



# Fangs for the Help

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**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** Cassi needs the not-so-legal type of help. Desperation drives her to try blackmailing a powerful vampire. She knows it's dangerous, but she's out of options.

What she doesn't expect is for the vampire to make a counteroffer: Cassi spends one night with him and his two men (a gargoyle and wolf shifter) in exchange for his assistance.

It's not a hard choice because the three men are gorgeous and Cassi's single. After it's all over, she can go back to her normal life—or so she thinks!

**Total Pages (Source):** 11

## Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

Cassi tried hard not to look at the men standing on either side of the seated vampire. He was the one she'd come to see, Silas Winter. The other men were his flock and didn't make the decisions. At least according to Jaynie, the harpy mated to her older sister.

At the moment, Silas was holding her tablet and swiping through the images and documentation she'd painstakingly gathered over the last week. She'd planned to take him to court, but now she hoped he would do as she asked instead.

On the wall behind him was a bunch of Valentine's day decorations.

In fact, the whole office building was decorated in pinks and reds.

It was a lot for a holiday that no one got off, but maybe that was the appeal.

She was surprised Silas the slumlord allowed his employees so much expressive freedom.

“As y-y-you can s-s-see, I've enough f-f-for a c-c-class action lawsuit,” she said.

Had she really just stuttered that many words?

She might stutter a word or two here and there, but usually not so much in one sentence.

It had to be the fear and stress. She cleared her throat and focused on singing her words in her head before she spoke.

That usually helped her control most of her stutters.

“If you do as I ask, I can make all this evidence disappear.” Yes!

She did it. Grinning, she caught the eye of the gorgeous brown-haired man to Silas’s left.

He was sitting, no, lounging in one of the chairs.

He was seated at an angle with one leg thrown over one arm rest and his upper body draped over the other arm rest. Unlike Silas and the man to his right, this guy had smiled warmly at her the moment she came in. His amber eyes made her feel welcome.

It made her wish he was the vampire instead of Silas. According to Jaynie, this one was Reed, a wolf shifter, and the other man was Idris, a gargoyle. She didn't know much about either man but they weren't her worry. It was Silas she needed to convince.

Still, it didn't hurt to be polite so she smiled back at him.

“Are you thirsty?” he asked, his slight Texas drawl making him seem even more welcoming. “Silas tends to make people nervous and their throats go dry. We’ve got soda, beer, and all kinds of fancy waters. I could get you one.”

“You’re offering her drinks?” the gargoyle growled. “She’s here to blackmail Silas and you’re treating her like a favorite cousin? What’s wrong with you, Reed?”

Reed gave the gargoyle a quizzical look “You can’t smell her?”

Cassi startled. Did she stink? She’d showered this morning, but it’d been a long day,

and it was nearing ten at night. Then she remembered that wolf shifters had heightened senses even in their human forms.

She felt her face get hot and all she wanted to do was snatch her tablet from Silas and run away.

“Don’t be upset,” Reed said, shifting position until his elbows and part of his chest were resting on the table. He was so close she could see gold flecks in his amber eyes. “You don’t smell bad, I promise. Very much the opposite. You smell good enough to eat.”

That was not reassuring. Her earlier embarrassment morphed into fear.

“Please don’t kill me,” she whispered.

Reed looked confused as he sat back in the chair. Grabbing the arm rests, he lifted his body and folded his legs under him.

“Now you smell afraid,” he said. “Please don’t be afraid. That’s a bad smell.”

Fear had a smell? She was learning all kinds of things about the magical community tonight that she could have happily never known.

She had nasty BO.

She also has a stinky fear smell.

Great, the only thing to top this off would be for Silas to sink his fangs into her and say her blood tasted like sour milk.

“Reed, what do you smell?” Silas asked, reaching over and cupping the back of

Reed's neck. The wolf shifter made a happy humming sound at Silas's touch, his eyes fluttering closed and his body melting into the chair.

"She smells like mine," he said without opening his eyes.

She smelled like his? That made no sense. Could wolf shifters be on drugs?

"I'm s-s-sorry, Mr. Winter," she said, moving her gaze back to Silas. "I must be w-w-wearing a product that's affecting Mr, uh, R-R-Reed."

When Silas's dark eyes met hers, she could've sworn they had a tint of red to them. "I don't think that's the issue, Cassiopea Miller."

She wasn't prepared to hear her full name pronounced in such a sensual way. The syllables dripped from his lips like rich chocolate syrup.

"Maybe I sh-sh-should g-g-g-go," she said and stood up. Suddenly, the gargoyle was behind her, blocking her exit.

"Silas didn't say you could leave," he grumbled in an impossibly low voice. The man was probably around seven feet tall, built like a brick wall, and didn't have any facial hair. No five o'clock shadow or anything. Not even eyebrows! Although his prominent brow ridges gave the illusion of eyebrows.

Falling back down in the chair, she was quick to tell them about her safety net. "If I disappear, all the information I have will be sent to several newspapers, news channels, social justice influencers, and independent journalists."

The gargoyle glared at her. "I doubt that."

"Idris, stop scaring her," Silas commanded. "She's only a little human and not

menacing.”

The change in Idris was swift. He straightened and looked abashed. “She’s threatening you.”

“With a lawsuit,” Silas countered. “That’s not life threatening. What have I said about non-life-threatening threats?”

“Leave them to you,” he grumbled.

“You should shake her hand,” Reed said from his spot on the other side of the table. “You know, kiss and make up. But she’s probably not ready for a kiss so you should shake hands and make up. None of us here should be fightin’.”

She thought Idris would scowl at Reed’s suggestions and tell him to shut the hell up or something, but instead, the gargoyle gave the wolf a fond, indulgent smile.

“Would that make you happy?” he asked Reed.

Reed was almost entirely in Silas’s lap now looking more cat than canine. Silas was running his fingers through Reed’s hair and watching the two of them with interest.

“I’d like you to shake Cassiopea’s hand also,” Silas said.

Were all vampires and flocks this weird?

“If I shake your h-h-h-hand, will you let m-m-me leave?” she asked.

“We still need to discuss what you need from me,” Silas objected. “Shake Idris’s hand and then we can finish talking.”

“Yeah, we can all talk,” Reed agreed, and finished climbing into Silas’s lap. The man moved with such sensual grace it was hard to look away. Did he even have bones?

Oh god, they were kissing. She’d seen men kiss before.

It never bothered her, but it also never turned her on like Reed and Silas.

Why was this so hot? When Silas brought a hand up to grip Reed's jaw and hold him in place, she felt her panties get wet.

Damn, how did the vampire make one move both commanding and loving at the same time?

A massive hand appeared in her line of vision, forcing her to refocus.

“I’m sorry if I scared you,” Idris said, looming over her.

Right, she needed to shake the behemoth’s hand.

Standing up to make herself bigger, she quickly realized that didn’t help much.

Swallowing hard, she looked up at the scowling, intimidating man in front of her.

Hoping he wouldn’t notice how much she was trembling, she eased her much smaller hand into his.

A jolt of static electricity went through their palms, making her gasp and pull away before his fingers had even finished closing around hers. She didn’t get a chance to comment on how strange that was before Idris’s skin started turning a dark steel blue.

Her mouth dropped open as his shirt shredded around a growing chest and horns

budded out of his head.

“Mine!” Idris roared and the world turned upside down. It all happened so fast it took her several seconds to realize that Idris had picked her up and thrown her over his shoulder.

“H-h-help!” she screeched as she watched wings tear through the last of Idris’s shirt.

“Easy, Idris,” Silas said in a soothing voice. “You’re scaring Cassiopeia.”

“We all need to leave,” Idris said, his voice even lower now than when he’d been human. “This place isn’t safe. We need to take her home.”

“K-k-k-kidnapping is-is-is illegal!” she shouted, then realized that was the stupidest thing she could’ve said.

Reed appeared in her limited view, crouching down with wide eyes. “Don’t panic, okay? This is really common with gargoyles. Silas will get him calmed down.”

“Is he going to kill me?” she whispered, blinking back tears. “I don’t want to die!”

Reed shook his head and made soothing sounds. “No, darling. I promise he’s no threat to you.”

“Fine,” Idris grumbled. She’d missed what he was agreeing to, but she soon found herself right side up and cradled against his chest. Then he sat down in a chair facing the table and settled her on his lap.

His naked lap. She’d seen some fully nude statues at museums before but none of them compared to the stone dick currently digging into her backside. Turns out gargoyles can get erections in their shifted form. This wasn’t knowledge she needed



to find out firsthand!

“P-p-please d-d-don’t rape me-me-me either,” she begged, fully crying now.

Idris frowned down at her. “I would never do that. It would hurt you! I’d never hurt you.”

He sounded so affronted; she almost had the urge to apologize.

“I know Idris’s actions were startling, but he didn’t mean to scare you,” Silas said as he sat on the table to her right. He was close enough that if she reached out, she could touch his leg.

“C-c-can I-I-I leave?” she asked, glancing at the door.

Idris growled. “No.”

“Yes,” Silas said, giving Idris a quelling look. “But we need to talk first. If you want to leave after that, we won’t stop you.”

Idris made a grumbling sound but didn’t argue.

“Good luck with that,” Reed said with a chuckle. He was sitting at Idris’s feet with his head resting against the gargoyle’s knee.

Cassi looked down at the wolf shifter and tried to blink back tears. So far, he seemed like the most sympathetic of the three. “I’m sc-sc-scared. C-c-could you p-p-please ask them to let me g-g-go?”

Reed looked up at her with sympathetic eyes even as he shook his head. “Talk to Silas first, okay? He’s a good vampire, I promise.”

What did Reed mean by that? What made a good vampire? They thanked your corpse after they drained you of blood?

Hugging herself, Cassi looked at Silas. “S-s-sir?”

“Silas,” the vampire said. “Please call me Silas.”

“S-s-Silas,” she repeated. “I’m s-s-sorry I bothered you. If-if-if you let me go-go-go I’ll d-d-drop everything. I p-p-promise.”

Reaching behind him, Silas picked her tablet up from the table and held it up between them. “You found a lot of evidence of illegal things in these two apartment buildings. Do you live in one of them?”

“N-n-no, S-S-Silas,” she answered. Fear was making her stutter so bad she was finding it hard to get out more than a word or two without stumbling over the syllables.

Maybe they’d get annoyed with her and let her go.

“I’m a p-p-paralegal w-w-working for Equal Under the Law.

It’s a-a-a non-profit that helps p-p-people with legal issues.

S-s-several of the tenants came in-in-in a few weeks ago l-l-looking for a way to-to-to make the managers c-c-clean up the properties.

We-we-we were going to help them file l-l-lawsuits after the-the-the managers threatened to evict them. ”

“But you decided to come here and try to blackmail me instead?” Silas asked. There

wasn't even a hint of anger in his voice, only curiosity. "What did you hope to get from me?"

"H-h-help," she whispered. "My sister joined a c-c-cult. I-I-I think she's b-b-being h-h-held against her will, but no-no-no one w-w-will do anything!"

"I'll go get her," Idris said, his deep voice making his chest vibrate and send shivers down Cassi's spine. How had she forgotten she was sitting on the gargoyle's lap? "I can bring her to you and keep you both safe," he promised.

He seemed to like the word safe because he used it a lot. Not that it mattered as long as he planned to rescue her sister.

"Th-th-thank you, uh, Idris?" she whispered, feeling hope flower in her chest. "I'll p-p-pay you all the money I have. And you can have my c-c-car or anything else I own."

Silas made a humming sound, drawing their attention. "Perhaps not just yet."

"W-w-what?" Cassi pointed to Idris. "He s-s-said he could do it. You c-c-can't t-t-tell him he c-c-can't."

"Silas is very smart, it's important that we listen to him," Reed commented, shifting his body a little so he was resting his cheek on her thigh instead of Idris's knee.

Cassi wasn't conscious of moving her hand to pet his head until she felt his soft hair under her fingers.

Now he reminded her of a sweet dog looking for affection.

"I'll retrieve your sister," Silas agreed. "But it won't cost you money."

“W-w-what do you w-w-want?” Cassi whispered, pulling her attention from Reed to Silas.

“You,” Silas answered succinctly.

Cassi wasn’t sure she understood what he was asking. “M-m-me?”

“For an entire twenty-four hours,” Silas explained. “You’ll come home with us tonight. Spend a full night and day at our home. If you agree, I’ll get your sister away from the cult. She can come stay with me—”

“My p-p-parents house!” she said. The last thing she wanted was for Andi to trade one prison for another.

Silas didn’t blink. “Very well. I’ll have her taken to your parents’ home. At the end of it, you’ll be free to leave.”

Oh, now she understood. They wanted a girl for the night. There was no need to think about her answer. What was her virtue compared to her sister's safety?

“Y-y-yes,” she whispered, closing her eyes. “I agree.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

She didn't know what to expect after she accepted Silas's offer, but it wasn't for Idris to wrap his massive arms around her and give her a gentle hug. The vampire pulled out his phone and started tapping on it quickly while Reed kept his head on her lap and let out a purring sigh.

"You'll like the house. It's well fortified with wards." Idris's gravelly voice sounded surprisingly happy.

"We've got an amazing kitchen," Reed said from her lap. "Have you eaten dinner? I can make you something. If you tell me what you like, I can have the ingredients delivered to the house by the time we get there."

"It's after ten at night," Idris grumbled. "She should've eaten dinner hours ago."

Reed wasn't deterred. "If she already had dinner, then I can make us all a late night snack." He lifted his head to give Silas a salacious grin. "And I can be part of the snack."

Silas snorted but didn't look up from his phone. "You're my most favorite snack, Reed. If you're a good pup, I'll make you scream later."

"I'm always good," Reed purred, sliding his gaze to Cassi.

"When are we leaving?" Idris asked, looking at Silas. "Cassi's human, she's probably tired and needs rest."

Silas didn't look up from his phone. "Ask Reed to get the car, and he can call us

when he's out front."

With fluid grace, Reed stood up and touched the brim of an imaginary hat.

"I'll go fetch the car, gov'ner!" he declared in a very bad, but jaunty, British accent.

Then he leaned over to look her in the face.

"Please don't worry about your sister, okay?

Silas will take care of everything. He's good at that. "

Before she could think of an answer, Reed was gone. No sooner had Reed disappeared through the door than Silas's phone rang.

"The reception in here is horrible, and I need to take this," he said. "I'll meet you out front."

Answering the phone he walked out of the room. Now it was only her and Idris.

Idris was searching the floor. "It's got to be here somewhere. I hope I didn't step on it—there it is!"

She looked over to see what he'd found. It was a cell phone sitting among pieces of shredded jeans. As she watched, a long tail curled around the phone and lifted it up to deposit it into Idris's clawed hand.

She was transfixed by that tail. Without thinking, she reached out to touch it. The appendage went perfectly still as she ran her fingers over the blunt end.

Slowly, the tail slid over the back of her hand and wrapped around her wrist and

palm. It was incredibly warm, and she could feel the ropes of hard muscles under the soft skin.

“Unlike my claws and horns, my tail isn’t a weapon,” he murmured. “It’s for balance and acts as an extra hand when I need it.”

She started stroking the tail with her other hand. “I bet you n-n-never t-t-take more than one t-t-trip to carry in groceries.”

He laughed. “Never. But honestly, Reed does most of the grocery shopping. He loves cooking and feeding me. With you, he’ll have even more people to shop and cook for.”

The conversation was strangely normal considering she was currently sitting on a gargoyle's lap and petting his tail.

Idris’s phone buzzed. “That’s Reed, he’s waiting for us out front.”

Before she could say anything, Idris gathered her in his arms and stood up, cradling her against his broad chest.

“I’m going to carry you,” Idris said. It sounded final so she didn’t protest.

Silas had left the door to the meeting room open, so Idris was able to talk right out and down the hall to the open stairs. Feeling the cooler air reminded Cassi of all the ruined clothing on the floor behind them.

“You’re n-n-naked!” she reminded him, wiggling a little in his arms. Then she realized that wasn’t the most shocking thing going on. “And you’re a gar-gar-gargoyle! We can’t go outside l-l-l-like th-th-this.”

He didn't loosen his hold on her. "No one will see me. Vampires and gargoyles have magic that naturally obscures our shifted forms. I won't be noticed."

"Does that mean th-th-they're going to see me floating in th-th-the air?" she asked, calming down.

"They won't see you either," he explained. "My aura is enveloping you."

By now, they were at the glass doors at the front of the quiet office building.

There was a security guard sitting behind a desk, but he didn't even look up from his phone.

The automatic doors slid open and beyond them was Reed standing next to a large SUV holding a back door open.

Silas was already in the front passenger seat talking on his phone.

"Thanks," Idris said as he climbed in with her still in his arms. She could see the vehicle had been modified so Idris could fit even in his gargoyle form.

There seemed to be a row of seats missing, giving the gargoyle plenty of room to stretch out his legs.

He still had to hunch down a little to keep his horns from hitting the ceiling though.

Reed gently closed the door and hurried around the vehicle to the driver side. Silas finished his call as Reed started up the SUV. The vampire didn't look up and went back to texting with a slight frown.

"We only live about fifteen minutes from here," Reed said as he maneuvered out of



the parking lot.

“It’s a nice property. Before I found Silas and Idris, I was livin’ in a house with three other pack members.

It was fun, but a little crowded. Now I’ve got all the space, but it can get a little quiet when both the guys are busy.

It’ll be nice to have another person there. ”

“I-I-I-I’m only going to b-b-b-be there for one n-n-night,” Cassie pointed out, frustrated at her stuttering. This was the worst.

Reed wasn’t fazed by her reminder. “We’ll see. I notice you stutter. It doesn’t bother me, but I can tell it upsets you. Is there anything I can do to help besides telling you I don’t think it’s a big deal?”

Cassi blinked, surprised by Reed's question. Most people got impatient and tried to finish her sentence for her. She’d even had people get annoyed and walk away in the middle of a conversation.

She’d been asked if her stuttering was caused by childhood trauma or a blow to the head.

No one had simply accepted her and asked what they could do to make her more comfortable.

“I can see you're surprised by Reed’s question,” Idris said. “That makes me sad that you haven’t been treated with the kindness you deserve. None of us care about the stuttering. Everyone has a unique speech pattern, this is yours.”

“I’ve got a bit of Texas twang,” Reed agreed. “And when Silas gets pissed, he’ll get this really thick accent that reminds me of a Lebanese fellow I knew.”

“It’s true, we don’t mind how you speak,” Silas said, finally looking up from his phone. “The only thing that concerns me is if it’s happening because you’re afraid of us.”

Reed stopped at a red light, then looked over his shoulder at her with a frown. “Are we scarin’ you?”

“Not much,” she said, knowing better than to try and say little right now. She had trouble with that word at the best of times. At the moment, words starting with Ls, Ts, and especially Ss weren’t her friends!

“Yeah, I guess that’s not surprisin’,” Reed said, looking upset. “I don’t suppose sayin’ we’d never hurt you would help. We’ll just have to prove it.”

The light turned green, and Reed refocused on driving while keeping up a running commentary about the house and neighborhood. Soon, they pulled up to an intimidating security gate that slowly swung open for them. She wasn’t sure what she expected, but a miniature castle wasn’t it.

It didn’t look like the warm and sociable Reed belonged here, but the place was fitting for Silas and especially Idris. Did he like to stand on the roof looking scary like gargoyles of legend?

“I know what you’re thinking,” Idris said with a sigh. “I don’t need someplace to perch because I turn to stone during the day. I like this place because the crazy guy who built it made the walls of stone two feet thick and even built a massive basement. I asked Silas to buy it because the place is easy to defend and hard to destroy.”

“Don’t feel bad, darlin’,” Reed said with a chuckle as he parked in the front of the castle. “Everyone asks about Idris and perchin’ on the roof!”

Had she species profiled Idris? “S-s-s-sorry,” she whispered.

“No need to be sorry,” he assured her. “Even those who were born into our world ask. I blame the old cartoon.”

She nodded her head as Silas got out and opened the door for her and Idris. He’d finally put away his phone and had a satisfied expression on his face.

“Don’t be intimidated,” he said. “It’s very different on the inside.”

She nodded but didn’t say anything. Idris easily got out of the SUV with her still in his arms. She knew it was probably pointless, but she tried again.

“I can walk,” she said, surprised she didn’t stutter.

To her surprise, Silas spoke up. “You should put her down, Idris. It might make her feel more comfortable.”

“No,” Idris said, turning slightly away as if Silas was going to pull her away from the gargoyle.

“Idris,” Silas said. His tone sounded very much like a father gently insisting his child be polite. “Please, do as I ask.”

The gargoyle let out a sigh, then slowly lowered her to her feet. She stumbled a little, surprised to find her legs were slightly wobbly.

“Easy,” Silas murmured, grabbing her arm to steady her. “Maybe I shouldn’t have

insisted Idris set you down.”

Being carried by Idris hadn’t been a bad experience, but it felt nice to stand on her own feet.

“I’m f-f-fine,” she promised, trying to smile up at him. It must not have been a convincing smile because his concerned expression turned into a frown.

She felt movement at her back and turned to see Idris swooping in to pick her up again. She reacted instinctively.

“No!” she stated firmly, pulling her arm out of Silas’s grip and stepping back.

The gargoyle flinched back as if she’d threatened to hit him. “I was only going to carry you,” he said plaintively.

Reed came up behind the giant and jumped on his back. Wrapping his arms around the gargoyle's neck, the wolf shifter nuzzled the base of a horn. “I know I ain’t all delicate and pretty like Cassi, but you can carry me!”

The gargoyle's hurt expression exploded into a smile. He reached back to grab Reed and flipped him over his shoulder. He didn't let the wolf fall. Muscles bulged as he shifted Reed around until the shifter was cradled against Idris’s chest just as Cassi had been.

Reed smiled and snuggled close. “This is the best,” he declared.

Watching this exchange helped Cassi relax. Reed was delightfully energetic, like a big puppy. Instead of being annoyed by his antics, Idris was patient and loving. It was the kind of relationship she’d always wanted but hadn’t found.

“Everyone inside,” Silas said, wrapping his warm hand around her upper arm again. The touch was comforting instead of forceful and made Cassi want to press against his side.

How had she gone from being terrified to relaxed in less than an hour?

At Silas’s words, Reed gave Idris a quick kiss, then bounced out of the gargoyle’s arms. “I think you’re gonna love the blue room!

” he declared as he bounded up the short flight of stairs to the front door.

Pushing open the massive wooden double door, he rushed up a grand staircase.

“Let me go check to make sure everything’s good.

I’ll meet you guys in the kitchen. I’m hungry so that means we’re all eatin’! ”

“Reed’s love language is food,” Idris said as he walked to her other side.

“Woah!” she gasped. In the few moments she hadn’t been looking at him, he’d shifted back to his human form.

With the shift, the bit of cloth still clinging to his frame had dropped away and made him seem even more naked.

Cassi knew her face was bright red as she forced herself to look straight ahead. “You might want t-t-to put c-c-clothes on.”

“I guess I could,” Idris agreed, sounding confused.

“I’ll be right back.” Then he bounded up the stairs after Reed.

Cassi gave herself permission to watch those muscles flex as he took three stairs at a time.

She was actually surprised his dick didn't smack the floor as he went because his human form was almost as well-endowed as his gargoyle form.

"I can assure you that they're both equally beautiful when they're naked," Silas murmured. "It takes my breath away every time I see them flushed with desire and moaning. My gargoyle and wolf are the most beautiful men I've ever known, and I've met a lot of people in my long life."

It was both titillating and sweet to hear Silas talk this way.

"You're nice too," she said. It was true, Silas might not be as handsome as Reed or as big as Idris, but he exuded a comforting charm that put her at ease. The way he treated Reed and Idris with tender firmness made her think of a benevolent father figure with plenty of naughty daddy thrown in.

Wait, where did naughty daddy come from? And more importantly, was it accurate to Silas?

Did he do the ordering around in bed? What kinds of things would he command them all to do? Her mind filled with X-rated images that might make some porn stars blush.

"I'd love to know what's going on in your head right now," Salis murmured as he led her down a hall. "Your heartbeat had been steady since the car ride, but it suddenly sped up."

"N-n-nothing!" she denied.

“If you tell me, I can make sure it comes true,” he said.

She shook her head. If he did even half the things that popped into her head, she might not survive the night. At least she’d die with a smile on her face!

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

“Are you sure you don’t want more?” Reed asked as he finished off his second helping. Cassi looked down at her empty plate, surprised to find she’d eaten all of it. Her stomach had been too upset to eat all day, but not anymore.

The size of her meal was nothing compared to Idris’s. He’d eaten four heaping platefuls. Feeding the gargoyle must be a big job, but Reed seemed to love it.

“Cassi?” Idris said. “Are you feeling okay? Is the food upsetting your stomach?”

“Hey, my food is great!” Reed objected in an overly dramatic tone.

“Cassi’s human,” Idris argued. “There might have been something in there that’s bothering her.”

Now Reed looked annoyed. “Spaghetti with Bolognese sauce is human food!”

“But did you cook it long enough?” Idris asked. “You and I can tolerate a lot of things that could make humans sick.”

Reed’s eyes narrowed, and he looked like he was about to launch himself across the table at Idris. “What are you sayin’ about my food?”

Idris finally seemed to realize he’d upset Reed. “I love your food, but it took a few years for you to get the hang of cooking. Remember that time you didn’t cook the chicken long enough? You got really sick.”

“Enough,” Silas said, interrupting Reed and Idris. Once they both went quiet, he



focused on her. “Cassi, is there a problem?”

“N-n-no problem at all!” she said quickly, casting worried glances around. This was the first time she’d seen Reed anything but cheerful or reassuring. Did the two men ever get into physical altercations?

She shivered at the thought of all the damage they could do if they got into a fight.

“I was only s-s-surprised that I ate everything,” she continued. “I didn’t realize I was so hungry.”

Idris looked at her plate then back to her. “You thought that was a lot? Are you sure you’re eating enough?”

Reed’s irritation vanished. “Good point, Idris. I thought it was a snack, but if that was what she considered a meal, it’s not enough. I could make her lots of small meals to eat throughout the day. I’ve heard that’s better anyway.”

“Maybe we could also talk to a nutritionist,” Idris said, then looked to Silas. “Can you hire one?”

She yawned as they talked about her as if she wasn’t there. The late hour, stress of the day, and full belly were all making her sleepy. That was probably why their conversation wasn’t irritating her.

“Those are concerns for later,” Silas said. “I think Cassi might need to rest for a while.”

All eyes turned to her mid yawn. Covering her mouth with both hands, she blinked at everyone and snapped her gaping jaw closed the moment she was able.

Standing up, Silas moved to her side of the table. “Let me show you to your room,” he said, holding out a hand. Idris was quick to get up, pushing his chair back so quickly, it fell with a loud clatter.

“I can carry you,” he said, ignoring the chair.

Reed came around and righted the chair. “I’ll clean up the kitchen later, I’ll go with you guys now.”

“Of course,” Silas agreed. “You can leave the mess until tomorrow if you like. No need to rush back. We need to savor every moment with Cassi.”

Suddenly she wasn’t so sleepy anymore. It seemed it was time for her to pay her part of the bargain. She only hoped Silas would keep his promise and save her sister.

She smiled up at Idris. “I’d like to walk, but th-th-thank you, Idris.”

Idris nodded and held out his hand. Now she had two hands to help her stand. Giving up, she put a hand in each and stood. Neither man let go as they escorted her out of the kitchen and back to the grand staircase.

The thought of having sex with these three men should’ve terrified her, but she was getting nothing but excitement from her nervous system and interest from her lady parts.

In an attempt to distract herself, she looked around as they walked up the stairs.

The entire castle was decorated in the sleek but comfortable Scandinavian style.

It didn’t really match the rough stone walls or high arched ceiling.

“Where are the s-s-suits of armor?” she asked. “And s-s-shouldn’t there be tap-tap tap...wall hangings?”

“There was armor, tapestries, pikes, and all sorts of stuff hanging on the walls,” Reed said.

“The guy who built this in the 1950s recreated an actual castle from medieval England. Then he filled it with fake antiques from movie sets. After he died, his son sold it to Silas with everything inside. It’s all stored in the old stables out back if you want to look through it.

I swear, some of that stuff is haunted.”

“By the sp-sp-spirits of movie extras?” she quipped, surprised when all the men chuckled. Most people were so focused on her stuttering that they never got her jokes.

“That would explain the over actin’ ghosts,” Reed agreed, making her laugh.

“How does a g-g-ghost over act?” she asked.

“Wear several sheets instead of one?” Idris suggested as they turned right at the top of the stairs.

“Maybe they’d sing opera instead of moaning,” Silas offered. They kept coming up with ideas until they got to an open door. As if they practiced the maneuver, Silas and Idris stopped at the door and let go of her hands.

“Here we are,” Silas said. “I had one of my employees pack an overnight bag for you, it’s on the bed.”

“Y-y-ou d-d-did what?” she asked, stepping away from them and into the room.

Crossing her arms over her chest, she stared at Silas and raised an eyebrow.

“I didn’t want you to go without familiar things, so I had an employee stop by your apartment and pack. I assure you she didn’t snoop, she’s very trustworthy. She’s worked for me for years.”

“M-m-my place!” she protested.

“She’s a pixie so she didn’t break anything to get in,” he said, tilting in his head. “Or do you object that she was there at all?”

“That!” she said, jabbing a finger at him.

He looked hurt. “Oh, well, I only wanted you to be comfortable.”

She couldn’t stay mad at that expression. With a sigh she dropped her arms to the side. “Ask next t-t-time. Okay?”

What was she saying? This was a twenty-four-hour deal, there would be no next time.

No more being carried around my Idris, holding hands with Silas, or eating food made by Reed.

It was weird to realize she was going to miss these guys when their time was up.

She’d only been with them for a few hours, and she was already attached.

Rubbing her hands over her face, she pulled in a deep breath and looked around the room. The bed was queen sized and definitely not big enough for the four of them.

“Will you guys be s-s-sleeping in here?” she asked.

Reed laughed and pointed at a door across the hall and about ten feet down. “Our room is right there.”

“Th-th-this isn’t your room?” she asked, confused.

“Of course not,” Silas said, then stepped forward. “It’s almost midnight, and you’re probably used to being in bed by now.”

When he leaned over, she closed her eyes in anticipation of a kiss. Instead, he brushed his lips across her forehead.

“If you need anything, please call for us,” he murmured, straightening up. “Rest now so we can spend the day together.”

Reed and Idris wished her a good night as Silas stepped out of the room. She saw longing looks from all three men, but none of them insisted on staying as Silas softly closed the door.

That was it?

She’d expected to be ravished, but the guys had all left her alone as if she really was a guest instead of a blackmailer. Or was she the one being blackmailed now?

Whatever, it didn’t matter. Throwing up her hands, she grabbed her bag and marched into the bathroom. A shower and comfy pajamas sounded really good right now.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

She was usually a good sleeper, but the previous events would give anyone a bout of insomnia.

Well, she could stay in bed moaning about it as the night ticked by one agonizing minute at a time, or she could head down to the kitchen and make a warm drink.

That had helped in the past, maybe it would do the trick this time.

The pixie who'd packed her pack had thoughtfully included her slippers. Digging them out, she shuffled to the bedroom door without bothering to turn on any lights.

Unlatching the door, she prepared to tiptoe downstairs; the last thing she wanted to do was upset anyone's sleep.

They said they shared the room across the hall, but did Silas sleep there too?

Didn't vampires sleep in coffins, or was that a myth?

He certainly didn't seem like the monster of legend, so the coffin thing was probably fake. If anything, he reminded her of—

"Akk!" she screamed when she turned the knob only to have the door swing violently back. Jumping out of the way, she watched with wide eyes as Idris fell back into the room, Reed half on top of him.

"Woah," Idris said, looking up at the same time he gathered Reed in his arms and rolled back into a sitting position. "I didn't expect that. I guess you didn't either."

“What happened?” Reed asked, looking around blearily.

“You fell asleep in my lap, pup,” Idris explained. “I was leaning against the door, and when Cassi opened it, we both fell in.”

“Oh,” he mumbled, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. Cassi looked past the two on the floor to find Silas sitting in a chair in the middle of the hall. What were they doing lurking outside her bedroom? They must’ve been there for a while if Reed managed to fall asleep.

“Is anything wrong Cassi?” Silas asked, standing up and tucking his phone into his pants pocket. They’d all changed clothes, but Reed and Idris were wearing boxer briefs and t-shirts, and Silas was in another suit.

Now the question wasn’t if he slept in a coffin but if he slept in a suit.

“Couldn’t sleep,” she explained.

“What can we do to help?” Idris asked. “Is the room too cold? I know Reed likes to turn the thermostat way down because he’s always running hot, but we could turn it up for you. Silas and I aren’t affected by temperature.”

“Is the bed too hard?” Reed asked at the same time. “There’s another guest room with a softer bed, we could switch out the mattresses. I thought you’d like this room because it has a full bath, but I didn’t think about the bed until now. I’m sorry!”

She blinked at their rapid words all spoken together. Before she could decipher what they were saying, they started talking in unison again with more suggestions of what might make her more comfortable.

“Perhaps we should give her a chance to answer,” Silas said, cutting them both off.

The men stopped talking and everyone stared up at her, patiently waiting for her to talk.

“I was going to-to-to make a vanilla st-st-steamer,” she explained. Silas and Idris looked confused, but Reed jumped up with an excited expression.

“I can make it for you! We’ve got a super fancy espresso maker so I can even steam the milk properly,” he said, holding out his hand to Idris.

“Coffee seems like a bad idea if you’re having trouble sleeping,” the gargoyle said as he let Reed help him up.

Reed’s muscles flexed, showing clear outlines through his tight shirt.

Then she realized the gargoyle’s shirt was just as tight.

Both men were built, and she fisted her hands to keep from reaching out to touch them.

“A vanilla steamer is steamed milk with vanilla syrup,” Reed explained. “No caffeine involved.”

“Oh, that does sound good,” Idris rumbled. “I think I’d like one too.”

“Great!” Reed said, then jumped at Idris. Idris didn’t hesitate to catch Reed and throw the wolf shifter over his shoulder.

“Pretty!” Reed exclaimed and reached down to grab Idris’s ass. “This is one of my favorite views!”

His antics made her chuckle, then laugh loudly when he slapped Idris’s butt yelling,



“To the kitchen!”

“Behave, pup,” Idris said with a shake of his head and headed down the hall. Silas stepped up and offered her his arm. It was old fashioned, but she found it charming. After she accepted the invitation and wrapped her arm around his, they followed Idris and Reed.

“Before you ask, yes, they’re always like this,” Silas said. “Reed only has two speeds, bouncing off the walls and asleep.”

“W-w-why were you all in the hall?” she asked.

“Waiting for you to wake up,” Silas said.

“Wh-wh-what! Why?”

“I don’t sleep at night, so I told them I’d sit in the hallway in case you needed something or woke up confused,” he explained. “Idris wanted to be there too, and Reed wasn’t going to be left behind.”

That was...insane? Sweet? Considerate? A lot of adjectives flooded her mind, but the one that floated to the top was caring . None of these men were the scary beasts she’d thought they’d be.

By the time they got to the kitchen, Idris was sitting at the table, and Reed was fussing with the espresso machine.

“I’ve got vanilla, hazelnut, cinnamon, and peppermint syrups,” he said without looking around. “Do you want to stick with vanilla or try something else?”

“Vanilla please,” she answered. Silas pulled out a chair for her next to Idris, but the

big man made a soft unhappy sound.

“Would you consider sitting in my lap, Cassi?” he asked. “I won’t grab you or anything. I’ll keep my hands on the table or at my sides.”

Considering she’d thought she was agreeing to wild sex with the three of them and all they’d done so far was feed her and tuck her into bed, the request didn’t seem that inappropriate. If something as simple as sitting on his muscled thighs would make him happy, she wasn’t going to refuse him.

“Sure,” she agreed. Silas made an encouraging humming sound and stepped out of the way so she could climb onto Idris’s lap. Silas took the seat intended for her so once she was settled sideways on Idris, she was facing the vampire.

She could feel heat radiating from Idris through her thin, cotton pajama pants.

She was a little surprised that the pixie who packed her bag hadn’t thrown in the single sexy nighty she’d bought on impulse and had yet to wear.

But no, there was a change of clothes, her toiletries, and a very plain set of pajamas.

Cassi was still trying to figure out if that was a good or bad thing.

“Are you comfy?” Idris asked, one arm at his side and the other resting on the table in front of him.

“You’re n-n-nice and warm,” she murmured and gave in to the impulse to snuggle against his chest. She grabbed one of his arms and wrapped it around her. “Even better.”

He let out a happy sigh. “Yeah, this is good,” he agreed.

All the tension she'd been carrying in her shoulders started to ease. Now if only she could get the aching pain radiating from the base of her neck to go away, she'd be perfect.

"Silas gives really good massages," Idris said, his low voice rumbling through her.

The idea of Silas touching her sounded nice. She looked at the vampire and gave a little nod. Silas smiled brightly as he got up and circled them.

"I'm only going to work on your neck and shoulders," he said as his hands descended on her shoulders.

She hummed with pleasure as he started rubbing out the knots. It felt so good she closed her eyes and relaxed into Idris.

"Darlin'?"

Lazily opening her eyes, she found Reed sitting in front of her with a mug in his hands. "Do you want some of your steamer?"

"Hmmm," she said, but when she tried to lift her arm, she was trapped by Idris's embrace.

"Don't worry, darlin'," Reed murmured, shifting his chair closer. He held the mug up to her lips and carefully tipped it. She took a sip, marveling that nothing had spilled.

Everything about the vanilla steamer was perfect as the first sip slid down her throat and warmed her stomach.

"Nice," she whispered, took another sip, then nestled back against Idris. Beaming, Reed sat back and took a sip from the second mug.

By the time she'd drunk half the steamer, Silas had worked every knot out of her neck and shoulders. She felt more relaxed than she had in weeks and was finally feeling sleepy. She should probably go back to bed, but didn't want the massage to stop.

It turned out her version of heaven had a vampire in it.

"Hey, Silas," Reed said. "Bradly returned your message."

"It's about time," Silas grumbled.

"The man works days," Idris said. "We can't expect him to respond in the middle of the night."

"For the amount I pay him, he should be on call 24/7," Silas responded, then spoke to Reed. "What did he say?"

"He'll schedule the repair crews this weekend, and he'll take over managing the properties until a replacement for Edwards can be found," Reed said, then looked up from the phone. "Do you think he'll be able to get crews in there on a weekend?"

"If anyone can, it's Bradley," Idris said.

Hearing the name Edwards made Cassi perk up. "Edwards?"

"Yes, that Edwards," Silas said and stopped massaging.

Walking around her and Idris, he slid into Reed's lap.

The shifter welcomed him with open arms and a happy expression.

“I need to apologize. I gave Edward full control of those two apartment buildings. They were supposed to be nice places for low-income families, but he was skimming money that should've gone to keeping the buildings safe and comfortable. I didn't know until you brought the evidence to me.”

Guilt hit her. “You d-d-didn't know? I was all set to blackmail you for something that wasn't your f-f-fault.”

Leaning close, Silas placed a kiss on her forehead. “Don't feel bad, sweetheart. You were only trying to help your sister, and I'm the owner. It's my responsibility to know what's going on with my properties. I promise I won't let this happen again.”

It felt natural to tilt her head up and press her lips to his. His hand cupped her jaw as she opened her mouth and invited him to deepen the kiss. With a moan, he swept his tongue inside, making heat rocket through her body and chase away her drowsiness.

“That's beautiful,” Idris said as she felt his cock getting hard under her thigh. “Me next, please?”

Silas broke the kiss, even though she tried to chase after him. “Can Idris kiss you too?”

Feeling dazed, she nodded her head, then turned to the big man.

He was quick to capture her lips. His kiss was more forceful than Silas's, but in a good way.

His arms held her close, with one hand gripping her waist and the other holding onto her hip.

The hand on her waist moved up, putting his fingers closer to her breast. A sudden

ache to be touched there made her moan.

“Idris, stop,” Silas commanded. Cassi made a protesting noise when Idris pulled his mouth away from her.

“More,” she begged and tried to press her lips to his.

“Cassi,” Silas said, drawing her attention away from the gargoyle.

She focused on the vampire's face. “I want more k-k-kisses.”

“And we want to kiss you back, but we also want more. Do you want that, Cassi? Three men touching you? Kissing you? Fucking you? If you’re not ready, we can put you to bed alone, but you have to be honest with us.”

She blinked a few times, then swept her gaze to Reed. The shifter looked hopeful, but also scared. What did he have to be scared of? Turning her gaze to Idris, she found he had a similar expression. Then it hit her—they were scared of rejection.

It made her feel strangely powerful but also privileged to be wanted so thoroughly by these men.

Before tonight, she would've said it was impossible to be seduced with sweetness, but they'd managed it. This might be a one-night stand, but she knew it was going to be the most memorable night she'd ever have.

“Yes,” she whispered. “I want it all.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

She felt and heard Idris growl; the sound sent delicious shivers down her spine.

“I’m going to touch you,” he declared, grabbing her hips and shifting her weight in his lap. Now she was facing front with her legs on either side of his. When he opened his knees, her legs opened wider.

Reed moved between Idris and the table. Pushing the table back with his hip, he sank to his knees in front of them. Her slippers had fallen off, giving him the ability to rest a hand on the top of each foot.

Reed slowly ran his hands up the inside of her pajama pants. When he reached her knees, he couldn’t go any further, but he didn’t seem to mind. He stroked her skin there and leaned forward.

“You smell delicious,” he murmured.

“Th-th-thanks?”

That made Reed huff out a laugh. Idris dipped his head down and nuzzled his face into her neck, softly kissing her. “Reed’s right. You smell luscious to me, and my nose isn’t half as sensitive as his.”

Between Reed stroking his fingers across the back of her knees and Idris’s deep voice murmuring next to her ear, Cassi’s heartbeat kicked up and heat pooled in her belly.

Then Silas was next to her, cupping her jaw and turning her head to look at him.

“You’re wearing a lot of clothes, Cassi,” he murmured, as he leaned over and put his lips near hers. “Idris and Reed are going to take your pajamas off. Then they’re going to touch you with their hands and mouths. If we do anything you don’t like, say something.”

“Silas,” Reed said with a little shake of his head. “That might not work.”

“Ah, yes, your stutter could get in the way of you telling us you’re unhappy. Let’s do this; you can talk or tap one of us, and we’ll all stop. How about that?”

It was true she had a harder time getting words out when she was under stress, but she’d never had any lover be so thoughtful. Either they didn’t say anything, including ignoring any issues with her stutter, or they would say something cruel like “want to f-f-fuck?”

Silas made her feel seen but still sexy.

“Yes,” she said with a tremulous smile. She’d never felt so cared for. “Th-th-thanks Daddy.”

The word slipped out without her thinking about it, making her blush. Silas was such a father figure with the way he calmly organized Idris and Reed, and even her, that the word came naturally to her.

“Daddy?” Silas murmured. “I might like that.”

“If he’s the daddy, who am I?” Reed asked.

“The c-c-caregiver,” she answered.

“He’s always trying to feed us,” Idris agreed. “And he is endlessly asking me if I got



enough sleep. He's definitely the caregiver."

"What about Idris?" Silas asked.

She petted one of Idris's arms. "The protector."

"We've got a daddy for discipline and guidance, a caregiver for physical needs like food, and a protector to keep us safe," Reed murmured. "I'm going to say that makes you the precious one who gets all our attention."

Silas held her jaw still with his lips almost touching hers. "Very precious," he murmured. Then he slotted his mouth against hers. She opened for the kiss, moaning when he invaded her mouth.

As he kissed her, Idris unbuttoned her top and tugged it off her shoulders and down her arms. Cool air washed across her skin, making her nipples bead.

After dropping her top to the floor, Idris gripped her waist and lifted her off his lap.

Reed gripped her pajama pants legs and drew them off her.

Now all she was wearing were her panties.

Idris continued to hold her up as if she weighed nothing as Reed slid the first finger of each hand into the waistband of her panties, but didn't draw them off.

"Today might be Valentine's day, but it feels like Christmas," he murmured as he put his face to her belly.

Starting above her belly button, he left a trail of kisses down her abdomen until he got to the cotton of her panties.

She felt him slowly draw the fabric down and kiss the flesh revealed.

When he got to her pubic hair, he made a happy sound.

“Perfect,” he whispered and nuzzled into her sex.

Once her panties were around her thighs, he finished pulling them down in one quick motion.

The moment he was done, Idris set her back down.

Reed put a hand on either thigh, parting them again and pushing them on either side of Idris’s tree trunk legs.

Silas broke the kiss and pulled back. She turned her head to find Reed staring at her sex. She should’ve felt vulnerable, but under Reed’s admiring gaze, she felt sexy and wanted.

Reaching down, she parted her labia. “Hungry?”

With a growl, Reed dove between her legs. She pulled her hand away and braced, expecting him to be rough. His tongue licked along her glistening flesh, gentle and probing. When he found the opening to her feminine channel, he pressed his face close and sank his tongue inside her.

She’d never had anyone do that and gasped at the sensation.

“I like this view,” Idris said. His hands were resting on her waist, but he lifted them up until they were resting under her breasts. “I like watching Reed eat you out. It’s even better because I know I’ll get to taste you later.”

“L-l-later?”

“Do you think we’re going to let you sleep before each one of us has had a turn to make you come?” Silas asked with a chuckle.

Three orgasms? There was no way she could do that in one night!

Idris’s big hands moved up to cup her breasts, making her gasp at the same time as Reed pressed his tongue inside her again.

“I can see by your expression you’re not a believer,” Silas said. “By the morning, you will be.”

The only answer that came out of her mouth was a moan. She arched her back, pressing her chest more firmly into Idris’s hands. The movement had the added benefit of pushing her sex harder against Reed’s face.

Reed ran his hands up the insides of her thighs as he moved his mouth north to suck on her clit. Her body felt like it was on fire!

“More!” she begged.

Idris put his lips to her ear. “More?” he whispered, his deep voice rumbling through her ear, traveling down her spine, and rubbing the inside of her clit where Reed was sucking on the outside. “Do you really want more of this, or do you want me to share?”

He lifted one hand away and then Silas was there, licking his tongue over one peaked nipple. She gasped and reached out to grab his head, but Idris captured her hand.

“Be nice,” he murmured. “No forcing anyone anywhere unless they ask for it in

advance.”

When she could think, she'd have to ask why they developed that rule, but later. Right now, she was too busy going up in flames!

“I-I-I need...I-I-I need...I-I” she gave up talking and focused on pulling air into her lungs. One of Idris's big hands cupped the underside of her jaw and most of her neck. With a gentle grip she knew she could pull away from, Idris held her head still against his chest.

“Don't worry, we're going to give you what you need,” he said as Silas sucked her nipple into his mouth.

She couldn't hold out against Idris's hands, Reed between her legs, and Silas's mouth tugging gently at her nipple.

She came apart.

This was the first orgasm she'd ever had that started as a roaring in her ears. Tingles raced down her body next, almost like sizzling raindrops pelting her in a wave. Then pleasure exploded through her body. She couldn't hold back the scream that ripped out of her.

Idris let go of her jaw and throat to wrap an arm around her shoulders to keep her steady as her climax tightened her muscles and tried to fold her over.

Reed kept working her clit and Silas didn't let go of her nipple while Idris kept one hand on her other breast, running his thumb over the tight nub.

She'd had plenty of orgasms in the past, most of them self-induced, but this made all of them seem like low-calorie diet imitations of what was possible. No other partner

or vibrator had made her scream and convulse.

When the climax finally started to retreat, her body had the structural integrity of Jell-O. She slumped in Idris's hold with a whimper. Reed withdrew from between her legs, licking his lips and looking up at her with immense satisfaction.

"I think she liked it," he said.

Silas gave her nipple one last lick before straightening up. She slid her gaze over to see a prominent bulge in his pants right at her eye level. She could feel Idris's massive erection trapped under her ass. Reed had to be hard even though she couldn't see his crotch.

"Was it good, sweetheart?" Silas asked.

"Very," she agreed, the word coming out as a mumble. She tried again because very didn't cover how amazing she felt. "Excellent. A+, no-no-no notes."

Her words made the men chuckle, and Idris nuzzled her hair. "That was one."

She managed to find enough control over her muscles to straighten and twist her head to look at Idris. "I don't think I c-c-could survive two more."

Idris looked disappointed. "Are you asking to stop?"

He must think she was going to leave him unsatisfied, poor guy! "Not stop, but you need to come too."

Reed huffed. "I don't think so darlin'. Idris and Silas still want their turn."

Now she was confused. "Turn?"

“To make you come,” Idris said, his deep voice full of anticipation. “You’ve got more orgasms in you. I know it.”

“I promise you won’t have to do any work,” Silas said with a chuckle. “We’re in charge of your pleasure tonight. All you have to do is lay back and let us feast on your delectable body.”

Put like that, how could she refuse? “O-o-okay,” she agreed with a little sigh, making Silas beam down at her.

Looking further down, Silas reached out and petted Reed’s head. “Let’s adjourn to the bedroom. The tile floor can’t be good for your knees.”

Reed grabbed Silas’s hand and gave the palm a quick kiss before standing up with a wince. “A soft mattress sounds nice.”

Guilt made her reach for Reed before he could move away. “I’m s-s-sorry!”

He grinned down at her, taking her hand in both of his. “I’m not! But if you really want to make it up to me, I’d love to watch you suck Silas off. He loves a good blow job. Because I’m usually giving them, I don’t get to watch. I wanna watch!”

The mental image of having Silas in her mouth made heat build in her body again. She didn’t think she had any more in there, but apparently she was wrong.

“Y-y-yes!” she agreed quickly, making Silas suck in a breath and Idris chuckle.

“This is going to be so much fun!” the gargoyle said as he stood up and cradled her to his chest. He led the way out of the kitchen with Silas and Reed close behind.

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*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

She wasn't sure what she expected from a room shared by three men. The giant bed wasn't a surprise, but the tidy, modern feel was. She shouldn't be shocked because the room matched the Scandinavian decor through the rest of the castle.

Still, she couldn't help looking around for a coffin. Nope, not even a large body-sized trunk.

Reed rushed past them to pull back the bed covers.

When they were out of the way, he straightened to tug off his shirt and boxer briefs.

She was eager to see him in his full glory but instead of standing up and letting her look, he leapt onto the bed.

He had landed dead center on his back, then flopped out his arms and legs until he was laying spread eagle.

"I'm ready to be ravished!" he declared.

Idris snorted, but Cassi was too busy taking in the very naked Reed to laugh at his antics. The man wasn't as big as Idris, but he was still covered in muscle with a soft pelt of dark hair covering his chest. Her eyes followed the hair down his belly to the thick cock weeping pre-com.

"There's a lot of admiration in that expression," Silas drawled, pulling her attention away from Reed's naked form.

The vampire had unbuttoned his cuffs and was working on the buttons of his shirt.

It seemed to take him forever to finish and finally draw the shirt open.

He pulled it off his shoulders and dropped it on the floor behind him.

Now she finally understood why strip clubs were so popular.

Watching beautiful people undress with deliberate sensuality was captivating.

She couldn't take her eyes off Silas as he revealed himself with tantalizing slowness.

By the time he was finally standing naked in front of her, all she wanted to do was touch him.

She was still in Idris's arms, so she looked up at him.

"D-d-down please!"

"Of course," he agreed and set her gently on her feet. She didn't have time to feel self-conscious about being naked among these beautiful men because Silas was stepping out of his pants. He was close enough to touch, so she did!

Placing both hands on his lean muscled chest, she ran her palms over his pecs, down his abdomen and then finally framed his long, uncut cock with her hands.

"You can touch me anywhere," Silas encouraged, his voice tight.

With his permission, she wrapped both hands around his hard dick. Silas sucked in a breath. Idris came up behind her, his enormous cock pressing against her back. The gargoyle wrapped his arms around her and put his hands over hers.



“He likes it this way,” Idris said as he guided her hands to stroke Silas hard around the base, then softer at the tip. Silas’s eyes fluttered closed, and he moaned.

“Hey!” Reed called out. They all looked over to find Reed kneeling on the bed with his hands on his hips looking like a school teacher talking to naughty students. “The bed is over here. Did you guys get lost?”

Idris chuckled. “I think someone’s feeling left out,” he said, drawing her hands off Silas.

She made a protesting sound, but Silas shushed her. “You’ll get to play with all of us once you’ve come again,” he promised as Idris led her to the bed. The moment she was within reach, Reed grabbed her and dragged her the rest of the way onto the bed.

She giggled as he straddled her and rained kisses down all over her face like an enthusiastic puppy.

Then his lips found hers, and her laughter turned into a moan.

Reed broke the kiss at the same time she felt the bed dip.

Looking over, she watched Silas climb on and sit back on his heels next to her.

Beyond him, Idris was completely naked, his giant, hard cock jutting out in front of him.

These men were each beautiful in their own way. Silas with his lean swimmer’s build, Reed with his muscled fluid grace, and Idris with his massive, dense body. She was the kid in the candy shop who got all the best candy!

Instead of getting on the bed behind Silas, Idris moved to the foot of the bed and

leaned over. Grabbing her ankles, he pulled her out from under Reed.

“I wasn’t finished,” Reed protested with a laugh.

“But I want to begin,” Idris said, putting his broad body between her legs. “It’s my turn to make her scream.”

Cassi sucked in a breath as Idris hunched over and kissed the inside of her thigh, working his way up.

Silas was above her now, and Reed was at her head.

When she rolled her head to the side, his dick was right in front of her.

She didn’t even think about it, the need was too strong.

She grabbed his hard length and guided it to her mouth.

“Yes, please!” Reed begged. She licked her tongue across the head, savoring his taste.

After a few more licks, she sucked the tip into her mouth, running her tongue over the ridges around his head and exploring his slit. Reed started to pant. Rolling her eyes up, she saw that his eyes were closed, and his hands were gripped behind his head as if to keep himself from reaching for her.

Idris pressed one of his fingers into her feminine passage, and she cried out around Reed’s cock while tightening her grip on his base. Reed gasped, then moaned, and Idris chuckled.

“This is fun!” the gargoyle exclaimed. “I can touch one and make two react. Let’s see

if we can make it three?”

She felt her empty right hand lifted and placed on something hard. Wrapping her fingers around the object, she quickly realized it had to be Silas’s cock. Heat flared through her. She had a cock in her mouth and one in her hand. She wished it wasn’t Idris’s finger inside her.

She blindly lifted a leg and pressed her heel into Idris’s broad back, trying to encourage him to give her more.

“Are you greedy for more cock?” Idris asked. She worked Reed and Silas with her mouth and hands as if to agree with him. Both men groaned and pressed into her touch.

Idris slid his single finger out and then pressed two in. She moaned, then made a frustrated sound and moved her hips against his fingers.

“Doesn’t this feel good?” he teased as he brought his other hand up to start working her clit. The little nub of nerves was sensitive after the previous orgasm, but his touch was gentle as if he was testing how much pressure to apply.

“I know you want a cock inside you, but you’ll have to be content with this,” he said. “We don’t want to accidentally get you pregnant and there aren’t any condoms,”

“She-she-she—” Reed tried to talk but stuttered over the first word with a shudder. “Oh god her mouth feels good!”

“She what?” Idris asked, his fingers still moving with agonizing slowness on her sex.

“She’s not near her ovulation,” Reed said, his voice a little shaky. “I can smell it. She won’t get pregnant.”

“Reed, pull away,” Silas ordered. Reed whimpered but obeyed without hesitation. At the same time he took his dick out of her mouth, Silas captured both her wrists and held them in the air.

“I wasn’t d-d-d-done!” she protested, trying to tug her hands free.

“You’re going to get all your toys back,” Silas said with a smirk.

“But first you need to answer a question. Can we fuck you without a condom? None of us carry human disease and Reed is sure you’re not ovulating, but the final decision is up to you.

Saying no means we keep using our hands and mouths.

You’re still going to be pleased either way. ”

It was much harder for Cassi to focus on Silas’s words than she expected. Forcing herself to really process what he was saying, she realized the dilemma.

She either trusted them or she didn’t.

Trust meant believing that Reed could accurately tell if she was ovulating, and that Silas was telling the truth, and these preternatural men couldn’t carry diseases she’d normally need to be wary of.

It was true that she was here as payment to save her sister, but she had chosen to have sex with these men, none of them had pressured her. Even now, she knew that if she tapped or said no, they would all back off and let her leave.

In the end, she had to go with her gut. Every instinct in her was screaming that she could have absolute faith in these men. They’d never willingly disappoint her.

For tonight at least, she was their queen, and they were going to worship her.

Feeling in control and powerful, she met Silas's gaze. "I wa-wa-want it all."

Silas smiled down at her, his fangs showing. "Then that's what you'll have."

Idris's hands rubbed up and down the insides of her thighs a few times while Reed shuffled back into place. She moved her head back into position and greedily sucked him into her mouth while snapping the fingers of her other hand to demand Silas put himself back in her hand.

While this was happening, Idris shifted her body a little, then she felt the tip of his dick probing her entrance. He eased himself in, hissing out a breath.

"She's so fucking tight, I won't last."

"You'll last." Silas's words sounded like a demand.

"I'm not gonna last either," Reed said.

"Both of you can climax when she does," Silas said. His words seemed to have some kind of power because Reed and Idris shook and moaned.

"You need to come for me baby," Idris said as he started pushing inside her. One hand let go of her thigh, and his thumb found her clit. He rubbed with even, smooth pressure, even after he finally filled her to the hilt with his massive dick.

He was big, but to her utter shock, it didn't hurt. She felt full and needy, but there was no pain, not even an uncomfortable stretching. It was as if her body had magically adjusted to allow for maximum pleasure.

Maybe that's what happened, he was a gargoyle after all. It's not as if she knew all the different ways their magic affected the world around them!

Groaning with pleasure, she sucked harder on Reed, working his dick with more intensity.

"I think she wants you to move," Reed said, voice trembling. She paused to give him a little nip at the tip in agreement. "Oh yeah, she wants you to move!"

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

Idris kept his thumb in place as he pulled out. With only his tip in her, he thrust in again. That was it! That was the motion she wanted!

She started breathing hard through her nose as Idris set a steady rhythm with both his hips and his thumb. Tension built inside of her, delicious and torturous at the same time. She tried to press her hips up to meet his thrusts, but he moved his hand from her thigh to her belly to keep her still.

“Let me set the pace, baby,” he begged as he kept moving.

“I think she’s close,” Reed said. “Please let her be close!”

Silas tugged at one of her nipples. “Are you close to coming for Idris, sweetheart? Are you going to let him and Reed fill you with cum at the same time? I can promise you Reed tastes good. He’s as sweet as his personality.”

Silas’s dirty talk pushed her over the edge. Idris's hand kept her still, otherwise her spine would’ve bowed.

“Oh fuck she’s gripping me!” Idris cried out. “It’s like her pussy is milking me. I can’t hold back!”

“Me too!” Reed whimpered. In the midst of her orgasm, Cassi went still, but Reed kept his hips moving to simulate what she’d been doing earlier. He never went too deep, and when he filled her mouth with cum, she was startled to find that Silas’s dirty talk was true—Reed tasted sweet!

It was only as she started to come down from her orgasm that Reed pulled away from her. He had collapsed down with his face near hers, kissing the side of her face between pants.

Idris was still going, but his pace became irregular. He threw his head back and howled as heat filled her. It was a new sensation, and she scrabbled for something to grab as a small orgasm was triggered.

“Easy,” Silas murmured, grabbing her hands and gripping them in his own. “Don’t fight the pleasure.”

Fight the pleasure? There was no fight in her, only a brain addled from sex.

Breathing hard, Idris gently pulled out of her and sat back on his heels. She opened her eyes to find him staring at her fully exposed pussy.

“You’re dripping my cum,” he whispered. “It’s so beautiful. If I could, I’d fill you up again and again.”

Yes, she liked the sound of that. She wanted him to do this to her again. And she wanted to suck Reed dry of sweet cum and...

Wait, poor Silas was still unsatisfied!

“My turn,” the vampire said, as if reading her mind. “Idris, I want you to move to the head of the bed and sit up against the headboard. Reed, I want you to lay between Idris’s legs with the top of your head against his balls.”

Both men languidly moved to obey Silas. Feeling boneless, she stayed where she was and watched, interested to see what Silas had in store for them. When he grabbed her by the hips and flipped her on her belly, she let out a little cry of surprise.



“What...?” She couldn’t get a full sentence out, so she gave up and let him figure it out.

“I said it was my turn,” Silas reminded her. “My turn to claim your orgasm and my own.”

“Can’t,” she whimpered, trying to roll away. “C-c-can’t come again.”

He held her still with a hand pressed to the small of her back. “Are you tapping out? Say no or stop, sweetheart. Anything else is permission.”

Even though she was sure she couldn’t climax again, she didn’t want to stop. It was all too delicious. She let out a long sigh.

“Okay.”

“Very good,” Silas said and petted his hand down her back a few times. “I’m going to fuck that sopping wet pussy, sweetheart. I’m going to add my cum to Idris’s, then you’ll be full of all three of us. Reed in your belly, and Idris and me between your legs. Now, up you go.”

He lifted her onto all fours. Her arms and legs felt like Jell-O, but when he moved her up the bed and over Reed, he was quick to support her.

“Oh, there are some gorgeous tits in my face,” Reed said. “Tell me I get to play with them.”

“Of course,” Silas said. “That’s why I wanted this position. Idris, it’s your job to keep her mouth busy.”

“My pleasure,” the big man said and leaned his face close to her. “Can I kiss you,

pretty human?”

She nodded her head, then gasped when Reed sucked a nipple into his mouth. Idris used that as an opportunity to capture her lips.

Behind her, Silas moved to press his cock inside her. She was so wet, he slid in easily, making them both groan.

“This is as perfect as I imagined,” he murmured and started moving, thrusting much harder than Idris. “You take me so perfectly, Cassi. Even after Idris, you’re gripping me.”

Even though she could barely hold herself up, Cassi was shocked to find tension building in her body again. No, that couldn’t be possible! There was no way she had another climax in her. Wasn’t there some kind of limit?

Could a girl wear out her clit?

“That’s my Cassi,” Silas said, gripping her hips as he set a fast pace that had his balls slapping against her. “I know you have one more in you.”

Under her, Reed let one nipple pop out of his mouth and went for the other one. He also reached down and found her clit with his finger and gently massaged it from the outside while Silas managed to stroke it from the inside.

Idris broke the kiss and cupped her cheek as he pulled back a little to gaze into her eyes.

“I want to see your face as you come on Silas’s dick,” he murmured. His dark eyes looked like they were glowing. “I want to watch your expression as his cum mixes with mine inside you.”

She had no words. She was transfixed by Idris's eyes as Silas started to breathe hard behind her. Heat blazed through her, and Idris's face blurred as another climax came out of nowhere and shot up her spine like electricity.

She opened her mouth to scream, but she didn't have any breath. Only having Idris's eyes to gaze into kept her from panicking because the pleasure was so strong it almost hurt.

"That's my good girl," Idris rumbled, rubbing her cheeks with his thumbs.

Behind her, Silas cried out and like Idris, she felt him fill her with heat. Her body went taut, and she couldn't have moved if she wanted to.

For a timeless moment they all hung there, lost in each other's bodies and pleasure. Then she lost control of her limbs and collapsed on top of Reed.

Reed quickly gathered her and rolled them both on their sides. "Poor human, I think we wore her out."

She wanted to tell them they had, but in the best way possible. Unfortunately, she was asleep before she could get a single word out.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

The sound of an old-fashioned awooga car horn woke Cassi from a deep, dreamless sleep.

Recognizing her mom's ring tone, she sat up, or tried to.

Her back was snuggled against Reed with Silas facing her.

Both had their arms draped over her with Idris locking the three of them together with one of his big arms.

"Make it stop," Reed groaned, and tightened his hold on her.

"Up!" Cassi demanded urgently, tapping Reed's arm locked around her belly. "Up now!"

"Idris, please lift your arm," Silas ordered at the same time he gripped Reed's wrist and lifted the shifter's arm off Cassi. "Are we panicking you? Sleeping in a puppy pile can take some getting used to."

"Phone," she said, pointing to the bedroom door. Even though it was still in her room, she could hear it through the open doors.

"I'll fetch it for you," Idris said, his voice rough from sleep.

He rolled his big body off the bed and stood up.

Yawning, he scratched his muscled chest as he strode naked out of the room.

The ringing stopped just as he reappeared holding her phone.

By now, she was sitting up with Reed's head in her lap.

Silas sat up and rested his head against the headboard.

He looked exhausted, as if he hadn't slept at all.

"Mornings are hard," he grumbled. He rolled his head to smile at her. "I won't be myself for a few more hours yet."

Oh, right, vampire!

She nodded her head, then snatched the phone from Idris as the big man settled back down in the bed. "Thanks."

There were dozens of text messages from her mom and dad, all of them basically saying the same thing: Andi was home and safe!

Her hands were shaking as she returned her mom's call.

"Cassiopeia!" Nanc answered the phone with a happy whisper-shout. "Andromeda is home! She's sleeping right now, but she's home."

"What happened?" Cassi asked.

"A nice Officer Chavez brought her home an hour ago. The police raided the compound and found a bunch of people locked in a basement. The cult leader was doing all kinds of illegal things and using the people in the basement to keep everyone else in line. The officer who brought her home said the cult leader was arrested and will be charged with a lot of things including human trafficking. That's

why Andromeda refused to leave and pretended she was happy.

She'd made friends with one of the girls there.

When Andromeda tried to leave, they put her friend in the basement. ”

Cassi sucked in a shocked breath. “Is everyone okay?”

“Everyone in the basement was taken to the hospital to be checked out, but Officer Chavez said they mostly looked physically fine but that they probably all had PTSD. He suggested finding Andromeda a counselor and also said she should join his pack. That they'd help make her feel safe. Do you think he was a wolf shifter?”

The magical world was so new to all of them that it was taking some adjustment to find out about someone through a casual comment.

“He is a wolf shifter and a member of the Red Desert Pack,” Silas said.

Idris made a sound of agreement. “They're a good pack. If Andromeda wants to be a human among wolves, they'd do a good job of taking care of her. She could also live here. There are lots of rooms for her to choose from and no one could get to her.”

Despite trying to whisper, Nanc was talking at full volume, so Cassi wasn't surprised her lovers heard everything.

“Cassiopia, I hear voices. Who was that talking?” Nanc asked. “Where are you? Who are you with at six in the morning on a Saturday?”

“Th-th-that's Silas, Reed, and Idris. I'll explain it all l-l-later,” Cassi said. “Tell Andi I l-l-love her and to call when she wakes up. Love you, Mom!”

She hung up before Nanc could demand answers. Setting the phone in her lap, she looked at Silas. “D-d-did you make this happen?”

“It wasn’t hard,” Silas assured her. “If I hadn’t been able to involve the police, I was going to go myself. I thought this way would be cleaner because the cult was entirely made up of humans so the human authorities should take care of it.”

“But y-y-you had to have done this before I slept with you. Before the twenty-four hours w-w-w-were up,” Cassi protested. “What about our bargain?”

Idris snorted. “Bargain. As if we’d ever make you bargain for the safety of your family.”

Reed nuzzled against her lap. “We’d do anything for you, sweetness. Silas was just trying to make it so you’d give us an interview.”

“Interview?” she repeated, confused.

“As a flock,” Idris said. “Reed could smell you were his mate when we met, and I knew you were mine when we touched. That meant you were destined to be part of Silas’s flock.”

“Most humans don’t feel the instant connection,” Silas said. “I had to tread carefully or risk scaring you away. You came to me with a problem that I planned to solve even if you turned down my offer. By accepting, you gave us an entire night and day to show you what life with us would be like.”

This whole time had been a date! The previous night made more sense now.

Tears burned the back of her eyes. She twisted around so she could cup Silas’s cheek. “Thank you,” she whispered, trying hard not to cry. “I’ll owe you forever.”

“You owe me nothing,” he responded. “Flocks don’t work like that. We aren’t about debt or keeping score. We are everything to each other. How could I sit back while my flock suffers?”

“But I’m not flock,” she reminded him.

“Yet,” Idris rumbled. “Give us time to show you everything we have to offer. You don’t even have to work if you don’t want to.”

“Don’t be takin’ away her job,” Reed said from her lap. “I think she likes what she does. It’s important work.”

“I do,” she agreed. “I get to help a l-l-lot of people.”

“Then you can continue to do it for as long as you find it enjoyable,” Silas agreed. “I’m afraid you’re always going to have an escort now though. Unless you fully reject us, neither Idris nor Reed will let you out of their sight.”

“Humans are so fragile,” Idris grumbled.

“You want me to be part of your flock?” she clarified, ignoring Idris’s fragile comment. Compared to him, concrete walls were fragile!

“Of course,” Silas said. “I want to exchange souls with you and bring you fully into our flock. You don’t need to answer now. I don’t want you to feel pressured. We could spend the day answering your questions and—”

“Yes!” Cassi said, cutting him off.

Silas lifted his head, blinking in surprise. “Yes? Are you sure?”



“Don’t question,” Idris said, sitting up. “Take the yes, Silas.”

Silas frowned at the gargoyle. “It needs to be for the right reasons. If Cassi joins because she’s afraid or feels forced, it’ll poison the flock. It would hurt her as much as it would hurt us.”

“I d-d-don’t feel forced,” she insisted. “I’m not some helpless girl!”

“No, of course not,” Silas agreed. “But soul exchanges are for life. Once you’re bound to me, that life will be very long. You need to be sure.”

“I’m sure,” she said, finding his hand and gripping it in hers. Reed sat up and scooted around so he was sitting facing her and Silas. She was surrounded by men and had never felt so safe or cherished in her life.

“We don’t mind courtin’ you,” Reed insisted. “We could take you out to shows and dinner. Then we’d treat you good every night.”

“I’d still like to go out on dates, but I don’t need more time, or, um, c-c-courtin’?” she stumbled over the unfamiliar word.

“It’s another term for dating,” Silas explained. For the first time he looked hopeful. “You’re honestly sure?”

She looked at all of them before answering so they could see the truth in her eyes. “Yes. I l-l-love all of you. I know it’s fast, but it feels right.”

“That’s what we wanted to hear,” Idris said. “I love you right back.”

“Same,” Reed said. “My wolf wants out in the worst way. He wants to lick you all over your face.”

“I want to meet your wolf too,” she said, curious to find out what Reed’s animal looked like.

“That can happen later,” Silas said, tightening his hold on her hand a little. “I’m having a hard time holding back my instinct to share souls now that you’ve agreed.”

“Will it hurt?” she asked. “I still want to do it even if it hurts, but I’d like to know.”

“No pain. It will feel a little strange, but that’s all,” Silas promised. “You’re going to close your eyes and think about how much you love us.”

She nodded her head once and closed her eyes. She felt the bed dip and then Idris’s large body was pressed against her back.

“I won’t let go,” he promised.

There was more movement, and Reed’s head was back in her lap. “It’ll feel amazing after it’s all over.”

Even though she believed Silas, she was still a little scared and appreciated the men’s reassurance.

“Shhh,” Silas shushed them as she felt an odd pressure slip inside her chest. It was as if something was being tugged out of her. As Silas has said, it felt strange.

When the tugging stopped, she sucked in a breath. It felt like there was a hole in her and something was pouring out. Then something warm was being pushed into her. Heat spread out from her chest and the hole disappeared.

Nothing was pouring out of her anymore. She was overwhelmed with the new sensations pouring in.

Sound filled her ears: birds chirping outside, cars on a far-off street, trash trucks, and a timer going off in the kitchen downstairs.

It wasn't only her ears that were affected. Her sense of smell had never been great, but now the spicy masculine scents of the men filled her nose.

The most prominent of the new feelings were the ones flowing across her mind.

She knew they were coming from the men but couldn't parse out what was originating from who.

Maybe she'd learn who was who later, but right now, all that mattered was the clear message she was getting: love, caring, and adoration.

"It's done," Silas murmured, leaning close to kiss her closed eyes. Tears slipped free as she opened them to find Silas still right in front of her.

"I can feel the three of you," she whispered. "I never thought I'd feel so much love. I'm glad I didn't wait a second longer."

A swell of happiness hit her. "We're gonna make you s-s-so happy," Reed said, stuttering slightly. She didn't feel any mocking coming from any of them, only curiosity. With a puzzled expression, Reed sat up and tried again. "S-s-s-so h-h-h-appy? What's g-g-g-oin' on?"

"You sound like Cassi," Idris said at the same time Cassi came to a horrible realization.

"I g-g-g-gave you my s-s-s-stutter!" she said with a gasp, tears pouring from her eyes. "I'm so s-s-s-sorry! Please don't hate me."

To her shock, a huge smile formed on Reed's face. "I l-l-love it! I g-g-get to have p-p-part of you in me!"

She felt happiness from everyone and amusement from two.

"We don't see your stutter as anything but charming," Silas said.

"Now Reed gets to be even more adorable," Idris said.

Reed rolled his eyes. "I'm s-s-sexy, not adorable."

"You're both," Idris said.

Cassi was astonished. "You're really not mad?"

"Of course not," Silas said, slurring his words a little.

Worry for Silas consumed her. "What's wrong? You don't s-s-sound right."

"It's daytime, and he expended a lot of energy sharing souls," Idris said as Silas slumped forward on top of Reed.

"I've g-g-got you," Reed murmured as he caught Silas's shoulders and held him. "He'll be fine tonight after the sun goes down."

Idris moved from behind her to stand next to the bed.

Leaning over, he pulled the vampire from Reed's arms and laid him out on the bed.

Reed sat up and urged her to lie down next to Silas.

It was only then that she realized how tired she was.

She used Silas's chest as a pillow and stretched an arm over his stomach.

"Let's all sleep a little longer," Reed said as he snuggled up against her back. "Tonight we'll visit your family so everyone can meet, and you can see Andromeda."

"Thanks," she whispered as Idris moved to take a spot behind Reed and lay his arm over all of them.

Warmth and love surrounded her both physically and mentally. She fell asleep to the gentle humming of the men's happiness in the back of her head. It perfectly matched her own.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

Silas

Silas would be forever thankful that Reed nestled Cassi against him for the day. Even though he couldn't move, it was a comfort to feel the human snuggled half on top of him.

He finally felt whole. Cassi was the final missing piece.

He was devoted to Idris and Reed, but even with them, he could tell someone was out there waiting to be found.

It's why he stayed in sunny southern California despite the lovely long nights further up north.

The rumor was that San Diego was the place to find flock members.

That meant they'd stayed because he had a feeling he had one more member to find.

But Cassi found them instead.

She was so brave to approach a powerful vampire with a bold plan to help her sister. He'd been too distracted by the documentation and her demands to realize what she was until Reed said something.

Trust a shifter to recognize a mate at first sniff.

After that, it was only a matter of making sure she agreed to spend time with them.

He never thought a human would be so quick to soul bond, but he was happy to be proven wrong.

With all his flock close and touching, he could endure the tedious hours while the sun slowly crossed the sky, trapping him in a body too exhausted to resist the orb's powerful influence.

He spent his time examining his newest flock member through half open eyes.

Her tightly coiled hair created an adorable mess around her head.

He could feel some of the soft mass resting on his chest. Her delightful freckles weren't only on her face but covered her entire body. Sprinkles of sugar to lick and kiss.

Her full breasts pressed against him, reminding him of how good they'd felt in his mouth. He could still smell the remnants of the sex they'd shared the night before. It was the most perfect of perfumes and helped to distract him as his flock slept peacefully.

The moment the sun was low enough, he untangled from Cassi and Reed. Neither woke up, but Idris opened his eyes.

Silas flashed him a fang, their signal that he needed to feed. He expected Idris to nod and close his eyes, but instead, the gargoyle let go of Reed and Cassi. Sitting up, he beckoned Silas over.

"It's been ages since you fed from me." His deep voice made Cassi twitch a little in her sleep. "I want to feed you. Please?"

The vampire community was currently divided on whether it was acceptable to feed

on flock members or not. Many old vampires still believed that feeding from a flock was taboo. Vampires turned in the last century were changing their minds, especially when the flock member wasn't human.

Silas had resisted feeding on Reed and Idris for years, but Reed finally wore him down. No sooner had he taken a small portion of blood from the wolf shifter than Idris demanded Silas bite him too. Now both of them liked to feed him as often as he'd allow.

Far from hurting either of them, it made their bonds even stronger. Silas could feel their happy buzz as he fed, even if he was still hit with remnants of guilt from the old taboo.

"Are you sure?" Silas asked even as he walked around the bed. His legs felt a little rubbery, and he nearly tripped on the rug.

Idris rolled his eyes. "When have I ever not wanted you to feed on me, Silas?"

"I know, but you might feel shaky after our soul bonding with Cassi. The soul exchange affects all of us."

Idris rubbed a hand over his broad chest with a soft smile. "It feels good. I thought we were complete before, but now I can see that there was a part of us missing, and it was Cassi. I'm glad you insisted we stay in southern California."

Silas nodded as he got to Idris's side. The moment he was in reach, Idris grabbed him. Idris's habit of just picking him up had taken some getting used to, but now Silas couldn't imagine the large gargoyle not doing it at least once a day.

Spreading his legs, Silas let Idris settle him with legs on either side of the big man's thick thighs still covered in blankets. They were facing each other, and Silas took a



moment to admire Idris's beautiful, deep brown eyes.

"I love you," he whispered.

Idris let go of his waist and cupped Silas's face. "I'll keep you safe, always."

That was how gargoyles said they loved you, and Silas felt their link vibrating with happiness. Idris dropped his hands away and tilted his neck, inviting Silas to bite him.

"Feed, please."

Silas leaned close and licked, savoring the salty taste of Idris's skin. Pulling his lips back, he sank his fangs in slowly, the way Idris liked it.

The gargoyle let out a low moan and cupped the back of Silas's head with one of his big hands. Unlike the cold, packaged human blood he normally consumed, Idris's blood was hot and full of power. It swept through him, vanishing the last of his lethargy and filling him with strength.

He felt a sudden prickle of awareness just before Cassi's voice sounded. "What's going on?"

He would've pulled away from Idris, but the gargoyle tightened his hold on Silas's head, keeping him in place. "You're not done," he rumbled. "Let Cassi watch, you know she won't judge you."

There was curiosity coming from Cassi through their link, not horror or fear.

Wait, there might be more than curiosity there. Was he feeling attraction?

"Sometimes we talk Silas into feeding off of us," Reed said in a sleep roughened

voice. “It feels good, but Silas won’t do it often.”

“You feed him too?” Cassi asked. Silas couldn’t see either of them but heard the sheets rustle and felt the mattress shift. He could picture Reed sitting up and pulling Cassi between his legs for a cuddle.

“I do, but n-n-not often,” Reed said. “I’m more of a fan of biting than feeding. But Idris likes feeding more than biting.”

“The difference being if he draws blood or not,” Cassi clarified. “Can I try feeding him?”

“No!” Reed and Idris said at the same time, making Silas relax a little.

“I didn’t n-n-need the answer in st-st-stereo,” Cassi huffed with faux outrage. Despite her light tone, he could feel slight hurt emanating from her through the link. That hurt was probably the cause of the increased stuttering.

“We’re only concerned about your s-s-safety,” Reed explained. “You’re so small compared to us, you don’t have much blood to s-s-spare.”

Silas pulled his fangs from Idris’s neck and licked the spot several times. He could’ve taken more, but he needed to see Cassi’s face. Idris dropped his hand away and let Silas sit up.

As he’d guessed, Cassi was sitting sideways between Reed’s legs with one shoulder leaned against his chest.

She was watching him with hungry eyes and one hand clasped to her neck in the same spot he’d bitten Idris. She was probably feeling a faint echo of what Idris experienced. That was common with soul bonds, and it would only get more

powerful over the years.

“I’ll never feed from you, Cassi. You’re human and too fragile,” he said, putting a hand on Idris’s neck to rub his palm over the bite. Idris closed his eyes with a moan, his massive dick fighting the weight of the blankets over his lap. “But I’ll bite you any time you like.”

She shivered a little at his words. Reed pulled a deep breath in through his nose, telling Silas he could smell Cassi’s arousal.

“Do you want him to bite you right now?” Reed asked. “You could ride my cock while he sinks his fangs into you. I’m the only one who hasn’t been in that sweet pussy.”

Cassi’s reaction to Reed’s words was so strong that it made all three men gasp. Lust rocked through their link, radiating from Cassi like a tsunami.

Reed didn’t need any further encouragement. He grabbed Cassi and lifted her. Putting his legs together, he scooted his hips down a little. Then he slowly lowered Cassi onto his erection.

Cassi moaned and gripped Reed’s shoulders.

“You’re so wet and ready for me,” Reed gasped. “Silas, get over here. Our human needs you too.”

Silas moved to straddle Reed’s thighs and pressed himself against Cassi’s back. The soft skin of her buttocks massaged his straining cock, making him almost come.

He put his mouth low where her neck met her shoulder and licked. She melted against him with a whimper, but he didn’t bite down, not yet.

Rolling his eyes to the side, he saw that Idris had thrown off the covers and was watching the three of them with hungry eyes.

He was gripping his cock and slowly running his hand up and down.

There might be times in the future when the three of them didn't all participate, but this wasn't going to be one of them.

He lifted his head a little and met Idris's eyes. "I'm worried Cassi's going to scream when she comes. You should put something in her mouth to keep her from being too loud. We wouldn't want to disturb the neighbors."

They all knew that Cassi could scream and shout at the top of her lungs and no one would hear, but he thought Cassi would be turned on by his comment.

He was proven correct when she nodded her head slightly and made a come here motion with her hand at Idris.

"I'm going to gag you with my big cock," Idris warned her. "Then I'm going to come all over those pretty breasts. Are you ready for that?"

His question made her move restlessly against Reed, causing the wolf shifter to moan and drop his head against the headboard.

"Oh, fuck, she's killin' me here!"

They ignored Reed's dramatics as Idris got on his knees and moved in close so Cassi could reach his shaft with her mouth.

She had to rise on her knees a little, pulling half way off Reed's cock.

She gasped and Reed moaned. Silas could feel the pleasure radiating from both of them, making his erection throb against Cassi's backside.

Gripping her hips to hold her still, Reed started slowly pumping himself into her while Cassi worked her mouth over Idris's thick head.

The gargoyle kept a hand around most of his cock, probably to keep Cassi from accidentally choking on him.

Silas could feel the tight hold Idris was keeping on his passion.

The man knew how big he was and one of his worst fears was hurting a partner with his size.

Silas approved of Idris's extra precautions.

Bliss radiated from Cassi as she licked and sucked the tip of Idris's shaft. He could also feel anticipation through their bond. She was worked up from what she'd felt through their link when he'd fed on Idris.

She was waiting for the bite.

Reed's tempo was increasing along with his desperation. "Silas, please!"

Silas wrapped his arms around Cassi, palming a breast in each hand. She moaned around Idris's fat cock, but between Reed holding her hips and Silas at her back, she couldn't move.

Wanting to draw this out just a little longer, Silas ran his fangs over her skin.

She shuddered and gasped. Goosebumps broke out, and her nipples hardened under

his touch.

He could feel both Idris and Reed were close, and he had to remind himself that he'd get to play more in the future when they weren't so desperate for each other.

Pressing the tips of his fangs down, he broke the skin and slid inside her. The pleasure that burst from her was so powerful that Silas came all over her back. Reed's thrusting became a frantic frenzy of movement, and Idris quickly pulled out of her mouth.

"Oh god!" Idris exclaimed, rapidly moving his hand over his dick and exploding across Cassi's chest and Silas's hands.

Cassi was panting as if she had just finished sprinting, and Reed shouted as he came inside her. There was so much pleasure rocketing through their bond that Silas couldn't tell which sensations were his or someone else's.

Breathing hard and trying to regain his thinking brain, Silas carefully extracted his fangs from Cassi's neck and shifted his hold from massaging her breasts to holding her up against him. Her body had gone limp, and her head lolled back on his shoulder.

"Best wake-up ever!" Reed exclaimed breathlessly after a few minutes of silence. "Who's ready for a shower and breakfast?"

They all chuckled, and Silas felt Cassi's happiness flow through their bond. It was matched by him and the rest of the flock.

This was a good beginning to the rest of their lives.

Reed

Standing in the elevator going up to Cassi's apartment, Reed reached for her hand.

Midway through the move, he thought better of it and shoved his hand in his pocket.

He was desperate to touch someone. Idris was holding one of her hands, and Silas was on the other side of the gargoyle.

The only person close to him was Cassi, but he didn't want to make her feel boxed in.

Among wolf shifters, who were already considered a touchy-feely group, Reed had a reputation for being extra affectionate.

If he managed to annoy other wolf shifters, he needed to be careful around Cassi.

"I don't know what you're thinking," Cassi murmured, touching his arm with a concerned expression.

"But I can tell something's bothering you.

I promise I'm not going to stay here or at my parents' place. I only want to pack some stuff up right now. I'm going back to the castle after we visit my family. "

Tension eased out of him the moment her hand trailed down his arm to finally tangle her fingers with his.

“I’m not worried about that,” Reed said, finding he could smile again.

“Reed likes to be able to touch one of us at all times,” Silas said, spilling his secret to Cassi.

He shot Silas an annoyed look before going back to smiling at Cassi. “But it doesn’t have to be you. I promise I won’t pester you or anything like that. I could hold Silas’s hand, or Idris’s. I don’t have to be in physical contact all the time. I swear!”

Cassi never looked away from him, and her smile didn’t diminish “You can touch me anytime you need. Please don’t pick me up without asking first, but hugging and holding hands is totally f-f-fine. I don’t have anything against PDA.”

He could feel the truth of her words through their link. Letting go of her hand, he moved behind her and wrapped her in a hug. She leaned back against him, and a hum of happiness came through the soul bond.

“Reed is sure that at any moment we’re going to get annoyed with him and ask him to leave us alone,” Silas said. “If you ever see him standing around with his hands in his pockets, that’s a sign he’s feeling needy but scared to say anything.”

“Noted,” Cassi said, petting Reed's arms where they crossed over her chest. She looked over her shoulder at him.

“Have you noticed that neither of you is stuttering much anymore?” Silas said as the elevator’s doors slid open. He and Idris filed out first.

“Could be the bond is settling,” Idris said. “Remember when we first soul bonded, and I kept shifting any time one of you tried to leave? It took a few days, but I regained control.”



Silas nodded. “That makes sense.”

Reed lifted his arms off Cassi. She grabbed his hand and led him out of the elevator. “I’m glad it was temporary. I was feeling guilty about spreading my stutter to Reed. It was also annoying to be stuttering so much after so much work to keep it at a minimum.”

“But I don’t mind the stutter! It made me feel closer to you,” he protested, feeling strangely rejected.

“As sweet as that is,” Cassi said with a note of humor in her voice as she squeezed his hand, “being close to me is this, not my stutter.”

Her reassurance made him feel better. Soon they were inside her apartment. It was a cute one bedroom filled with bright colors.

“We need to redecorate,” he announced, taking in the overstuffed purple couch, burnt orange accent wall, sunny yellow throw pillows, and several large jewel-toned pieces of art hanging from the walls.

Silas nodded. “That might be necessary.”

He could feel a shock of surprise coming from her. “You guys like my style?”

“I’ve liked many different styles through the years,” Silas said with a shrug. “It wouldn’t bother me to add all this color.”

Reed wasn’t a fan of the Scandinavian style the designer had suggested for the castle, but Silas had been in a hurry to make the place livable for all of them, so Reed hadn’t argued. Changing to Cassi’s colorful style sounded perfect to him.

“That’s a great idea!” Reed enthused. “Cassi and I can start shopping tomorrow.”

“What’s the rush?” Cassi said with a chuckle.

“No rush for the decorating,” Reed admitted. “But I want to make the castle feel like your home so you never want to leave.”

She turned him to face her. “Even if you paint the whole place black and replace the furniture with concrete, I’d come home because that’s where the three of you are.”

Reed felt his eyes burn. “That’s good,” he said, voice tight.

Then Idris was behind him, wrapping him in a strong hug. “Easy, Reed. You’re loved and safe. No one’s going to leave you.”

He should be embarrassed at being so vulnerable in front of their newest flock member, but if he couldn’t be exposed and defenseless in front of them, they weren’t a true flock.

“I know,” he mumbled.

Idris dropped a kiss on the top of his head. “It doesn’t hurt to hear it again.”

Cassi was still holding his hand, and she let it go to step close and hug him from the front. Silas moved to his right and pressed in.

They stood like that for several minutes, bathing in the love and affection coming through the bond.

It felt so good, the tears dried up and all the nervousness and insecurity he’d felt earlier mostly vanished.

He knew himself well enough to know he'd always need reassurance, but it was good to know he could get it whenever he needed it.

"I'm always available to tell you how much I love you," Cassi whispered to him.

The others murmured their agreement. They stood like that until Cassi's phone beeped, reminding Reed this was only meant to be a quick trip to Cassi's place to pick up more items before heading to her parents' house.

With a sniff and a smile, he pulled out of the embrace, put his hands on his hips and looked around the apartment. "We got places to be, people. Let's figure out what we're packin'."

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*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 2:28 pm*

Although he always made an effort not to bump into things, Idris concentrated more than usual as he entered the Miller house.

It was a nice sized place with tall ceilings, which meant he only needed to duck through doorways, although he didn't notice a chandelier in the living room he needed to avoid.

Everyone thought it was so amazing being this tall, but the truth was the world wasn't designed for him, and he was reminded of that fact every time he hit his head on something.

"Mom, Dad, this is Idris, Silas, and Reed," Cassi said, pointing to each of them as she said their names. "We're all mated now."

Idris had no idea what to expect from Cassi's parents, but giant welcoming smiles seemed like a surprising reaction. Shouldn't they be upset?

Oh wait, they didn't know what the men were!

"I'm a gargoyle," Idris said, then winced. He should've probably been more delicate about the announcement, and he hadn't even greeted them yet. "And, um, hi. It's nice to meet you."

Cassi's mom nodded. "I'm Nanc, a human. It's nice to meet you too. Is there anything special you need?"

"I have some nice rocks in the backyard," Cassi's father offered. "If you want a

snack.”

Reed snickered, and Cassi shook her head. “He doesn’t eat rocks, Dad!” She stepped back and pulled Idris to the front. “Idris, this is my dad, you can call him Jed.”

Idris held out his hand, and Jed didn’t hesitate to shake it. “Nice to meet you, even if you turned down my rocks,” Jed said with a wink. That’s when Idris realized Jed had been teasing him the whole time.

“I’m sorry I don’t eat rocks, but Reed might be hungry. Do you have a pet cat to offer him?”

Jed burst out laughing. “Cat! Because he’s a wolf shifter! Good one Idris!”

Nanc rolled her eyes and addressed all of them.

“Officer Chavez came back for most of the day and only left a little while ago. He explained that Silas was the reason Andromeda was rescued. He told us all about vampires and their flocks and helped us understand the relationship dynamic. We’re so happy that Cassiopeia found her soul mates! ”

“That makes two of our daughters with soul mates,” Jed said proudly.

“Two?” Idris asked, looking down at Cassi.

“My older sister Carina mated with a harpy last year, that’s how I knew about vampires and stuff,” Cassi explained.

The pieces fell into place. Having a sister recently mated to a harpy explained why her parents were so happy. There was nothing as protective of a human partner than a preternatural with a soul bond.

He'd never say this out loud, but he'd be forever thankful that Andi was too loyal to leave the cult when her friend was locked in the basement. Without that, Cassi wouldn't have needed to rescue her. They might never have met their bold human.

A young woman standing at the top of the nearby stairs caught his eye. She was thin to the point of being gaunt. Her eyes were bouncing from him to Silas to Reed. She was biting her lip hard enough to draw blood and there was a haunted look in her eyes. This had to be Andi.

Standing behind her was a woman with Cassi's eyes and Andi's hair color. Idris guessed this was the oldest sister.

Unsure if he should greet her or let her decide if she wanted to be seen or not, he dropped his gaze to Nanc and tried to catch up on the conversation he'd missed.

"That's a kind offer, Silas, but with the cult leader in jail, we all feel perfectly safe staying in our home," Nanc said with a smile. "If anything changes, I promise to let you know."

"Please do," Silas agreed. "You're precious to our Cassi so you're important to us also. My home has plenty of room, and I can assure you that your presence would pose no burden."

"We actually live in a castle," Reed said with relish as he edged up behind Cassi and snuggled against her back. "But it's not haunted or anything."

"That's too bad," Jed said with an exaggerated sigh. "Meeting ghosts sounds like fun."

"Not always," Silas said, deadpan. "Sometimes they can be rather troublesome and murder guests in their sleep."

Jed turned wide-eyed. Silas let one corner of his mouth curve up, and Jed started laughing.

“You had me go—” Jed’s words were cut off when Cassi noticed her sisters standing at the top of the stairs and shouted.

“Andi!”

Big fat tears started streaming down Andi’s face as she made her way down the stairs. She wasn’t entirely steady, but her older sister was there to help. She didn’t talk until she was on the ground floor and throwing her arms around Cassi.

“Cassi!” she said with a sob. “I was so scared. Officer Chavez said you saved me. You went to Silas, and he made the authorities raid the compound. I’m so sorry for what I said last time we talked.

They were listening in, and I had to pretend I hated you and never wanted to see you again. I’m so sorry!”

“There’s nothing to be sorry for,” Cassi assured the young woman, hugging her back. “I knew something was wrong because of the way you talked to me. Even if you were upset with me, you’d never use that kind of language, not my Andi. I’m so happy you’re home and safe!”

They continued to hug as everyone talked around them. Cassi’s older sister Carina introduced herself. Nanc and Jed offered them all kinds of food and drinks while Andi clung to Cassi as if she was the only steady thing in the world.

Listening to how open and warm Cassi’s family was with the new men in her life made Idris finally relax.

It wasn’t until that moment that he realized how tense he’d been.

The last hurdle had been this family's approval.

Now that they had it, there was no more fear that Cassi might regret their soul bond.

The four of them could look forward to a long, happy life together.

A knock at the door pulled him out of his thoughts. Reed bounced to the door and swung it open like he lived there, revealing a man in an officer's uniform.

"Angel!" Reed exclaimed and pulled the man into a hug.

"Reed!" Angel Chavez said with a chuckle as he hugged Reed back, then looked into the very full living room. His eyes found Andi, and he smiled at her. "Did you decide to have a party while I was gone?"

"This is my middle sister and her mates," Andi said, dipping her head shyly. "I guess you already know Reed."

"He was very briefly a member of my pack before finding Silas," Angel said.

"What are you doing here?" Reed asked.

Angel held up a duffle bag. "Spending the night so Andi feels safe."

"Ang—I mean Officer Chavez said I don't have anything to worry about, but he was willing to sleep on the couch just to be sure."

Reed cast Angel a knowing look. "Just to be sure, huh?"

Angel playfully shoved Reed and moved past him to stand near Andi. He didn't touch her, but she seemed to lean toward him as if drawn by an invisible force.



Idris knew exactly what that invisible force was. It seemed this human family was a magnet for soul mates because the remaining daughter had found hers.

“I didn’t see that happy ending coming,” Reed murmured to Idris.

“What happy ending?” Cassi asked. “Why am I getting gleeful from you, Reed?”

“We’ll explain later,” Idris said, pulling her into a hug as Angel and Andi became engrossed in a conversation. “But it’s probably time we left.”

Cassi finally noticed how Andi was looking at Angel. “Oh! Yeah, we should go.”

With Angel there, Andi didn’t cry when they left, but she did make Cassi promise they’d have a long conversation soon. Silas reminded everyone of their standing invitation to the castle, and Jed handed Idris a rock “for the road.”

He needed to think of something funny to do with the rock when Jed eventually visited them. Maybe put it in a drink like it was an ice cube?

“I like your dad,” he commented as they drove home.

“Yeah, he’s the quintessential dad including bad jokes and horrible puns,” Cassi said. “He’s the best.”

“Your mom’s great too,” he commented.

“They’re kind of your parents now too,” Cassi said, snuggling close. He felt the truth of her words through the link and understood that the flock hadn’t just gained Cassi but an entire extended family and probably a wolf pack too if Angel and Andi mated.

The thought made him feel all kinds of protective. “Silas, we need to buy more land!”

Silas looked back at him from the front passenger seat and held up his phone to show him the real estate app open. “I’m already looking.”

“It’ll be nice to have a wolf pack to run with again,” Reed said from the driver's seat, following their logic and conversation without effort. Poor Cassi looked completely confused.

“What?”

“Don’t worry, sweetheart,” Silas said as Idris undid her seatbelt so he could pull her into his lap. He needed to hold her and besides, if there was an accident, she’d be much safer surrounded by his stone body than attached to her seat.

“We can explain later,” Idris murmured. “For right now, I need a kiss.”

Cassi melted against him. “Sure,” she agreed and lifted her face to his.

The kiss was everything and lasted almost all the way back to the castle. Once home, the three of them showed Cassi once again how much they adored her by worshiping her body until all of them collapsed into bed exhausted.