ryker to come to get me." She grabbed her plate, before shoveling more food into her mouth. She looked to Weston. "It's okay if Ryker comes and gets me, right?"

Weston nodded.

All too soon, Ryker was walking into the mansion. As soon as he saw Lola, he rushed to her, squeezing her tight to him. Karter turned to the guys and they left the living room to give Ryker and Lola some peace.

"You and your sister look so much alike," Braydon said.

"They talk alike as well. She uses the word fuck just like Karter," Axel said.

"She eats like him too," Eddison said.

Karter rolled his eyes at them. "We're twins. It's been just me and her for a long time, so we have some of the same habits."

Weston pulled at Karter, and he went willingly. Pressed against Weston's chest, he leaned up for the kiss that he had wanted the moment he saw Weston. He was soon moved to Axel, and they kissed. Karter wrapped his arms around Axel's neck, enjoying the sweet kiss. Braydon impatiently pulled at his hips until he pulled back from Axel. He sucked in air before Braydon's lips were on his. He deepened the kiss with Braydon, sweeping his tongue into Braydon's mouth before nipping Braydon's tongue. He pulled away and looked to Eddison. He moved to Eddison and waited for his kiss. Eddison scraped his fingernails against Karter's scalp as he claimed his mouth, pulling Karter's body close.

There was a knock at the door. Karter ended the heated kiss before it got out of hand and he ended up in bed with all four of his vampires. Braydon opened the door. Ryker and Lola stood there. Lola clung to Ryker like a lifeline, but she had a huge grin on her face as she looked at the vampires and the way Karter was currently wrapped up in Eddison's arms.

"We're going to head out," Ryker said. He stepped forward and offered his neck to Weston.

Karter gasped at the motion.

"I want to say thank you." Ryker held the pose for a little while longer before stepping back and standing next to Lola.

"You're welcome," Weston said.

Karter smiled at his sister.

"Come on, let's go. We just interrupted a fuckfest," Lola said.

Karter groaned. "I'll show you out."

He walked them to the door, and as they walked out, Ryker stopped and turned to Karter. "You're more than welcome back into the pack and to come home."

"No, thank you." He looked to his vampires. "I've found my home."

Lola smiled at him and hugged him one last time before walking away with Ryker, with promises to call each other and that Karter keep his phone charged.

Weston stepped behind him and held him.

"I'm glad you said no. I'm pretty sure we wouldn't have let you leave anyway," Braydon said.

Karter laughed, knowing that it was probably true. They hadn't left his side since nightfall. He was happy to find his place, to now have somewhere he belonged. Bonus that he got four sexy-as-fuck vampires along with it. He smiled as he turned to face them.

"So, whose turn is it to eat?"

The End.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Thank you for reading my book and supporting me. I hope you enjoyed this book and looking forward to the next book. I would appreciate a review if you have the time. Informing other readers your thoughts about this book.

Again thank you for taking the time out to read my book. Hope you have a great day!

Love xoxo

Brea Alepou

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Brea Alepou realized her dream was to write and tell stories after spending five years in college getting a degree. She has since been writing and letting her imagination free. She thought she would only write contemporary at first but soon found her love for making worlds. So now she rights it all. With her wild imagination, expect lots of different stories, from fairies ruling, to vampires killing everyone, to the sweet loving between two men, passion between two fierce women, or the love of multiple partners. She believes that everyone deserves love even if not all of her characters get it right away. Love is passionate, hot, needy, confusing, painful, draining, fulfilling, and all-consuming.

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