Accepting the Inevitable

by Casey_Wolfe

Summary

No one in the pack thought that Brian would ever take the bite, but then again neither had Brian. Nor had he thought he'd find his mates at the yearly Gathering of werewolves in the desert.

Notes

Well, this was originally supposed to be a quick little smutty oneshot, with like four scenes. But it ended up exploding into a short story, with no real smut. Go figure.

Thanks to my gaggle of beta readers, Hellsbells, Queenie, Pixie, and MsWriter for encouraging the madness, and helping make this a reality.

EDIT: With the release of Furious 7 it should be noted that this was written and posted BEFORE the name change happened with Statham's character. Hence why Deckard's name is Ian in the fic as that was the name they were going with up until shortly before the movie released.
Chapter 1

The Gathering. He was really there. He supposed it was inevitable really.

Brian looked around as he got out of his green Eclipse, gazing at the numerous camps that were set up out there at the abandoned airfield in the Mohave. It was the yearly gathering of werewolf packs, and it was something he’d always wanted to attend. Being a human- even if he’d grown up as pack-prevented that though. Until then.

Brian had recently accepted the bite, almost a month previous when the moon was full. It had been a gift, one he was never sure he would be ready to receive. He knew it was a relief to his pack, since he had graduated from the Police Academy and would probably be leaving the safety of their territory to work within the next six months or so. They wanted him protected when they couldn’t be there, and he understood that, had lived with their instincts for so long that it was second nature.

Not that they would have forced him into becoming a wolf. They were pack, even if he remained human forever. It wasn’t unusual, and many packs had humans. However, no humans were allowed at the Gathering. It wasn’t considered “safe” for them with so many wolves in one place so close to a full moon.

Brian looked up in the sky, seeing the moon was almost full. He could feel it, like a rippling under his skin. His first change would come at any night, and he was both excited and scared all at once. He had grown up watching the others in the pack change into the beautiful creatures that they were, and watched over them when the change was forced at the full moon. Brian only hoped he could be as controlled as they were, that he didn’t end up a snarling mess and lose himself to the wolf.

“Well, what do you think, brah?” Rome questioned, standing next to him and bumping their shoulders together. “Usual,” huh?”

Brian nodded in agreement. “So much to take in…” There were so many smells and noises, it was a bit overwhelming.

“Just stay in camp for a while till you get settled, ok?” He motioned to the area that the pack was setting up their campers and vehicles in. Each pack had carved out a place for themselves, giving each other space for privacy.

“I’ll just stick with you,” Brian replied. It had been that way since they were kids- no point in changing things now.

They had been best friends. Rome had been born human to werewolf parents- a one in four chance, but it happened. So when Brian had come into the pack, it had been a blessing for him to have another human around. Granted, the reasons for him joining the pack at all weren’t the best of circumstances, but it had turned out for the best in the end.

To say Brian’s dad was a scumbag was putting things mildly. He would beat on him and his mom, would drink all the time, and generally make life miserable. Then one day he simply abandoned them. Or, at least that was the official story. Brian secretly suspected the pack had something to do with his vanishing act, but he had never asked, nor would he.

His mom had died about a year later from cancer. Brian was lucky though. He had Rome’s parents, which meant he then had the pack. He had already been hanging around for a few years, but then it was official. He was pack, and that was that.
He’d been beside his brother when he accepted the bite at eighteen, and likewise Rome had stood at his when their Alpha, Tank, had given him his own. It had taken him a few more years, but he had gotten there. Yeah, some things were inevitable.

* * *

Brian was off wandering alone. He would have been with Rome, but his brother was sleeping soundly after stuffing himself full with a potluck they’d had with a few other packs they were close with. Typical.

It was alright by Brian though. Tank wanted him to mingle with the other packs, have the full experience. He also was hoping that Brian would get on good terms with some of the area packs where he had put applications in. Not that the blonde was about to tell his Alpha that it wouldn’t mean much since he had no way of knowing what departments would accept him. All the same, he planned to get to know some people, have some fun.

He had already stopped to chat with the Beacon Hills pack, getting a laugh with Stiles over his mate, Alpha Hale. Derek was in one of his “Sourwolf” moods as the kid put it. Apparently it was Scott’s fault they were late and missed the potluck with the other three packs they’d eaten with. Brian believed it too, given the young Beta’s track record.

With the quick catch up over, Brian excused himself, knowing he would see the pack again while they were there for the long weekend. He continued on his rounds, stopping here and there to talk with some random wolves that were walking around themselves, chatting with a pack or two. He ended up avoiding a few as well, clearly not welcoming to outsiders - at least not without their Alphas around.

As he was walking though, he was suddenly overcome with an overwhelming mix of sensations. He went hot, feeling all of his senses heighten, seeking out… something. He was stunned by an undeniable arousal, lustful thoughts filling his head. As his breathing increased, he could smell two different people distinctly in his nose.

Brian looked around in confusion, trying to figure out what was going on. Who was it he smelled? And why was he feeling so utterly turned on by that alone? His eyes darted from wolf to wolf around him, trying to pin it down, needing to find the source - even if he had no idea why.

Where are you?

* * *

Carter smirked, shaking his head as Owen was recounting some of the exploits he and his pack had been up to in the past few months. It had been far too long since the old friends had spoken as far as the drug lord was concerned. The Verone and Shaw families went way back, and it had been no surprise that Carter and Owen had hit things off so well since the time they had met as teenagers.

“Ahh, it’s damn good to see you,” Owen said, hand coming up to pat his friend’s back. Although in typical Shaw fashion, his hand dropped a bit, heading straight for Carter’s ass.

“May have to cut your fingers off.”

Owen only grinned cheekily, leaning in to whisper in the other’s ear. “But you like what I can do with my fingers,” he spoke, voice dropping deeper.

Carter retaliated by nipping at the other Alpha’s neck. “I could say the same,” he teased right back.
The whole time they continued, both their packs simply put the antics of their Alphas on ignore. It was nothing new. The pair had a sexual relationship that came and went like the tide. None of their pack members ever had anything negative to say on the matter. Well, perhaps save for Monica, but only because she wanted to be the one warming Carter’s bed.

Ian eventually interrupted though, smacking his brother’s shoulder with the back of his hand. “I’m gonna go find Braga,” he mentioned, but really he just wanted an excuse not to smell the pair getting all hot and bothered.

Ian may have been the older brother, but it had been Owen who’d inherited the Alpha position when their father died. No one had been shocked though, and Ian liked the freedom it offered. He was their Beta, and he loved his pack. However, Ian was a free spirit, which meant he needed his space too and his brother let him go his own way whenever it suited him.

Owen barely acknowledged Ian, or Vegh when she took off to follow her mate. Knowing his brother, he more likely wanted to pull his partner into the shadows somewhere, getting a little hot under the collar himself with the heady pheromones the Alphas were dumping. Likewise, Carter noticed Tej and Suki slipping away, while Roberto and Enrique eyed each other carefully.

“We really should be tending to the political game you know,” Carter mentioned.

“It’s only the first night,” Owen argued. “And I’ve missed you.”

“But,” Carter argued sensibly, “if we get business out of the way first…”

Owen actually pouted, although he would deny it. “I hate it when you make sense.” He begrudgingly started looking around to the other packs that were in the area.

Most of those in attendance would be from the West Coast, but old and powerful packs like the Shaw’s and Verone’s would typically attend get-togethers like these in various parts of the world. Birds of a feather and all that.

Before either of them could decide where they would be going to play “kiss ass,” they were both hit by a strange sensation. Immediately their hearts started to race, their bodies heated up, and a strange pull settled between them. All their senses heightened and the pair looked to each other in outright shock.

How was that possible? A mating pull? That was the only reason for the foreign sensations, and the overwhelming want and desire thrust on them. Certainly they’d craved each other’s affections before, but nothing like this. Still, if they were mates, they should have known about it after hitting puberty. The only explanation was there was a third mate… and that mate was nearby.

Carter and Owen came to the same conclusion. Looking at each other, their eyes flashed Alpha red. As they gazed around, they scented at the air, trying to find their missing mate. It was hard though, picking up each other’s need, taking all their willpower not to crawl all over the other in that instant.

“There,” Carter spoke, drawing the other Alpha’s attention immediately.

Verone had set his sights on a gorgeous blonde male. Said wolf was looking around, shifting anxiously. He was lean built, the muscles in his back rippling under the tight white tee-shirt. His jean shorts were slung low on his hips, showing off miles of long legs. The blonde curls framed a pretty face that rivaled even Carter’s features.

When the blonde’s eyes ended up connecting with Carter’s he went stock still, and the Alpha’s breath caught in his throat looking into brilliant blue depths. “Beautiful,” he murmured.
There was a throaty rumble in his ear as Owen nestled up behind him. His chin was settled on Carter’s shoulder and he gazed at the blonde. “I agree.” When the blonde turned his gaze to Owen, the Alpha felt the same pull, knowing he was the one. This wolf was their third. “Let’s go get our mate,” he mentioned, prodding Carter forward.

“There goes your Alpha,” he assured, his patented shark-like grin crossing his face.

* * *

Brian stiffened as soon as he caught sight of the pair staring at him. As they moved towards him, his instincts told him to run, as he was being eyed like prey. There was another part of him though that told him to stay- the same part of his wolf that was fidgeting with some unknown feelings.

As they approached their eyes flashed red and he gulped. Alphas. Two of them. And he was alone. Brian did the only thing he could do given his unfortunate predicament if he didn’t want to die- he tilted his chin back, exposing his throat. He didn’t miss the twin predatory grins.

“He’s a good boy,” the one brunette spoke with a lilting English accent. He was lean built, with a buzz cut, neatly trimmed goatee, and deep hazel eyes that looked more green and gave him a hawk-like appearance. His jeans fit him perfectly, and he had on a simple cotton shirt underneath a black rough leather jacket.

Brian eyed him carefully as he moved around behind him, the other Alpha stepping up to him. “He is,” the Alpha mused. This one looked very different from his companion, dressed in custom-tailored black slacks and light blue dress shirt that picked up his blue-grey eyes. He was lean built as well with dark curls, but he was clean-shaven with a strong, angled jaw.

When the second Alpha leaned in to sniff near his neck, Brian growled. His eyes flashed gold as he took a guarded step back. Except he ended up backing into the first Alpha and felt a shock go through him. He whined despite himself as he jumped away, confused about what was happening to him.

“I have to get back to my pack,” he muttered, trying to get away from them. Perhaps Rome could tell him what was going on. Maybe this was something with the coming full moon.

“Pack’s not more important than mates,” he heard in the English accent. Brian froze at that, turning to give the male a quizzical look. “Don’t tell me you don’t feel it. That tingle down your spine, the heat pooling in your gut. You felt that burst of pleasure when you touched me…”

Brian’s face heated up. How would he know that? Wait... “Mates?”

The other Alpha had crept up on him while his attention was taken. He was sniffing at Brian again. “Smells young,” he noted. “How long have you been wolf?”

“Got the bite the last full moon,” he answered. “But I’ve been pack since I was twelve.”

“And no one told you about mating pulls?”

“No one expected me to take the bite,” he hissed back. Why was he even bothering to explain this to some strange Alpha he didn’t know? He suddenly noticed he’d drifted closer to the other wolf, almost touching. Brian took a step back, debating whether he should just make a run for it.

Apparently sensing his distress, the other Alpha moved to cut him off. They circled him like predators did their prey. That only served to get under his wolf’s skin. He wasn’t prey. He growled, showing his teeth. “What do you want?”
“Just to claim what’s ours… mate,” the first Alpha answered, breath ghosting his ear. Brian had to fight against his body just to keep from melting back into the other male.

“Don’t even know you,” the blonde replied, attempting to be reasonable as they continued to circle. He was fighting so many different instincts inside him- he wanted to roll over, to flee, to fight, to possess… That last one scared him the most.

“Where are our manners?” the well-dressed Alpha inquired of his companion. He looked at Brian, offering his hand. “Carter Verone.” Brian’s eyes widened a bit and Carter smirked. “I take it you’ve heard of my pack.” The blonde nodded, and seeing he was still waiting, he accepted the Alpha’s hand.

Once again, a spark shot through him that made him whimper, the lusty heat washing over him. He felt his body going weak, but he was at least thankful to see he wasn’t the only one affected. Carter’s eyes were hooded and Brian went somewhat willingly as he was pulled closer. The Alpha brought his wrist up, nuzzling it as he scented the area. Brian found himself practically purring at the sensation.

When the other Alpha stepped up, somehow Carter managed to let go, blinking a few times as he came back to himself, Brian doing the same. “Owen Shaw,” the man offered, and once again, the blonde knew the name. They were powerful Alphas, with equally powerful packs. They were both a force to be reckoned with, and here they were, looking at him as though he were something special.

“Brian O’Conner,” he supplied.

“Whose pack do you belong to?” Carter questioned, looking around quickly to see if anyone was missing him.

“Barstow,” he answered simply. There was only the one after all.

Both men nodded, apparently knowing it. “Knew they had a few humans.” Owen leered at him, taking in his appearance. “Gotta say, I’m disappointed you haven’t been around until now.” Carter smirked, nodding in agreement. “So, what do you say we go back to my camper? Talk about where to go from here.”

Brian shifted uneasily, once again feeling his wolf pulling him in two different directions. The moment Owen touched him though, taking his hand surprisingly gently, Brian was gone. Once again he was overcome with unabated desire. “Yeah,” he answered quietly, “ok.”

He was crazy for following these two Alphas, he knew it. But their presence felt so right, and he was feeling an undeniable attraction to them. Was that the “mating pull” he’d heard other wolves talking about all these years? The ones that they themselves mentioned?

If that were the case… These two were meant to be his mates. That very thought should have been terrifying, but inside him, his wolf seemed to settle, and he felt at peace.
As they walked to the area where the Shaw pack had their trailers and vehicles, Owen eventually had to let go of the blonde’s hand, trying to keep his mind together. Just touching him was making him ache, putting him into a haze. As an Alpha, he had to keep alert, always, but having both his mates with him he needed to be even more careful.

“Oh, wow!” Brian exclaimed as they turned the corner of a camper to enter into the circle of space the pack had claimed for the long weekend. He made a beeline for the cars, barely containing his excitement. He didn’t know which to look at first, but when he zeroed in on the charcoal grey Aston Martin DB9, Owen couldn’t help but smile.

“That’s my baby you’re drooling on, O’Conner,” he mentioned.

Bright blue eyes looked up, catching hold of his just right. “Seriously? Damn. Can I drive ‘er sometime? She’s gorgeous!”

“Not another one,” Carter sighed, holding the bridge of his nose.

Owen laughed at the other Alpha’s expense. “Ignore Carter,” he told Brian. “He’s a car snob.”

The brunette grinned right back at him. “My 911 is beautiful. You’re just being jealous.” It was true that Carter preferred supercars, especially of the German variety. His gloss black Porsche was a sight to behold and it ran better than it looked- a real powerhouse under the hood. Owen had always admired it.

“A 911?” Brian asked in awe, and both of them could just see the wheels turning. “Can I see it?” he asked hopefully.

“Of course, Corazon,” Carter answered. “But how about we wait till tomorrow, hmm? There’s still some things that we need to discuss.”

“Right.” Brian blushed a bit, rubbing the back of his neck. “Sorry.”

“I promise we can play with all the cars as long as you want later,” Owen assured, motioning for them to follow through the parked cars towards his camper. “So, what do you have?”

Brian perked up, practically bouncing alongside Owen as he described his Eclipse. It had been his pet project for years, and the day it had been finished and he opened her up was one he would never forget. “Dunno if you’d really like it considering…” He ducked his head, realizing how ridiculous a tricked-out, street racing Eclipse must seem to the two Alphas who had much better rides.

“I love all cars,” Owen answered. He leaned in towards the blonde, noses almost touching. “And since it’s yours, I’m sure I’ll like it even better.”

Scoffing, Brian shoved him lightly. “Yeah, yeah.” He grinned then. “What I really want is a Skyline though. Now that… That will be amazing once I’m done with it.”

Carter wrapped an arm around the blonde’s waist then, nuzzling into his neck. “If you want one, it’s yours.”

“Yeah?” Brian raised a curious brow at that.
Owen grinned, opening the door of his trailer. “You’ll learn that Carter and I can provide anything your heart desires Brian.”

As the Alpha went inside, he was greeted with a sight that really ought to have been rarer, but honestly, he’d been walking in on his brother in much more precarious positions since he was ten. He only growled at him to pull his damn pants up. At least he and Vegh hadn’t gotten far. “What gives?” Ian demanded, but then he looked to the pair following behind his brother.

Carter was wrapped behind Brian, gnawing on his jaw like it was a particularly good bone. Owen’s nostrils flared, taking in their combined scents. He’d been doing his best not to jump all over them, but if his old lover kept it up, he wasn’t sure how much longer he was liable to hold out, and the last thing he wanted was to make things uncomfortable on Brian. “Out!” he ordered his brother.

“It’s my trailer too!” Ian argued back, straightening his shirt. “Just cause you and Verone wanna bring a new play toy over-”

Owen’s eyes flashed red and his canines elongated, advancing on his Beta and grabbing him by the shirt collar, claws ripping into fabric. “Talk about my mates like that again, and we’re gonna have a problem.”

“Mates?!” Vegh yelped, looking between the three. She recognized the blissed out state and smiled softly. “Congrats Owen,” she mentioned, grabbing hold of her own mate’s arm. “We’ll let you all get to it.” She gave her Alpha a wink before pulling Ian out past the other two.

“Who was that?” Brian managed to ask, wiggling a bit in Carter’s grasp. The Alpha let him go, having not been able to help himself. He had smelled Ian and Vegh and had a sense of possessiveness wash over him that he couldn’t shake. With them gone though, he was feeling much more at ease.

“My brother, Ian and his mate, Vegh. He’s pack Beta.” Owen motioned for the blonde to have a seat in the wrap around bench at the small kitchen table, while he leaned against the counter. “You’ll meet the others tomorrow.”

Carter nodded in agreement, poking around in the fridge for a few beers. “My pack too.” He huffed then, throwing a mock glare at the other Alpha. “Your place is a pig-sty. As usual.” He handed over a beer. “We could have used mine. And no angry Betas to contend with.” He brought a luxury bus with him, with all the bells and whistles. No one could claim a Verone didn’t do things in style.

“Do I always have to apologize for my humble living?” Owen inquired, teasing right back as Carter handed Brian his beer. The Shaw’s were a mobile pack, and as such lived fairly simply outside of their cars. These particular trailers sat most of the year in a secure warehouse they used for their U.S. supplies, so it was no wonder they were rough. Just the basics, that’s all Owen needed as far as living arrangements were concerned.

“We’ll have to fix that,” Carter replied with a cheeky grin, taking a swig of his beer.

Brian had remained silent, simply observing his surroundings- and them- with a critical eye. Both Alphas could tell he was taking it all in. “So,” Owen spoke up, drawing his attention, “you said no one thought you’d take the bite… What changed?”

“Graduated from the Academy,” he replied, playing with the label on his bottle. “Was a gift. Something to keep me safe when I had to leave the pack.”
“Academy?” Owen inquired curiously, wondering if their new mate may have been military bound. Being ex-special forces himself, it would be nice to have someone else around who understood. He’d been involved with spec-ops for years while his father was still alive and running things. It was Carter who had “turned him back to the dark side” as he liked to tease.

“Police academy,” he explained, and Carter about choked on his beer.

Owen laughed at the other Alpha. “Problem?”

“Not really,” he admitted, brows furrowed as he wiped some stray alcohol on his nice shirt. “We keep Monica around for a reason,” he pointed out. She’d been in the DEA for years, Carter’s inside mole that kept the heat off his operation as well as letting him in on insider information on his competitors. It was nice knowing just what the feds knew about him and the pack.

Rolling his eyes, Owen turned his attention back to Brian who seemed confused by the reaction. “You do know what it is we do, right?”

“Rumors,” Brian answered diplomatically, though Owen could see the hint of fear behind his eyes. That wouldn’t do at all.

He leaned on the table, looking over at him. “Don’t ever be afraid of us, Brian,” he spoke, calm and low. “You’re our mate. You’ll always be safe with us. Promise.”

Carter nodded in agreement. “We’re not exactly the prime examples of society,” he admitted. “But we’re also not murderers, rapists, or any of the other ilk that fills our so-called justice system.”

“Just drug-runners and thieves,” Brian noted, voice carefully neutral.

“Says the street racer,” Owen mused. He leaned forward, placing a kiss on top of the blonde’s head. “You’re not so innocent there yourself, Bri.”

Brian chuckled, shaking his head. “Dunno what you’re talkin’ about,” he spoke, taking another drink. “I’m a perfect angel.”

“I agree,” Carter replied, a large grin on his face. “All the same. I think you’re up for an unexpected career change.”

The blonde shrugged. “We’ll see about that.” He tried to make it sound casual, but it ended up coming out sly, and his gaze only reflected that.

“Carter’s good at corruption,” Owen offered, crowding into said man’s space, pushing him into the wall by the bench. He scented along Carter’s neck, feeling the shiver travel down the man’s spine. “Aren’t you?” he asked, voice dropped to a honeyed tone.

“Mmm, I don’t mind being the bad boy of the relationship.” He grabbed hold of Owen’s hips, pulling him in close and kissing him roughly. Not one to be outdone, Owen bit his lower lip, growling softly at the moan it caused.

Owen’s hand drifted down the curve of Carter’s back, settling on his butt. Growling, Carter pushed back, biting onto the other’s neck. They were both being affected by the natural urges to mate, and were no longer able to hold back.

Brian was sitting there watching them with open interest. He squirmed a bit, feeling the effects himself. Although watching such an attractive pair all over each other would have surely turned him on no matter the circumstances.
He scooted around the U-shaped bench, standing up and leaning at the corner, not hiding the fact he was staring at them. It took a few moments of him hovering at the edge of their space to notice, and Owen visibly had to force himself to move back from the other Alpha. As they looked at the blonde though, they could see the subtle twitches, and the way his face was flushed and eyes dilated in desire.

“You know about mating, right?” Carter inquired, reaching a hand out to Brian.

Smirking, Brian nodded. “I may not be a born ‘wolf, but yeah.” Brian pointedly brought Carter’s wrist to his mouth, nuzzling it a moment before nibbling on it a bit. Just like when turned wolves took the bite, mates would bite onto each other’s wrists to imprint on the other. They would heal, naturally, given the superior abilities of their kind, but their souls would remain tied.

“You’re ok with this?” Owen questioned. They needed to be sure that the blonde was on board. There was no need to question each other, knowing for years how they felt. Brian was an unknown though.

Brian surprised himself by whispering out an affirmative response, “Yeah, I’m sure.” He continued to nuzzle into Carter’s wrist, enjoying the breathy sighs escaping the Alpha’s lips.

“Come on then,” Owen continued, offering a hand to Brian. When the blonde took it, he got reeled in, pulled flush into the Alpha’s side. “March,” he ordered Carter, twirling his finger to tell him to turn around. Verone snorted but led the way to the back of the trailer anyway, to the Alpha’s bedroom.

Carter crawled into the Queen bed- a bit small for three grown men, but it would do. He grabbed each of his soon to be mates’ arms and pulled them down with him. Brian chuckled, shaking his head. “A bit eager, are we?”

“For the two of you Corazon? Always.”

Owen growled a bit, eyes bleeding red a moment. His canines dropped down, scraping them along the length of Carter’s neck as he pushed said wolf to the bed. Growling right back, Carter arched up into him, wanting more than his teasing that night. “Owen.” There was an order to his tone, and the other Alpha sat back on his haunches, grinning.

“Anything for you Carter,” he replied, peeling off his jacket, and starting with his shirt.

Brian was feeling a bit like a fish out of water then. He’d been so confident earlier, but put on the spot he was unsure if he really belonged. Watching the pair together, it was clear they were already intimately familiar with one another.

Seeming to sense his distress, a hand pulled his wrist. He looked up into hazel eyes, finding Owen watching him closely, already half undressed. He glanced towards Carter, seeing his own shirt was off as well. “Joining us, Bri?”

“Umm, yeah…” He took his arm back, reaching down to peel his shirt off.

While the Alphas looked appraisingly over their new bed partner, Brian was doing the same. It was Carter who broke the stand-off, slipping his fingers into the blonde’s jean shorts and tugging him closer. “Bottom? Top?”

Swallowing, Brian managed to shrug. “I switch, so…”

Carter’s grin was as wide as a shark’s. “Oh, we’re going to have so much fun.” Three switches?
Their love life would never be boring, that much was for certain.

Owen hummed in agreement, moving in behind Brian to nibble on his neck. “Mating first. Sex later.”

“Or both at the same time?” Both Alphas were surprised that suggestion came from Brian.

The only answer he got was Carter surging forward, capturing his lips with his own. Moaning at the intensity of being sandwiched between them, Brian gave as good as he got. His tongue twinned with Carter’s, and he sighed as he felt hands working at his shorts.

He pulled back for air, head falling onto Owen’s shoulder. Shaw took the blonde’s chin, moving it to the side so their lips locked. It was just as intense as the kiss he shared with Carter, and Brian bit down lightly on the Alpha’s lower lip.

The heat and desire was building within them, threatening to overtake them. They would have to mate soon, or else they were liable to lose control of their wolven natures. As it was, the Alphas’ eyes were steadily glowing red, while Brian’s were the normal amber of average wolves.

Brian offered his wrist for whoever wanted it. “Do it,” he hissed, his mind swimming. He needed to get his head on straight again. To do that though meant they had to trade bites.

Feeling the sting of teeth, the blonde looked to find Carter’s mouth wrapped around his wrist, canines sinking in to claim him. Brian let out a noise that was a cross between a howl and a moan, feeling only pleasure. When Owen’s fangs sank into his other wrist, Brian couldn’t hold it in any longer, coming in his shorts.

He felt himself being laid gently on the bed, and slowly opened his eyes to find the Alphas hovering over him. His Alphas. His mates. Well, once the bond was complete. “You ok?” Owen asked gently, brushing his hair.

Brian nodded. “Yeah. Head doesn’t feel so foggy anymore.”

“Good.” Owen put his wrist in front of Brian’s face then. “How about returning the favor?”

Wetting his lips, Brian drew the arm closer, letting his canines grow. He had never shifted fully, nor would he until the coming full moon, but he could grow his claws and fangs. Sinking them into flesh, he heard Owen’s moan in his ear, the heavy panting. When it moved away, Brian opened his eyes to find Owen was latched onto Carter’s wrist, the latter’s head thrown back in pleasure. They switched things up, Brian biting Carter, and Carter biting Owen.

With the last bites needed, they felt the mating bond snapping into place. It was as though all their minds synced at once, becoming one. They tilted their heads back, howling. Two sets of eyes glowed red before going back to their normal color. Brian’s, however, flashed an electric blue before returning to their natural ice- the mark of an Alpha mate.

Their mating had worked, and they were united in mind and soul.

Limbs twinned together, lips explored exposed flesh, and the trio became united in body as well.
Chapter 3

Light flooded in through the door of the camper as it opened. Owen motioned for his brother to keep it down as he eased his way inside, tilting his head towards the open bedroom door where his mates were still sleeping. He was working on breakfast and poured fresh coffee for him and Ian. “What’s up?” he inquired, handing his brother a mug.

“Braga wants to talk,” Ian answered, leaning against the counter. “He has business to discuss.”

Much to the Shaw brothers’ surprise, Owen didn’t get a chance to reply, as a voice from the bedroom spoke up. “I protest,” Carter mumbled. He lifted his head off the pillow - staring out at his mate with a sleepy expression. “Braga’s a dick, and if this is a group effort now than I vote no dice.”

Ian scowled while Owen just chuckled. “You’ve always hated him. Just because he runs the same business as you…”

Carter scoffed, sitting up. The blankets pooled around his waist and Owen had to stop himself from rejoining him in bed at the view he was receiving. “Please,” the Alpha continued, “give me some credit. Braga’s a common pusher compared to me, and I have far more class.”

Owen chuckled, shaking his head. He came to lean in the doorway. Carter continued, “The man kills his racers. How’s that good for business? At least my runners stay breathing.”

"Who’s killing racers?" a sleepy voice asked. Brian stretched out before snuggling closer to Carter, head falling into his lap. His ocean eyes fluttered open and pinned Owen in his spot.

"Braga and his pack, baby," Carter answered, fingers carding through blonde curls.

"And no one’s stopped him, why?" Brian asked with a yawn.

"Cause he makes a lot of money for his investors," Ian answered, still leaning against the counter.

Sitting up, the blonde was suddenly cold and calculating, eyes piercing into the Beta. “So, kickbacks are worth people’s lives?” he inquired.

“They chose to run, didn’t they?”

Brian snorted. “That’s a crappy excuse.” He looked to Owen then. “I’m with Carter.”

Said Alpha grinned. “See? Logical.” Nuzzling his nose into his mate’s hair, he added, “You’re more than a pretty face, Corazon.”

Owen nodded. “Alright then,” he caved, turning to his brother. “Tell Braga no deal.”

Ian growled, practically slamming his mug down. “Since when does anyone else tell this pack what to do?” He pointed an accusing finger at Brian. “And he’s not even an Alpha! Verone’s one thing-”

Owen flew across the space, pinning his brother against the counter, eyes flashing red. “They’re my mates and you’ll do good to remember that.” He stayed crowded in his brother’s space until Ian gave, tilting his chin to bare his throat. As Owen backed off he added with a smirk, “Shall I tell
Vegh that you no longer value her opinion when it comes to our decisions?"

Ian grumbled, cursing his brother under his breath, but Owen knew him far too well to take it personally. “What do you want me to tell Braga?” the Beta inquired stiffly.

“Tell him to take a long walk off a short pier,” Carter threw in, grinning like a shark as he pulled his blonde mate closer.

Owen shrugged, not really able to argue with that. Once Ian had left, he looked at Carter, admitting, “Never really liked the wanker anyway.”

“Good boy,” Carter replied with a smirk.

Owen snorted. “How ‘bout you two get outta bed so we can go play with cars?” He hadn’t even finished that statement when Brian darted out from under the covers, searching for his clothes. “Easy fireball,” Shaw mused, and then nodded towards his closet. “Why don’t you both grab something of mine?”

“As much as that idea horrifies me,” Carter responded, “I’d rather not be seen wearing these.” He held up his wrinkled dress shirt, crinkling his nose.

Smirking, Owen’s voice dropped to a husky, hinting tone. “Look at it this way Carter… you’ll smell like me.”

Carter didn’t mind the sound of that. Though as he made his way to the closet, they noticed Brian was already dressed. He slipped out past Owen, grabbing some coffee. “Ready to go?” he questioned.

Owen chuckled. “Let’s wait for Carter, hmm beautiful?”

Once said Alpha was dressed and joined them in the small galley kitchen, Brian wasn’t going to wait much longer before he burst with excitement.

Brian needed his car. Owen promised they could not only mess around with all the pack cars, but that they could race around in the desert for a bit. “What are we waiting for?!” he inquired, bouncing on the balls of his feet near the doorway. The Alphas only laughed, knowing they were going to have fun trying to keep up with the energetic blonde.

As they walked through the campgrounds, passing by various packs, Owen ended up carrying the blonde on his back, if only to keep him from running off in his barely contained excitement. Carter walked close, brushing up against them and smiling slyly over at Owen.

The Alphas knew the second they got close to Brian’s pack - well former pack as it stood then. A large black male hollered out and the blonde wiggled out of Owen’s grasp to run over to meet him. “Hey bro!” Brian greeted, grabbing hold of him to pull into a half hug.

“What are we waiting for?!” he questioned. Brian only looked over towards the pair of Alphas wandering up. When the wolf stepped in front of the blonde protectively, two sets of red eyes flashed in warning.

Brian only laughed. “Relax,” he told the Alphas, a hand falling on the stranger’s shoulder. “This is Rome.” They both nodded, recognizing the name. The guy was basically Brian’s adoptive brother and best friend.

“Who the hell are they?” Rome questioned. Gutsy too- the Alphas traded curious looks. Perhaps
they could persuade him into coming along, joining their pack. It would certainly be one that many wolves would try to get into now that they would be a combined force.

Brian only smiled brightly, his eyes flashing an even brighter blue than they naturally were. It caused Rome to take a step back in surprise, looking between the three. “You found your mates?”

“Yup!”

Carter nestled against his side pointedly, nuzzling into his neck. Owen couldn’t resist his mates looking so content, and sidled up behind Carter, nipping at the back of his neck. “Bastard,” he muttered. Shaw knew exactly what his teeth did to him, and Owen had let his canines drop down for just that reason.

Brian laughed at them, shaking his head. “None of that,” he chided. “We’re here for the car so we can go racing, remember?”

“Racing?” Rome’s ears perked up. “Dawg…”

“You can come,” Brian assured, not even bothering to ask his mates. “Both packs have racers in them, so we’re gonna have lots of fun.” He and Rome had always been the black sheep—so to speak—of the pack, so when the Alphas had talked about the members of their packs, well, to say Brian was thrilled was an understatement.

“I’m in,” Rome replied with a bright grin.

Brian grabbed hold of each of his mates, pulling them along so they could meet the pack that raised him. Of course Tank knew who they were, as did Rome’s parents. The blonde could practically see the disappointment coming from them, that men like that had turned out to be their golden boy’s mates. However, they didn’t know them like Brian did.

To be fair, Brian had known them for all of a day, but he’d learned a lot about them on a personal level. Perhaps it was his training, but he gathered a lot of information with just the simplest of statements and gestures. Yeah, they had a bad rep, and he had no doubts that they were every bit as lethal as they were said to be. Yet, he also saw how gentle they were, how much they cared about those that were close to them, which now included Brian.

At the end of the day though, his pack had congratulated him and wished him well, being sure to remind him they would always be his family if he ever needed something. Of course Carter mentioned that Brian would never want for anything, and the blonde believed it too. Neither man lacked the means to take him on, and they seemed the type that wanted to spoil their lovers—especially Carter.

They made arrangements with his stepparents to swing by the house to get Brian’s things after the Gathering was over. Neither Alpha knew where exactly they would be headed. There was a lot to discuss with such a bonding, having to combine two packs. In their eyes though, it was all completely worth it.

“Are you trying to blow yourself up?” Owen inquired, getting his first look at Brian’s NOS system. It was far too much for his car to handle. Brian looked a little sheepish, kicking at the dirt with a sneaker. The Alpha held out his hand. “I’m gonna take ‘er and test ‘er out.”

“But—”

“No buts, Bri. I don’t want you driving it if it’s not safe.” The blonde couldn’t argue and handed over the keys. “Good boy,” Owen cooed with a smirk. He leaned in, stealing a quick kiss. “Meet
As Owen burnt out in the Eclipse, taking off in a cloud of dust once he cleared the other camps, Brian nudged his other mate towards Rome’s car. “In the back,” Brian told him, wanting to drive.

“My car, brah.”

“I know where we’re goin’. Move.” Rome growled but jumped in the back while Carter got in the passenger side.

“I like yours better,” the Alpha noted, turning to look at Rome.

Of course Carter would like the purple convertible Spyder. Aesthetically it was indeed pretty, but Brian knew his car had it where it counted- under the hood. Turning the engine over, Brian confirmed, “Car snob.”

* * *

Owen had met back up with them as promised, and when all the members of their packs had gathered both Alphas introduced Brian and told them about their mating. Everyone seemed overjoyed for them, throwing howls into the air and yipping excitedly. Save for Ian who remained rather calm about the whole thing- but then he'd known about it- and a Latina woman from Carter's pack who outright glared.

They were all introduced in turn, coming up to scent Brian and show respect to him and the opposite pack Alpha. Owen's pack consisted of Ian and Vegh, Ivory, an assassin by the name of Jah, and a hulk of muscle called Klaus. Apparently there was one more, Riley, who was deeply embedded in some federal agency or another that couldn’t make it. The Miami pack had a mated pair for Betas as well, Roberto and Enrique. Then there was Monica, the one who was glaring, but begrudgingly did her duty, and some gearheads by the names of Tej, Suki, and Jimmy that the blonde just knew he would be getting along with.

"Obviously there's gonna be a lot of decisions we need to make before the Gathering's out," Carter said. "We may not be able to do anything right away, but we'll see."

"Suggestions Boss?" Roberto asked.

Carter nodded. "You're all welcome to come speak with us about your concerns." Roberto nodded, satisfied they would all get an opinion in the matter, even if at the end of the day it was the Alphas' decision.

"For now," Owen said, drawing their attention, "we're gonna have some fun. Anyone wants to race out on the flats, grab your car and let’s go.” There were a lot of excited yips and barks, most all the members of both packs being either street racers or car buffs. While Rome was busy introducing himself to the Miami racers, Owen snagged Brian's arm. "Hold up. We need to do somethin' 'bout that car of yours first."

"What's wrong?" Carter asked in concern.

"Bri's gonna get himself blown the fuck up, that's what," he replied, a bit of growl behind it. His gaze met the blonde's. "That's way too much NOS for that car. If it doesn't blow, you're gonna end up frying the engine."

Brian frowned, hanging his head and looking thoroughly whipped. That certainly hadn't been his intention when he'd installed dual nitrous tanks. He figured the Eclipse could take the hits. He felt
Carter nuzzling his cheek and leaned into the touch. Hearing Owen sigh he looked up to meet his hazel eyes.

"Now don't look like that. We all make mistakes building our first few cars. You'll learn, hmm?" Brian gave a slight nod. "Let's take the NOS out for right now and we'll do all the proper mods soon, ok?"

By the time they got out to the flats as well, the rest of the packs were already out playing. Those that weren't the racing type were sitting in the tailgate of Jimmy's pickup, watching the action. Brian had to admit, it was the most fun he'd had in a long time.

The blonde showed off the tricks he'd spent far too much time perfecting- like the reverse 180- and smiled brightly at his mates' reactions to some of his more dangerous stunts. Not that they were ones to talk, especially Owen who had far more years’ experience doing the same type of adrenaline-induced things. Carter was much more into straight up dragging, though he didn't mind kicking dust up at them on occasion.

When the Alphas let him drive their cars Brian felt like he was in heaven. No one else could have ever thought about being able to drive them- except each other, but even then it had been limited. The perks of being mated...

Brian was unsure which of his mates' cars he liked better though, and decided that at the end of the day they each suited their owners perfectly.

By the time they rolled back into camp later in the afternoon to break for lunch, Brian was flying high. He tackled the first mate he got to, which happened to be Carter. The Alpha started laughing though, laying on his back in the dirt, shaking his head. ‘Why don’t we take this somewhere private,’ he mentioned, a bit of suggestive growl behind it as he rubbed their hips together.

The blonde wasn’t about to argue that one, scrambling to his feet and pulling the brunette up with him. Owen was there, laughing as well. “You had fun I take it?” he inquired of Brian. Smiling in answer, he grabbed hold of the front of Owen’s shirt, pulling him in for a kiss. As he started to be dragged along after his two mates, Owen asked, “And where exactly are we goin’?” Twin smiles said it all.

They all tumbled up the stairs of Carter’s luxury bus, stumbling here and there as they somehow managed to make their way back to the bedroom. The King sized bed was much more plush than Owen’s and Brian sighed happily as his back hit the sheets.

As their bodies twinned together, trading lazy kisses they knew they couldn’t be happier. Hands roamed, lips tasted, nails and teeth marked. They claimed each other again and again, feeling their bond growing ever stronger. The power of the moon almost to its full strength rising above the desert gathering only served to draw on their wolven nature more, heightening every touch, every sensation, until they all thought they would die from bliss.

* * *

The moon was full now, and Brian gazed up at it, even though there was still light in the sky. All around the Gathering, wolves were forced into their changes- all with various resistance to the moon’s influence. The new werewolf just stood there, waiting.

He could feel Carter and Owen’s eyes on him, sitting around the campfire that was centered in the Verone camp where they’d been staying. Both packs were there, and even though Rome had wanted to be, both he and Brian knew that Tank wouldn’t approve. The pack was supposed to be together on a full moon, and until Rome decided whether or not he’d be following his adoptive brother into the Shaw and Verone pack, then he was expected back.
“Brian,” Carter called, drawing the blonde’s attention. His eyes glowed their wolven blue and both his mates could see the fear there.

They were next to him in moments, curled up on either side of him, whispering comforting words. “Shh, angel,” Owen murmured in his ear, feeling Brian start to shake. “We’re here. It’ll be ok. Promise.”

“Scared,” Brian admitted with a little whimper. “What if…? What if I can’t control it? What if I lose myself to the wolf?” Voicing aloud the concerns he’d been having made it seem all the more real, causing a shiver to go down his spine.

“You won’t,” Carter assured, petting his hair. “You’re strong Bri. You can do this.” He kissed his temple, eyes bleeding red a moment as he met the still glowing blue eyes of his mate. “And you have us.”

Brian nodded slightly. Carter had a point. He knew from what he’d been taught that wolves needed an anchor, something to hold them to their humanity. In that, a mate was a powerful tool.

Suddenly Brian was overwhelmed, throwing his head back and howling. His knees buckled and he started to fall, but his mates were there to catch him, lowering him to the ground slowly. He could hear the rest of the pack fanning out, taking protective measures to make sure their Alphas’ mate was safe.

“S’ok, Brian,” Owen assured, though there was some growl to it. “Just breathe.” Brian yelling out again, doubling over. “Breathe, baby… breathe.”

Forcing himself to take deep breaths, Brian tried to focus on their voices, taking comfort in their closeness. All of his senses were heightening to an unbearable degree and he howled out again, claws growing and digging into the ground.

“Listen to me,” Carter ordered. “Let go. Give into your wolf.”

Brian shook his head fiercely. That was the opposite of what he wanted to do. “No,” he croaked. “Trust me,” the Alpha insisted. “Let the wolf out. Now!”

At Carter’s words, the blonde’s eyes went impossibly wide, reflecting the moon as he threw his head back and howled. As he did, his bones popped and shifted, muzzle elongating, ears changing, tail growing. When it was over, he stood there on four wobbling legs, tongue lolled out and panting.

As his senses came back to him and his mind was still his own. His eyes stopped their glowing, and he blinked a few times, looking at his surroundings. Kneeling next to him were his mates, who smiled softly at him, nodding their heads in approval.

“You did it Bri,” Owen confirmed. “How do you feel?”

The blonde picked up one front paw, than the other, giving his limbs a shake. "Alright," he projected, glad mates could communicate in such a way, rather than forced into using the more simplified language of their wolven halves.

"You're even beautiful as a wolf Corazon," Carter mentioned, scratching behind his ear.

Even in wolf form, Brian’s sideways smirk was the same. He shifted his weight back a bit, cocking his hip. One of his ears lazed to the side and his tail swished back and forth. “Really?”
Owen chuckled, “Go see for yourself.” He pointed towards a nearby car.

Brian padded over, putting his paws up on the door to look at his reflection in the window. He was met with his normal blue eyes, but he was staring at the face of a wolf. His fur was the same shade as his hair, light blonde with streaks of gold, long and silky. He turned to his mates who were watching him thoughtfully. “What about you?” he asked almost coyly.

The Alphas traded an amused glance, before looking back at their mate. The newly transformed wolf sat back on his haunches, raising an expectant brow. At the same time they both shifted as well, allowing the moon to grace them with her gift.

Owen’s coat was short, a mix of grey and tawny browns, the green in his eyes popping more against the dark rings around his eyes. Carter, on the other hand was ebony with patches of dark brown along his body, and the same blue-grey eyes staring at Brian. Both grinned wolfishly upon seeing their mate’s reaction.

As the trio came together, rubbing against each other and trading scents, the rest of the pack around them shifted as well. Throwing their heads back and howling to their mistress moon, every bayful cry was filled with joy. Brian looked between his mates, lips curled into a smile. He gave them each a lick, hearing the projected thoughts of love and devotion.

None of them had any idea as to what would happen when the Gathering ended- where exactly the combined packs would end up, what they would do. There was a lot of planning to be done, but it was all completely worth it in their eyes.

With a playful yip, Brian snapped at his mates, taking off at a sprint towards the same desert flats they’d raced the previous day. The Alphas were hot on his heels, barking with laughter, the pack following suit. The trio ran for the sheer joy of it, feeling muscles ripple and air whip by them. Together they played well into the night, enjoying the other’s company.

They gave short barks of happiness, tumbling about in a tangle of limbs, ending up collapsed on the desert floor. Brian sighed, catching his breath, looking up at the moon above. His mates had been right- he’d kept his mind intact, not becoming one of the crazed creatures they all feared, thanks to them. Brian knew it was their mating that made his first change so easy, and for that he was grateful.

Feeling bodies shifting next to him, Brian watched as his mates returned to their human forms. “Come on, Bri,” Owen spoke softly. “You can do it too.”

The blonde wasn’t too sure of that. Alphas were usually the only ones who had the strength of will to avoid changing during a full moon, and likewise, change back. Once the moon’s power took hold of a wolf, rarely could they fight against her pull until she disappeared.

“Just think of the change,” Carter encouraged. “Think of the form you want to be in.”

Brian nodded, taking a deep breath and closing his eyes. He pictured himself as human again, and after a couple minutes, he started feeling the change. It wasn’t violent this time- in fact it was rather pleasurable- and he sighed happily when it was over. Opening his eyes, he saw his mates smiling.

“How do you feel, Corazon?” his one Alpha asked, brushing his blonde locks lovingly.

“I’m good,” he answered.

“Good,” Carter replied with a smile, pulling him closer.

Owen nodded in agreement, wrapping his arms around the pair and snuggling into them. “I love you
both,” he whispered, nuzzling their cheeks.

Carter nipped at the other Alpha’s jaw. “Love you too, Owen.” He did the same to Brian. “And you too, Bri.

Brian’s grin could have given the moon a run for her money. He hugged them both tightly. “Mmm, my Alphas,” he murmured. “Mates.” He looked them both in the eye. “I love you too.”

Under the light of the full moon, the mates snuggled closer together—partly to take the chill off, but mostly because they could. Brian realized then that he’d been avoiding taking the bite all those years for nothing. It was inevitable that it would happen, just as it was inevitable he would find his mates. As soon as he had accepted both, Brian found he couldn’t be any happier.

/End

Chapter End Notes

You can thank my crazy betas for this pairing. This was actually a prompt I came up with that I ended up tackling myself, and this was the pairing that most of them wanted to see. Though, I’m planning to eventually tackle another pairing with the same prompt. Hope you all enjoyed this one! Thanks for the love!

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