



Hunter Clan
&
Vauchuse Coven
Short Story

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A Hunter Clan/Vauchuse Coven Short

Riley

He was done.

He was so fucking done.

Riley glared at the asshole in front of him, grinding his teeth together in a desperate attempt, not to lung and punch in in his smug face. If the dude didn't cut back on the snide remarks, Riley was about to set his arse on fire.

“It’s a fairly simple question. Let’s try it one more time and see if you can answer.

Where. Is. My. Mate?”

The douchebag, Riley vaguely remembered his name was Kyle but douchebag seemed to fit more, rolled his eyes. “Probably doing something more important than pandering to his little mate.”

Oh no, he did not just go there with my height!

Fists clenched so as to contain the sparks that were emitting from his hands, Riley took a deep breath. “Look, I don’t know what your problem is with me, and I don’t rightly care, but you need to get over it.”

“Or you’ll what?” Kyle scoffed finally turning to face Riley and giving him his full attention. An ugly sneer screwed up Kyle’s features as his eyes raked over Riley in obvious disgust. “You know, I have no idea why people find you Mage so intimidating.”

Riley gaped. Was this moron serious?

“Well, I’d say it could be the fact that some of us could control your mind,” he drawled.

“But I’m guessing that’s not an issue for you, huh?”

“What?” The Vampire seemed confused, which just added more weight to Riley’s claim.

More than over Kyle’s antics, Riley figured there was only one way to solve this problem. Sure, he had promised Caleb that he would behave himself and not cause trouble, but come on...it’s not like his mate actually expected him to. Caleb knew who he mated.

“So, you don’t think Mage’s are scary, and you won’t tell me where my mate is?”

“No and no,” Kyle smirked.

Riley sighed. "You asked for it then."

Drawing the heat from his body and forming flames, Riley casually flicked his fingers out, the sparks flying from the tips and landing onto the material of Kyle's pants.

"What the fuck!" shouted the Vampire.

Riley shrugged as Kyle fumbled with his belt and pulled down his pants, stomping on them to stop the small fire that had began to spread. Riley had made sure not to start a huge one, he had slowly been gaining more and more control over his ability to the point that he could now maintain the flames even after they left his body. He was a one-man fire brigade.

Snickering, Riley didn't realize that they were no longer alone in the hall until Caleb made his presence known.

"Riley!" Caleb's shout echoed along the hallway.

His mate sounded mad, but Riley continued to smile at a livid Kyle. "Never mind. Found him."

"You little fucker," Kyle snarled, stamping out the last of the fire and lunging at him.

Seeing it coming, Riley spun on his heel and darted out of the way. Angling his body for another attack, Riley waited for Kyle to turn and move towards him again. When the other man came within reach Riley sidestepped to the left and brought his fist up, taking a swing.

Satisfaction shot through him at the sound of the crunch as his knuckles met flesh.

Kyle howled, dropping down to his knees. The vampire didn't stay down for long and Riley let out a startled yelp when long arms wrapped around his torso and swung him out of the way.

"What the-"

"Riley, stop," Caleb hissed in his ear as two of the Coven's enforcers stepped forward to restrain a fuming Kyle.

Feeling the tension running through his mate, Riley gave up struggling in Caleb's arms and allowed himself to be dragged away from the scene. Distantly he heard Caleb call out something over his shoulder to Jonas who stood there with his arms crossed, his expression contorted between annoyance like he was fighting to hide his amusement.

Riley followed Caleb with a shrug. That was a fairly common reaction he received from his brother-in-law. Come to think of it, that was the reaction he got from a lot of people.

When Caleb pulled him into their room, Riley closed the door quietly and stared at his mate in defiance. If the other man expected him to apologise then he was shit out of luck.

Instead, Riley was met with a heated stare, amber eyes pinning him to the spot as his mate closed the distance between them. There was no anger in Caleb's gaze, no annoyance or disappointment. Just pure, unadulterated heat.

“Ah, Caleb?” Riley whispered, not expecting this reaction from his mate, and totally unsure of where it was going.

“I should be so angry right now.” Caleb lifted a hand to stop Riley from speaking. “I should, but I’m not. You set a Coven member on fire, you cut short a conference call with the Hunter Clan, and then broken that same Coven member’s nose. I should be furious.”

“But you’re not, right?” Riley interrupted him, his face flushing as Caleb continued to prowl forward, suddenly feeling like prey. “That’s where you’re going with this? You’re not pissed.”

Caleb shook his head. “No, my mate. Not pissed.”

Riley shivered when Caleb’s arms finally enclosed him, tugging him flush against the other man’s chest. “I’ve got to admit, I was not expecting this response from you.”

Chuckling, Caleb’s eyes darkened to a shade of molten lava. “You have no idea, *Amatus*.

For weeks now, I had stood by. It has been so hard watching Kyle disrespect you, knowing I could stop it all but also knowing you would resent it. I’ve been waiting for you to finally teach that asshole a lesson. To show him exactly what you are capable of.”

“You...what?” He reached up and tangled his fingers in Caleb’s shirt, eyes wide. “I thought... I thought you hadn’t noticed.”

“Oh, I noticed,” Caleb growled, his teeth elongating and pressing into his bottom lip. “I noticed and I nearly killed him.”

Pulse racing and heart beating rapidly in his chest, Riley pressed himself impossibly closer to his mate. He was hard behind his jeans and because he was a little shit, Riley began thrusting slightly against Caleb’s leg, eliciting a groan from the bigger man who started moving his hips as well.

“Riley.” His name was said both with awe and warning.

Peering up at his mate through his lashes, Riley did his best innocent expression. “You know... you really should be angry with me.”

Confusion had Caleb’s hips stuttering to a stop. “What?”

“What I did was bad, very bad, so...”

Caleb’s confusion melted away to be replaced by the same scorching heat that had consumed him moments before. “And what exactly do you have in mind?”

Instead of answering, Riley dropped to his knees. Caleb let out a startled gasp when Riley went for his buckle but otherwise said nothing, his heated gaze searing into him.

Riley licked his lips, his gaze flicking back up to Caleb as he grinned. “Oh, I can think of a few things.”

Sawyer

Hearing the booming laughter coming from the other side of Jake's office door, Sawyer nudged it open and glanced around. He found his mate reclined in his chair behind the large mahogany desk. To the right stood Dmitri and Morgan, both men already having raised from the own seats as though to make their exit.

Sawyer frowned. "Hey, everything okay?"

"Yeah, just a little excitement over at the Vaocluse Coven," Dmitri replied, landing a reassuring hand on Sawyer's shoulder briefly before leaving.

"Which should surprise absolutely no one. I'm surprised the entire place hasn't been burnt down already," Morgan added with a chuckle, leaving as well.

Now alone with Jake, Sawyer watched as his mate hung up the phone and turned to him, a smirk tilting at the corner of Jake's lips.

"What was that about?" he asked hesitantly, unsure he really wanted the answer.

Especially if fire was involved.

Jake's eyes softened for a moment before filling with mirth again, "The conference call with the Vaocluse Coven got a little interrupted."

"A little interrupted?" Sawyer studied Jake's expression and a dawning sense of dread filled him. "Oh god. What did Riley do?"

Laughing, Jake stood from his desk and made his way over to Sawyer, wrapping his arms around his mate. "Well, there was some shouting, cursing, and mentions of someone on fire so..."

"Oh my god," Sawyer groaned, burying his head into Jake's chest. "He set someone on fire? Again?"

"I don't know what I find more disturbing about that statement?" Jake said with a mix of horror and humour. "The fact that you don't seem surprised that he set someone on fire, or that he has done this before."

Sawyer snorted and lifted his head. "Oh please. Even you're not surprised he did it."

With a sigh, Jake nodded. "That's true. That is *so* true."

Laughter filled the room as they both absorbed the absurdity that was his brother. God, he really did love the other man, but his twin had never really been able to grasp the whole

'appropriate behaviour' thing. Not that Sawyer really wanted him to. He wouldn't be Riley if he did.

So much had changed over the last few years. It had been just them for so long, and then he had found Jake. He and Riley had found their family, or at least most of it. And now his brother lived hours from him with a Coven of Vampires and his own mate. They had never been separated this long and there were times where he missed Riley so terribly, even when the man had spent forever trying to get Sawyer laid, not able to understand Sawyer's desire to wait for his mate.

It felt strange to hear second or even third hand about Riley's adventures now, though he would be lying if he said there wasn't also some relief. His twin could be downright exhausting.

And besides, *he* no longer had to clean up Riley's mess.

That realisation hit him and he began to laugh harder.

"But you know what the good thing about it is?" Sawyer said playful, reaching his arms up to wrap them around Jake's neck, pulling the taller man down until their lips were less than an inch apart. "It's not our problem. He is all Caleb's."

Pressing forward, Sawyer flicked his tongue out and swiped over his mate's bottom lip causing a feral growl to slip from Jake's mouth. "Really? You think Caleb can handle him?"

"I think...that you need to be more concerned about whether or not you can handle me, my m--"

Before he could finish his sentence, Jake slanted his lips down over Sawyer's. When he gasped, Jake took full advantage, invading with his tongue. Warm, large hands came around to tug Sawyer closer and he went without a fight. Moaning into the delicious heat of the other

man's mouth, Sawyer lost himself in the sensation, revelling in the strength he could feel beneath his hands.

"Jake," he gasped when the other man began trailing his lips down Sawyer's neck, nipping and teasing tender skin, sending shivers down his spine. "Oh, that's handling. That's...that's very good handling."

"So glad you approve," Jake murmured against his skin, making him shiver.

Sawyer's breath hitched as he pulled back slightly "Very much. Very very much."

Jake's grin was wide and cocky. "How about I give you something else to approve of?"

"Oh yes. Yes please," Sawyer responded, practically climbing Jake's large frame, sparing a brief glance at the clock mounted on the wall to his right. "The kids are with your parents still.

I'd say we have at least twenty minutes."

Jake rolled his eyes even as he planted his hand underneath the firm globes of his mate's arse and lifted him higher. "So romantic."

Sawyer smirked, tightening his arms around his mate's neck. "We're parents, so that was romantic. I could have just said hurry up."

Jake quirked a brow. “You want me to hurry?”

Sawyer let out a startled yelp when Jake suddenly let go and dropped him onto the lounge that sat off to the side of the office. Glaring up at the wolf, Sawyer didn’t have a chance to gripe about this treatment because Jake was on him and in him within moments, their tongues duelling and hips moving together.

Moaning with the heat and intensity of his mate’s body pressing down into him, Sawyer spared a quick thought for his brother and the thank you message he would be sending for ending the meeting early.

Even hours away and his brother was still helping him get laid. Huh, maybe not so much had changed after all.

Caleb

Exhausted, Caleb groaned as he left Riley.

“Damn, I needed that,” Riley panted.

Caleb settled on his side next to Riley, the soft pale blue egyptian sheets below him felt cool on his overheated and damp skin. He propped his head up on one arm as a smirk tipped the edges of his lips. “The spanking or the sex?”

Attempting an awkward shrug from his sprawled position, Riley said, “Meh. Little from column A, little from column B.”

Falling onto his back, Caleb stared up at the ceiling while he laughed. “God, I love you.”

“You better,” Riley muttered, face half planted into the bed.

As Caleb opened his mouth to reply, Riley’s phone went off beside him, letting them know his mate had a message. With energy he didn’t really think Riley had, his mate flailed his arm out and felt around for his mobile somewhere on his bedside table.

Making a sound of triumph, Riley swiped at the screen and stared for a moment before letting out a peal of laughter and typing back. Riley’s phone went off three more times. Beside him, Caleb frowned, reaching out to take his mate’s phone and read whatever had the other man in hysterics only to find himself joining Riley as he read the message his mate’s twin had sent to him and Riley’s reply.

He also made a mental note to make a trip to the Hunter Clan soon so the brothers could spend some quality time together. They had spent enough time apart.

From Sawyer: Thanks for interrupting the meeting. I totally got laid without the kids running in. I owe you!

From Riley: Dude, you're not the only one. Turns out setting arseholes on fire turns C on. He's a kinky bastard!

From Sawyer: Dude, TMI

From Riley: Please, TMI would be me telling you about this thing he does with his fangs ;)

From Sawyer: I hate you

From Riley: You love me

From Sawyer: I really do. Miss you

From Riley: Miss you 2