



# Finding Farro

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A Moon Pack story

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## Chapter One

With the windows rolled down, Anthony sat in the back of the limo drinking one-hundred year old scotch. Holding back his tears he poured himself another shot, leaned his head against the leather upholstery and listened to the howl of the wolves. It was the only time of the month that he pulled out the hard liquor. It was times like these that he regretted mating with a wolf.

He tried to hide his misery from his lover, Silver, it would kill him if he thought Anthony was unhappy for even a moment. But the truth was, Anthony could never be a true alpha mate. As much as the others in the pack welcomed him, he could never run with the wolves or hunt with them. His biological differences separated him from the pack.

Any moment now Silver would return with his wide smile and wild eyes and they would fuck like bunnies. But there was a weight pressing down on Anthony's heart. An intuitive heaviness that said, "Silver will be better off without me." Unfortunately, werewolves only mated once. If Anthony left him, Silver wouldn't move on to find himself a nice wolfy companion.

The reality is that Silver would either kill himself or turn so feral that the pack would hunt him down and slaughter him. Anthony would do anything to prevent his lover from an untimely death, even if it meant dying a little inside every full moon hunt.

The divider between the driver and the passenger slid down and Farro's worried eyes regarded him in the rear view mirror.

Farro waved his hand, "How long are you going to do this?"

"As many times as he asks me to come."

"Does he know it kills you to hear the wolves? To never be part of our world?"

Anthony shrugged. It didn't matter. He would be there for his lover despite his inability to shift. Some problems didn't have fairy tale solutions.

“I support my mate.”

Farro shot him a look that bordered the fine line between pity and disgust. “You know if you weren’t true mates he would be better off without you. You cripple him before the other wolf packs.”

As he heard the truth in Farro’s words, pain sliced through Anthony, like a shearing knife. “But I *am* his true mate so he will just have to deal,” he took another swig of liquor, relishing the burn, “as will you.”

Farro rolled the divider back up.

Anthony wished he could hate Farro, but really, he was only telling the truth. Silver looked weaker to the other packs, because Anthony was a non-were mate. It was Silver’s superior strength as an alpha that kept other wolves from trying to take over his territory.

Anthony sighed and took another sip of alcohol, wondering once again why Silver insisted he come to these things. It just underlined the fact that he couldn’t change. Hell, even Elliott could change and he was only a half wolf.

Once a month someone was assigned driver duty for Anthony and the driver had to shift later in the night. He’d never asked, but none of the wolves *seemed* to mind driving him around but maybe that was Silver’s influence again. It was difficult for a person to protest when there was a good chance the other man would rip off their head. Setting down his drink, Anthony closed his eyes and waited for his lover to return.

\* \* \*

In the driver’s seat, Farro rested his forehead on the steering wheel. Silver would kill him if he heard him talking to Anthony that way. There was nothing for it; he would have to leave the pack. There was no way he could go every day and see Silver fawn over his little non-wolf.

Jealousy was staining his soul and he had no way to prevent its spreading. He could feel the bitterness turning him into someone he didn’t want to be. He loved Silver and to see the man go from ignoring all overtures to whispering his words of devotion into the little blond’s ear was too much to expect any wolf to stand.

Silver might not be his mate but Farro always hoped he’d at least get a chance to be a favorite in the alpha’s bed. Now he would never get the

opportunity and a part of him resented Anthony for that fact. How a fucking non-wolf could be in charge of a wolf pack aggravated him.

Yes, it was definitely time to move on before he did something he would always regret. He memorized what he was going to tell Silver. Maybe he'd leave a note. The thought of the handsome alpha looking at Farro with sympathy instead of love or even worse, pity, was something he definitely wanted to avoid. He nodded his head, "Yes, a note would be just fine."

\* \* \*

"Are you leaving?"

Silver turned to see Parker and Elliott standing right behind him in the moonlight.

Nodding, he patted both men on their bare shoulders. "I've gotta go to my mate."

He ignored the slight frown on both of their faces. They got to spend time in their wolf form running and hunting together under the evening sky. With each full moon, Silver felt a deep ache in his heart. He yearned to turn back and cuddle with his Anthony. Just once he'd like his mate to pet him in his wolf form, nothing sexual. The only lust he felt as a wolf was for hunting, fighting, and the soothing touch of the one he loved above all others.

Before Anthony, Silver would have stayed and danced under the moon with his pack. He would retell stories of the hunt and gnaw at the marrow of their kill. But now, the key to his heart sat in a limousine, drinking high quality hooch. However, he wouldn't trade his beloved demigod for all the wolves in the world. And if he felt the occasional pang that Anthony couldn't join in the hunt, he buried the thought, deeper than a grave, where it belonged.

\* \* \*

The sound of music had Anthony opening his eyes in time to see a shimmer of stardust dance across the opposite seat.

He looked at his drink and wondered if maybe he had one too many shots.

“Good evening Anthony.” A familiar voice said.

“Hello grandfather.” Anthony said. The sparkles collided until they formed a shining white glow in the form of Zeus.

His deep voice echoed in the confines of the spacious limo. “Why is my favorite grandson drinking himself into a stupor on such a beautiful night as this?”

Anthony shrugged, ashamed to admit his petty grievances.

“Does it have anything to do with your mate turning furry once a month and abandoning you?”

“He doesn’t abandon me.” Anthony said. No one could cut you to the quick like family. “He is the alpha. He has to run with his pack.”

Zeus took a glass and poured himself a drink. He swallowed with a sigh. “At least he left you the good booze.”

Anthony laughed.

“What would you give to be a wolf?” Zeus asked.

“I can never be a wolf.” Anthony said bitterly. “You have to be born one.”

“Have you forgotten that I’m a god?” Zeus asked, his voice rattling the limousine windows.

Anthony’s mouth went dry with fear. Sometimes he forgot his grandfather wasn’t always the friendly old man who used to float all the furniture in his bedroom to make him laugh. “No grandfather.”

“Then I’ll ask you again. What would you give up to be a wolf?”

Anthony almost answered, “anything.” But over the years he learned caution when dealing with a god. “What would you like?”

Zeus laughed. “You’ve learned well, my boy. That was a loaded question.” Zeus smiled at his grandson. “Hmmm. What do I want in order to give you such a gift?”

Anthony’s heart froze. Grandfather wasn’t here just to chat. A god didn’t wander in for a drink unless they wanted something or at least his grandfather didn’t.

“It gets lonely around my home, grandson. It would be nice to have some companionship.” Flashes of lighting from Zeus’ eyes saturated the

darkness. Anthony knew from Silver that his eyes did the same thing when he was angry. Damn his mate was right. That was unsettling.

“I can’t abandon my mate grandfather but I know Silver yearns for me to be a true mate.”

“I don’t think your mate would change anything about you. It’s your own pride that makes you want this.”

Anthony sighed, the lateness of the hour and the level of alcohol in his system was making him tired and whiny.

He shrugged. “Fine. Did you decide what you want?”

“Seven years of service.”

Anthony sat up straight and glared at his grandfather. “I can’t just leave Silver for seven years!”

“Don’t be an idiot Anthony, you know I can manipulate time. For each year in my palace, I’ll only take away one day here. You’ll be gone a week.”

Anthony bit his lip as he considered the offer. “And you’ll make it so I can change into a wolf?”

Zeus nodded. “If that is what you really want.”

“What do I have to do for those seven years?”

“Really concentrate on your abilities. There is so much of my power deep inside you! And you piss it away to shove lightning bolts up people’s asses?”

Anthony laughed.

“You didn’t think I saw that did you?” Zeus said with a grin.

“I didn’t think you bothered to watch me.”

“I watch you more often than you know, grandson. I know your deepest secrets and your greatest pains. I’m sorry I was unable to save Andrew from the underworld. I wasn’t watching out for you that day and I will always feel regret over his death. I checked on him recently and he is doing quite well. He is preparing himself for rebirth and was happy to hear you have found another.”

Anthony held back his tears. “Thank you, grandfather. I appreciate you checking on him. But you still haven’t fully answered my question. What else will I do beside learn how to manipulate my powers?”

“Amuse me. I’m bored. Your father doesn’t visit often and the other gods are insufferable bores.”



Anthony laughed and took another drink. Could he do it? Give himself over to his grandfather who was part loving patriarch and part intimidating god. He took another sip of Pendelton Scotch Whisky, enjoying the burn as it slid down his throat. Yes, he was willing to take the chance.

“Let me leave Silver a note.”

“You’re really going to do this?”

His grandfather’s tone made Anthony look up. Zeus looked disappointed.

“Didn’t you want me to?”

Zeus presented Anthony with a paper and pen with the wave of his hand. “Write your note Anthony and we’ll see what we can do to put you in touch with your wolfy self.”

Anthony picked up the pen and scrawled a note to his lover. Folding it carefully he wrote Silver’s name on the outside and set it on the seat beside him.

“I’m ready.”

“You don’t want to tell him goodbye in person?” Zeus asked raising his eyebrows.

“No. He would try to talk me out of it. It’s best to go before he gets back.”

“Maybe that should tell you something.”

Anthony snapped. “If you don’t want to do this why bring up the offer?”

Zeus threw up his hands. “Because you’ve been miserable.”

“Exactly. Let’s go.”

With a flash of light Zeus and Anthony teleported out of the vehicle.

Silver stopped halfway to the limousine and fell to his knees.

Anthony was gone. He could feel his lover’s absence. There was an empty spot in his soul. Tilting back his head, Silver howled out for his mate.

## Chapter Two

Farro walked into his house and let out a long sigh, trying to ease the tension filling him since Anthony's disappearance. He couldn't help wondering if it was his words to the alpha mate that led to his vanishing.

Was it his statement about Anthony weakening the pack? Half of what he said was out of jealousy but there was a kernel of truth to his words. However, the look in Silver's eyes when he tore through the limousine would remain with him for the rest of his life. Never had he seen a man so devastated. It was as if someone had ripped out his soul.

Like a lost boy, Silver allowed Farro to take him home and tuck him into bed. Something that Farro would've enjoyed before the alpha had met his mate.

*Damn Anthony!*

How could he abandon Silver? If anyone had asked he would've said that Anthony was as in love with Silver as the alpha wolf was with him. But you don't leave behind the man you love no matter what. Silver claimed the note Anthony left behind said he was "visiting his grandfather." But where do you go to visit a god?

Still mulling over the night's events, Farro wandered into the kitchen.

"There you are." Marla sauntered in to the room, beaming from ear to ear. A middle-aged woman with silver hair and piercing eyes. She reminded Farro of a younger version of his great aunt, Violet. "Did you have a good run?"

"Yeah." He didn't get to run but he wasn't going to tell her about Anthony's disappearance. Some things stayed inside the pack.

"How was Sammy?"

"He's fine. Why did you name the kid after you if you're never going to call him by his rightful name?"

Farro gave a sad smile. "Anna named him. I wasn't big on naming him junior but it's a tradition in her family to name the first born after the father and I could never tell her 'no'. So we named him Farro Samuel."

“That’s sweet.” Marla patted his hand. “Sammy is in bed with his bear.” She gave a frown of disappointment. “He’s getting a little too old for the bear but I couldn’t convince him of that.”

Farro shrugged. “His mother bought it for him before he was born. It’s one of the few connections he has with her. He’s only six. I’m not that worried about it yet.”

“It’s your call. There’s a steak in the fridge for you to warm up when you get hungry. I’ve got to get home.”

Farro followed her to the door. “Have a good night and thanks.”

“That’s what you pay me for.” Marla laughed.

He closed and locked the door behind her. For a moment he rested his head against the cool wood.

As he turned down the hall, a vision of Silver’s eyes haunted him. One day he’d like to have a relationship with someone that meant half as much as Anthony meant to the alpha. The way his dating life was currently going that might be the most he could hope for.

Opening his son’s bedroom door a sliver of light fell across Samuel’s face. This is what he did everything for; his son. This is why he put up with the pack politics. Why he watched the alpha fall in love with another. There wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do to take care of the bundle lying in bed. Samuel had his mother’s face and his father’s beast inside. Farro had loved Samuel’s mother. Anna had been a dear friend and they would’ve made a good life together. Not a passionate meeting of mates but a gentle bonding of good friends with common goals. They both had loved Samuel even before he was born.

Anna had always wanted to be a mother.

“Daddy?” The little boy whispered.

“Go to sleep Sammy.”

“Mmkay, we still going to the zoo tomorrow?”

“Yes. Now go to sleep or you’ll be too tired to enjoy it.”

Farro walked over to the bed, leaned down and rubbed cheeks with his son, marking him with his scent. “Night cub. We’ll go visit the animals tomorrow.”

“Night, daddy. Love you.”

Farro had to speak over the lump in his throat. “Love you too.”

Placing a soft kiss on his son's forehead, he left the room closing the door quietly behind him.

## Chapter Three

Silver sat at his desk staring at the same paper for the hundredth time. His fingers traced the words written as if he could absorb some of his lover's essence from the ink.

Anthony was gone.

Two days had passed and the loneliness was clawing his insides out like a ravenous beast.

He knew in his gut that his lover was coming back, but he couldn't resolve the situation knowing that his mate was some place where he couldn't protect him. That was possibly the worst. He couldn't watch over his small mate if he didn't know where he was.

Sighing, he put down the paper in his hand. It was only for a week. Surely his mate couldn't get into too much trouble in that amount of time.

The sound of ringing bells echoed throughout the room.

*Shit.*

A glow in the far corner heralded an unexpected arrival. Gallien, Anthony's father, strode into the room. He was the most beautiful man Silver had ever seen.

Too bad he really disliked the bastard, a feeling completely reciprocated by his mate's father. The man was half fae, half god, and all annoying. It didn't take a neon sign to know the man thought Silver wasn't fit to polish Anthony's shoes much less anything else.

He stood up as Gallien approached knowing he'd want to be on his feet for this.

"Greetings, Silver." Gallien said. His cold eyes looking the alpha up and down. "I can't seem to find my son. Could you use that phone of yours and tell him I'm here?" The fae hated technology. It was a miracle that Anthony wasn't a technophobe.

Silver smiled. "Sorry, unless he gets reception at his grandfather's place, you're out of luck."

For the first time he saw an expression he'd never thought he'd see on the arrogant asshole's face. *Fear.*

“Why is he with father?”

Silver shrugged. It was difficult to look unconcerned when the smell of panic was pouring off the man in front of him.

“That’s what his note said.”

“Let me see the note!” Gallien demanded.

Gallien’s tone almost had Silver cringe. He quickly picked it off his desk and handed it over.

Gallien’s face went colorless. “Seven days? He can’t stay with father for seven days.”

“Why not?”

“Time’s different there. What is day here can be a year there. How long has he been gone?”

Silver felt nauseous. “Two days.”

A long, fluent curse came rolling out of the demi-god’s mouth. He shouted in several languages.

“Do you think he’s all right?” Silver asked.

“I don’t think my father would intentionally harm Anthony, it’s what he’ll do in the name of helping that concerns me.”

“How do we get him?”

Gallien flashed him a scornful look. “*We* don’t go get him. *I* go get him.”

Silver wanted to argue but there wasn’t much he could do against a god. “Bring him back to me.” Silver demanded.

“Of course.” Gallien gave a smirk. “If that’s where he wants to be.”

“He will.” Silver said, but he wished he felt as confident inside as he sounded.

Gallien vanished as quickly as he came.

The alpha sat down in his chair and looked at the photo of Anthony he kept on the desk.

Picking it up, he looked at his lover smiling back at him.

“What did you do this time baby?”

He stroked Anthony’s face with his finger. Hoping for his quick return.

\* \* \*

As his date pulled into the driveway, Farro knew he wasn't the one. Henry was a nice guy from another pack but they didn't have any sparks together.

Henry stopped the car in front of Farro's house and turned off the engine. His handsome face was hidden in the half-shadow of the moonlight.

Farro could see how nervous Henry was as he fiddled with his keys in the ignition.

"It's not going to work out." Farro said.

"Oh thank the goddess!" Henry's head collapsed back against his seat.

Farro grinned. "You didn't feel anything either?"

"No." Henry groaned. "But I didn't know what to say. You're a really nice guy but I think we have a better friend chemistry than a mate chemistry."

Farro smiled at the gorgeous wolf who, if truth be told, had suitable arm candy qualities more than anything else.

"I had a good time tonight and I could use another friend." Farro admitted.

"Me too." Henry gave Farro a fake leer. "That doesn't mean I don't get my kiss goodnight. I paid for dinner so you're obligated to put out."

Farro chuckled, laughing so hard his ribs hurt. When he could catch his breath, he gave a put upon sighed and smiled, "Well a deal is a deal even though I don't usually kiss on the first date."

Henry laughed. "Gimme some sugar."

Farro leaned over and kissed Henry on the lips. A pleasant warmth filled him, but no fireworks. Just a nice kiss from a nice guy who didn't try to cop a feel. He pulled away with one last peck.

"Night, Henry."

"Night, Farro. Better luck next time."

"You too."

Farro climbed out of the car with a smile on his lips and his mind searching for someone he could fix his new friend up with.

As he walked into the house, instinct made him duck.

A vase smashed into the wall where his head had been moments before.

"Abomination!"

*What the fuck?*

Farro's mild-mannered housekeeper was throwing things at him.

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

Had she finally snapped?

Farro ducked again as the napkin dispenser flew over his head.

"Sodomite!"

Seething, Farro leapt forward and grabbed the housekeeper, pinning her to the wall by her shoulder. "You don't mind that I shift into a wolf but the fact I like men is unnatural!" He shouted.

"You can't control being a werewolf." Marla's sweet face twisted into an ugly expression of hate.

"I can't control being gay either. Now get the fuck out of my house and don't come back. My son doesn't need to be exposed to people like you."

As soon as he let her go, Marla stomped over to the counter and grabbed her purse. "You should be ashamed of yourself. God will punish you for your unnatural ways." She said, her voice dripping venom.

"Get out." Farro growled. A sound rolling through his chest like thunder. "Before being damned for liking men is the least of my sins."

Marla squeaked and fled the house. The sound of the door slamming echoed down the hall.

"Shit." Running his fingers through his hair, Farro sat down. What was he going to do now? He had to find a new nanny. Sammy went to school during the day, so he needed someone to pick him up and cook him dinner. Farro had long hours and had depended on his housekeeper to keep an eye on his young son.

Hell, he'd have to face her at least one more time when she came to get her stuff. Marla had a few things in a spare room for those times when she slept over. The temptation to throw it all in the garbage was strong, but he was a better person than that.

He was glad that she finally showed him what she was really like. Farro didn't need his son exposed to that kind of thinking. It was difficult enough to be a werewolf. Being a gay werewolf was a different kind of hell. It took patience and forethought. If someone insults you in the street it was extremely challenging to control the urge not to change into a werewolf and rip out their throat. That's one of the reasons Farro stayed



close to the pack house during the day. He found it soothing. But it was no place to raise a kid.

Thinking of Sammy, Farro walked down the hall to check on his son. A knot of tension unraveled as he opened the door and saw Sammy lying in bed, his bear tucked beneath his chin.

There was nothing more precious to him than Sammy.

Farro sighed and closed the door quietly. He was glad his confrontation with Marla hadn't woken the child.

Pulling out his cell phone he called Silver.

"Hello." The tone in the alpha's voice seemed more despondent than before.

"I have a situation." After explaining the entire event to Silver, Farro sat back and waited to hear his reaction.

"Do you think she needs to be contained?"

"No. She's kept the secret for the past year."

"If she causes problems let me know and we'll deal with her. Pack security comes first."

"Yes alpha." Farro waited but when nothing else came across the line he gave into temptation and asked. "Any word from Anthony?"

"No." A frustrated growl filtered through the phone. "And his father thinks there's a problem. Apparently seven days is like seven years in Zeus world."

"Shit."

"Yeah. Do you need someone to watch the pup? I can spare one of my men for a few days."

Farro thought for a moment about the pack members he would entrust with his son. "Could you send Dare or Ben?"

"Not Shara?"

"Fuck no. She has less maternal instincts than you. I'd prefer the cat if you can spare him. Sammy loves that Dare can turn into something other than a wolf and the big guy's real gentle with him."

"I'm sure he'd be happy to help. I'll let him know his new assignment."

"Thanks."

With the immediate problems resolved, the men disconnected.

## Chapter Four

Silver paced the room. Ever so often he would hear a sound and spin around hoping it was Gallien returning with his lover. But in a bar there were a lot of noises and so far none of them heralded Anthony's return. Another night and day had passed since Gallien had gone off to retrieve his son. Waiting was slowly eating away at the alpha. He was in his office because no one else could stand to be near him. His nerves frayed, Silver waited to see if Gallien would bring back his lover or at least tell him if he would return on time.

*If Zeus harmed him.* Well he'd think of something and he would make it his life's ambition if his lover was injured in anyway, even if it was difficult to wound a god.

A soft noise had him spinning on his heels.

"Anthony?"

Unable to believe his lover had returned, Silver stared at the man standing before him. It was Anthony but not Anthony. It was like he was supercharged. His hair had more of a shine. His eyes glowed more intensely, and his scent was much more powerful. It was as if Zeus had sprinkled Anthony with gold dust and rolled him in power.

Silver approached Anthony as if he were a startled fawn.

"Hello Silver." Anthony's voice trembled and a tear spilled down his cheek.

"Don't cry baby." Silver wrapped Anthony into his arms, pulling him in close.

"I'm sorry." Anthony softly sobbed. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to abandon you."

"Shh." Silver rubbed Anthony's back in soothing circles. He looked over Anthony's shoulder to see Gallien staring at him. For once the man didn't look arrogant. In fact he looked rather sickly.

Silver leaned in and sniffed Anthony's neck.

Jerking back, he held his mate at arms length. "What did you do?"

Anthony's gold eyes blinked. Eyes that now held something extra. Something feral.

Silver gave him a shake. "What did you do?" He asked again.

"I wanted to be a proper mate." Anthony's eyes were tear-filled but defiant.

"He had his grandfather implant a wolf spirit in him so he could transform. I hope you're happy." Gallien said. His words like a snake spitting venom from across the room. "Congratulations, now you have the mate of your dreams."

With a flash of light, Gallien vanished.

"He sure knows how to make an exit." Silver said, cradling Anthony close.

Anthony nodded against his chest. "He does have a certain flare."

"Will your grandfather come after you?"

Anthony shook his head. "He and dad struck some kind of deal. I don't even want to know what it was."

Silver's muscles flexed as he lifted Anthony into his arms. "You sound tired, let's go to bed. We can talk about this whole thing tomorrow."

"Sounds good." Anthony said, a small smile on his lips.

There was a lot to discuss tomorrow. A mixture of excitement and fear flooded Silver's emotions.

\* \* \*

Anthony jolted upright, fear rushing through his body.

*Silver.*

His panic settled as the familiar bedroom he shared with his werewolf lover came into focus. Frightening dreams faded, as a warm hand stroked his naked back. Anthony didn't remember removing his clothing but most of last night was a hazy blur. After Silver brought him to bed he quickly fell to sleep.

A low growl rose up inside of him as his wolf woke up to an unfamiliar hand.

Unlike a were, Anthony had a wolf spirit trapped in his body. The spirit didn't mind lying dormant inside Anthony, but sometimes it had

different ideas about what it wanted to do. Right now it didn't know if it liked Silver touching Anthony.

*Get used to it.* Anthony told it telepathically. *I'm not getting rid of Silver.*

He turned to look at his beautiful lover. Those long years in his grandfather's house were only bearable because of the man beside him. In order to be a proper mate he concentrated on learning basic skills like time-bending, teleportation and his power over lightning. But his separation from Silver caused much loneliness and often a feeling of hopelessness. He fought depression daily until his father came and rescued him. He wasn't even halfway through with his service to his grandfather. The god let him go rather easily. He wondered briefly what his father promised Zeus in order to release him, but he was too ecstatic to be back with Silver to worry much now.

"Did you miss me?" It was a stupid thing to ask but memories of those lonely days without Silver haunted him.

Silver let out a low, familiar growl. "Only every second of every hour." He pulled Anthony back into his arms.

Anthony relaxed in his lover's embrace but he could tell by Silver's rigid hold that the large were had something on his mind.

"What is it?"

"I just can't believe you felt the need to change anything about yourself. Don't you know how much I adore you?"

Anthony sat up, scooting away from Silver's comforting embrace. This wasn't a conversation he could have wrapped in his lover's arms.

"It wasn't that I felt you don't love me." He fiddled with the sheets. "It was that I didn't feel like I was enough. Farro told me how you are losing face with the other packs."

"What!" Silver's shout ricocheted off the bedroom walls. "That little shit! I just told him I'd loan him Dare for his brat."

Anthony put his hand over Silver's hands that had shifted into claws. "And you still will. You can't punish a man for telling the truth."

Silver wrapped Anthony's smaller hand in his own as it transformed back into its fully human shape. "His own version of the truth."

"So no one has commented on my not being a were."

Silver looked away.

“That’s what I thought.”

“It’s not like that. A few made comments but those who know you and have seen your powers wouldn’t dare say you weren’t enough of a were mate.” Silver looked him straight in the eyes. “And as much as I would’ve loved to share the beauty of running with the pack with the love of my life, there isn’t one bit of you I would change.” Silver stroked his hand over Anthony’s hair, smoothing down the sleek tresses. “Did I mention long hair is sexy on you?”

Anthony laughed. “I’m going to have to cut it soon. It’s too long and keeps getting caught in stuff.”

Silver wrapped a curl around his index finger, stroking it with his thumb.

“Don’t cut it too short, my love. I still want enough to play with.”

“I’ll let you come with me when I get it cut.” Anthony said, leaning down to give Silver a kiss.

The wolf shifted inside.

Silver sniffed him.

“Do I still smell like your mate?” It never occurred to Anthony that he might not smell like Silver’s mate any more.

“Still like mine.” Silver reassured Anthony when he saw his expression. The alpha licked Anthony’s cheek and the wolf quieted for a while. “I just have to be more careful when approaching you.”

Anthony pulled back. “Why?”

Silver cupped Anthony’s face between his hands. “Because having sex between two weres is different than average sex. We have to establish who’s alpha and set acceptable positioning.”

“Positioning?”

Silver nodded. “Some wolves won’t have sex on their back because it exposes their stomach indicating a weaker pack status.”

“Fuck. I’d like to say it wouldn’t matter but the wolf can be temperamental.”

Silver leaned over and gave Anthony a kiss. “We’ll work it out. We can do anything as long as we’re together.”

Anthony agreed, however inside he had to wonder if anything was ever going to be the same between them again. When his grandfather

offered him the opportunity to be a wolf it came with a great number of warnings, which Anthony ignored. He was certain once he could shift everything would be perfect between them.

Maybe he'd made the biggest mistake. His lover never looked at him with that level of caution before.

"Hey." Silver put a fist under Anthony's chin and lifted his lover's face. "We will work this out. You are my mate and I will always love you no matter what form you take." The alpha wrinkled his nose. "Unless you turn into a girl then all bets are off."

Anthony smiled, the first time it felt genuine since his return. "Deal."

Ignoring the growls from his spirit wolf, Anthony leapt onto his mate. "Gotcha!"

"Absolutely." Silver's grey eyes gleamed as Anthony swooped down for a kiss.

Silver spun Anthony around until his beautiful mate was positioned beneath him. He could tell by the shadows beneath Anthony's amber eyes that their separation still bothered him. The musky smell of wolf tinged Anthony's familiar smell. He stroked his lover's perfect skin, relishing the reconnection of their bond.

No one felt as good as Anthony.

No one.

Placing soft kisses along his mate's jaw he enjoyed the flavor of Anthony's skin. It was like tasting magic and sunshine. He covered his lover's body with his own. He knew that together they would heal and come out stronger from this experience. Together they could do anything.

Anthony snarled, startling Silver. His eyes went icy blue, like that of a timber wolf.

"Sorry. I'm so sorry." Anthony stammered, his eyes strange and distant. "I don't know what's wrong."

"I do." Silver said, his heart sinking. "Your wolf wants dominance."

"No." Anthony said, his voice shaking.

Silver nodded his head.

"What do we do?" Anthony whispered.

"We teach you to submit."

Sliding out of bed, Silver went to the closet and pulled out some rope.

“Since when do you keep rope in our closet?”

“It’s always been in the back of the closet. You just never get past your designer suits to look inside.” Silver gave his lover a fond smile. “Besides you never know when you might need a bit of rope.”

Anthony growled, sending shivers up Silver’s back.

“You’d best not be using rope on anyone other than me.” Anthony’s voice was much lower than his usual tone.

“Never.” Silver vowed. He approached Anthony cautiously, wondering if this would work on him. He had more wolf in him than a full grown were.

“Spread.” He commanded.

Anthony hesitated for a moment before spreading his arms and legs. Silver wrapped rope around Anthony’s ankles and wrists and tied them to the bedposts. His lover’s eyes glowed in the dim light.

“Relax baby. I’d never hurt you.”

The wolf must have agreed because Anthony’s eyes changed to their usual golden shimmer.

Silver started with Anthony’s ankle, stroking his lover’s leg with calloused fingers. He knew Anthony liked the sensation of Silver’s rough fingers against his skin. A shiver rippled through Anthony as the alpha continued to move his hands up his lover’s legs.

He skated up one leg and moved to the next, avoiding the parts in between.

“Touch me.” Anthony growled.

“I am touching you.” Silver said with a feral smile. He leaned over and kissed Anthony’s thigh, ignoring the cock that rose to greet him.

“Touch me.” Anthony repeated with a hiss.

“No.” Silver said, kissing one hip. “I’m the one in charge.”

Anthony growled, his sleek muscles flexing as he fought the ropes. “Damn it Silver touch me.”

Silver checked his eyes. *No lightning. Good.*

“You are never to leave me again. Do we understand each other?”

“Yes.” Anthony whimpered. Bowing his back to get closer to Silver’s touch.

“And I don’t care what other people think. You’re mine and I’m not getting rid of you. They’ll just have to get over any prejudices they have about a non-wolf mate.”

“I’m not a non-wolf any more.” Anthony reminded him.

“I know baby, I know.” Sadness engulfed Silver.

He hid his expression, licking a path up to Anthony’s inner thigh. Anthony’s scent was wild and musky. The wolf in him wanted to pounce, but he kept a tight reign on his instincts. Silver wanted to keep their lovemaking slow. He wanted Anthony to know that he was still cherished. He didn’t want Anthony to ever doubt that he was the most important thing in Silver’s life.

By the time he was done licking, Anthony was pleading for release.

“Please, please baby.” Anthony whimpered. “I’ll do anything if you just suck me or fuck me or anything as long as it involves your body and mine.”

“Patience my sweet.” Silver taunted him, softly nipping at Anthony’s belly.

Electricity crackled around the room. Silver felt the tension in the room rise. His hair snapped with an electric charge.

“Pull it back honey.” Silver said, stroking Anthony’s chest.

“Fuck me.”

Anthony was having an exorcist moment. A low growl saturated the darkness. His eyes glowed and his fangs were a mere shadow across his lips.

It was kind of sexy in an ‘I’m going to tear your throat out’ kind of way.

With a tug, Silver untied Anthony’s legs leaving his arms bound. Lifting his lover’s legs he lined Anthony up and slid inside. A howl burst from Anthony as he accepted Silver’s body. With a surge of power, the slim man ripped his hands free, grabbing Silver and flipping him around until Anthony was impaling himself on Silver’s cock. With a hand on himself and his body rapidly pumping up and down on Silver he brought them both to completion.

In the aftermath both men lie panting.

“I think we’re going to need a new headboard.” Anthony mused looking at the shattered wood on the floor.



Silver wrapped Anthony tightly in his arms. Their pack would have to come to terms but everything would soon settle down.

## Chapter Five

Farro waited anxiously for the sound of a vehicle.

“Relax daddy.” Sammy said, his mouth full of cereal. It was Friday but Sammy was off school because it was one of those mysterious teacher in-service days that Farro never understood. “You like Dare don’t you?”

Sammy’s face glowed. “He’s a good kitty.”

Farro laughed. “Please don’t tell him that.”

“Why not?” Sammy’s face scrunched up like it did whenever he concentrated. A look not unlike one his mother used to make. It clenched Farro’s heart.

“Because Dare likes to think he’s a tough tiger not a good kitty.”

“He’s both.” Sammy said.

The sound of a motorcycle roaring up the street cut off Farro’s reply, which was good because he wasn’t certain he had one. How could you refute the truth?

He walked to the door and opened it just as Dare climbed off his motorcycle, his long lean body wrapped in denim and leather.

*Yum.*

Taking off his helmet, Dare’s hair swept the top of his shoulders. There were rumors in the pack that Dare’s mate, Steven, offered him sexual incentives to keep it long or the bartender would’ve cropped it long ago.

Farro secretly sided with Steven. It would be a crime against nature to cut that shiny hair. He had to clench his fists so as to not pet Dare as he approached.

“Afternoon, Farro.”

“Hello, Dare.” There was something about Dare that made a person want to smile. It was part of what made him such a great bartender.

“Is the spud inside?”

“I wish you wouldn’t nickname him after vegetables. It’s the ultimate insult for a carnivore.”

Dare laughed. “Wolves are so weird.”

“You should know.” Farro taunted back.

Dare flashed a wicked smile and purred, “Yes, I should.”

Farro stepped back and let the weretiger in. It was too early for a sparring match with Dare. Besides you couldn’t argue with someone who agreed with you.

“Dare!” Sammy squealed leaping from the table into Dare’s arms. The weretiger caught him easily, flipping him upside down as he dangled the child by one foot. The boy screamed in delight as he shook him. Dare flipped the boy back around and set him gently on his feet.

Farro shook his head. “I’m going to go now.”

Sammy looked up at Dare as if he were the moon and the stars.

He kissed his son goodbye. He wanted to kiss Dare goodbye, but since he liked his limbs right where they were, he resisted. The worst thing he could do was go meet Steven smelling like his weretiger mate.

“Have a good day honey.” He heard Dare say as he headed out the door.

*Evil kitty.*

For the first time in a while Farro headed to work with a smile on his face.

\* \* \*

Farro pulled up beside Steven’s car, next to the warehouse. Getting out of the car he could tell by the other were’s expression that there wasn’t any good news.

“Nothing?”

“I haven’t gone in yet but the smell is obvious. I don’t hear anyone inside and I’ve been here for about twenty minutes, so I think if they were here they’re all gone. I’d love to know who’s funding these bastards.”

Farro slapped Steven on the back. “Me too. Let’s go.”

The two men approached the metal door sniffing the air as they went. They entered the warehouse but it didn’t take more than a cursory glimpse to see that it was completely empty. There was nothing there but dust, mold, and spider webs.

After a moment of silence the men decided to walk through the building looking for clues.

“How’s my man this morning?” Steven asked.

“In good spirits. Why? Haven’t you seen him?”

Steven shrugged. “I don’t see him every morning. We’re still not living together or anything.”

Farro didn’t need to see the tension in Steven’s shoulders to know it was a sore subject. He could hear it in the other man’s tone.

“I thought the two of you were all settled?”

“He’s settled.” Steven growled. “But after mentioning it once he hasn’t set a date for us to move in together and he won’t agree to a bonding ceremony.”

Farro almost choked. “Since when do weres need bonding ceremonies?”

“Since this one met the love of his life. If Anthony can wear a ring, Dare can too. I want that man marked. I’m sick of people looking at him.”

Farro laughed and held up his hands in defeat.

Steven glared.

“You could put a choke chain and collar on the big cat and people will still stare. Trust me, he’s all yours. He didn’t even flirt with me when he arrived and I’m a damn fine looking man.”

Steven kicked a discarded soda can, his shoulders bowed. “I know he’s mine I just want him to declare it, is that too much to ask?”

“I’d take the direct approach if it was me. Dare’s not the subtle type. Pack a bag, spend the night, and just don’t move out. By the time he figures out what you’re up to you’ll have all of your stuff over there. I’ve seen your apartment. There isn’t much there. Not to mention I doubt Dare will let you bring any of your furniture to his place. What did he call your apartment again?”

“The man-whore pad.”

Farro laughed.

Steven kicked the can again. “I know I’ve gone through a lot of men but now I’m ready to settle down. I want to be asked.”

“I thought he already asked?”

“It was months ago and he hasn’t insisted.”

“Ahh. You want to be wooed.” There was a moment of silence between the two friends. “Have you two been fighting?”

Steven stopped and looked at him. “How can you argue with Dare?”

“Good point.” Farro said with a smile. “Still if you don’t like my idea you could just bring up the idea of getting a place together. Either Dare will invite you to live with him or he’ll want to get a new place. Do you have a preference of where you want to live?”

Steven shook his head. “As long as my big kitty is in the bed with me I don’t care where I live.”

“Hmm.” Farro took a big step away from Steven. “I never knew you were into pussy.”

Steven’s fist just missed him.

Farro took another step away, but a crunching sound beneath his shoe stopped him.

“What did you find?” Steven asked.

“I’m not sure” Lifting his foot, Farro saw at a small pack of cigarettes.

“Why did they crunch?”

Farro pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. He always carried one for Sammy but they also came in handy for situations like this.

“They’re a fae brand. The fae like to have crystal holders on the tips. They include them in every pack.”

“How do you know that?” Steven asked looking at the pack with interest.

“I saw Gallien smoking them.”

“You don’t think Anthony’s father had anything to do with this do you?”

Farro shook his head but he didn’t know if he was any better at convincing Steven than he was of convincing himself.

The pair swept the rest of the warehouse but didn’t find anything. They were overwhelmed by the smell of rot and rat droppings. There were no further clues.

“Let’s go back to Silver.” Steven said. “We can update him.”

“And check on Anthony. I got a call that he’s returned.”

“Yeah.” Steven went pale. “But I heard he’s not the same.”

The pair parted without further words.

## Chapter Six

“We need to do a run tonight.” Silver said to Anthony as the pair snuggled.

Anthony still felt uncertain about his wolf’s response to Silver. There was something off. The main problem of staying with Zeus was that there were no other wolves to run with so he had no idea how the wolf spirit reacted to others.

“Do you think that’s a good idea?” Anthony asked, snuggling in closer until he was almost in his lover’s lap.

Silver pulled him the rest of the way on his lap. His head settled on top of Anthony’s. Silver wrapped his hands possessively around his lover.

“Yes, we need to see how he responds to the others in the pack.”

Anthony sighed and rubbed his head against Silver’s chest, inhaling his scent. The wolf gave him enhanced senses. He never realized how much things reeked until he became a wolf. Silver, however, smelled divine.

“You smell good.” Anthony growled.

“That’s because I’m your mate.” Silver stroked Anthony’s hair. “Now who should we invite?”

“How about a small group? Steven and Dare, you and me, and maybe Farro.”

“Not Ben?”

Anthony shook his head. “Don’t get me wrong, I like Ben but he’s a gentle wolf and I don’t want him to get hurt if I get feral. Besides I don’t want his mates to try and take me out.”

Silver chuckled. “Well they could try but I doubt they’d get very far.”

The office door flew open, slamming against the wall, drowning out Anthony’s response.

Steven and Farro walked through.

“Hey guys.”

Both men stopped in their tracks.

“You’re back!” Steven rushed forward and snatched Anthony off of Silver’s lap giving him a bone crushing hug.

Anthony was gasping for air by the time his friend released him and he was back into Silver’s arms.

“Don’t break him.” Silver protested, reclaiming his lover.

“I’m fine.”

“You smell strange.” Farro said, stepping forward to take a sniff.

“Zeus put a wolf spirit in my body.”

Both wolves wrinkled their noses.

“What?” Anthony’s anger building, he turned on Farro, “I thought you’d be happy now that I was a wolf after what you told me.”

“What else did you say?” Silver asked, his eyes sparking with anger. “What did you say that had my lover leaving me for days in order to have this thing put inside him?”

Anthony turned on him. “This *thing* is a wolf. My wolf. I’m sorry if it wasn’t what you wanted but at least now I can turn into a wolf!”

“It doesn’t matter now.” Silver said, heading off the conversation before it went in directions he didn’t want to pursue. “I want to go to the hunting grounds tonight and see and how Anthony’s wolf spirit reacts to other wolves.”

“That’s a good idea.” Farro agreed. “I’d be happy to go with.” He turned to Steven. “Do you think Dare could watch Sammy a little longer?”

“I’ll call and ask.” Steven said, pulling out his cell phone.

They stood there while Steven redialed three times. “There’s no answer.” Anthony could smell the fear pouring off his friend. It was acrid and peppery.

“That doesn’t mean anything. Dare could be playing outside with Sammy.” Silver said.

Steven shook his head. “Dare doesn’t go anywhere without his phone, he likes to send me little text messages during the day.” He pushed a few more buttons on his phone. “It’s been two hours and there are no messages.” His voice rose with concern. “Something has happened.”

“Let’s go.” Anthony said, leading the way out the door.

Within a few minutes they were piling into Silver’s SUV and tearing down the street.

“I’m sure everything is fine.” Anthony said, however he didn’t sound convincing even to himself.

The closer they got to Farro’s house, the more anxiety set in. The thought of anything happening to Sammy terrified him. He was such a sweet boy. Not to mention Steven would completely lose *it* if anything happened to Dare. Anthony had never seen anyone so happy as when Steven finally gave in to Dare.

Silver screeched to a halt in the driveway, but it didn’t take a detective to see that there was something seriously wrong. The front door was in splinters and hung by one hinge.

Screaming, Farro ran towards the door. “Sammy!”

“Farro, don’t go in there.”

Farro was frantic and didn’t listen. Silver jumped out of the car and slammed Farro into the sidewalk. Farro fell with a thud.

Anthony heard Silver talking to Farro as he got out of the car. “You need to calm the fuck down. Rushing in there isn’t going to do anyone any good. Whoever did this could still be in there.”

“Dare.” Steven leapt over the fallen weres and ran through the door.

“Fuck!” Silver released Farro and ran after Steven with Anthony and Farro at his heels.

When Anthony entered he saw Steven leaning over Dare. The living room was covered in blood.

“Is he all right?” Anthony asked Steven who looked up with tears in his eyes but a smile on his face. He held up a small quill with his fingers. “Looks like they took him out with a tranquilizer dart, his breathing is nice and even.”

“Great.” Anthony patted his best friend on the back and went in search of Farro. A few yards later he found both the other two weres and the source of all the blood. Farro’s ex-housekeeper was impaled to the wall. Short blades drove her hands and feet into the wall and two long swords speared her stomach. A note was pinned beside her written in black marker.

Betrayer Bitch Deserved to Die  
I’ve got your son. Want him back?  
Come find me.



Farro tore the note off the wall with a growl.

“Wait!” Anthony jumped forward to grab the note. Flipping it over he showed the back to Farro. “See! He left a map on the back.”

“A strange man to kill your housekeeper, take your son and then leave an engraved invitation to find him.” Silver said, leaning forward to see the note.

Farro took it back. He tilted it one way, then another, then handed it back to Anthony. “I can’t make anything out of that.” Farro’s face turned white as he looked at the housekeeper tacked to the wall like a pinned insect. “That murdering bastard has my son.”

Anthony turned the map around. “I know this place. This is the dark fae realm.”

“It’s a different realm?” Silver looked closer at the map. “How can you tell?”

“See this mark at the bottom?” He pointed to a small hatch mark with a swirl. “This means realm, it’s on all inter-dimensional maps.”

“And you know this how?” Silver asked raising one brow.

Anthony shrugged. “I get around.”

“Could we focus on finding my son?” Farro said. “You can interrogate Anthony later.”

“I know exactly where they went.” Dare said.

“Welcome back.” Silver said, patting the werecat on the shoulder.

“The shot they gave me paralyzed my body but I still heard everything.” Dare said.

“Could be a trap.” Anthony said looking at Dare with keen eyes. He examined the room again. “Who did this?”

“Three mutant weres burst through the door. I was able to scratch one of them up pretty bad before another one stunned me with a paralyzing dart.” Dare said.

“I’m surprised they didn’t kill you.” Silver said nodding towards the body.

Dare frowned. “I got the impression that they aren’t the same group we’ve been dealing with. The leader said that Marla betrayed Dare because he was gay. I got the impression the leader thought he was doing

Farro a favor by killing her. He said that they'd take the boy for insurance to make sure something was done."

"Was Sammy okay? Did you get the leader's name?" Farro asked.

Dare shook his head. "They were careful not to use names and but they were gentle with Sammy. I think they used a dart on him too so he wouldn't scream, but I heard the leader tell the others to be careful with the pup so whatever they want with him they aren't going to hurt him, at least not right away."

Farro turned to Anthony. "I know we haven't been the best of friends but I need your help. I found these in the warehouse. Do you think they're your father's?"

Anthony took them and closed his eyes. "No. They belong to one of the weres."

"How can you tell?" Silver asked.

"Fae leave a quintessence behind when they touch things. Much like a scent that can be felt by another fae. I don't have many fae powers but I can still feel the essence of things."

Anthony held up the map. "They've gone into dark fae territory. Which makes sense. After all they're the ones who created weres."

"What?" The others asked simultaneously.

Anthony looked up from the paper. "You didn't know?"

Silver glared. "The dark fae didn't create the weres!"

"Yes they did. Weres are a scientific experiment of the dark fae. All shifters are. When they were tired of playing with your genetics they dumped you onto the earthly plane."

Silver folded his arms. "And when did this happen?"

Anthony shrugged. "Thousands of years ago. I forget the exact date. I suspect one of the dark fae is experimenting again. If we capture him we can bring him to the Dark Fae King Linnel for justice. The King banned genetic experiments after the last of the shifters were banished."

"Why were we banished?" Steven's brow furrowed.

"Shifters breed faster than the fae and they were worried about your people taking over the fae dimension. Other than one or two kept as soldiers or pets, there are few shifters in the fae world. Dark or light."

Farro looked at Anthony, pleading with his eyes. "Can you take me to the Dark Fae realm?"

“I understand your need to go after your son, Farro, believe me. But maybe it would be best if you stayed here and I went after him. I’m familiar with the realm and its inhabitants, so I’m less likely to be harmed.”

“No! The were wants me to go after him and I’m going. I could use your help since I don’t know where I’m going or how I’m going to get there but I will figure it out by myself if I have to.”

Anthony smiled. “I’ll help you get your son.” He turned to his mate. “Are you coming with us?”

Silver stared at Anthony and after a long while he nodded. “Yeah. Steven, I want you and Dillon to take over the pack while I’m gone. You two are the strongest so the others will listen to you in my absence. Dare, I’d like you to come with us in case we need backup.”

Dare gave a wry smile. “I wasn’t exactly a great addition before. They took Sammy on my watch.”

Farro went over and put his hands on Dare’s shoulders. “I don’t want you to ever think I blame you for this. It wasn’t your fault and I’d be happy to have you along.”

Dare smiled, the tension in his shoulders eased. “I’d feel better if I got a chance to help get Sammy back.” He turned to Steven. “I’ll see you later.”

Steven grabbed Dare’s head with his two large hands and yanked him closer. He plastered his lips on Dare’s and kissed him passionately. When he released Dare, the werecat had a dazed expression on his face. “When you get back I’m moving in with you.” Steven said.

Dare licked his lips. “All right.”

Steven nodded. “I’ll see you all when you get back. Take care of my cat.”

Anthony gave Steven a quick hug. “We will.”

Anthony looked at the housekeeper’s body. “He pulled out his wallet and handed over a business card. Here. Use these people. I got an amazing referral for a blood cleaning company from the vampires.”

“I’ll take care of it.” Steven said.

Silver straightened his shoulders. “Let’s go. Sammy’s in the hands of psychotic werewolves. The less time he spends with them, the better.

Farro watched Anthony make a motion with his hands and a doorway appeared before him exposing a scene of lush greenery. “You three go in first. I’ll hold the portal open.”

Dare went first, blocking Farro with his body until he decided it was safe. Once Silver was safely through, Anthony followed waving goodbye to Steven as he left.

Farro walked through the portal and into another world. He knew instinctively that it was just another plane of reality. But he wasn’t prepared for the atmosphere. It felt different. His step was lighter, as if gravity didn’t pull so much. The air also had a sweeter scent to it as if no harsh air pollutants filled this world. If they had vehicles they were probably cleaner than vehicles used on the earthly plane. He scanned the area and all he could see was large, lush plants covering the landscape with tall trees and heavy vines. The smell of unseen flowers permeated the environment.

“Let me see that map again.” Anthony said, holding out his hand to Farro.

Farro handed the map over and Anthony spread it out against a tree. Looking up at the sky he pointed towards his left. “That way. The map leads towards Linnel, the Dark Fae King’s kingdom.”

“Really!” Dare’s eyes glowed with enthusiasm. A wide smile crossing his lips. “I’ve heard he’s gorgeous.”

“Don’t be so excited.” Anthony warned. “He’s a bit of a bastard. Had a crush on my mother at one time and has been trying to get a date with her since.”

“Can you teleport us closer?” Silver asked, gauging the distance on the map with his eyes.

Anthony shook his head and put the map in his pocket. “No. There are only a few unguarded places you can enter the fae kingdom. I’m sure there are probably more but none I know of.”

Farro walked silently behind the other men. He worried over Sammy. He didn’t know what he would do if anything happened to his boy.

They continued their journey and only the smell of cool greenery soothed Farro’s troubled soul.

An hour later he got his first whiff of Sammy. “I smell him!”

“So do I.” Anthony growled.

Anthony turned around and for the first time Farro was afraid him. The alpha mate’s eyes were an icy blue instead of his natural gold. The creature that stared out at him was a far cry from the sweet alpha mate he knew. Power surged out of Anthony as small fangs materialized when he opened his mouth. “They are about an hour or so ahead.” A deep, growly voice said from Anthony’s small form.

Farro nodded silently all the while screaming in his head for Anthony to turn around. A low rumble came from Anthony, letting Farro know he held the other man’s gaze too long. He quickly shifted his eyes and looked over Anthony’s left shoulder. Sweat dripped down his back and he stayed as still as he could. He didn’t want to trigger Anthony’s wrath. He might outweigh the other man by a good fifty pounds but he never doubted that in a fight, Anthony would come out the victor.

“Come on babe, we have to get going.” Silver’s hand on Anthony’s shoulder distracted him from Farro.

Anthony shook his head as if coming out of a trance. He turned to his mate. “Yeah, let’s go. We need to head this way for a few miles.”

“How long have you been coming here?” Silver asked, placing his hand on the small of Anthony’s back, steering him away from Farro.

Farro heaved silently, as Silver led Anthony away.

“That was fucking scary.” Dare whispered.

“Yeah.” Farro agreed.

## Chapter Seven

The sun was summing by the time the four travelers found an open road. The road was little more than flattened stones, but it was wide, clear, and smooth making the walk much more pleasant than tripping over tree roots or dodging low hanging vines.

Farro was convinced that some of the spiked vines swerved purposely to smack him in the face. He could feel little holes in his cheek crusting over.

"I'm really not liking this place." Dare said walking beside him. "It smells weird."

"It doesn't smell weird." Anthony said amused.

Farro relaxed a little. That sounded like the old Anthony; the one who didn't look like he could rip out his throat with little remorse.

"It does." Dare said, a wide smile on his face. "It smells like your father."

"Hmm. Maybe you're right. It does smell a little strange." Anthony said.

They all burst out laughing.

A thunderous noise up ahead had them moving to the side of the road. Moments later, six figures on horseback appeared from around the corner. They were dark-haired in dark green clothing, wearing silver armbands. They pulled their horses up and surrounded the travelers.

"What have we here?" A tall man with wide shoulders and taunting smile pulled up in front of them.

"An ass on a horse?" Anthony responded.

"Carrow?" The larger one asked joyfully.

"Jerlin?" Anthony said.

The rider leapt off his horse and ran over to lift Anthony off his feet in a big hug. If there weren't five other riders surrounding them Farro thought Silver would rip out the man's throat. As soon as the man released him, Anthony stepped back.

"What are you doing here old friend?"

“Jerlin, let me introduce you to my mate Silver.”

The two men exchanged unfriendly glances. “And my friends Dare and Farro. Farro’s son was kidnapped. We were led this way by some mutated weres.”

“Those ugly beasts.” A female rider said, her horse moving restlessly. “We saw them from the distance, they looked like they were carrying something but we kept away. We’re not looking for a fight.”

“I am.” Farro said, stepping forward. “They took my son and I’m going to get him back.”

Jerlin looked him over, interest shining in his jet black eyes. “You are a man of conviction. I hope your mate appreciates your dedication.”

“I have no mate. All I have is that little boy. Now if you will excuse us we will be on our way.”

After a brief hesitation Jerlin turned his horse around by the reins. “I’ll come with. It’s a sad day when a knight turns his back on helping others.”

“I’m going on.” The woman who spoke eyed Jerlin with disfavor before bestowing a brilliant smile on Anthony. “Anthony, good luck with your quest and give my regards to your father.” Not waiting for a reply she kicked her heels and sent the horse plunging past them. Two of the others quickly followed.

“We’ll stay here.” A pair of men sat in their saddles looking down at the group. It took a moment for Farro’s eyes to register that he was looking at a pair of twins. Although not uncommon in the human world, twin fae were almost unheard of.

“I didn’t know there were any twin fae.” He blurted out.

“We are two of a kind,” the one on the right said to his twin’s laughter.

“I am Viell and my brother Vien.”

“Nice to meet you.” Farro said though he didn’t really give a damn. He just wanted to get going.

“Let’s move on.” Silver said continuing on the path. The fact that he had to brush past Jerlin didn’t faze him. Farro could smell the scent of satisfaction as the alpha took the lead. Not a fool, Anthony quickly joined his mate.

“We’ll scout ahead and see if we can follow the trail.” One of the twins said. Farro couldn’t tell them apart but it didn’t matter because seconds later there was little to be seen.

From what he'd heard of the fae he didn't think they would be so willing to help. Rumor and experience with Anthony's father made him think they were a cold race of people. Maybe it was Gallien's god half that made him a cold bastard.

Jerlin fell back to join them. His black eyes watched Farro with unsettling interest. "What is the name of your kid?"

"Sammy." Farro swallowed.

"Is he were also?"

Farro blinked. "Half. His mother was human. I don't even know if he can change yet." His voice cracked at the end of the sentence. He felt Dare's hand rub his back. The feeling of warmth soothed him. Helped him hold back the tears.

"Why did they take him?"

"We don't know. The note indicated they wanted me to follow."

Dare jumped in to save Farro from answering. "We think they're leading us to the scientist that is experimenting with weres. The mutants on our plane are causing a lot of trouble and hunting the packs."

"What makes this one different?"

"We don't know." Farro said. "They tranquilized Dare and left him unharmed, but they gutted my ex-housekeeper and left a note that she betrayed us. It was like they thought they were doing us a favor."

"Maybe they were." Jerlin said. "If she betrayed you like they claimed, how would your pack deal with it?"

"Silver would have her killed." Dare said.

"How is this different?"

Farro looked up at the fae and realized that Jerlin really didn't understand the difference. "Because he wouldn't pin her to the wall like an interesting insect while he wallowed in her blood."

"Oh."

The group walked in silence for a moment. The horse clopping behind them was the only sound on the road. The scent of Jerlin tantalized Farro with each step. Despite his concern for his son, he suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to drag the man to the nearest tree and fuck him like into tomorrow.



“We’re getting closer.” Anthony said, stopping to speak to them and breaking into Farro’s thoughts. “Their scent is stronger and the castle isn’t much further.”

The twins returned just as he finished speaking.

“They went east of the castle.” One said.

“Towards Scalivale.” Said the other.

“Thank you boys.” Anthony said.

The pair bowed from their horses.

“Go ahead and ride into town and get what info you can. We’ll meet you there.”

The pair galloped off.

“Why do they obey Anthony?” Farro asked.

“He might be only a quarter fae but he’s still sixth in line for the throne.”

Farro choked.

“Didn’t you know he’s royalty?” Jerlin asked, astonished.

Farro shook his head.

“It’s one of the reasons he rarely came here after he turned of age. He’s too eligible. And now that he’s chosen a were as a mate, not everyone will consider him claimed.”

“Why the hell not?” Farro asked. “Are weres considered inferior?”

“No, but if you don’t choose a fae mate other faes often will consider it a temporary situation. When you live extended lives, mating outside of the fae is considered temporary. Interested parties will bide their time until the current mate dies. There was much too excitement when Anthony lost Andrew. We all hoped he’d come home and pick someone from the castle.”

Dare laughed. “Trust me once he met Silver there was no one else.”

Jerlin looked at the pair up ahead. “They do seem quite close.”

\* \* \*

Anthony could feel the fury pouring off of Silver. He knew he’d made a mistake when he ordered the twins to the village. Jerlin’s big mouth was going to be his downfall.

“You’re royalty?” Silver asked in a low, dangerous tone. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Anthony shrugged. “It isn’t important. I’m an architect. I rarely even come to this place.”

“Fuck. No wonder your father looks at me like something he’d like to scrape off the bottom of his shoe.”

“Forget about my father.” Anthony hissed. “Besides, being sixth to the throne is as close to the crown as the moon is to earth. Not only are all the other people going to live forever but if any of them have children they get in line before me. It is an honorary distinction. We’re mates. That’s the end of it.”

“Damn straight.” Silver agreed.

They reached the town a few miles later to find the twins leaning against the outer gates, horses nowhere to be found.

They bowed to Anthony as he and Silver approached. Vien spoke. “Talk on the street is there’s a scientist named Lorus Korl who lives in a big grey house at the outskirts of town and is doing some sort of work with weres. No one’s certain what it is but everyone knows they want to avoid the guy.”

“I want my boy back.” Farro stepped forward. “Let’s go get this guy.”

Jerlin left his horse at a corral by the entrance before following the others.

The group walked through the busy market place not deterred by the dazzling array of jewels, magical practitioners, and elegant men and women for sale.

No words were spoken between them as they followed the twins to the grey house. The house had a gabled roof with bright red shutters.

A cozy home for a psychotic scientist.

“How should we go in?” He asked Silver.

“Let’s try the direct approach.” The alpha walked up to the door and rang the doorbell.

No one answered.

Silver shrugged and kicked in the door. The flimsy wood shattered beneath his heel. “I gave them a chance.”

Farro walked into the room directly on Silver's heels. Where an ordinary living room should be, there was a sterile lab with a bank of computers on one side and enough chemicals to burn down the town. The place smelled horrible, like a mad scientist's lair.

Scanning the room proved to be empty. Farro sniffed the air but couldn't smell anything other than the strong odor of chemicals.

Farro started down the hall only to have Jerlin grab him by the arm. He snarled at the fae, and Jerlin immediately released him.

"Don't go running in there until we know it's empty. You can't do anything for your son if you're dead."

A howl from the other room changed everything.

*Sammy!*

He barely had a chance to move out of the way when Dare leapt past him in tiger form.

A tiger roar echoed down the hall. Farro ran after him with everyone close behind. The short hall opened into another large room, Bodies floating in clear liquid, lined the walls. Weres in different stages of change, pale, still, and dead. A low growl startled Farro and he turned to see Dare, standing on his back legs, gazing at a mutant were strapped to the wall in a metal harness.

"Daddy."

Farro spun around. Sammy was trapped in a medium sized cage beneath one of the tables. Dare growled beside the mutant, his tail thrashing back and forth in fury.

Jerlin leaned down and placed his hands on the bars. Whispering an incantation Farro could barely hear, the bars of the cage suddenly dissolved. Sammy vaulted out and jumped into his father's arms.

"Dare, don't hurt Peter. He's my friend." Sammy said, tears falling from his eyes.

Silver walked over. "Dare, go check out the rest of the house." The tiger hissed before running down the opposite way with the twins on his heels. Silver pressed the release lever and caught the mutant as he fell, positioning him carefully on the ground.

The were Sammy called Peter was in bad shape. There was blood everywhere but it only took a moment to figure out why the man had

screamed. Small electrodes imbedded in his body were sending shocks through his system at intermittent intervals.

Anthony removed the sensors and Jerlin placed his hands on the were, healing most of the burns across his body.

“You’re a handy guy to have around.” Farro said, cradling Sammy close.

Jerlin’s eyes filled with warmth. “Thank you.”

Farro felt a surge of attraction towards other man. He could see the fae’s appeal.

“Peter saved me daddy.” Sammy said, interrupting Farro’s stare. “He didn’t let the bad man get me.”

The mutant’s eyes blinked as if he was trying to clear his vision. “Not all of us volunteered for this.” He said, gasping for breath. “I wasn’t going to let the same thing happen to the boy. I only brought him so you would follow. I didn’t think any of you would believe me.”

“What happened to the others who were with you at my house?” Farro asked, suspicious of anyone who would cut up a housekeeper.

“They were killed.” He nodded towards the tubes. “They were no longer useful. I was next but he wanted to run a few tests first.”

“Where’s the scientist?”

“He ran away. Someone tipped him off. Told him that you guys were coming so he grabbed his laptop and left.”

“Where would he go?” Silver asked angrily. .

“I don’t know. He was careful to keep me and my friends away from the other mutant weres. He knew we were different. That we weren’t fully agreeing with his cause.”

“How many mutant groups are there?” Anthony asked.

Peter sat up. “I don’t know. All I know is that he is determined to create the ultimate were and he isn’t going to stop until he does. He’d love to get a hold of your friend there.” He nodded to Dare as he walked back into the room. “Weretigers are rare. I know he doesn’t have weretiger DNA in his collection. He was always complaining of it.”

“Then we need to get Dare and Sammy out of here.” Silver said.

The twins returned empty handed. “There isn’t anything in the rest of the house. There isn’t even a bed. Whatever this place is, it isn’t the guy’s house. He must live somewhere else.”

Anthony took charge speaking to the pair. "You two petition the king to have the man hunted for crimes against the crown. Breaking the king's law should be enough to authorize a hunt. If not, refer him to me and I'll try to talk him into it."

Silver scowled, "Be careful how much persuasion you use."

Anthony laughed. "Don't worry poppet. I save my really good techniques for you."

Peter stood up, towering over Silver. Silver growled. A low warning rumbling through the alpha's chest.

"Calm down lover he can't help his height." Anthony looked up at Peter. "Do you remember exactly when you were changed?"

"Two months, ten days and three hours ago." Peter said with conviction.

"Well that makes it easier. Would you like me to change you back?"

"You can do that?"

"I can change back your personal time to the moment right before you were changed. If you are off, then there might be some residual signs."

"What do you want in return?" Peter asked, caution in his gaze.

"We want your help in bringing down that bastard." Silver said, united with his mate. "You are the only one with an inside track into the mind of this psychopath. You've been the closest and might have information that will be helpful. Come back with us and help us defeat this asshole."

"You have it without turning me back." Peter glared, his long snout formed a snarl as he spoke. "He killed my friends and changed me into this creature. I will have my revenge."

Farro stepped forward forcing himself to look into the creepy elongated face. "Thank you for saving Sammy."

Peter shrugged. "I tried but I still ended up tortured and he was in a cage so I'm not sure how much help I was."

"Did the doctor experiment on him?" Farro demanded.

"No." Peter wiped his hands on his pants. "If you can change me back I guarantee I would do anything for you to just be myself again."

"Put your hands on mine."

"That won't hurt you will it?" Silver asked stroking Anthony's neck.

Anthony kissed Silver on the cheek. "I'll be fine but thank you for worrying."

Peter's hands brushed palm to palm as the two men touched hands.

"Honey, I need you to step back." Anthony told Silver, He turned his attention back to Peter. "Close your eyes and remember the exact moment you were changed."

Anthony followed Peter's mind to the moment before he was changed. Using the technique his grandfather taught him, Anthony followed Peter's pathways and focused on Peter the way he was before his change. The elongated mouth narrowed and eventually shrank to a normal one. His extended brow vanished until it looked human and the excessive fur on his body faded.

Standing before them was a handsome human who stood just under six feet with aquamarine eyes and jet black hair.

"You make a much better human." Anthony said before releasing the other man's hands.

Peter looked at his fingers, admiring their human features. "You did it. You actually healed me."

Anthony shrugged his shoulders. "That was the point."

Silver wrapped his arm around Anthony. "My baby has many talents."

"Let's get out of here." Anthony said.

Dare morphed back into a human and pulled on the clothes he must have shed before he shifted last time.

Once everyone was ready, Anthony opened a portal straight into Farro's living room.

Farro turned to Jerlin. "Thank you for your help and the help of the twins."

Identical smiles flashed back at him.

"I'll be going back with you." Jerlin said, "I've contacted King Linnel telepathically and he is concerned with this scientist doing so much without his knowledge. Others have to be helping him. That is something the king cannot let continue. I have been ordered to go back with you and evaluate the situation."

Farro panicked. There was something about Jerlin that unsettled him. The man's eyes made him want more than he was ready for and his hair

was lush and touchable. Farro snapped his head back when he found he was leaning forward, sniffing for Jerlin's scent.

Jerlin watched Farro try to keep away from him. Damn he was gorgeous. He wondered what the man looked like in animal form. He bet anything that Farro made a beautiful wolf.

With a sweet smile, Jerlin walked through the portal and into Farro's home. He admired the large ranch style home wondering what the bed looked like and if it would be a good surface to bend the wolf over and have his wicked ways with him. He was still grinning when he saw Farro walk through the portal carrying his son. When the wolf caught sight of him he stumbled a bit but quickly recovered and set Sammy down on his feet.

The little boy walked up to Jerlin and sniffed him, his eyes going wide. "You're daddy's mate."

Farro tripped on the carpet and fell headfirst at Jerlin's feet.

"You don't have to throw yourself at me handsome. I'm all yours." Jerlin smirked.

His smile faded when Anthony pinned him with his golden gaze.

"You will behave."

"Yes, my lord." Jerlin didn't hesitate to give his lordship a bow. Some people had a problem with Anthony's avoidance in the fae kingdom, but Jerlin wasn't one of them. He knew if there was a need Anthony would be there but in this phase of his life he wanted to create things, not destroy them. Jerlin had a great deal of respect for the demi-god and didn't want the other man angry or disappointed in him.

"Silver and I are going back home to figure out what to do next. Dare we'd like it if you and Steven could come for a run later this evening and Farro also if you can get away. If you don't want to leave your son then we understand completely."

Farro wrapped an arm around Sammy. "I'll skip this one out but good luck to the both of you."

"Steven and I will meet you at the pack grounds at ten." Dare said.

"Great. Jerlin are you coming with us? We can set you up with an apartment for your stay."

“He’ll stay with us.” Sammy said, taking the man’s hand. “Mates stay together that’s what Dare says.”

Everyone looked at Dare who shifted uncomfortably. “Maybe I should say that in front of Steven next time, huh?”

Anthony laughed. “I think that’s a great idea.”

“I’ll see you later Lord Carrow.” Jerlin said as they prepared to leave.

“Call me Anthony when we’re here Jerlin. I don’t want the pack to start *lording* me.”

Jerlin smiled. “Understood. I’ll see you later. Farro can take me to the pack house tomorrow and we can continue the investigation and try to figure out where the scientist went.”

After many goodbyes they all separated.



## Chapter Eight

The pack run had been a disaster.

Anthony went home and headed straight for the kitchen. From the knife block he grabbed a chef's knife and from the top shelf a small mixing bowl.

He needed to get the wolf out of him. He couldn't do this. He couldn't fight his lover whenever they shifted form. He would rather be a poor alpha mate in the eyes of the pack rather than a poor mate to his lover.

He wouldn't do that to his lover.

When they shifted on the pack fields, Anthony had lunged for Silver. He'd been unable to control his urge to take down the strongest and proclaim himself their new leader. Only by shifting back to his human body was he able to stop attacking his lover.

When Silver had shifted also, he saw the look of betrayal on his lover's face and knew if he didn't do something soon he would lose the man he loved more than anything on earth.

Kneeling on the floor Anthony held his wrist over the bowl, swiftly slicing the knife across his wrist, letting the blood drip.

I call on you Zeus, by our bonds of blood to help me in my time of need.

I call on you Zeus, by our bonds of magic to help me in my time of need

I call on you Zeus, through our bonds of flesh to help me in my time of need

Anthony's voice weakened as a flash of lightning struck the spot beside him. His grandfather's presence filled the room. The smell of ozone heavy in the air.

"Enough Anthony, I'm here."

Anthony wiped away tears he hadn't known he was crying.

Zeus leaned forward and grabbed Anthony's wrist, immediately sealing the wound.

"What's wrong?"

"You were right, grandfather." Anthony sobbed.

Zeus sat on the couch above Anthony and looked down at him, concerned. "As happy as I am to be right, I get the feeling this time it's not a good thing."

"I shouldn't have gotten the wolf. I attacked Silver earlier."

Anthony was still shaken by the encounter. It was the first time he'd lost total control of his body. He had known it was Silver, but still couldn't stop attacking the man he loved.

"It was your first time as a wolf among wolves. Your control will get better with time."

Anthony jumped to his feet and started pacing. "I might get better control of my wolf, but it won't accept Silver as alpha. Ever. You don't understand. I attacked the man I love and I *meant* it!"

He turned to look at the god softly glowing on the couch.

"Please grandfather, take it out of me."

Zeus pierced Anthony with his powerful gaze. "Do you remember what I told you when I gave you the wolf?"

Anthony nodded, "You said everything comes with a price. But if the price is losing Silver, then it isn't worth it."

"I meant for removing the wolf."

Anthony froze he didn't like where this was going. He waited. He wasn't going to be the one to bring up any ideas to the god.

Zeus stood up, towering over Anthony.

"Did you know that out of my remaining grandchildren, your magic is the purest?"

"No." He still didn't know where Zeus was going with this, but he was smart enough to know not to encourage the god.

"The price of removing your wolf is your seed."

"My seed?"

"I want to use your genetic code and create another offspring."

Anthony stared at Zeus. Of all the possibilities this one hadn't occurred to him.

"What happens to this offspring once it's created?"

“I will raise it as my own.”

Anthony thought about it for a moment. Did he want to put a child of his into existence and under the guidance of Zeus? “This was your goal all along wasn’t it?”

Zeus grinned. “I thought it would take more time but you’re ridiculously attached to that wolf of yours.”

The apartment door burst open, slamming against the wall.

Silver stormed through, wrapped himself around Anthony and turned him so he was between his lover and the god.

“You can’t have him back. He’s mine!” Silver growled.

Zeus frowned, with eyes of fire. “And who are you to go against a god?”

Anthony could feel Silver’s heart race beneath his hand. “I am his other half and I will do anything to protect him.”

Zeus laughed.

“I’m glad to see my grandson has good taste in companions. I wasn’t sure about you despite Gallien’s praise.”

The thought of his father praising anyone was almost incomprehensible to Anthony.

Zeus pinned Anthony with his eyes. “Do we have a deal?”

“You will take good care of it?”

“I will keep good care and make sure there are others to give it a well-rounded life.”

Anthony felt trapped. He couldn’t end his own life it would kill Silver and frankly he liked living. But he also couldn’t continue the way he was. The wolf didn’t like Silver and eventually it would tear them apart, killing Silver in a slow and painful ways.

It was either the love of his life or an unnamed, unknown child.

“You can have one but I want to see it when it’s grown.” Anthony didn’t want to give the child a sex because then it would make it a real. It was easy to give away a nebulous creature with no form or face.

“Deal.” With a wave of his hand Zeus tossed Silver across the room.

“Silver!” Anthony screamed. Electricity rising in his body, he glared at his grandfather. Anthony’s hands crackled with lightning as he instinctively sought to protect his mate.

Zeus held up his hands. “Now don’t lose your temper Anthony. You can’t hurt me with lightning and I’d hate to have to retaliate.”

Anthony looked to see Silver already rising, apparently unharmed. “You could’ve just asked.”

“I could’ve.” Zeus said with an evil smile.

Anthony’s anger subdued. His love wasn’t injured. “Go ahead and do what you have to do.”

“I already did.” Zeus said. “I could’ve done it from home.”

Anthony frowned. “Why did you come here then?”

Zeus stepped forward and wrapped his arms around his grandson. Whispering in his ear he said, “Because I may be a bastard but I’m no thief. To take your seed from you without your knowledge is more than I am willing to do.”

“Thank you, grandfather.” Anthony said and meant it.

“Don’t thank me yet.” Zeus released his grandson and stepped back as he held up his palm. “Return to me,” he thundered.

Anthony fell to the floor screaming. His body felt as if it was being turned inside out. His skin felt like shards of glass were flaying it from his bones. A silvery shape swelled over Anthony’s chest until it resembled a large wolf. The pair examined each other for a moment and then the wolf spirit leaned forward, licked Anthony’s cheek and vanished.

Gradually, the pain faded.

“Are you all right love?” Silver kneeled at his side. He raised his hand to stroke Anthony’s cheek.

“He marked you.” Silver said, surprised.

“What?”

“Your face. He marked you.”

Anthony stood up and went to the hall mirror barely noticing that Zeus had vanished.

Anthony gasped when he looked in the mirror. A small silver paw print glowed on his left cheekbone like a beauty mark.

“It’s pretty.”

Silver laughed, “It’s more than pretty it means that it wasn’t just any spirit it was Lykaeos. The spirit wolf of Zeus. Which is why he didn’t allow me to be alpha.”

Anthony moved his head back and forth to watch the mark shimmer.  
“It’s a cool tattoo.”

Silver reached out to touch it. The mark shocked him making him snatch his finger back. “I think it’s more than just a tattoo but we can worry about that later. For now I’m happy to have you back. You are back aren’t you?”

“Yes.” Anthony gave him a wide smile. “Yes I am.”

## Epilogue

Anthony sat in the limo drinking a glass of club soda and lime.

Farro lowered the window between them. "So how about a game of truth or dare?"

"Honey you couldn't handle the dares I've got for you." Anthony said with a smile.

Farro laughed. "You might be right about that." He was restless and picked at the upholstery until Anthony became annoyed.

"Just ask me the question. It's painful to watch you stall."

"Fine. I was wondering what you think I should do about Jerlin? Did you know he had the gall to tell me he would watch our son tonight? Our son." He repeated with outrage. "We haven't even kissed and he's talking as if he's claimed my child."

"You want me to talk to him?" Anthony asked.

"No!" Farro picked at the seat again. It took him several minutes to work up the courage to meet Anthony's eyes. "Do you think he likes me?"

"Yes Farro. I think he likes you. He really, really likes you. But you have to remember most fae aren't big on emotion. Jerlin would rather stab out his own eyeballs than discuss emotions. So you'll have to be patient with him. For now I think you have enough on your plate with Sammy. Not to mention tracking down the mutant weres. By the way did you find a new nanny yet?"

Farro smiled. "Turns out my friend Henry has a sister who needs to earn some money while she goes to college. She has classes in the morning while Sammy's in school. She can pick him up and watch him at night when I need to investigate. I'll have to cut back some hours on the weekend and figure out how to teach her to cook because apparently she can't even boil water. But I think it'll work out fine."

"That's great." Anthony took another sip of the water. "I think I might need to switch back to the hard stuff."

"Why's that? I thought you were okay now about not shifting."

"I am, but this water sucks."

Farro grinned. "When Silver wasn't looking I restocked the bar."

"May the gods bless you." Anthony said reaching for the cabinet.

There was a soft shushing sound. Anthony looked up to see a soft blue glow surrounding Farro.

“Damn.”

To be continued in *Getting Gabe July 2009*