

S.N.A.F.U.

Mad Dogs 5

Brenda Cothorn

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Dedication

To my fans who have been patiently waiting for the
Dogs!

Acknowledgements

Special thanks The Body Shop in Tampa for letting me treat their bars like my personal office and also to my favorite Rumplemintz loving Doctor who helped me understand viruses!

Of course, I have to once again thank my beta team. Jen W. for reminding me where commas do and don't go, Sparky for questioning my consistency, Lora and Lori for pointing out what 'reads funny,' and Shirley for all the adjective suggestions. Without you, my writing wouldn't be nearly as clean and the story would suffer.

Once more, my fellow author and friend, Sandrine Gasq-Dion is mentioned in the story. El is addicted to her assassin/shifters series, The Skull Blasters. If you haven't checked out this series, you should. El loves it enough that he has made several of the books into his 'babies.'

Chapter One

The Mad Dogs barracks at Camp Smokey were quiet as a tomb. Even when the Delta Unit was present, a pin could still be heard if dropped. The normal banter and blaring noise of gunfire from Call of Duty from the T.V. was absent. It was as if the Dogs were mourning one of their own. In a way, they were mourning not one, but two.

Two weeks ago, the team returned from their forced R&R that turned out to be anything but rest and relaxation. Somehow, the Councilwoman Shanna Crystal had tracked them to Florida. The ambush her hired mercenaries executed resulted in Doc and another shifter being captured. Another shifter breed that the Mad Dogs never knew existed. According to Duke, the Watchers didn't have any knowledge of them either.

The rescue op that followed left a section of the Ocala National Forest looking like a war zone and the Councilwoman dead. However, the destruction was easily taken care of by the Council and none of the Mad Dogs gave the damage that had been done to the forest a second thought. No, the death of the Councilwoman and the battle they had fought to free Doc and the other werewolf shifter was not what occupied the team members' minds.

Doc, H, and Brian filled their thoughts. Doc was still comatose after Brian almost ripped his throat out

when he awoke from being turned by Duke and the Tampa vampire. None of the Dogs knew why their medic wouldn't wake and they were concerned about both H and Brian.

H had not left his bondmate's side since finding Doc dying in the Ocala National Forest. Even with their shields firmly in place, the pack could feel their comman's despair and heartbreak. H's emotions were only slightly stronger than Brian's guilt over the attack. Guilt they all felt continually from their sniper unless his uncontrollable hunger rose to the surface.

Four times since the unit returned to Camp Smokey, Brian had succumbed to ravenous hunger. A hunger so strong that had Markus *and* Duke not been present, Brian more than likely would have injured, if not outright killed another pack mate. Injuring a pack mate, or worse, the threat of killing, just added to the guilt that they felt across the link from Brian. The Mad Dogs were in shambles and if something didn't change soon, the pack might not survive.

B? Markus looked at his bondmate with concern.

Brian lay on his cot with an arm thrown over his eyes and was still as death. If Markus couldn't see the slight rise and fall of Brian's chest, he would think his mate *was* dead. It wouldn't be the first time since they had returned to Camp Smokey that his mate displayed such eerie stillness.

B? Markus called out mentally to Brian again.

His gaze shifted from Brian to Duke when he received no answer. The former Watcher had showed up at Camp Smokey two hours after they had returned from DAD T's Campground. Duke watched Brian like a hawk and even when Markus thought the vampire had given

him and his bondmate some privacy, he was sure Duke wasn't too far away.

Brian's new vampire hunger sent him into feeding frenzies and Markus was grateful for Duke's presence. He was also glad he could shift into his third form when that happened. Had his hybrid form not given him extra strength and bulk, Markus was sure his mate would do some serious damage to him when he fed. Brian still might if Duke wasn't present to help his mate gain control.

Markus shifted his eyes back to Brian after he met Duke's gaze. From the corner of his eye, Markus saw Duke stand and take a step closer to Brian's cot. The vampire's movement, though his expression had not changed, caused Markus to sit up from his own cot and become hyper alert.

Brian did not stir, did not shift, or change position. Still, Markus stood and didn't take his eyes off his bondmate.

"M?" Oh's voice was low, but Markus didn't turn to look at his team leader. Instead, he made a calming motion with his hand and took another step closer to Brian's cot. Markus could feel Oh and El's eyes on them and their wariness through the pack link.

Brian was consumed with guilt. Guilt over Doc and the injury he had caused the gentle medic. The injury that had left his pack mate in a coma and his other pack mate devastated. Regardless of what Markus told him time and time again, it *was* his fault that Doc was in his current condition.

The fact that H was now a walking zombie was also his fault. Their normally outgoing, joking, over-

talkative comm man was a shred of his former self and there was no one else to take the blame but him.

The pack is falling apart. Totally ruined. A few hundred years of Mad Dog history is over because of me.

Brian couldn't help his thoughts and knew if his shields weren't firmly in place that his bondmate would try to tell him how wrong he was. Again. But he was right. He'd effectively done what the Organization could not. He destroyed the Mad Dogs and there wasn't a fucking thing he could do to make things right.

"B?" Markus tried to get his mate to answer him again, but just calling out to the man seemed to trigger the reaction that none of them were used to yet.

Brian leapt from his cot so quickly that Markus was caught off guard, even though he had been watching Brian. His bondmate was on him within the blink of an eye. Long werewolf incisors spread Brian's lips and his eyes glowed eerily red.

"Out!" Duke yelled at Oh and El even though he didn't need to. They knew what was about to happen.

Markus heard Duke's shout and could sense Oh and El moving behind him. He couldn't spare any thought to his teammates or the vampire. Markus threw his arm up just in time for Brian to sink his sharp fangs into his flesh.

"Shift!" Duke yelled and wrapped an arm around Brian's neck. Again, Duke's shout wasn't needed, but the vampire couldn't seem to help himself.

The vampire didn't pull his mate away, but just held him back for as long as he could in order to give Markus time to shift into his hybrid form. Markus knew from previous experience that if Duke tried to pull Brian off once his mate latched on that he would lose a chunk

of his arm. It had already happened the first time Brian went into a frenzy after they returned to the camp. If it weren't for their ability to rapidly heal, Markus would have a chunk sized scar covering his arm already. The only benefit to his mate's unpredictable feeding attacks, and it was small, was that Markus learned control over shifting into his third form.

Duke's command reached Markus' ears at the same time pain flared in his forearm from Brian's bite. It fucking hurt because it wasn't a nip of thin fangs like Duke's but a chomp of thick werewolf teeth sinking into his arm.

Whether it was Duke's order, the pain that flared to life, or a conscious decision, Markus shifted. His fatigues tore and the sound of the ripping fabric mingled with Brian's ferocious growls. Markus felt his bones elongate and his muscles stretch and swell to accommodate his larger frame.

Brian's fangs, which were firmly lodged in Markus' human form, caused his mate's mouth to widen around his arm. Brian didn't release him and Markus felt his flesh tear. Markus leaned forward toward his now smaller mate and pushed his wolf muzzle, predominate on his mostly human face, and growled warningly at his mate.

Brian released Markus' arm and hissed in reply before twisting his body effortlessly to dislodge Duke from his back.

"Get control Hay," Duke ordered after he caught his balance. His tone was calm because he and Markus had been through this before.

Trying to physically restrain Brian was out of the question. It had taken all of Duke and Alec's strength to

barely affect the vampire-werewolf when they were in the National Forest. In fact, if it weren't for Markus, Duke wasn't sure if they ever would have prevented Brian's rampage from continuing.

Markus' golden gaze bored into Brian's blood red eyes while he prepared for what was to come. They had what they needed to do down to a science when it came to his mate's feeding attacks. Duke would try and exert his control over Brian as his Sire and Markus would mentally try to calm his bondmate while offering himself up as a meal. So far, their system seemed to work, to keep Brian from killing him. Markus didn't want to think about what would happen to the three of them if it suddenly did not.

I have what you need, B. I'm not fighting you. Markus stood at his full height. Even though he towered over his mate in his current form, Markus had no delusions about which one of them was stronger. *Go ahead, B. I trust you.*

Markus tilted his head to the side submissively, but never broke eye contact with his mate. Blood-red eyes glowed, not the beautiful chocolate brown of Brian's human form or the stunning steel-blue of his wolf, stared back at him full of hunger. Hunger to feed, not the hunger to fuck.

"You are in control, Hay," Duke said calmly. "Take what you need...gently."

Markus watched Brian's head whip around to glower at Duke. Another angry hiss escaped his mate's lips and when Brian looked as if he were about to attack the former Watcher, Markus spoke and prayed Brian would listen since he always didn't.

B, Markus let his desperation be heard in his voice and he was rewarded by Brian refocusing on him. *Come on, B. Take what you need... Please.*

Markus had no time to be relieved or even brace himself when Brian moved. One moment there was barely two feet between them and the next, he was flat on his back. His arms were still flailing as the breath left his lungs and the sharp pain of his jugular being pierced flooded his brain.

They had gone through this before. In fact, every time Brian needed to feed, but his mate's attack and the initial piercing pain still caught Markus off guard and he doubted he would ever get used to it. The pain didn't last longer than his mate's first bite before it was replaced with fierce wave after wave of pleasure which assaulted every synapse of Markus' being. Every pull that Brian took caused Markus to undulate erotically beneath his mate.

Like every other time his mate needed to feed, Markus' long, hybrid claws dug deeply into Brian's back. Cleanly, they pierced through his mate's fatigues as if he weren't wearing them at all and drew blood that neither wolf nor wolf-vampire noticed or cared about.

By the third draw from his neck, Markus arched his back and his orgasm slammed into him. His hot release soaked into his fur covered body and into the front of Brian's fatigues. The wet stickiness was barely a ping on Markus' radar. That small ping would soon disappear as his mate fed. All Markus could do was clutch his bondmate and inhale the chocolate mint scent that Brian flooded into the air.

"Slowly," Duke cooed and Markus watched him over Brian's shoulder.

The Watcher laid a hand on Brian's back and Markus swore he felt Duke press his mate down into him. Markus locked his eyes onto Duke and clearly recognized the lust concealed under concern. He had no time to contemplate the vampire's desire because another orgasm consumed him. A howl of pleasure escaped his muzzle and Markus thrust up into Brian.

When Markus was finally able to open his eyes again, it was to see Duke practically lying atop Brian and staring down at him. The look of hunger in the vampire's eyes had intensified and it was a look that had nothing to do with feeding. That look sent another shudder through Markus, and he knew it wasn't from the draughts Brian was pulling from his neck. Memories of when Markus first met the Watcher came to mind and Markus did nothing to stop them.

Chapter Two

February 2011

The sniper nest was in the perfect location to see down into the small village that was filled with worshipers of the Seven Macaw. The cult's rising influence to destroy humans was the reason Markus was now hunkered down amongst the rocky outcrop above the village.

Markus adjusted his scope to locate his teammates. H and Doc remained concealed just up the road from the village. Markus panned away from them and watched Oh in wolf form cover El while he set explosive charges on every building.

He tracked his teammates' progress and was almost disappointed that he didn't need to shoot anyone before they finished setting the charges. That disappointment didn't last long when one of the cult members started inspecting the building where El set his second charge.

"Discovery imminent," Markus whispered quietly into his mic.

"Three minutes until clear," El responded and Markus could hear their demo man's excitement to blow shit up in his voice. "Oh's ordered a go."

Markus exhaled and squeezed the trigger. The suppressor on his sniper rifle muted the sound of the shot

from bouncing off the surrounding rocks. It ensured no one below would hear his shot fired. He never took his eyes off the target. Even after the man was down and the rapidly spreading blossom of red covered his back; Markus watched because there was no easy way to confirm his target was only human. Several seconds passed before Markus decided that the target, human or not, was not going to get up again.

“Neutralized,” Markus informed El. He knew his teammate would inform their team leader.

Three minutes later, El’s fireworks started. The dozen or so Seven Macaw cult members that escaped the explosions were easily dispatched by a single shot each from Markus’ rifle.

“Regroup at checkpoint Alpha,” H’s voice whispered in Markus’ ear, and he started to stand.

It was the last thing he heard before he was ambushed from behind. An arm wrapped around him and snatched his rifle away at the same time another hand ripped his mic away from his throat. Markus didn’t hear his rifle clatter against the rocks he previously lay upon, and he had no time to counter the body that pushed against this back. His head was wrenched to the side and the palm of his attacker on his chest pulled him flush with the body behind him.

“Hello mic lup,” an accented voice whispered near his ear.

Markus tried to pry his attacker’s hands free, but the man had an iron grip on his neck and chest.

“Shhh,” his attacker’s voice cooed. “I am not here to kill you, pup. I just want a taste.”

Markus had no time to reply before sharp fangs pierced his neck. The pain of the bite was fleeting and

rapidly replaced by lust. Unabashedly, Markus pushed his ass back into the vampire who now fed from his neck and made his cock achingly hard. He never felt his fatigues undone and lowered, or the pain from the vampire pushing into his body without any prep or lube.

One orgasm after another coursed through Markus' body while the vampire matched his thrusts with each pull from Markus' jugular. Sounds, which Markus had no control over, almost inhuman sounds, escaped his throat and ricocheted off the surrounding rocks. He had no control over his body's response to the vampire. No control at all.

Finally, it was over. The mouth left his neck and Markus' first coherent emotion was disappointment; his first coherent thought was that if his attacker hadn't been embracing him, he would be flat on his face. Gently, he was lowered to the ground and a hand rubbed small circles on his back while he caught his breath.

"I am very pleased to meet you, Sullivan."

Markus' moved just enough to look over his shoulder at the vampire who had just made him a meal and fucked the living shit out of him. He watched the attractive vampire stand and take a few steps back.

"You'll have me the next time I need to feed."

"Don't count on it," Markus growled even though his cock twitched at the thought of bending the sexy vamp over and riding him hard. Markus stood and pulled up his fatigues while staring into the vampire's gold rimmed, red irises.

"Now, now. Don't be like that," the vampire smiled.

“Who are you?” Markus demanded, and didn’t look away from the vamp while he moved his hand toward his sidearm.

“I am Duke,” the vampire replied with a smirk and his tone implied that Markus should already know of him. “I’ll be seeing you again, pup. Give my regards to Xavier.”

Markus had his pistol in his hand and pointed at the vampire, but Duke was already gone. Surprisingly, Markus wasn’t sure if he was looking forward to another encounter with the sexy vampire or not.



Duke pressed Hay down into Sullivan. He knew he wasn’t hurting either Mad Dog with his weight. The feel of Hay’s body shuddering as he fed and from Sullivan thrusting up into the wolf was arousing. However, Duke didn’t allow his blood to flow and fill his soft cock. He still wanted Hay, there was no doubt, but getting his young’s feeding frenzies under control took precedence over his own desires.

Duke’s eyes never left Sullivan’s pleasure blown pupil gaze, even when the wolf closed them. The smell of honeysuckle and cinnamon from the sniper’s release was almost overwhelming. Duke had no doubt that the scent would cling to him and Hay for days, but he didn’t mind. The smell and orgasmic pleasure on Sullivan’s face brought memories of when he had the wolf and was fucked in return. Forcefully, he pushed those memories away. Now was not the time to lose focus and take a trip down memory lane.

“That’s it, Hay,” Duke continued to whisper in his child’s ear. “Gently. You are doing well. You are getting better, pup.” Duke brought his hand around Hay’s head and used his thumb to caress along Hay’s moving jaw. “Now, seal him up,” Duke directed in a whisper.

Brian’s first sense to break free of the feeding frenzy was smell. The scent of Markus’ cum was like a lifeline that Brian needed since he totally blacked out when the frenzy overcame him. He could always feel the gnawing hunger building before the turmoil to feed and fought it every damned time. And lost.

Duke’s words were a droning murmur when his hearing finally kicked back in. They grew steadily clearer and louder even though Brian knew the vampire was whispering. The last sense he became aware of was touch. The wet heat of Markus’ cum covering the fur between them and Duke lying on his back had become the norm when he snapped out of his frenzies.

Brian never opened his eyes before he could feel again. He wasn’t sure why he didn’t. Maybe keeping them closed was his subconscious attempt at shielding him from the horror of what he’d become and what he was inflicting on his mate.

Brian licked the two dime sized holes he had created in order to feed from Markus’ neck. Duke always directed him to do so, but it was becoming instinctive even without the vampire’s prompting. Markus moaned when Brian’s tongue left his neck. The erotic sound escaped his mate’s throat every time Brian pulled away after feeding. It was a sound that made Brian’s cock twitch painfully inside his fatigues, but Brian ignored his arousal.

Every time Brian fed since Duke and the Tampa vampire miraculously turned him into the first ever wolf-vampire hybrid, he became painfully erect. But just like every time before, with the exception of his first feeding, he wasn't going to do shit about it. He had already caused his mate enough pain, and he shouldn't be rewarded for causing Markus to be his 'happy meal.'

B, Markus whispered in his mind and brought his hands to the side of Brian's head.

Brian felt Duke lift off him at the same time he felt his mate's fingers on his cheeks. He knew what Markus was about to say and knew his mate wouldn't let him go until it was said.

Open your eyes. Markus caressed the sweat on Brian's face into the hairline above his ears.

This had become their routine as well. Brian did as his mate asked. When he gazed down into Markus' face, his mate's expression was one of pure bliss. The smile he gave Brian was soft, and the words that followed were tender and expected.

I love you, B. Take what you need; take me.

Markus shifted back to his human form and pressed up into his bondmate at the same time he pushed his feelings across the link they shared. Every time after Brian fed, they entered an emotional battle. Brian's guilt over his aggressive and uncontrollable need to feed battled with Markus' love and understanding.

His guilt will win out in three...two...one, Markus thought to himself before Brian pushed off of him to stand. Markus sat up and sadly watched his bondmate head for the barracks door. This, too, was becoming the norm.