

Faerly Enchanting

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## The Meeting

Darwin looked at the red door and wondered if it was too late to run for it. After all he didn't have to use the gold key provided to him. The money he spent would be lost but he could just write it off as a coward fee. Besides the person behind the door might not even be interested in a dark faery. After all there weren't that many of them left. Unfortunately, the reason he'd paid an exorbitant fee to come to this matchmaking club still existed. He longed for a mate.

Supposedly his possible match was already in the room. It would be bad manners to leave the poor person waiting. Although he preferred men, Darwin didn't know for certain that his match was male. There was no guarantee of sex, just that the person was a possible match.

A match he wanted desperately.

Hell, at this point he'd even take a girl.

Darwin was tired of being alone. He just wanted someone to hold him late at night when the shadows danced on the wall. Someone who wouldn't freak when he needed to spread his wings, literally. The screams still rang in his ears from the last time he'd shown them to a potential partner. Wings were great in theory, but they were rare enough that even people in the para-community didn't always appreciate them.

Club Soulfinder claimed to be able to match anyone with their perfect mate. Darwin didn't know if he believed their hype, but he was tired of being alone. Even a good night of passion sounded fabulous at this point. The men he met in the usual way; nightclubs, work, or out doing errands were always intimidated by him. Humans found his fae beauty overwhelming, and other faes found him too strange or too intelligent or any number of things they didn't want. He wasn't tall and blond like the golden faekin. Darwin's hair was black, shiny and swept his shoulders in glossy waves. His eyes were green upon green not the more common summer gold.

In either world Darwin was a freak.

This was why he'd given up trying to meet someone serendipitously. It was time for professional help. At three hundred years old, Darwin wasn't getting any younger and he ached to find someone of his own.

Flipping the key around in his hand, Darwin stared at the door a long moment before taking a deep breath, fitting the key into the lock, and turning the handle.

This could either be the biggest mistake or the greatest idea of his life.

Taking deep breath, Darwin pushed open the door.

Brin glanced at the door anticipating the first look of his mate. All the stars were aligned. His astrologer told him that today was the day, and his matchmaker said that the person chosen met all his qualifications, but it was the first glance that sold him. The man was breathtaking. Pale white skin glowed like starlight against hair so dark it appeared to absorb the shadows around him.

Dark Fae.

Moisture pooled in Brin's mouth. He never told anyone about his obsession with the dark fae. A race so rare they were more of a rumor than a population. The few times pictures of them appeared in the

para-news, Brin tore them out and put them in his notebook. Maybe if he didn't want him, the beauty would at least allow him to take a picture.

“Hello.” Brin said.

The other man must not have seen him because the dark fae jerked at the sound of Brin's voice. As he turned to face Brin, he got his first full look.

“By the goddess, you're stunning.”

A pale pink blush crossed the dark fae's cheeks making him look even more enchanting. Brin stepped closer to get a look at his eyes. Deep green like the forest. Few dark faes had true green, only those descended directly from the dark king.

“You have royal blood.” He said, and then wished he could take the words back when the other man looked startled.

“How did you know?”

“Your eyes.”

“I didn't think anyone remembered about that.”

It was Brin's turn to be embarrassed. He didn't really want to explain his obsession, at least not until they exchanged names. As much as he loved the dark fae, he was surprised by the other man's build. As captain of the king's guards Brin had expected a large warrior, someone who could be his equal when he was training for battle or practicing with a new weapon. It wasn't until that moment did he realize how happy he was to be wrong.

The man before him was an unexpected surprise. Like the perfect sundae with triple cherries on top.

As he came closer, Brin saw the man moved with a smooth, casual grace that only those with sleek builds could pull off. The man was shorter than Brin by a good five inches but he wasn't short. He was at least six feet of gorgeousness.

“My name is Darwin.” The vision said, giving him a smile that sizzled Brin down to his toes.

“I'm Brin.” He responded. Unable to withstand the pull any longer Brin walked up to Darwin.

“Let's get this out of the way.”

Giving into his desire, Brin wrapped a length of slinky curls around his hand and yanked Darwin forward. Slamming his mouth against the slender fae's, Brin put everything he was feeling into the kiss. All the yearning and need simmering beneath the surface poured from Brin as he tried express with his body how much he wanted the other man.

Living for a long time meant that most fae were flippant with their bedfellows hopping back and forth from one person to the next. Brin had always chosen his lovers with care hoping to eventually find a single male to share his life with. It was rare for fae to bond with one another, but when they did it was for eternity.

Legends were built upon stories of mated fae.

With that one kiss Brin knew Darwin would never be a casual bedfellow. Flames licked up and down Brin's spine as his hands mapped out every bump and dip of his future lover's spine. If there was a quiz later on this man's body he wanted to pass with flying colors.

When Darwin's hands came up to cup his face Brin almost came. In two thousand years no one had ever made his body sing as much as that one gentle, tentative touch against his skin. Brin forced his lips to separate from the dark fae. It was like tearing off a chunk of his soul. He could barely stand the separation. To soothe himself he kept his hands roaming over Darwin, touching whatever skin he could

find. He slid his hands beneath the other man's shirt so he could have a skin-to-skin connection.

It took a moment for Darwin to open his eyes.

Brin smiled at the dazed expression on the smaller man's face certain his own face showed the same expression.

“Hi.” Brin said placing kisses on each of Darwin's cheeks.

“H-hi.” Darwin stuttered adorably.

As much as he wanted to do things slowly, lust fogged his senses and when the stunning man slid to his knees, it took every reserve of Brin's strength to prevent his knees from buckling.

A soft laugh against his crotch did nothing to dim his desire.

Deft fingers unfastened his pants, freeing his cock from its confinement.

“Oh, nice.” The soft comment made him go ridiculously harder.

Without warning, silky, wet heat surrounded him. Only the grip on his hips stopped him from bucking from the sensation.

“Sorry.” He pressed the words through gritted teeth. Sliding his hands through Darwin's soft hair, he sighed at the pleasing texture. Some men put so much crap in their hair that it was crunchy to the touch. Darwin's clean strands told Brin many things about the man. None of which he could concentrate on while that glorious mouth was sending jolts of electricity through his body.

“Stop.” Brin said, grinding his teeth as he forcibly willed back his climax.

Darwin pulled away a frown marring his perfect face. Brin reached down and stroked the gorgeous man's forehead.

“Shhh. You didn't do anything wrong. I want to come in your ass not your mouth.”

“Okay.” The pleased smile he was given made him feel like the king.

“Strip.”

Usually he liked to undress his lovers but Brin knew if he touched Darwin it would be all over. Nevertheless, as soon as the shirt came off Brin almost creamed his pants. For a shy beautiful thing, Darwin was all sleek, sculpted muscle and pale, pale skin.

Brin wanted to mark him with his teeth and nails before spreading his seed across Darwin's body like a wild animal marking his territory. No one but him should ever see such perfection again. Brin felt an uncontrollable need to lock this man in his house and hide him from other men's eyes. Like an art collector guarding his collection against thieves, Brin wanted to protect his new treasure.

“Turn around.”

He wanted to see the smooth line of his lover's back. One of his kinks was looking at a hard muscular back while he fucked his lover. What he saw instead had him hitting the floor with his knees.

“No!” He whispered in awe. Long parallel lines ran down either side of Darwin's spine. Brin couldn't be so lucky. It couldn't mean what he thought it did. The goddess didn't love him above all others, not enough to gift him with a being so glorious others thought they were more rumor than real.

Darwin bowed his head. “Does this mean you don't want me any more?” He asked in a broken voice.

“Not want you?” Brin asked in a voice tinged with awe. “I want you more than anything.” His fingers trembled with the need to touch Darwin, to make sure that he was real.

“Do they extend?”

Darwin nodded.

Brin shuddered as come burst from his body in long, milky streams splashing across the tiles between

Darwin's feet.

"Show me." He gasped when his body finally stopped erupting. Pressing his fingers into the tile, Brin fought to keep upright after draining it of fluid.

The dark fae nodded his head. Brin watched in fascination as the flaps of skin parted and blue-green gossamer wings slid out of Darwin's body. It took a moment for them to unfurl, but when they did they spanned the room.

Brin staggered to his feet.

He'd never met a fae who still had wings. At one time every fae was born with a set, but over the years they lost the ability as genetics and crossbreeding weeded them out. Darwin must be from a pure line.

"Can I touch them?"

Darwin turned carefully to face Brin. "You don't think I'm a freak?"

The look in Darwin's eyes told Brin that somewhere, someone had told this beautiful, pure-blood fae that he was less than desirable.

Cupping Darwin's face in his hands, Brin looked him in the eyes making sure that he knew there was no mistaking his expression.

"Baby I came just looking at your wings. There isn't an inch of you that isn't beautiful to me."

Darwin's pale skin flushed with the praise. "Does that mean you'll let me fuck you?"

Brin jerked back in surprise.

"Never mind." Darwin bit his lip, averting his eyes.

"No." Brin turned Darwin's face back to his. "I was just surprised. Would you be willing to fuck me while I was on my back?"

A thoughtful expression crossed Darwin's face before he nodded. "I understand. You don't trust me behind you."

Brin laughed. "No baby, I just want to watch your wings when you fuck me."

"Oh." Darwin's smile was like watching the sunrise, slow and brilliant. "Okay. But you have to finish undressing."

Brin looked down surprised to find he was still mostly dressed. With an embarrassed smile of his own, he stripped off his shirt and pants. "You still need to take your pants off too." Brin remarked. "We didn't get very far after you showed me your wings."

Darwin gave a snort of laughter. "We did get a little sidetracked." Darwin's smile made Brin hard again. Brin ached in all the right places as he stripped off his clothes.

"Wow." Darwin's innocent exclamation made Brin smile.

Brin wasn't vain, but he knew he looked good. He got enough stares and comments about his physique and had little difficulty getting a hook up when he needed it. But that one moment of appreciation made him pleased that he kept up his appearance. Having an extended life didn't mean he didn't have to work to stay in shape. Never had he been so glad that he made the effort.

Darwin's inquisitive hands slid over his chest, sending his body into a needy spiral.

"Have you ever?"

"Been on the bottom?" Brin shook his head. "But I would for you."

Darwin's smile was worth any discomfort. Even if he didn't like being on bottom, it was necessary at least once if they were going to bond.

Darwin couldn't believe it. The gorgeous buff fae was going to let him top. When he'd first seen Brin he knew he was probably one of those men who always liked to dominate.

The fact that Brin was willing to give up control told Darwin there was the possibility of a future between them if Brin was willing. He didn't want to infer that the other man wanted a relationship. At this point he was willing to offer anything to see the handsome fae again.

Caught up in his thoughts, he was surprised when Brin grabbed his hands and pulled him back to the present.

"Stay with me handsome." Brin said. The golden fae's words sent a glow of delight through Darwin, but it was the admiration in the other man's eyes that sealed his pleasure. "Let's take this to the bed." For the first time Darwin noticed the enormous bed in the corner of the dimly lit room.

"How did I miss that?" He asked with a nervous laugh. This situation was so outside his comfort zone he'd have to get a telescope to find it. A glance at the blond at his side had him brushing away his discomfort. There was no way he was going to pass up the opportunity to fuck this stunning fae who looked at Darwin like he'd found a diamond surprise in his cereal box.

"It is subtle." Brin said looking at the bed. "I'm sure somewhere a mountain troll is looking for his bed."

Darwin burst out laughing. Mountain trolls were twelve feet tall and ten feet wide. Tension flew out of his body with the laughter. He really liked this guy. If it didn't work out in the bedroom maybe they could remain friends.

Brin sent him a heated look and Darwin had no doubt it was going to work out in the bedroom just fine. Releasing Darwin's hand, Brin slid onto the bed and rolled to his back. Darwin stood and enjoyed the scenery for a moment before going to the basket beside the bed. The basket had an assortment of condoms, lube and some toys sealed in packages. Darwin knew about butt plugs and cock rings, but a few things in the basket had him shaking his head. He didn't know what they were and he was one hundred percent certain he didn't want to. Snatching up the lube, Darwin hurried back to his waiting man.

They didn't need a condom. Fae to fae sex couldn't spread disease. If his lover had been human Darwin would've grabbed one since humans are delicate and could catch anything.

Brin smiled at Darwin as he set the lube on the bed. Climbing into the bed he leaned over and pressed his naked body against Brin's. The raw skin on skin contact ripped a moan out of Darwin's throat, and his body, which was excited before, bubbled precum at the sensation of warm golden skin lying beneath his own paler color. The combination of color and texture and sensation made Darwin shiver with desire. He wanted this man more than he'd ever wanted anything before. Desire was a twist in his gut that he knew would never unravel if he let the stunning man beneath him get away.

"I have to have you." Darwin said with raw simplicity. It wasn't a wish or a want, it was a need like oxygen or food, something he was completely certain he would die without.

The desire in Brin's eyes reflected Darwin's emotions. "I'm all yours." Brin whispered in a husky voice that brought images of moonlit encounters and rough sex into Darwin's mind like a digital dreamscape. He didn't know if Brin meant he was Darwin's for now or forever but he would take what he could get.

Swooping down he kissed the other man with all of his pent up longing. All of the passion he'd kept in that part of his heart that was afraid to come out into the world. Afraid of injury and rejection, Darwin

had long ago chained away his heart for its own safety. After kissing the golden fae beneath him, Darwin was willing to give him anything.

Kissing his way down Brin's muscled chest and following his lightly furred treasure trail, Darwin was pleased when he found the fae was hard again. It was a boost to his ego that Brin found him so attractive. Licking the tip of Brin's cock, Darwin relished the flavor. Brin smelled of the rich, green forest and tasted like ambrosia.

“Heavenly.” Darwin said with a smile before taking the other man down to the root.

“Fuck.” Brin said. He gripped the covers to stop from shoving into Darwin's talented mouth and choking the man. No one had ever taken him completely before. The dark fae's throat was magical. Darwin's wings flared out and Brin came for the second time.

How could he not before Darwin's beauty?

A winged fae was precious. How had Darwin escaped detection all this while? Because of their special status, the winged fae generally lived in the palace with guards to protect them. They were highly valued for their sperm and eggs because many thought that to recapture the magic of the fae, there needed to be more of the winged fae. To have one out in the open was astonishing.

Brin lost track of his thoughts and his mind as Darwin slicked up his fingers and with great care drove Brin out of his ever-loving mind.

“Please, more. Darwin, baby, please.” Brin pleaded. He'd promise anything to get the other man to fuck him. Despite never having bottomed, Brin was desperate to feel Darwin inside him.

Darwin's long fingers brushed across Brin's prostate and despite his resolve, his hips bucked. Darwin pulled out. Looking up, Brin saw the sparkle in the other man's eyes.

He'd done it on purpose.

“If you're testing my control, you win. I don't have any where you're concerned.” Brin said, completely serious.

“Just making sure you're ready.”

“Any more ready and I'm going to shoot again before you're inside me and as I've already come twice I'd like you to be inside me before I do that again.”

Darwin leaned forward and placed a kiss on Brin's cheek. “I didn't think it was embarrassing, I thought it was hot.” The dark fae said. His green upon green eyes glowed lightly in the darkened room.

Brin didn't comment. He didn't know what to say to the sweet fae who had a dominant streak that just made everything hotter.

Darwin lifted Brin's legs a bit as he positioned himself. With all his preparation, Darwin slid easily inside.

Other than a slight bite of pain at entry, Brin felt nothing but pleasure, intense pleasure that ricocheted down his spine. Brin gasped as his skin felt too tight for the sensations bursting through him.

“Darwin, fuck me. Please.” He begged. As the king's right hand, Brin had never begged for anything in his life but for this man he would beg, on his knees, on broken glass if needed.

Darwin took pity on him and starting ramming into Brin hitting his prostate with each slam of his body.

Too quickly, Brin screamed as his body gave up its nectar.

He blinked as gold dust rained down on his body from Darwin's wings.

Some of the material fell into his mouth and Brin tasted paradise. It was what love, lust and tenderness



would taste like if they had a flavor. Instead he felt the emotions sink into his skin as he drifted on a cloud of sensation unlike any he'd ever experienced.

Mating dust.

He'd read stories about winged fae who could emit mating dust for their one true love, but he thought they were only stories.

With a giddy smile, Brin knew his lover could only shower him with gold if they were true mates.

Shit. Darwin's soft curse had Brin looking into a pair of scared green eyes.

Brushing back a lock of dark hair Brin gave his lover a smile.

What's wrong?

I think you're drugged. I don't know what happened. I've never had sex with my wings out before.

Brin lost some of his glow. What if he really wasn't special? What if it was just the situation?

Have you ever emitted dust?

Darwin blushed. No. That's new. I've never wanted to have sex with my wings out before either.

Brin smiled. Did your parents ever tell you about mating dust?

Darwin's jaw dropped. You think that's it? You think we're mated?

Before his eyes, Darwin's wings vanished into their slots and his lover sat up, shaky fingers sliding through his hair.

I thought you wanted to be mated. Brin said. Even to his own ears he sounded accusing.

I do. I do. Darwin said stroking Brin's hair. But I didn't plan on doing it by drugging some guy. I wanted the match to develop slowly and to find out if we have anything in common.

Brin wrapped his arm around the dark fae and pulled him back down onto the bed and into his arms. He hid his smile against Darwin's shoulder. He didn't want the other man to know how thrilled he was that Darwin had dusted him. It took so much of the work out of trying to claim a mate. Now all he had to do was remind Darwin that he was the one who created the bond and he got to keep the beautiful fae.

Life was sweet.

We are mated. Deal with it. There is plenty of time to get to know each other. We'll just do it while we're living together.

Living together?

Oh, didn't I tell you? Brin said with a wide smile.

What? He relished Darwin's look of caution. It was charming how well his mate knew him already.

I'm the king's captain of the guard. You have to live with me because I can't leave the king.

Darwin turned even paler than his natural porcelain complexion. You're the bloodthirsty right hand of the king?

I'm not bloodthirsty. Everyone I've killed has deserved their death.

Darwin pulled completely out of his arms. Not my cousin Rorri. I was told he was killed by the king's right hand. The dark fae got out of bed and started pulling on his clothes in short jerky motions.

Wait.

Brin climbed out of bed. Are you talking about Rorri Thistlebaum?

Darwin nodded.

Rorri is still alive. I don't know who told you that I killed him but he's living with one of the princesses' handmaidens. They're very happy together.

Darwin let out the breath he'd been holding since he found out the identity of his lover. "I have a job." He said, though it sounded weak even to his own ears.

"Do you like it?"

He was pleased when Brin kept a respectful distance and appeared to be trying to listen to him. It was particularly decent of him since Darwin was the one who had tied them together.

He carefully thought about what he did.

"Not really. I teach English at the university but I've never really enjoyed teaching, it was just a way to get the university to sponsor my writing."

Brin gently pulled Darwin into his arms. "Come live with me and you can spend all day writing."

With a sigh, Darwin lay his head down on Brin's shoulder. "All right."

After all what was he fighting? Eternity alone was fine when he didn't think he had another choice, but when he could spend it with the gorgeous man beside him instead, it was a foolish idea to stay working. He didn't have many needs so he could live off of his savings for a long while.

"All right, I'll come live with you." After all it would be stupid to refuse, his own chemistry wouldn't allow him to be separated from Brin for any length of time. Now that he had dusted Brin, Darwin would need to have daily contact with the other fae for the rest of his life.

Brin let out a yell, lifted Darwin up, and spun him around in a circle.

"You'll never regret it." Brin swore. "Never."

Darwin kissed Brin on the lips. "Let's hope I never do."

## Epilogue

Brin and Darwin stood, hands clasped, outside the king's throne room door. Two guards manned the entrance. The guards kept their gaze straight ahead and away from their captain.

“Are you sure we have to do this?” Darwin asked nervously. “We can't just sneak me in.”

Brin smiled at his mate. “First of all, as soon as you set foot in his kingdom the king knew you were here, and secondly, I'm the king's captain of the guards. I have to do everything right as an example to others.”

Darwin leered at his lover. “Well I can think of at least one thing you do completely right but I don't think I want to use it as an example for your guards.”

The two stone-faced guards burst into laughter as Brin blushed. He hadn't thought he was capable of blushing at his age but his playful mate proved him wrong.

Sliding a hand through Darwin's intricately braided hair, Brin placed a tender kiss on his lover's lips.

“Did I mention you look wonderful?” He would've said beautiful but some men didn't like to be called beautiful, besides it was a pallid word for a man who looked like an element of the wild forest. He had caught the admiring gazes that his guards gave his mate before they snapped their attention to the front where it belonged.

“Thank you. You don't look bad yourself.”

Brin was wearing his full dress uniform. It was meant as both a reminder to the king of his faithful and loyal service, and a warning to others that to touch his mate was a death sentence. He had a feeling he'd be wearing it often if his mate insisted on looking so tempting.

Darwin was wearing a white silk shirt embroidered in green. The embroidery was exquisite and portrayed a story of nature with the occasional imp peeking through the greenery. Brin had caught the full glory of the shirt right before Darwin had slid on a long black heavy silk duster. The jacket had slits on the sides to allow ease of movement and slashes in the back to let Darwin's wings out, which was strange since Brin didn't think his lover brought them out very often. The jacket was also embroidered. Gold thread worked through the heavy material in swirls and designs that bedazzled Brin's eyes. Darwin's black pants matched the duster and looked good over the man's firm ass.

They were a study of opposites, the warrior and the scholar, but Brin had never felt so good about anything in his life. He just had to get the king's stamp of approval or banishment. There was little room for anything in between.

It was difficult for Brin to keep his concentration and not jump his lover.

Brin was leaning over to give his lover a quick kiss when the doors opened and the king's herald beckoned them forward.

Darwin's fingers gripped his so hard Brin was surprised he could still wiggle them.

The grip quickly loosened.

“Sorry.” Darwin whispered.

“That's okay.” Brin said. He was willing to lose a few fingers in order to keep his lover at his side. Actually there was little he wasn't willing to give up to keep his lover.

The king sat on his throne wearing a suit of crimson that would look tacky on anyone that didn't exude

power through their pores.

“Greetings, Brin.” The king’s deep voice boomed out. “I’ve heard the rumors that you found your mate. I see they are true.”

Brin listened carefully for any hint of censure. There was a time when the king and Brin had a dalliance or two but neither of them took them seriously. The king was just contrary enough to make it an issue one hundred years later so Brin wasn’t going to let his breath out until he heard what he wanted from the king.

“The rumors are true, your majesty.” Brin said in an even voice. He tried to not to appear too proud in front of the king. He didn’t need a majestic smack down in front of his lover.

“Come forward dark one.” The king said in a purring tone that Brin didn’t trust.

Darwin walked forward still holding Brin’s hand.

“I didn’t ask for your lover.” The king said with a frown.

“He’s my mate, not my lover. Where I go so does he.” Darwin said in a firm tone. Brin cringed, hoping the king was in a forgiving mood. He clearly remembered beheading the last man that dared to talk to the king in that manner.

The king’s eyes swept Darwin’s form and his gaze landed on the gold necklace around Darwin’s neck.

“Who is your family?”

“The Fernlace are my kin.”

Brin sucked in his breath. He’d thought his lover was of high caste but he didn’t realize that he was part of the highest ranking dark fae family. The Fernlace were the dark fae equivalent of royalty. The reason Darwin didn’t back down to the king was apparent now. It was like one king meeting another.

“Do you have any designs on my throne?” The king asked in his forthright manner.

Darwin let his nervous face relax into a smile. “No your majesty. I have no aspirations to your throne but I make no promises regarding your library.”

The king returned the smile and tension Brin had barely noticed relaxed in the ruler.

“I see you look high for your mate, captain. I will declare this mating official if Darwin here will show me his wings.”

Darwin hesitated and there was a moment when the two men’s eyes met in a challenge of power. Brin was surprised when his shy lover didn’t back down.

“You will find in your law books that I don’t need your permission for this mating. I have already dusted my lover thereby cementing our bond that rules and nature cannot part. As per the law of the fairy courts, I claim Brin Coneflower as my own.”

There were murmurs from the court.

Darwin gave the king a half bow. “But in order to keep the peace with my lover’s king I will give in to your request.”

Without fanfare Darwin released his wings. The contrast between his shimmering wings and his outfit were striking. Brin realized that Darwin expected to be asked to show his wings when he dressed to attend the king. Apparently, his lover knew the laws better than Brin.

“Impressive.” The fae king looked Darwin over with covetous eyes. “I don’t suppose that you have an open mating?”

Darwin’s wings vanished, the retraction so smooth it looked like magic. “No.” Darwin said crossing

his arms over his chest. "We don't."

Brin slid a hand around one of Darwin's biceps. "Thank you for your blessing, your majesty. I will return to duty on the morrow." With a quick bow Brin spun on his heel and dragged his lover behind him. He didn't want to keep Darwin there when it was obvious the king was uncertain whether to jail his mate or bed him. Either option wasn't acceptable to Brin.

"In a hurry to get me to bed?" Darwin asked.

"Yes." Brin responded not bothering to hide his eagerness. "Now that we're official in the eyes of my king it's my turn to claim you."

"Excellent." Darwin said. With a pleased smile he let his mate drag him down the hall.

The End

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