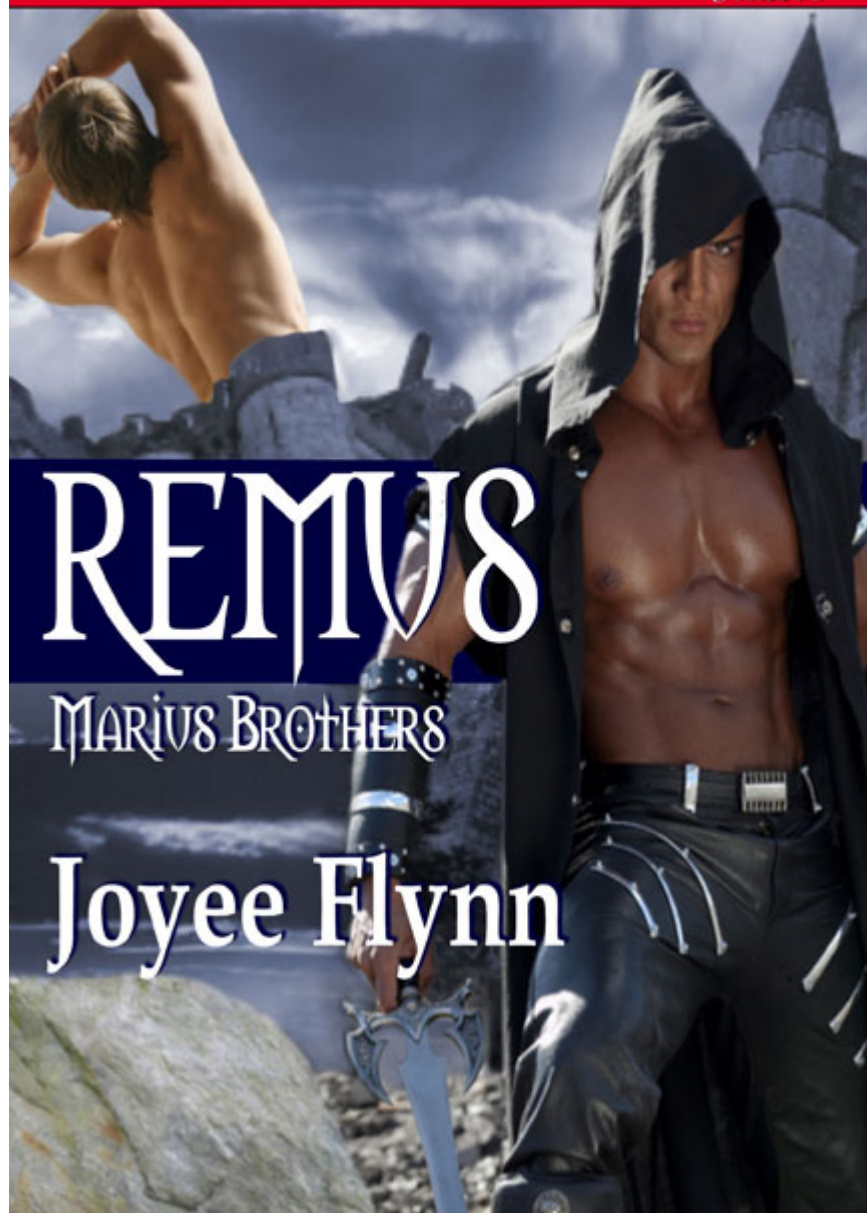


SIREN PUBLISHING *Classic*



Marius Brothers 2

Remus

Remus Marius, a demon warrior, grew up knowing he had the full love and support of his family. It defined who he was. Discovering his mate, Noah, on a mission to rescue kidnapped vampires, he finds that he will need everything he learned growing up to convince Noah he's worth the love Remus wants to give him.

Noah Dragos always knew he was a huge disappointment to his family. He wasn't a warrior like his father and brothers. He wasn't even a good vampire. Hidden away and ignored by his family, Noah learned to not to rely anyone. When he's kidnapped by demons, he knows no one will care.

Being rescued by Remus and mated to him, Noah has to decide if he's willing to drag his mate into the hell he's lived in his entire life or let Remus find someone more deserving of being a warrior's mate.

Genre: Alternative (M/M or F/F)/Paranormal

Length: 33,900 words

REMUS

Marius Brothers 2

Joyee Flynn

EROTIC ROMANCE



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REMUS

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DEDICATION

To Kevin: You are a pain in my ass and the most infuriating man I've ever met, but you are my favorite distraction from the real world! Thank you for listening when I've needed someone to vent to, giving great advice when I've asked, and making me laugh harder than I have in a long time.

REMUS

Marius Brothers 2

JOYEE FLYNN

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Chapter 1

Remus Marius could feel his strength diminishing more and more by the minute. He and two other warriors were on the hunt, and even though it hadn't been a long hunt, it was nonstop. They were finally closing in on the demons who kept taking vampire citizens. The demons had been smart this time, no leaving a no trail for warriors to follow.

Demons were actually vampires once, vampires who decided they didn't want to feed on blood. They wanted it for the power, for the kill. Vampires always lived by a strict code—do no harm to humans and hide all evidence of their existence from humans. In recent decades, with blood banks everywhere, most vampires didn't even drink directly from a human except in emergency situations.

The warriors knew it was only a matter of time before one of the demons slipped up, and that time had come. They waited until the demons went out for the night, carefully keeping their cover hidden. Once the demons were far enough away, the three warriors went in to find their hostages.

"Is it me, or is it especially cold in here?" Caleb asked. He was a friend of the Marius family, closest to his older brother, Micah. Micah

had been recently mated, so he tended to skip most missions these days, preferring the company of his mate.

"Yeah, it is," Remus replied. "Does that worry anyone else?"

"Doesn't make me happy, but don't worry little brother. I'll keep you safe," Remus' older brother, Victor, threw in. Remus just rolled his eyes as they kept moving. He was over three hundred years old and his siblings still treated him like a toddler.

"I remember a few times where Remus had to save your ass, Victor," Caleb chuckled.

"Hey, someone had to make it so the kid felt good about himself," Victor shot back.

"You two done? We can laugh after the job is done," Remus said, picking up his pace, not really caring if they kept up or not. By now, the other warrior should be up at the top of the cliff with a van so they could transport the hostages. Remus stopped when the cave opened up into a room. There were at least twelve vampires there.

"Fuck me," Victor whispered coming up behind him. "Okay. Let's move them out quickly, but try not to harm them anymore than needed."

Remus picked up the first survivor and headed to the opening in the cliff where they had come in. After strapping her into the harness they had set up to pull the hostages up to the top of the cliff, Remus called in the backup van.

Caleb and Victor had said Remus was always way too cautious, but once again it had worked out that they needed the extra van. No way were they going to fit twelve wounded vampires *and* five warriors in one van. Remus knew no one would acknowledge he did the right thing, but at least the team was able to save all captives now.

Going back to grab another survivor, Remus passed Caleb and Victor. His brother had about as grim of an expression as Remus knew he had. These vampires were in sad fucking shape. It was obvious how much they had been tortured. Most weren't even conscious, and all of them seemed too weak to move on their own.

This was the type of shit that kept Remus up at nights, not the violence of being a warrior, or the slaying of demons. It was the innocents who got caught in the crossfire. It also reminded him what they were fighting for—to keep his people safe.

He also had to work at keeping his patience with his crazy family. They could be as nuts and meddling as they wanted; at least they were alive and Remus could go home to them at his parent's house.

Desmond and Elena Marius had seven sons, Victor, Stefan, Gabriel, Micah, Virgil, Remus, and Damian. Marius was a name all vampires knew, almost like being royalty in their world. His father had retired from being a warrior several hundred years ago and took a seat on the high council. Given that vampires can live forever, Desmond could have that seat for a very, very long time.

Of course, vampires could die; just not how most the legends said. Garlic was nothing to them, crosses didn't hurt them, silver was no big thing, and they could be in the sunlight. Granted, the sunlight wasn't their favorite thing -- they were quite sensitive to it -- but they certainly didn't burst into flames.

Vampires were gifted—they were stronger, faster, could endure more than humans to begin with. But every vampire was given one additional gift. Remus' his gift was the ability to talk to animals. He could speak to and understand them, no matter what species they were. Not the most useful in combat situations, but if the warriors needed a diversion, Remus was their guy.

As Remus harnessed up his last survivor, he started to climb up the cliff. He was supposed to go in the first van and start moving them out while his brother set up the explosives they were leaving as a present for the demons. Caleb was going to get the last vampire up and help take down the harness rig so the demons wouldn't suspect anyone had been there.

Sure, the demons might smell them, but with the decay and death in that cave it would be hard to smell anything else. Plus the scents of the twelve vampires they had rescued. When Remus hopped in the

passenger's seat of the van, they got moving. He looked over the cargo lying on the floor of the van. They had taken the seats out knowing that could hurt the survivors more than help them.

He glanced over to the warrior driving and for the life of him Remus couldn't remember the guy's name. Well, he didn't seem too talkative anyway. Remus just shrugged and got comfortable in his seat, hoping to catch a little sleep on the ride home.

* * * *

Remus woke up a few miles from the warrior compound. He would have felt bad for not helping to drive, except it hadn't been more than a few hours and the warrior driving hadn't been on the hunt. He had just helped with the pickup and delivery of the survivors.

As the gates opened to the compound, Remus checked on the cargo again. The survivors were down for the count.

The pain they must be in, Remus thought, overwhelmed with sadness.

Most barely had any clothes on, and what they had were shredded, torn, and completely blood-soaked. They had a few blankets that they threw over the worst of them. Remus wanted to kick himself for not thinking to have more available.

There were several people standing at the main doors when the van pulled up. As soon as it stopped, Remus hopped out and headed to Riley, his older brother Micah's mate and the best doctor their race had. To top it off, Riley's gift was healing.

"Hey, Riley, we found twelve survivors, all in pretty bad shape," Remus told him as Riley opened the back doors of the van.

"Fuck!" Riley said, taking a second to look over the six half-dead vampires that were in the back. "There's six more coming?"

Remus nodded, looking at Riley and hoping he could save them.

"What do you need from me?" Remus asked.

“Get on the phone with your dad. They are going to need blood, strong blood. Human blood won’t be enough to save all of them. I need his help getting more supplies and vampire blood donors,” Riley said. Then he turned and started barking out orders to the people helping him. Remus pulled out his cell phone and dialed his father.

“Remus, are you ok?” Desmond Marius said when he answered the phone.

“Yes, Father, I am well. We found twelve survivors the demons had. Riley asked me to call you. He said he needs help, he needs blood donors. They won’t survive on just human blood. He also said he needs more supplies. Can you have the staff bag up whatever medical supplies Riley has at home and bring them over?”

“Of course, son, right away,” his father replied. “I will call the local vampire families and let them know the situation. I will also inform the council and have them send as many warriors to the compound as possible.”

“Thank you, Father.”

“Be well, my son. I shall see you shortly,” Desmond said hanging up.

Remus followed the gurney in carrying the sixth survivor from the van. He knew they needed to quickly get the survivors into beds and get ready for the six others who were coming.

“Help is coming,” Remus told Riley as he walked into the mini-hospital that had been built into the main house of the warrior compound.

“Good. For now I’m having all of them transported to the beds down here. Someone is getting cots brought in so I can keep my patients together,” Riley replied, rubbing a hand over his face. “They’re getting the gurneys back to the entrance for the others. For now, if you can help get them stripped and cleaned up as best as you can, that would help. I need to be able to see their injuries, so I know who to help first.”

“Consider it done,” Remus said before he turned and walked out of the large room that Riley used mostly for surgeries and trauma cases. He ran to the linen closet and grabbed a couple of bags of clean washcloths. Returning to the main room, he started running warm water into any container he could find.

Once he had that done, he ran around and brought back as many portable tables with wheels as he could find and loaded up bins of water and washcloths on each one. Wheeling one cart to the farthest patient, Remus removed clothes gently with one of his claws. Finding a waste can, he started throwing in the tattered shreds.

He was gentle but quick as he wiped off the first patient. When he was done, he rolled back the table with the now-dirty clothes and water, grabbed a table with clean supplies and repeated the process. Remus saw other warriors start to trickle into the room as well, each finding Riley and getting their orders.

A few had the same job as Remus. Some, who Riley had trained to be vampire paramedics of a sort, started hooking up IVs and bags of blood to patients. Others were bringing in cots, pillows, and linens and starting to get them ready. After he cleaned up his third patient, Remus wheeled the table back, collected the blood soaked washcloths in a bag and handed it to another warrior who had the same job as he did.

Remus then rinsed the containers he had put the clean water in, refilled them and wheeled the tables over to the empty cots that wouldn't be empty much longer. Running to get more washcloths, he bumped into his mother, Elena.

“Oh, Remus, I am so glad you are safe,” she said, throwing her arms around him. “Is it really as bad as your father told me?”

“I'm afraid it's probably much worse. I wasn't able to give Father the entire story. For now, Riley has ordered me to get the soiled clothes off and clean the survivors as best as I can so he can see the extent of the injuries. I was coming for more clean washcloths when I saw you,” Remus explained as he hugged his mother back.

“Well then, we need to get in there,” his mother said, turning into hard core mamma bear ready to save her cubs. His mother took helping their race very seriously, believing all vampires were brothers and sisters in their own way. She grabbed as many bags as she could carry, while Remus thought to grab bandages, gauze, tape, and whatever other supplies.

“Elena, perfect,” Riley said as they entered the room. “I’m going to give you the job of giving the conscious patients sedatives.” Riley explained to his mother the dosages and how to give them. Then where to put them in the stack of charts he was gesturing to. Remus went back to the sinks and checked on his supplies.

After the last of the dirty washcloths and clothes were bagged, Remus went to throw them into the hall. On top of everything else, they didn’t need the room full of clutter. Just as he set the last bag down, he saw the first gurneys coming in with the newest patients.

For the next few hours there was continuous chaos. How Riley kept it all straight, Remus had no clue. He and the other medic-trained vampires started drawing blood from the multitude of donors who had arrived.

Extracting two bags of blood from each vampire, they were then given three bags of human blood to replenish. Remus was starting to worry about the supply of human blood as he walked into the hallway to bring Riley the blood he had just drawn.

Even as he was thinking it, he saw Micah walk towards him, pushing a large refrigerated unit labeled with the insignia of the blood banks the vampires owned. When Remus went into the trauma room to give Riley the bags of vampire blood, a sweet smell hit his nose. It confused him a moment, but everything else seemed to fade into the background as he followed the scent.

The next thing he knew, he was standing by the bed of the most beautiful man he had ever seen. *My mate*, Remus thought to himself as he looked the man over. He had the lightest blond hair, still caked with blood. He was unconscious, so Remus couldn’t see his eyes, but

the man was tiny. Probably no taller than five-seven and barely a hundred pounds. He was nothing but skin and bones after all he had gone through.

Remus started to feel tears burning in his eyes for his mate.

Dear god, what he must have been put through!

In a flash, he was at Riley's side, interrupting what he was doing and dragging him back to Remus' mate.

"Remus, Remus, what are you doing?" Riley asked, trying to fight Remus' hold.

"How badly off is this man?" Remus asked when they were back to his mate's bed.

"I don't know, Remus, I haven't had a chance to check everyone yet," Riley replied in complete confusion.

"Check him now, heal him now!" Remus said, pushing Riley towards the man.

"Remus!" he heard Micah yell, "what are you doing? Don't you dare man-handle my mate like that."

"Brother, I am sorry. I would never hurt Riley," Remus replied, turning towards Micah, his tears now running down his face.

"Remus! What is wrong, my son?" Elena asked joining their conversation.

"He's my... he's so hurt," Remus said, starting to sob against his mother's smaller body.

"It has to be Remus' mate," he heard her tell Micah. Remus couldn't get his voice to work, merely nodded against his mother's shoulder. "Riley will help him, Remus. It will be ok, my love." She said, running her hand over his back, even though he was about half a foot taller than her.

"I'm sorry I yelled, Remus," Micah said softly, wrapping an arm around him. "I didn't know."

"I didn't hurt Riley, did I?" Remus asked, lifting his head.

"No, of course you didn't, I'm just protective of my mate," Micah replied.

“Of course. I didn’t mean to scare you, I just couldn’t... I needed Riley to tell me...” Remus tried to explain, but the words wouldn’t come out.

“I know, my brother, I know.” Micah soothed him by running a hand over his head.

Sometimes looking at Micah was close to looking into a mirror for Remus. All the Marius brothers had warrior’s height and built, but Micah and Remus also had the Marius signature chestnut brown hair and Kelly green eyes. Remus was only an inch shorter than Micah at 6’3”, but he was still about the same weight at 255lbs. That made Remus just a little bit more muscular.

Remus broke from their embrace and went to stand next to his mate’s bed, watching as Riley examined him. He knew it had to be bad as Riley flew into action. Riley stuck a tube down his mate’s throat, and stuck something else into the middle of his right ribs. Remus watched as the doctor did a few more things he didn’t understand, growing more and more worried.

“Micah,” Riley said turning to his brother, “I need you. You’re going to have to start drinking lots of blood, baby.”

“Of course,” Micah said, grabbing a few bags of human blood and ripping them open. Remus knew Riley’s healing gift took a lot of his strength. Drinking vampire blood would help. Because they were mates, drinking Micah’s blood would help even more. Just as Riley sat on Micah’s lap and started to drink from him, Remus heard other people join behind them.

“Noah?” Isaac Dragos said, coming closer to the bed. “Dillon, did you know Noah had been missing?”

“He’s your brother and you didn’t even know the demons had him?” Remus asked, part shocked, part enraged that his mate’s family could be such assholes.

“No. Father said he was off on one of his little learning trips,” Dillon said coming closer. “Yeah, that’s Noah. I better call Father.”

Dillon left the room, leaving Remus, his mother, and Isaac standing at Noah's bed.

"He's not going to be happy about this medical treatment and these machines," Isaac said, wiping his hand down his face.

"Who, Noah?" Remus said, never taking his eyes off his mate.

"No, my father," Isaac sighed. "He's of the old school of thought that says if you can't survive on your own, you weren't meant to live. It's some twisted view of Darwinism. He'll come in here and make the doc take him off all this stuff, and not let anyone help him."

"No, he won't," Remus said firmly. "I'm his mate. That usurps your father's authority as head of the household."

"My brother's not a fag," Isaac hissed.

"Call him whatever," Remus sneered, "but being his mate means he's under my care."

"You've not mated yet!"

"Doesn't matter."

"Yes it does!" Isaac yelled, "Even if what you say is true, Noah will never mate to a man."

"Take this outside, both of you," Riley said, as he finished drinking from Micah. "I have enough chaos in here, I don't need this too."

Isaac stormed out of the trauma room, Remus on his heels. He noticed his mother and Micah right behind him.

"Dillon," Isaac called out, "get a load of this shit. Fag-boy here says he's Noah's mate."

"Noah's gay?" Dillon asked.

"My son is not a fruit!" Abraham Dragos yelled, walking up to their group with Remus' father Desmond Marius.

"Stop calling him names," Remus growled. "He's my mate."

"Liar," Abraham shot back.

"Don't talk about my son that way, Abraham," his father joined in.

“Enough!” Riley roared, coming out into the hallway. “I have twelve barely alive members of our race in there. I’m the only doctor here, this is *my* hospital and what I say goes.”

“I am Noah’s father. You will not touch him, healer,” Abraham answered. “It’s bad enough that our race feels healers are need, much less one that’s a fag.”

“Watch it, Abraham,” Micah snarled.

“Remus, have you mated Noah yet?” his father asked.

“No, father, I just found out,” he answered. “Noah came in unconscious.”

“Then as head of the household,” Abraham said grinning, “what I decree goes.”

“Normally, yes,” Riley retorted, everyone turning to face him. “We are held to human laws are we not?”

“Yes, but that has nothing to do with this,” Abraham said disgustedly.

“In this case, it does,” Riley answered. “I am a doctor, a vampire doctor, but I’m also licensed with humans. I have rules I have to follow. Noah has not signed any consent form to let anyone else to make medical decisions for him. Until he is awake to make his own decisions, I, as his doctor, make them based on my judgment. Those are the laws I am held to through my medical license. If you have a problem with me following human laws, take it up with the council.”

Remus could have kissed Riley right then, but it wasn’t the time. Plus he didn’t think Micah would be a fan of other men kissing his mate.

“This is bullshit,” Abraham roared.

“That’s your opinion, Abraham,” his father said smirking. “But Dr. Johnson is right. Go ahead and treat your patient, doctor. I will handle things out here and make sure you’re not disturbed.”

Riley nodded at Desmond, then Remus and Micah, and went back into the trauma room. Remus noticed that his brothers, Victor, Gabriel, Virgil, Damian, and Stefan, were standing around him.

“If you’re not going to be of help, Isaac,” Victor said, “I suggest you leave. The mating of Remus and Noah won’t happen until Noah’s awake. You can talk with him then. Right now, we have to help keep him alive.”

Isaac opened his mouth to say something, then snapped it back shut. He gestured to his brother to go. Dillon stood his ground, shaking his head. Isaac’s face turned red with rage, and stormed over to where Abraham stood.

Abraham and Desmond were having some heated words down the hallway. Seeing Isaac join them, Virgil and Gabriel went over to back their father up.

“I want to stay and help,” Dillon said. “Dr. Johnson has been training me as a medic. I can be of use here.”

“That’s up to Riley,” Remus replied shrugging his shoulders, “but I don’t see why he wouldn’t want your help.”

“I apologize for my family,” Dillon said with a sigh. “Congratulations on finding your mate, Remus. My brother, Noah, is a good man. You will do well keeping him away from my father and Isaac.”

Remus understood what Dillon was hinting at. He appreciated the man giving him the heads up. He patted Dillon on the shoulder as he walked back into the trauma room. They all followed him in, getting back to what they were doing.

While all Remus wanted to do was sit at Noah’s side, he knew he could be of help elsewhere. He also figured the more he helped, the more time Riley would have to heal his mate. Remus noticed his mother and brothers checking on Noah as often as he did. It made him feel that he wasn’t alone. His family would protect his mate, just as he would.

Chapter 2

Noah woke up and realized he wasn't in the cave anymore. But where the hell was he? He tried to sit up to look around, but he started choking. He felt panic flood his body as he realized that there was something down his throat.

"Riley, he's awake," he heard someone yell. He assumed they were talking about him.

A vampire in a lab coat came into his view. The man was about his size -- well, his size before he was starved and drunk from for weeks.

"Noah, I'm Dr. Johnson," the man said, taking his hand, the one that was trying to get out what was in his throat. "You have to leave that alone. I know it's uncomfortable and it feels like you're choking, but you're not. Just relax and breathe normally. If you understand me blink twice, don't try to talk."

He blinked twice, trying to relax. He found the doctor was right. As soon as he calmed down, the choking feeling went away. It was still uncomfortable as could be, but at least he could breathe again.

"The warriors found you in the cave where you were being held," Dr. Johnson continued. "You're safe now, okay? One of your lungs was collapsed and there was trauma to your throat and esophagus. I'm leaving the tube in to help the healing. I should be able to take it out in a few hours. I'm going to be in surgery for a while, but I'll come back and check on you when I'm done. Blink twice if you understand."

Noah blinked twice again. The doctor let go of his hand and went out of sight. He felt tears come to his eyes. He was saved. Jerking as

he felt someone touch his face, he opened his eyes to see the most beautiful man he'd ever seen. The man wiped away his tears and caressed his face. He had bright green eyes, a strong nose, lush lips, and shorter chestnut hair with a few curls.

Noah was in love!

"Noah, can you hear me, baby?" the gorgeous man asked. Noah blinked twice. "Okay, let's keep twice for yes, once for no. Do you know who I am?"

Confused, Noah blinked once, his eyebrows drawing together.

"I'm Remus Marius," the man told him. "I wasn't sure if you could smell, because of the machines."

He thought about that for a minute. Why would he need to smell...*His mate!* That's why Remus would ask him about his smelling. Noah took a breath and the most intense, alluring scent filled his nose. It was spicy, with a hint of flavor that almost smelled like a campfire. He felt his eyes widen as it sank in. This hot and sexy man was his! If he hadn't been in a hospital bed, he would have gotten up and done a happy dance.

"You know now, don't you?" Remus asked him. Noah quickly blinked twice, then made a gesture of trying to write.

"I'll be back in a minute."

Noah tried to let everything sink in as Remus went to find paper and a pen. Wow! He was saved *and* he found his ultra sexy mate. As days went, Noah was pretty sure this was one of the best in his life. Not that he had that long of a life, especially for vampires. He was still young.

"Here you go, baby," Remus said, returning with a note pad and pen. "This should help us."

Don't let my father see me getting medical help. He doesn't believe in it. He'll let me die. It would be a relief for him, Noah wrote.

"He was already here," Remus replied, looking sad. "Yeah, he didn't want you to have any medical attention. Dr. Johnson, Riley, handled it. Told your dad he has a human medical license, and since

we have to uphold human laws, he's held to them. One of the laws is that you're old enough to make your own decisions, so without being able to say what you wanted, Riley got to decide. My father made Abraham leave. Oh, and Isaac too. Dillon's here helping."

Does my father know we're mates?

"Yes, I only told him to try to keep you here," Remus said. "He said you weren't gay. Isaac said it too, though they used other words than that."

I am. I've never been with a man, or a woman for that fact. But I'm attracted to men, not women. So my father and brothers know?

"Yeah, Dillon was happy for you," Remus answered, running his fingers through his hair. "Abraham and Isaac, not so much."

Fuck! That's going to be a problem.

"You don't want to be mated to me?" Remus asked, his eyes filling with tears.

Noah felt like he'd slapped the man. He didn't mean it like that. Writing as fast as he could, he tried to explain. *No! I want to be mated to you! Very much so, you're sexy as hell! And you're being really sweet to me. I said "fuck" because if my father knows, he'll try to kill me. He won't let a Dragos, a son of his, be gay. Much less mated to a man. He'll kill us both if he gets the chance!*

"Not going to happen, baby," Remus replied. "I'll talk to my brothers and parents, we'll figure this out. It's not like we can mate right now anyway. I won't let anyone hurt you, ever again."

Thank you, Remus.

"You're welcome, little one," he said smiling. Noah loved the way Remus stroked his cheek. Then he leaned down and kissed Noah's forehead before whispering, "You're mine now, Noah. I won't let anyone take you away from me. Not going to happen."

Noah knew it was lame, but he couldn't smile or talk, so he gave Remus a thumbs up. This of course made Remus laugh. His voice alone made Noah hard. It was a deep baritone that sent chills down to Noah's toes.

“Why didn’t your brothers know that you were missing?” Remus asked him.

My father is embarrassed by me. He says I’m a disgrace since I wasn’t born a warrior. Not my fault. So normally he keeps me hidden or sends me away so he doesn’t even have to see me.

“What a dick,” Remus growled. “How old are you?”

Thirty-two, which is why I was still under his thumb. I was rarely allowed out of the house. I was finally able to start making an income of my own a few years ago, since I’m not allowed access to anything Dragos. I’ve been waiting for an opportunity to get away. I had finally found one when the demons got me. My father had to know I was gone.

“When you say ‘escape,’ do you mean he kept you in a cell or something?” Remus asked, confused.

No, nothing that drastic. Normally he kept me at the servant’s house on the property. But the guards at the gates knew I was forbidden to leave. Not like I’m going to overpower them, Noah wrote gesturing down at his smaller form.

“He didn’t hurt you, did he?” Remus asked, his fangs extending.

No, he mainly just ignored me. My mother died at my birth. He blamed me. On top of that I wasn’t a warrior. The staff of the house raised me. My father would have left me for dead. Then later he moved me into their house and some of the women taught me how to read and write. After that I would help them at their house and read anything I could get my hands on.

“You said you started to earn an income, how did you do that?”

I started writing. When I was younger, I used to write stories and read them to the staff after dinner. They bought me a computer years ago and I started putting all my stories onto it. One of the women, Aurora, sent some of them in and found me an agent. He got my stories published in a children’s book. I’ve been writing ever since. That was my only children’s book. I normally write more young adult, fantasy.

“Wow, smart and sexy. How did I ever get so lucky?” Remus asked, his smile widening.

You won't say that when you get to know me better. I'm a complete klutz. My family pretty much wants me dead. I have a hard time around people, I'm really shy. Maybe I should stop telling you all the reason why you shouldn't want me...

Remus laughed as he read the last part. Noah loved his laugh. He wanted to hear it every day for the rest of his life.

“Not to worry, little one,” he answered with a smirk. “I’ll still want you. You’re hurt, in a hospital after being through a horrible trauma, and still you make me laugh. I have a feeling I’m going to fall for you very quickly. You’ll have me wrapped around your finger in no time.”

Okay! Noah wrote, wanting to smile while Remus laughed. Then he had a thought. *Remus, how old are you?*

“I’m one hundred fifty-three years old,” he answered.

You like younger men, right?

“I do now,” he replied, his voice filled with heat and lust.

Thank heaven!

“No, thank you,” Remus said, kissing his forehead again. “I couldn’t have pictured a better mate if I tried.”

How did we get here? We were rescued, right?

“Yes, my brother Victor, our friend Caleb, and I had been tracking the demons. We finally found the cave, waited for them to go out hunting, and got you guys out.”

What will happen to the demons?

“We set the cave up with ultraviolet bombs,” Remus said, smiling. It wasn’t a happy smile, but after what the demons did to Noah, he was glad they would be dead.

Sweet! You rescued me!

“I don’t know if I did personally,” he replied, his eyebrows scrunching up. “But it was hard to see much in there, or smell

anything with all the blood and decay. I didn't figure out you were my mate until we were here."

You were still one of the ones who saved me. Thank you.

"You're very welcome, Noah," Remus said, taking away the paper and pen. "Get some rest now, baby. You need to get better so we can get you home, with me."

Noah liked the sound of that, *home*. Not hidden away in the servant's house, in a real home where he was free to do what he wanted. A home with Remus. Waking up every morning with him. Noah really liked the sound of that. He was dreaming of sharing a life with Remus when sleep finally took him.

* * * *

When Noah woke up later, his throat didn't hurt anymore. His eyes popped open when he realized he could swallow. The tube was out! Hopefully that meant the worst was behind him. Where was Remus?

"Hello, Noah," his father said, coming into his view.

Noah hurriedly tried to sit up. He found he could only move a little, but still it was better than facing his father flat on his back.

"Mr. Dragos," he replied dryly. His voice sounded scratchy, probably from the hours of having the tube in.

"Please, Noah," his father cooed, "we're family. Why would you be so formal to me, my son?"

"Your son? Since when?" Noah snorted. He looked around to see his brothers, Remus, and Mr. Marius.

"Since always!" Abraham faked a surprised face. "Those demons must have hit you one too many times. My poor boy."

"Right, you can cut the shit, Father," Noah said rolling his eyes. "I know we're in public and all, but I'm not going to lie for you."

"Move!" Dr. Johnson said loudly from behind the group, making his way to Noah's bed. "Hey, Noah, how are you feeling?"

“Better. Thank you so much, doc,” he replied, smiling at the man. “Throat’s a little dry, but I figured that’s normal.”

“Yep, you’d be right,” the doctor said, chuckling. “It’s the next morning. You slept all night, and you’re healing wonderfully. I’m going to give you a list of instructions and some pain medicine—”

“He won’t be needing that,” Abraham spat out.

“Abraham, one more word and you’re gone.” Dr. Johnson said turning to face his father. “I agreed to let you in here, but I told you the rules. Noah is of age. By my oath and human laws, he is my patient. He is the only one who gets a vote here. Now shut the fuck up or get out of my hospital.”

“You might want to remember who you’re talking to, boy,” Abraham hissed.

“In here, I’m talking to a very rude father of my patient,” the doctor spat back. “In here, it’s Dr. Johnson to you. I busted my ass going through eight years of higher learning to earn that title. Until you do it, if you can, you will show me the proper respect.”

Abraham snarled, but kept his mouth shut. Noah grimaced internally. That meant his father had a trick up his sleeve, never a good thing.

“Now, Noah,” Dr. Johnson continued, softening his voice. “I’ll give you a list of things you have to do to get better and some pain medicine. They are also muscle relaxers, which I need you to take so your body can heal properly. You were almost drained of blood, so your body is healing much slower than normal. If you promise to follow my instructions and come back for a follow up in a week, I’ll release you.”

“I promise, doc,” he replied. “You saved my life. You say jump, I ask how high.” He heard Remus chuckle at that. His father just snorted and shook his head.

“Now, as you can tell from the circus here,” Riley continued. “Since you’ve had quite a trauma, I have to release you into someone’s care.”

“He’ll be coming home to his family, of course,” Abraham sneered.

“Fuck no! I’m going with my mate,” Noah replied, looking at his father like he’d grown another head. “I’m not going anywhere with you, *father*. You’d just lock me back in the servant’s house, and leave me to die”

“Poor boy’s brain is all jumbled,” Abraham said, gritting his teeth. “You found your mate, Noah? Where is she?”

“He is right there,” he replied, pointing to Remus. He met Remus’ gaze, and felt a sharp pain across his face as his father slapped him.

“You lie!” Abraham screamed. “You’re not a fag! It’s bad enough you’re too pathetic to be a warrior. You can’t be a fruit too! I should have killed you in your crib.”

Noah simply sat there stunned, holding his cheek as all hell broke loose. Remus launched at Abraham, claws and all. Dillon held back a very pissed-off Isaac. It looked like Dillon was going to lose that battle any minute. Another man, who he assumed was Micah, stepped in front of the doctor. Mr. Marius scooped Noah up into his arms in a flash.

Two other men who looked like Remus pulled Noah’s mate off his father, while two more pushed Abraham from the room, and another man helped Dillon shove Isaac out the door. Mr. Marius gently put him in the bed before following the other men out the door. Noah just sat there, his mouth hanging open, blinking. Well, fuck! That turned out great.

“Baby, are you okay?” Remus asked, rushing to him.

“I’m fine,” he replied, leaning his head into Remus’ hand, which was stroking his cheek.

“Good, let’s get you home,” Remus answered, picking him up and wrapping a sheet around him. He grabbed the list and medicine from Riley on their way out.

“He’s under my protection now, Abraham,” Mr. Marius yelled as they walked out into the hall.

“Fuck that, he’s my son,” his father answered, his hands bunched into fists. “He’s not going to mate to a fucking man! I don’t give a shit what atrocities you let go on in your home, but in mine, mates aren’t men.”

“Well he’s coming to my home,” Mr. Marius yelled back, stepping closer to Abraham. “So Noah can claim his mate if he wants to. Even if he doesn’t, he’s under my protection now. If you don’t fucking like it, take it up with the council.”

“You son of a bitch,” Abraham growled, taking a swing at Mr. Marius’ head. Mr. Marius easily ducked it and landed a punch of his own on Abraham, knocking his father on his ass.

“Father,” Isaac said, picking Abraham up off the ground. “We’ll go to the council. There’s nothing we can do about it now.”

“Yeah, the two of you against nine is pretty bad odds,” Dillon chuckled.

“Two? Nine? What are you talking about, Dillon?” Abraham asked, confused. Noah wasn’t really sure what was going on either, but he had a guess.

“You think I’m on your side, Father?” Dillon asked crossing his arms over his chest.

“Of course you are,” Abraham spat out, “you’re a Dragos.”

“So is Noah,” Dillon yelled back. “Look at the way you’ve treated him! You told us that he was studying abroad. And all this fucking time you’ve confined him to the staff house. How could you? He’s your son. I’m ashamed to call you my father. I stand with the Marius family on this one. You lay one hand on Noah, so help me god, I will kill you myself. I swear on my honor, Father.”

Everyone froze when Dillon said that. A warrior swearing an oath on his honor was a big deal. For Dillon to swear to kill Abraham if he touched Noah, well, shit. He’d never even heard of that. Noah felt the tears starting to run down his face. He thought his brothers knew what was happening to him and didn’t care.

“You can’t do that,” Abraham replied, his face paling.

“I can, and did, Father,” Dillon answered, stepping closer. “All of the people here bare witness to my oath. Why don’t you take a swing at me?” Dillon paused, making his point that Abraham wouldn’t try to fight Dillon. Abraham knew he would lose. “That’s what I thought, Father. You only hit those who can’t fight you. Isaac, take him home, get this piece of shit out of my sight.”

Isaac, with his mouth still hanging open, tugged at Abraham’s arm. Seeming to wake up, Abraham let Isaac lead him away. Then it was all the Marius brothers, Mr. Marius, and Noah left to stare at Dillon.

“Dillon, what have you done?” Noah asked quietly.

“Something I would have done a long time ago, Noah, if I had known what Father was doing to you.” Dillon answered, walking towards him and Remus. “I swear, I had no idea. Father said he talked to you on a regular basis and that you were studying in Europe. I never thought he would resort to hiding you. Locking you away like a secret.”

“I thought you knew, and didn’t care,” Noah answered, starting to tear up. “I thought you were embarrassed of me, also.”

“No, Noah, never,” Dillon said reaching for him, pausing to see Remus’ reaction. Noah felt his mate nod and hand him over to his brother. “I admit I was wrapped up in being a warrior, but that’s no excuse, baby brother. I should have known what he was doing. I’m so sorry. Can you ever forgive me?”

“You’re not embarrassed by me?” Noah asked, “You don’t care if I’m gay and mated to a man?”

“No, little brother. I’ve never been embarrassed by you,” Dillon answered, holding him tighter to his chest. “You were always so smart. I thought it was cool that one of us wasn’t just another warrior. And be gay, be straight, whatever makes you happy. I will love you no matter what. I just want you happy, baby bro.”

“Thank you,” Noah answered, wrapping his arms around his brother’s neck. “I forgive you. Will you come and visit? I’d still like to have my brother.”

“You have me, Noah. Sure, if your in-laws are cool with it,” Dillon said, nodding to Mr. Marius. “I’ll come and visit.”

“Thanks, Dillon,” he said, smiling up at his brother. He’d always worshipped Dillon. It hurt Noah the most that he thought Dillon was embarrassed with him too.

“Remus,” Dillon said, looking at his mate, changing his tone. “I should have done a better job of protecting my youngest brother. That changes now. Noah wants to be with you and I’m cool with it. You hurt him and I’ll gut you like a fish, we clear?”

“Crystal clear, Dillon,” Remus said, taking Noah back into his arms. “I have no intention of hurting my little mate.”

“Good. Now if you’ll excuse me,” Dillon said, giving the men a nod, “I have some things to attend to before my father tries to blow up my life.”

Noah wrapped his arms around Remus’ neck as his mate carried him out of the hospital. He was excited to begin his life with Remus. It felt like he was going to finally start living.

Chapter 3

The next day, Remus sat on the edge of the bed watching his little mate sleep. He'd never wanted someone so badly in his life. Remus had read Riley's instructions about Noah's recovery—no sex for a week. Damn that man! But if it was what was best for his mate, Remus would do it and not whine. Well, at least out loud.

He went and got the medicated lotion that was to be rubbed over Noah's body twice a day. It helped get the blood flowing back to his muscles after being without the normal amount of blood for so long.

Remus pulled back the sheet, exposing his naked mate. Groaning to himself, he poured some of the lotion in his hand. Remus started with Noah's legs, figuring that was safe. He was wrong. Noah was sleeping on his stomach.

As Remus worked the lotion into his Noah's muscles, his face was lined up with his tight ass. How he wanted to explore every inch of his mate's little ass with his tongue. While that wasn't on the list of things Noah couldn't do, it seemed rather like opening Pandora's Box. Trying to ignore his erection, Remus moved to massage the lotion into Noah's ass.

Noah had the best ass Remus had ever seen. He knew he was spending more time than needed, torturing himself, but he couldn't get enough of the feel of Noah's round globes. Finally forcing himself, Remus poured more lotion and continued up his back and arms. When he was done, he rolled Noah over and worked on his shoulders and chest.

"I can't believe it; no sex for a week," Noah moaned as Remus got to his pecs.

“How long have you been up, baby?” Remus asked, chuckling.

“From the moment you started massaging my butt,” Noah replied giving him a knowing smile. “I didn’t think my ass was so big that you’d need to spend so much time on it.”

“Are you complaining?”

“Fuck no, I had to bite my lip not to moan.” Noah giggled. “It was tempting to wiggle around, but I thought that would make it worse for both of us.”

“I appreciate that.” Remus groaned at the visual, skipping Noah’s groin and working on the tops of his legs.

“You really have amazing hands, Remus.” Noah said.

“Just remember,” Remus said, looking up Noah’s body to his eyes. “Payback’s a bitch, baby.”

“I have no problem paying back with interest,” his mate replied, wiggling his eyebrows. “Lots and lots of interest.”

“Hmm,” Remus moaned, finishing up the body rub. Working his way up his mate’s body, he leaned in for a good morning kiss. Noah wrapped his arms around Remus’ neck, immediately melting into his body. His little mate was so responsive to every touch. It drove him crazy with lust. Reaching between their bodies, Remus wrapped his hand around both their hard cocks and started stroking.

“Oh, fuck me,” Noah moaned against his mouth.

“In one week, baby, I promise,” Remus chuckled, knowing that’s not what Noah meant. They were both so hot and hard, he knew it would be quick. Picking up the pace of his hand, he leaned over and whispered, “When I get inside you, Noah, I might just stay there. I might keep my big cock permanently in your tight little ass. How do you want it your first time, Noah?”

“Anyway you want, Remus,” Noah groaned. It seemed his mate liked a little dirty talk during playtime. He felt Noah’s cock twitch several times while Remus was talking. “Fuck, so close.”

“Come for me, Noah,” Remus growled. “I want to lick your seed off my hand.” That was all it took to send his mate over the edge.

Noah stiffened, then cried out as Remus felt his cock spurt his cum over their groins. Just watching his mate's face while he climaxed sent Remus joining him, grunting as he came.

Remus waited until he calmed down a bit, then waited until Noah opened his eyes. Not breaking eye contact, he brought his hand to his mouth and licked their combined seed off his hand. Noah groaned, sat up, and licked Remus' hand at the same time. The sight was so hot, Remus dropped his hand and smashed his mouth on Noah's.

"Thank you," Noah whispered against his lips when they broke the kiss.

"For what, baby?" Remus asked, leaning back so he could see Noah clearly.

"For my first hand job," Noah said blushing, "it's way better when you did it. I mean, then when I've done it myself."

"When you said you've never been with anyone," Remus said, the meaning sinking in. "You didn't mean just sex, did you? You meant you've never done anything with anyone?"

"No, never had the chance to," Noah answered, shrugging. "You're my first everything, kiss, hand job, whatever we do next."

"Oh, that's fucking hot," Remus groaned, falling backwards onto the bed.

"You're not upset that I'm inexperienced?" Noah asked, seeming confused.

"Hell no!" Remus answered, sitting up. "Knowing I'm the only one to ever touch you like this is the biggest turn on. That we're going to explore all your first times together drives me crazy with the desire to have you now."

"Good to know," Noah said, trying not to smile. "But right now I need food and blood, so I can take my medicine. Feed me."

"Yes, my mate," Remus laughed, grabbing wipes off the night stand and cleaning them up. He got up and threw on some clothes, finding something Noah could wear too. Even though Noah was swimming in his clothes, he liked his mate wearing his stuff. It made

him feel warm inside to know that his mate was dressed in clothes provided by him. When they were both dressed, he picked up his mate in his arms.

“Just down the stairs,” Noah said, “after that you have to put me down. I have to start moving on my own. Doc’s orders.”

“I know, but I like the way you feel in my arms,” he replied as they reached the hallway.

“I like it too,” Noah answered, snuggling closer to his chest, “but walking will help me get better. Oh, and I need to ask a favor.”

“Shoot,” he said lowering Noah to his feet as they reached the bottom of the stairs.

“May I borrow your cell phone?” Noah asked. “I also need access to a computer.”

“Sure,” Remus said, pulling his phone out of his pocket and giving it to Noah. They made their way into the kitchen slowly. Noah was having a hard time walking. He could see how fast his mate was getting tired. Once his mate was sitting at the kitchen table, Remus went to raid the fridge.

Remus heard Noah talking on the phone, but wasn’t really paying attention. He pulled food out as he thought how well-suited they were for each other. Remus, whom everyone chastised for being too serious, too uptight had laughed more since meeting Noah than he could ever remember. His little mate was very affectionate, which he had never been before. But it was different with Noah. Remus always wanted to touch him.

He brought over a bowl of fresh fruit salad, coffee cake, milk, and a few choices of cereal to the table. Going back for utensils and drinks, he didn’t get a chance to ask Noah about the phone call. The kitchen started to be invaded by his family.

“Good morning, doc,” Noah said brightly as Riley walked into the kitchen.

“Call me Riley, Noah,” Riley grunted, going straight for the coffee.

Remus couldn't even imagine what poor Riley had been going through the past couple of days. Taking care of all the survivors seemed to be taking a toll on his brother-in-law. He hoped it got better for him soon. Everyone said their good mornings as his family grabbed food and situated themselves at the table.

"May I borrow that when you're done, Mrs. Marius?" Noah asked, pointing to the laptop she brought in with her.

"Only if you call me Elena, my dear," she replied, chuckling and handed him the laptop. "We're family now, no more formalities.

"Okey dokey, Elena," Noah said, giggling. "This is nice, the way you all eat together like this. I've never had this before. I like it."

"You're one of those horrible morning people, aren't you?" Victor asked, reaching for the milk. "We're going to have to fix that."

"Yeah, sorry," Noah, answered, blushing. "I spent so many years getting up with the staff, since I lived with them. Kind of a hard habit to break. I'm not usually this talkative though, I'm just so happy to be out of that cave!"

"Sorry, Noah," Victor said, lowering his head.

"Nothing to be sorry about, Victor," Noah replied, taken aback. "You're one of the people who saved us. I'm eternally grateful to you, and, of course, my mate." He turned to Remus with a huge grin on his face.

"I think it's wonderful that you've taken such a positive view of what happened to you," his mother said. "Not all survivors of something so traumatic would be like that."

"I'm out of the cave and alive," Noah replied. "I met my mate, and he's awesome. I'm away from my psycho father and Dillon's not embarrassed by me. As soon as I'm all better, I'd say life will be pretty much perfect."

"Thank you, baby," Remus said, leaning over to kiss his little mate. How great was his mate? Everything he'd been through and he was happy and full of life.

“There’s a courier at the door for Mr. Noah,” one of the staff said, coming into the kitchen.

“Oh, good, thank you,” Noah said, standing.

“Courier for what, Noah?” Remus asked.

“I had the courier bring Wanda, one of the housekeepers, something so it looked like a normal delivery,” Noah told him. “That way she could give him my laptop and wallet. I’ll figure out how to get the rest of my stuff later.”

“I’ll come with you,” Remus said, standing.

“I’m fine, Remus,” Noah said, pushing him back in his seat. “Sit, I’ll be right back.”

Remus watched Noah shuffle his way out of the kitchen, wanting to go with him, but realizing Noah’s need to handle it himself.

“You’re a very lucky man, my son,” his mother said smiling. “I think Noah’s perfect for you.”

“Me too, mother. I am lucky,” Remus replied. “I never dreamed my mate would be someone like Noah, but I’m glad fate did.”

He was just about to thank fate when he heard a scream from the foyer. Remus was on his feet and running a second later, his family on his heels. Before he could even get there, he heard the squealing of tires. Reaching the door, he witnessed a car racing for the front gates.

“Keys, who has car keys?” he shouted.

“I do,” Victor and Stefan both answered, running for the door. He followed, along with most of his brothers as they raced for their cars. Once inside Victor’s car, his brother sped off in pursuit. Stefan’s car was hot on their tail.

“Who knows Dillon’s number?” Remus asked.

“Call the warrior house,” Virgil said. “He’ll be there.”

Remus nodded, and dialed, waiting for someone to answer.

“Hello?”

“I need to speak with Dillon,” he said quickly into the phone. “It’s an emergency.”

“Hang on, I’ll get him.”

“Hello?” Dillon answered a minute later.

“Dillon, it’s Remus,” he said, holding on as Victor took a curve sharply. “Someone just came to the mansion and kidnapped Noah. He said he called a courier to bring a deliver to Wanda, the lady on staff at your father’s house. That way she could have the courier bring Noah his laptop and wallet. Someone from our staff announced the arrival, and Noah went to talk to the man. Then we heard him scream, and the squeal of tires. We hopped into a couple of cars and we’re trying to find them. Not too many roads they could have turned on. Could this be your father?”

“Fuck!” Dillon yelled into the phone. “It could be, but it sounds more like Isaac. Let me see what I can find out, I’ll call you back.”

“What did he say?” Victor asked.

“He said it sounded more like his brother,” he answered. “He’s going to call us back.”

“We’ll find him, Remus,” Virgil said from the back seat. “We’ll get him back.”

Remus hoped his brother was right. He couldn’t imagine life without Noah now that he had found him.

* * * *

“What are you doing, Isaac?” Noah yelled from the backseat.

“Something that will teach your fag ass a lesson,” his brother snarled. “But will keep your pathetic ass alive.”

“Keep me alive?” Noah asked. “What are you talking about?” He was doing his best to fight off the guy in the back seat with him, trying to tie him up. Noah knew he was losing. He was just too weak after everything that happened.

“Father wants you dead,” Isaac answered. “As much as I think you’re a disgrace, little brother, I don’t want you dead. You just need to be taught a lesson. Maybe then you’ll get your head back on straight.”

“You asshole,” he started to say but the gag in his mouth cut him off. He really hoped Remus had heard him scream. Isaac was driving so fast, it didn’t take long for the Dragos compound to come into view. His brother was an idiot. This would be the first place they’d look for him. Assuming he’d still be alive by the time they got here.

He watched helplessly as Isaac zipped through the gates and drove past the main house and the staff house. Where were they going? Noah got his answer a little while later as they pulled up at the old garage at the back of the property. Isaac had always liked to tinker around with cars, rebuilding them. It was like his private haven back here.

Noah braced himself to be hit, as his brother threw the car in park and turned around. Instead, he felt a needle go into his arm. Good thing he hadn’t taken his pills yet today. There probably would have been a reaction with whatever they gave him. Shit, what did they give him? He could barely even feel the rest of his body.

“Get him out,” Isaac said, getting out of the car.

The guy he didn’t know dragged him out the door and none-too-gently threw Noah over his shoulder. That’s going to leave a mark, Noah giggled to himself. Oh fuck! He was in serious trouble and he was giggling to himself. Shit, this was going to be bad if he needed to be drugged.

“You humiliate us,” Isaac said as he was sat down in a chair and tied to it. “We’re going to humiliate you, little fag brother. We’re going to make you half a man, half a vampire.”

Fuck! They were going to cut off his dick! He knew vampires could regenerate, but could they regenerate their privates? Just then the gag was taken out of his mouth.

“You’ve completely lost your mind, Isaac,” Noah yelled. “Father’s warped and twisted your mind. Fate chose my mate for me. If fate doesn’t have a problem with me being gay, why should you?”

“Fate didn’t choose a man for you,” Isaac said, gripping his chin tightly. “You and that fag, Remus, are lying so you can try and hide how sick you are, by saying you’re mates.”

“You’re wrong,” Noah said, but that was all he got out. Isaac shoved something in his mouth to keep it open. It wasn’t his dick they were going to cut off, it was his fangs. Noah tried to retract them, but they naturally came out when he was scared or threatened. That’s why they drugged him. They turned his brain to mush so he couldn’t control his fangs.

Panicking, he started to struggle again. The man held him steady. He was too strong, Noah couldn’t move. He just sat there, watching in horror as his brother walked toward him with a pair of pliers. Noah tried to scream for help, but it came out gurgled with the metal thing in his mouth. Isaac gripped his left fang with the pliers and yanked. Noah had never felt anything so incredibly painful in his life.

Even what the demons did to him hadn’t hurt this bad. They had just roughed him up, biting his neck too hard when they drank his blood. But this was indescribable pain. Isaac moved back in with the pliers, took hold of his right fang and jerked it out as he did the first one. At least they could have given him something for the pain when they made his brain mush. But that would probably have gone against the lesson they were teaching him.

The only lesson he learned that Isaac was as nuts as his father. Noah sat there, not even having the energy to scream as wave after wave of pain washed through him. Isaac took the metal thing out of his mouth, and Noah closed it. His gums were bleeding so badly, he was almost choking on his own blood. He knew he would blackout. It took only a few moments before he was right.

* * * *

Remus heard the scream as they pulled into the back of the Dragos compound behind Dillon. When Dillon had called him back

telling him to head this way, Remus was filled with dread. The minutes ticked by as they waited for Dillon to arrive at the Dragos compound gates so he could let them in. He thought they should try ramming the gates. Victor had reminded him that, like their gates at home, these were built to withstand ramming.

Remus jumped out of the car and sprinted in the direction of the scream.

Please let Noah be alive, he thought as he entered what looked like an old garage.

The sight before him made him pale. One of the warriors held Noah, who was tied to a chair, still, while Isaac yanked out Noah's fang with a pair of pliers.

"I'm going to fucking kill you," he screamed racing at Isaac. He punched Isaac so hard that if he'd been human his neck would have snapped. It took minutes for him and his brothers to overpower the two men. It was too late though. Both Noah's fangs had been ripped out. His little mate was unconscious, still tied to the chair.

"You can't kill him," Victor said. "You know that. But I have an idea on how to get even."

Even filled with overwhelming rage, Remus was interested to hear his brother's idea. Victor was known to have an evil streak in him. Unfortunately, his brother was right. He couldn't kill Isaac. By their laws, he could only kill Isaac if Isaac had killed Noah. But they were allowed retribution. At their discretion.

"What do you have in mind?" Remus asked, trying to control himself.

"Virgil, get my tattoo equipment from the trunk of my car," Victor said. "Stefan, call Riley and tell him what happened. We'll be bringing Noah back home in a bit. He's passed out, so he's not in pain at least. Let's get these boys naked and tied face-down."

"Oh, shit, Victor's got that look on his face," Gabriel said.

"Whatever he comes up with," Remus said, "it isn't enough."

"I know, brother," Gabriel replied, putting his arm around Remus' shoulder. "Victor will come up with the worst possible punishment for them that won't get us in trouble later. You know him. He's the meanest of all of us."

"No one fucks with my brothers, or their mates," Victor snarled. "Hopefully Noah's fangs will grow back, but the ink I have won't ever come out. Even if they cut their skin off, the pattern will be in the muscle."

"See what I mean?" Gabriel said.

Remus could only nod—the whole thing was surreal. He watched his brothers and Dillon strip down Isaac and the other warrior, Zane. Victor began working as everyone else held the two men still. Remus went over to his little mate and untied him, then sat on the ground watching Victor, as he cradled Noah to his chest.

"Isaac deserves this," Dillon said walking up to him and Noah. "But he's still my brother, I can't sit and watch him in pain."

"I understand, Dillon," Remus replied. "Can you see about getting all of Noah's stuff packed up? I know he'd really appreciate it."

"That I can do," Dillon answered, leaning down to brush back Noah's hair off his forehead. "He doesn't deserve what's happened to him."

Remus didn't know what to say, so he just nodded. Dillon walked out of the garage his head bowed down. He felt bad for Dillon, too. The warrior was a good guy and he was trapped in the middle of all this shit going on within his family. At least he sided with Noah.

"Change of plans," Victor shouted to Stefan. It was hard to hear much over Zane and Isaac's screams. "Gag these two assholes. Then call Riley and tell him to meet us at the hospital. We're going to drop these boys off at the warrior compound. Tell Micah to bring his camera."

Remus saw and heard what was going on around him, but it all seemed to be happening far away. All he focused on was Noah. His little mate had suffered so much in his short life. Now, to have his

fangs pulled out was just too much. Remus hoped Noah could get past it.

It seemed like hours had gone by, but he knew it wasn't all that long before he heard his brothers burst out laughing. Remus looked up and, even with the gravity of the situation, he couldn't help but laugh too.

Victor had just finished Isaac's tattoo. He gave him a tramp stamp, a tattoo on his lower back just above his butt. It said 'Fuck Me Here' with two arrows pointing to his asshole. Gabriel had been right, Victor came up with the best punishment.

Remus was sure there was more to it, but even the tattoo alone was better than anything he would have come up with. He stood up, still holding his mate, and walked outside. Remus needed air, and he wanted to get his baby out of the garage in case he woke up. As he walked out the door, Dillon drove up, parking next to Victor and Stefan's cars.

"They almost done in there?" Dillon asked as he jumped out of the car.

"They're done with your brother's tattoo," Remus answered, leaning against the car. "They still have Zane's to do. Then we're taking them to the warrior compound."

"I'm afraid to ask," Dillon replied with a grimace. "I've got all of Noah's stuff in the car. Sad to say, there wasn't a lot."

"I'll fix that," Remus said. "Did you know Noah was a writer? He's a published author. The staff bought him that laptop and sent in some of his stories. They were published and he kept writing. He was saving up so when the chance presented itself, he would have money to escape."

"No, I didn't know that," Dillon replied, rubbing his hand over his face. "Poor kid. Alright the curiosity is killing me, what's the tattoo of?"

"Victor wrote *fuck me here*," Remus snickered, "on Isaac's lower back. He drew a couple of arrows pointing to his asshole."

“You’re kidding?” Dillon asked his jaw hanging open. When Remus shook his head, Dillon almost fell over laughing. “Oh man, Victor’s good. Isaac is going to shit kittens. So is my father. Too bad we can’t get that done to Abraham too.”

“That’s an idea I like,” Remus chuckled. “Victor’s known to have an evil streak in him. It’s better than anything I would have come up with. I know he’s got something else up his sleeve.”

Just then his brothers exited the garage, Victor carrying his tattoo gear, his other brothers bringing the two men. And a lot of chains. Remus’ brothers all had knowing grins on their faces. Oh yeah, this was going to be good. Remus got in the front seat of Dillon’s car when he held the door open. It took a few minutes for everyone to get loaded up, then they headed to the warrior compound.

It didn’t take very long, and thankfully Noah remained passed out the whole time. Remus didn’t talk, not really having much to say. As they pulled up in front of the warriors’ house, he saw Riley standing in front. It seemed every other warrior in the area was waiting out front as well. Riley came over and opened the car door for him, carefully helping him get out with Noah.

“I’m going to give him a shot for the pain,” Riley said. “His fangs should grow back. I can’t say I’ve ever heard of this injury before, but I’m sure it’s happened. I’ll keep a close eye on him at home. It’s going to be painful when they re-grow, Remus.”

“Thanks, Riley,” he said, nodding as Riley stuck a needle in his baby’s arm. “Can we wake him up? I want him to be able to see what’s being done to the two assholes who did this to him.”

“Yeah, let’s give the medicine in a few minutes,” Riley answered. “By then he should wake up pain free. He’ll be out of it. I have a feeling that’s why Micah was asked to bring the camera. Did Victor tattoo—does that say what I think it says?”

“Oh yeah,” Remus replied, smiling. “Victor can really be an evil bastard.”

Riley just laughed as they and all the other warriors present watched his brothers pull Isaac and Zane out of the car. His brothers laid Isaac down on his back and Zane face down on top of Isaac. They chained the two men face to face, naked, with their arms wrapped around each other. Isaac and Zane were the same height, so they were chest to chest, hips and cocks rubbing against each other.

“Baby, wake up,” Remus said rubbing his hand on Noah’s face. “Wake up, my little mate.”

“Remus?” Noah asked as he woke up.

“Yeah, baby, I’m here,” he answered, trying not to cry. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there in time to stop them, Noah.”

“Not your fault, you saved me again,” Noah said. “We have to stop making this a habit.”

“I agree. Are you in pain? Riley gave you a shot so it doesn’t hurt.”

“No pain,” his mate answered. “Isaac gave me a shot to turn my brain to mush, I couldn’t retract my fangs. Will they grow back?”

“Riley thinks so, but he’s not sure,” Remus replied. “I’m sorry this happened to you, but I’m still keeping you, okay? Fangs or no fangs, you’re my mate. You’re stuck with me.”

“Good,” Noah answered. “Just where I want to be.”

“Take a look,” Remus said, turning so Noah could see the action. “Look at what my brothers did as payback for what they did to you.”

“Oh fuck, that’s good,” Noah replied, smiling. Just as he was about to say more, two cars pulled up. One Remus recognized as his father’s. When both cars stopped and the drivers got out, Remus saw Abraham get out of the other one. And did he look pissed. He quickly handed Noah over to Gabriel and walked over to his father.

“Father,” Remus said, “I’ve sought retribution for my mate.”

“What the fuck have you done to my son?” Abraham asked, pointing to where Isaac was still chained to Zane. They were screaming and trying to get free, which meant a lot of rubbing against

each other's naked bodies. Micah was still taking pictures of the whole thing. Everyone else pretty much just laughed and pointed.

"We tattooed him and chained him up," Remus answered calmly. "Zane helped in the kidnapping and abuse of my mate."

"Tattoos are permanent," Abraham snarled. "That's not the same as kidnapping."

"They drugged him and ripped out his fangs," he yelled, now feeling his adrenaline pumping. "I was going to cut off their dicks. Victor talked me into tattoos and public humiliation."

"What does the tattoo say?" Abraham squinted, trying to read it as both men rolled around trying to get free.

"Fuck me here," Remus answered, noticing his father was having a hard time not laughing.

"What!" Abraham roared. "You tattooed him with *fuck me here* on his lower back?"

"Yes, with arrows," Remus replied, smiling. "They pulled his fangs out to teach him a lesson for being gay. I think it's quite fitting."

"I do too," his father snickered. "I've witnessed the retribution as a member of the council. Are you satisfied, Remus?"

"Once the pictures are emailed to all the covens I will be," Remus replied.

"You can't do that," Abraham said, barely keeping hold of his anger. "Just wait until I seek retribution for this."

"Retribution for what?" Desmond snarled. "You can't seek retribution for retribution and you damn well know that, Abraham."

"This punishment doesn't fit the crime," Abraham growled back. "You'll see, I'm taking this to the council. This isn't over, Desmond."

"Hey, Remus," Micah called out to them. "Isaac must like this. His dick is hard!"

"The fuck it is," Abraham yelled, racing over. Remus didn't know if what Micah said was true, but it least it got Abraham out of their faces.

“I was never here,” Desmond said. “I never saw this. I don’t know what you boys did. And don’t you dare ever tell your mother what happened. That being said, this was Victor’s idea, wasn’t it?”

“Oh yeah,” Remus chuckled.

“Nice.” His father laughed before heading back to his car and driving away. Remus turned back to the chaos and ran his hand through his hair. Time to get his mate and leave.

Chapter 4

Noah stared out the window of the car on the ride home. All the drugs in his system made his brain feel like mush. He couldn't believe he was now a fangless vampire. All this drama because his family hated him. Look what he'd put Remus and his family through already. Remus deserved better, needed someone better than him.

When the car came to a stop in front of the Marius home, Noah didn't pay any attention to the people around him. He got out of the car and tried walking by himself. It didn't go very well. His legs were still incredibly weak.

Remus was there to scoop Noah up in his arms. He sighed and resigned himself to being carried. He watched helplessly as his poor mate got stuck carrying him upstairs, to their rooms, and into the bathroom.

"Let's get you a hot bath, baby," Remus said to him, kissing him on the head. When he didn't say anything, Remus continued, "Dillon packed up all your stuff. They should be bringing it up here now."

Noah didn't really have anything to say, so he just nodded his head. They watched the tub fill up with water in silence. When it was ready, Remus helped him in, handing him a wash cloth and soap.

"I'm going to go help them unpack," Remus said quietly. Noah watched his mate walk out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Then he let the tears fall. His life was such a mess, he couldn't even wrap his mind around it. Holding his breath, he ducked under the water. Surfacing, he started to scrub all the blood and dirt off of him.

When he was clean, he was able to pull himself out of the tub and waddle the few feet to get a towel. God, he really was pathetic. He dried off, wrapping the towel around his waist. Noah couldn't face brushing his now fangless mouth, so instead he found some mouthwash and rinsed.

Noah walked out of the bathroom, ignored the people in his room and crawled into bed. He heard Remus say something to him, but sleep was pulling him under too fast. That and he didn't seem to really care.

* * * *

Remus watched Noah crawl into bed, oblivious of everything around him.

"Baby, you want something to eat?" he asked, worried about his little mate. When Noah didn't answer, Remus sat down on the bed next to him. His mate had already fallen asleep. Figuring Noah just needed some sleep, he got everyone out of their bedroom and closed the door behind him.

"Is he okay?" Dillon asked, looking as concerned as Remus felt.

"I don't know," he answered, running his hand through his hair. "He just looks so damn defeated, it breaks my heart."

"Give him some time, brother," Stefan said, hugging Remus. "Noah's been to hell and back the past few months. He's all doped up right now, probably in shock, too."

"Yeah, I guess," he replied, hugging his brother back. "I'm going to get some sleep, keep my mate company. Thanks for all your help, guys."

Everyone wished him well, told him not to worry, and then left. Remus knew Noah had gone through more than one person could handle. He just hoped his little mate could bounce back.

Getting undressed, he watched Noah sleep. He was so beautiful, lying there in that huge bed, looking completely innocent. Remus

pulled back the covers, slid under them and wrapped his arms around Noah.

Remus didn't know how to help Noah get through this. He just hoped he had the strength to do whatever was needed. Trying to relax, he snuggled closer to Noah, inhaling his scent. Just lying here next to his mate, he felt his world complete. Remus wished that someday Noah would feel the same.

* * * *

Noah woke up with a start, slapping his hand over his mouth so he didn't scream. He looked around and realized he wasn't in the cave, it was Remus' room. It was just a nightmare. He wasn't really back with the demons. Noah let out the breath he had been holding in and quietly got out of bed.

After using the bathroom, he looked around for some of his clothes. He pulled on an old pair of running pants and wobbled out of the bedroom, closing the door behind him. Noah found his laptop case and relief filled him. At least all his work wasn't lost. He booted it up. While waiting, he went over to the mini fridge he remembered seeing. Pulling out a bag of blood, he went to bite into it.

Grief ran over him as he remembered the events of yesterday. He found a glass, cut the bag open, and poured himself some blood. Noah set about to do the stretches Riley had instructed him to do to help get his muscles working again.

Once that was done, he refilled his glass and went to work on his laptop. His agent had to be pissed. Noah had always been good about getting back to him. Being kidnapped and tortured could put a damper on his response time. Sure enough, he had dozens upon dozens of emails from his agent. What the hell was he going to tell this guy?

Noah went with telling his agent he had been in a bad car accident and was finally out of the hospital. He went on to explain he was still getting over his injuries and had left his home. Typing in his new

contact information, Noah told his agent he needed to get a new cell phone. But for now, gave him the address of the Marius mansion. Then he checked his bank accounts and ordered a new debit card and checks.

Now that he would have his freedom, he could do things like that. Using the temporary card number his bank gave him, he ordered a cell phone and a wireless plan. Then he ordered a bunch of supplies, including a new laser printer and a backup hard drive on which he could store all his writing. After all that, he quickly sorted through his emails as to which ones were repeats from him being missing.

By the time he was through reading them all, still having ones he needed to return, he was ready for another glass of blood. He poured the rest of the bag into his glass and went back to return the emails that needed answering. All he had left was to approve the edits for his latest book. Taking a break from work, he decided to write on his thank-yous.

What do you get someone to say thank you for rescuing me from my nut-job family? He settled for a large arrangement of flowers for Desmond and Elena, then another for Riley at the hospital.

For all the Marius brothers he ordered designer silk ties in different colors. For Remus, he found a really kick-ass leather jacket that would look hot. Lastly, he ordered a complete set of his books for Dillon.

If they were going to start having a relationship, his brother needed to get to know the real Noah. Thinking about it, he ordered a few more sets. Remus might like one too. Finally, when that was off his list, he got to work on the edits of his book. It was supposed to come out this month, but with his disappearance, his publisher had set the release date back. Noah barely noticed the hours flying by until he heard movement in the bedroom.

“Baby?” Remus asked from the other room. “Where are you, Noah?”

“Out here working,” he answered, not looking up from his computer. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw his mate come sit down next to him.

“How are you feeling, sweetheart?” Remus inquired. “Anything you need?”

“No, I’m fine,” he mumbled, acutely aware that if he talked normally his fangless mouth would be in view.

“Have you eaten?” Remus asked.

“Blood,” he answered pointing to the glass, “and I did my stretches.”

“Have you been up long?” Remus replied moving closer to him, but stopped when he felt Noah stiffen up and freeze. “Sorry, I just wanted to say good morning.”

“Morning,” he said scooting away. “I got up about four hours ago. My agent has been freaking out. I’ve got months of things to catch up on. My latest book was supposed to come out this month, now it’s pushed back to next month. I really need to get these edits approved and back to my publisher. Then I need to go take a walk like Riley told me to.”

“Okay, well I can go with you,” Remus replied, looking at his hands, “if you want me to.”

“Don’t bother,” he answered. “I’m fine. You have other things you need to take care of, I’m sure.”

“Well, I’d like to go along and help you,” Remus said quietly. Noah seethed at what he said. He didn’t want to go and spend time with Noah, oh no. Remus just wanted to help him, to fulfill his duty as a mate.

“I’m fine,” he replied, keeping his emotions in check. “I don’t need your help. I can take a walk on my own, thanks.”

“Noah, are you—”

“Remus,” he said, interrupting his mate, “I really need to get this done.”

“Okay, Noah,” Remus replied quietly. “I won’t bother you anymore.” With that, Remus got up, left their rooms and headed out into the hallway.

Noah knew he had been rude, but what Remus said had hurt him. He didn’t need help to walk. He didn’t need to be babied. Plus, his mouth hurt like hell and he was cranky. Noah knew he should take his pain medicine, but he needed a clear head to work. After he finished the edits, he’d take his pills, go for a walk and clear his head.

In another couple of hours he was done. Setting his laptop on the coffee table, he went and grabbed a shirt and shoes. Entering the hallway, he looked around and found the stairs. This was going to be the hard part. Sitting on his ass, he made his way down the stairs like a child still learning to walk.

“Need some help?” a man chuckled from behind him

“No,” Noah growled, panting, “I’m fine, and it’s not really funny.”

“I know, I’m sorry,” the man said. Noah realized it was Victor. “Just wasn’t ready to see this on my way to breakfast. I didn’t mean anything by it, Noah.”

“I get it,” he sighed, “you don’t need to apologize. I’m the one who was an ass. You’ve been nothing but great to me, Victor. Thanks for everything yesterday. I enjoyed your tattoos.”

“Glad you liked them,” Victor answered. “You want help? I could hold your arm while we walk down.”

“Yeah, that’d be cool,” he replied, starting to stand. He felt a strong arm wrap around his waist and help. “Thanks.”

“No problem, brother,” Victor answered, smiling down at him. “You’ll be back to yourself in no time. It’s going to be hard work, but you’ll get there. We’re all here if you need us.”

“Thanks,” he whispered. “I’m not used to that.”

Victor just met his look and nodded. There really wasn’t much to say. Everyone knew how he’d been treated, but the turn around was going to take some getting used to. When they reached the bottom of

the stairs, Victor slowly let him go, checking to make sure Noah had his balance.

“What now?” Victor asked.

“Time for my morning walk,” Noah answered, nodding towards the front door. “I’m not going to go far. I probably can’t. But I’ve got try, doctors orders.”

“You want some company?”

“No, I’m good, thanks. Go eat your breakfast before there’s nothing left,” he replied, snickering. Noah was trying desperately to lighten the mood, pretending he wasn’t dying inside. He just wanted to be left alone.

“Okay. If you need anything, just holler,” Victor said. He looked Noah over one last time and headed towards the kitchen.

Noah let out a sigh of relief, and went to the front door. After walking outside, he was already exhausted. But he pushed himself to walk in front of the house for about ten minutes. His body couldn’t take anymore, so he headed back for the door. Once inside he headed for the kitchen, hoping to would find it empty.

To his dismay, it was filled with people. He made his way to the empty chair next to Remus and sat down. Noah nodded as people said hello or good morning. He quickly and quietly made a plate of food and wolfed it down. Just as people were beginning to look at him, probably expecting him to talk, the doorbell rang. A few moments went by before two members of the staff came in, their arms full of items.

Shit! He had to get out of here. The courier service he hired to get all the presents and deliver them moved fast. Quiet amongst all the commotion, he tried to stand and exit the room. He wasn’t fast enough. Elena had already gotten the flowers and headed him off.

“Thank you, Noah,” she said brightly, hugging him tightly and giving him a kiss on the cheek. Noah couldn’t hold in the cry of pain that shot through him. “Oh, god, I’m sorry, Noah.”

“No, its fine,” he panted, trying to breathe through the pain. The hug wasn’t too bad, but when she kissed his cheek it hurt so much. His gums and jaw were so swollen from his unplanned dentistry yesterday. “You’re welcome, thank you for everything.”

“Where are you going, baby?” Remus asked, coming up by him. “Don’t you want to be here when we open the presents you were sweet enough to get us?”

“No thanks,” he whispered, again trying to leave the room. Noah could tell they wanted to stop him, but when they didn’t, he made his getaway. When he reached the stairs he looked up at them, swearing under his breath.

“Mr. Noah,” a butler said from beside him. “You have some deliveries.”

“Can you please just put them in Remus’ room?” he asked, trying to smile at the man. “There’s no way I can carry them up. Sorry to give you more work.”

“It’s no problem, Mr. Noah,” the man said, walking away.

Noah slowly made his way up the stairs. He got up about ten steps before he was about to collapse. Instead, he turned and sat down, completely pissed off he couldn’t walk up some fucking stairs.

“Want some help?” Riley asked, walking up the stairs towards them.

“I can do it,” he growled back, “I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not,” Riley answered, “and no you can’t. You’re pushing yourself too hard, Noah. It’s been one day, ease up on yourself. You were in that cave for months. You were barely alive a few days ago. It’s going to take you weeks to even feel normal again. You need to take this slow and steady. If you push yourself too hard, you’ll do more damage than good.”

Noah closed his eyes and nodded, feeling some relief when Riley picked him up and carried him to his room. While it was embarrassing and somewhat demeaning that he needed the help, he was too exhausted to fight anymore.

“Thanks for the tie, Noah,” Riley said, putting him down on the couch. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“I know, I wanted to,” Noah replied. “Sorry I’m such a pain-in-the-ass patient.”

“You’re not so bad,” he chuckled, “you just need to be patient with yourself. Have you taken your pills?”

“No, I wanted to get some food in my stomach first,” Noah answered. “Plus I had some stuff I needed to do before they made me loopy.”

“Okay, let me check out your mouth.”

“Do we have to? I really don’t feel comfortable seeing what’s missing. How can you?”

“I’m a doctor, Noah. I’m not judging you. I just want to see how you’re healing. I can’t help you if you won’t let me.”

Noah didn’t say anything. He knew Riley was right. He needed to stop being such an ass and fighting everything. It might be easier on his sanity if he just got with the program. Opening up his mouth, he closed his eyes and ignored Riley checking things out.

“It’s looking pretty good,” Riley said when he was done, “all things considering. Now I suggest you go take a nap. Your body needs to recharge after so much exertion.”

“Okay, doc,” Noah replied standing, “you’re the boss.”

“Good one person thinks that,” Riley said, chuckling as he left.

Noah went over and crawled under the covers. He snuggled in the bed, ignoring the sound of the bedroom door opening. Remus climbed into the bed, pulling Noah close to him.

“Remus, please,” he groaned, rolling his eyes.

“I just need to hold you, Noah,” Remus pleaded. “Please? After everything that’s happened, I just need you in my arms.”

“No,” Noah whispered.

“Why not?” Remus asked, sounding like he was starting to cry.

“I’m not right for you,” he answered. “You deserve better than I can give you.”

“That’s not true,” Remus replied, rolling Noah on his back and climbing on top of him. “You are amazing. I loved my present. You didn’t have to do that, but that’s just how you think. I don’t want anyone else. I want you, Noah.”

“I can’t even kiss you,” he cried out. “I can’t have sex with you. I can’t even fucking claim you because I’m not even a real vampire anymore.”

“Don’t say that,” Remus said, trying to blink back tears. “You are a real vampire, one I’m falling for. We’ll figure out a way for you to claim me. Or we can wait until your fangs grow back in. It doesn’t matter to me. You’re here and safe, that’s all that matters.”

“I can’t, Remus,” he whispered, tears running down his face. “I can’t do this to you. You are a wonderful man. You need to be with someone who’s whole.”

“You are whole,” Remus replied, kissing Noah’s neck. “Please don’t leave me. Please. I need you, Noah. I want you.”

“No, it’s not me you want,” Noah gasped, trying to focus on what he was saying. It was really hard, since he loved what Remus was doing to his body. “You want your mate. Fate just stuck you with a lemon. You can still find someone who’s whole and live happily with them. You don’t have to keep your mate, Remus. Don’t get stuck with someone broken because of a sense of duty.”

“Stop saying that!” Remus cried out, putting his hands on either side of Noah’s head. “I don’t want you because you’re my mate. You’re not broken! You’ve been hurt, you’ll get better. I want you, because it’s you, Noah. Please, don’t leave me, I couldn’t get through that. Let me in Noah, please. Let us deal with this together.”

“I can’t. I don’t know how,” he murmured. “I can’t share this with you. It’s not what’s best for you, and I won’t hurt you by letting you into my pain.”

“You’re hurting me by keeping me out,” his mate answered starting to kiss him again. “Please, Noah, don’t push me away. Let me stay with you. I know you care for me. I can feel that you do!”

The entire time Remus spoke, he kissed Noah's neck, then collar bone. He moved down Noah's chest, spending time licking and kissing his nipples. When Remus worked his way down to his abs, Noah gasped. Remus must have heard it, because it seemed to spur him on, licking every muscle, slowing on his abdomen.

"Please, Noah, let me be with you," Remus begged. "I want to please you, to love on you. Let me have you, baby, please. I don't want anyone else, I want you. Don't leave me, stay. Stay with me."

Noah tried to say no, to push his mate away. But being a selfish bastard, he caved. He wanted what Remus was offering too much. He moaned as Remus licked the tip of his cock, gently sucking on his mushroom head. Noah couldn't deny he wanted Remus, the proof was rock hard in his mate's mouth. God, he'd never felt anything as good as what his mate was doing to him.

Remus' mouth was like heaven wrapped around his cock. When his mate cupped his balls and squeezed gently, that's all it took. Noah stiffened before shooting his seed into Remus' waiting mouth, swallowing it all down. Pulse after pulse of his seed exploded out of his balls and through his cock. When he was finally spent, Remus stopped sucking and slowly licked his soft dick. Then he kissed his way back up Noah's body until he was nibbling on his neck.

"See how good it is between us, baby?" Remus whispered. "See how much I want you, want to please you? I know you want me, too. I could feel how much you wanted me in my mouth."

"I can't even reciprocate," Noah replied starting to sniffle again. "I can't even please you."

"Yes you can. Touch me, Noah," Remus said, moving Noah's hand to his hard cock. "See what you do to me? I'm not hard because we're mates, baby. I'm hard because it's you."

"It isn't the same as what you did to me," he whispered, starting to stroke his mate's cock. "It won't be as good."

"Yes it will," Remus groaned, "it feels amazing when you touch me. Please, Noah, be with me."

“But I can’t do more than this,” Noah answered, starting to stroke faster.

“If you could, would you want to do more?”

“God, yes,” he groaned thinking of what it would be like. “I’d do anything you wanted me to if I could.”

“That’s all I want, Noah.” Remus answered, “All I need is for you to want me. The rest we’ll figure out together. Oh, fuck that feels good. Yeah, baby, just like that.”

Noah realized his mouth and jaw were too sore, but his tongue worked fine. Scooting down Remus’ body, he stroked his mate’s cock while licking the head of it. Remus was huge! Noah wasn’t sure he could even take it in him when he was better. He twirled his tongue under the head while his other hand caressed Remus’ balls.

“Fuck, Noah,” Remus cried out, “I’m coming, baby.” Just then Remus grunted as ropes of white seed came from his cock. Some went right into Noah’s mouth, the rest on his hand. Noah couldn’t get over the taste of his mate’s cum. It was sweet and tangy at the same time. It tasted like sweet iced tea. When Remus’ was done coming, he gently licked up every drop of his mate’s seed.

Noah moved back up the bed to lay next to Remus, not really sure what to do next. Remus answered the question for him, gathering Noah close to him and wrapping his arms around him.

“Thank you, Noah,” Remus whispered kissing him on the head. “Even if that’s all we can ever do together, I wouldn’t give up the way you make me feel for the world. I want you in my life, in my bed, and in my heart.”

“Okay,” was all he could say as he felt tears in his eyes. What else could he say? How could he deny Remus what he said he wanted? Noah had to trust Remus was telling him the truth, it wasn’t like he could see into his mate’s head and know for sure. With this decision made, he now had to deal with everything else in his life. Noah would think about that after his nap with his mate.

* * * *

Noah awoke from their nap before Remus did. He'd had the best idea right before falling asleep and since he'd woke up first, he could put it into action. Quickly throwing back on his running pants, he soundlessly went into the living room and opened his laptop. Noah went online found the store he wanted and went a little nuts with the number of things he ordered. Then he went onto the courier website and paid handsomely for rush delivery.

Smiling as he went to get some blood from the mini fridge, he thought which of his purchases he'd use first. Drink in hand, he went back to his laptop and started on his next book. Noah had been working fewer than two hours when a knock came at the outer door to their rooms. Walking over and opening it, the butler stood there with a large box.

"Thanks. Can you just put that by the bedroom door?" Noah whispered. "Remus is still asleep."

"Of course, Mr. Noah," the butler replied with a wink. Noah was sure the man had no idea what was in the box, but realized it was a present for Remus. After he left, Noah realized he'd really been asking the staff to do a lot of extra things for him. He'd have to get them a gift basket or something to show his appreciation.

But for now, time to play with his purchases. Sitting down next to the box, he turned one finger into a claw and sliced the top open. Inside was just about every male-gear sex toy the store had. Since he was new to this, Noah decided to start out small. He grabbed one of the bottles of lube and a small vibrator that slipped over his finger. Putting the batteries in, he read the instructions quickly to make sure he would do this right.

Slipping into the bedroom with his fun treats, he climbed on the bed to where his mate was sleeping. Luckily for him, Remus was laying on his side with one knee pulled up. Noah pulled the sheet back and lubed up one finger and the vibrator. He took a moment to

rub his hand over Remus' perfect ass. He had gorgeous, firm, round globes that were just bigger than Noah's hand.

Finally, he moved his lubed finger to his mate's ass crack, rubbing it back and forth across Remus' puckered hole. Noah tried not to giggle as Remus moaned in his sleep. Slowly pushing one finger in, he wiggled it around to make sure the little toy would have room. He pulled his finger out, and slipped in the one that had the vibrator on it.

"Fuck," Remus murmured, as Noah's finger slid all the way in. Noah rubbed the bristled side of his vibrator-covered finger over Remus' prostate. His mate must have enjoyed that, because he started moaning and thrusting his hips. Taking the next step, Noah turned the vibrator on, as he kept rubbing his finger over Remus' sweet spot.

"Noah?" Remus moaned loudly.

"Yes, Remus," he replied moving to lie along his mate's back. "Shh, just enjoy, Remus."

"Okay, fuck that feels fantastic," Remus groaned. "I can feel it in my balls."

Noah's only response was to turn the vibrator up to the next setting. Remus went wild, panting out Noah's name as his hips moved faster and faster. Feeling Remus getting close, he turned up the vibrator to the highest setting. His mate cried out loudly and Noah felt Remus' muscles clamp down on his finger as Remus came.

When Remus was done with his climax, Noah shut off the toy and slipped his finger out of his mate's ass. He lay there quietly, hoping Remus was happy he surprised him.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" Remus asked, still panting.

"Are you mad?" Noah asked quietly. "I was just trying to please you."

"Fuck, I'm not mad, baby," Remus replied, rolling over to face him. "That was amazing, and I loved that it was you who did it to me. It was just a shock."

"Well you gave me the idea," he admitted. "You were saying we can't have sex yet, but that doesn't mean we can't do other things. So,

I went online to a local store and ordered some things. I had the courier service deliver them.”

“Things? Them? There’s more?” Remus asked with a huge grin. “Let me see that little thing.”

Noah smiled back, handing Remus the toy. “So, you liked it?”

“Fuck yes,” Remus chuckled. “I think I’ve created a monster. This is awesome, Noah. I wouldn’t have thought of this, thank you.”

“You’re welcome, I enjoyed it too,” he replied, gesturing to the tent in his running pants. “Remus, you have the best ass in the world.”

“I beg to differ,” Remus replied, leaning in to nibble on his ear. “I think you have the best ass in the world. But I might have a biased opinion.”

“I’m okay with that,” he giggled.

“You said something about more toys,” Remus murmured in his ear, licking all around it. “Where would these toys be?”

“By the bedroom door,” he moaned, “I had the butler put the box there when it came.”

“I want to see,” Remus exclaimed, hopping out of bed like a kid at Christmas. When he got to the door and saw the box he looked at Noah, then back at the box, then back to Noah. “Holy fuck, baby, what did you do, buy the whole store?”

“I’ve never played with any of this stuff before,” he answered blushing. “I wasn’t really sure what was good and what wasn’t.”

“Hell if I know,” Remus replied, picking up the box and bringing it back to bed. “But we’re going to have fun finding out,” he said wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Noah could only laugh. He’d hoped Remus would be happy that he was trying. Noah hadn’t expected Remus’ face to light up like this, running around so excited. They laughed as they went through the large box of vibrators, anal beads, dildos, lubes, and other toys.

“Our sex life will never be boring, baby,” Remus chuckled, leaning in to kiss the tip of his nose. “What are these for?” he asked holding up the three butt plugs Noah had ordered.

“They’re for me,” he said blushing, grabbing the bag.

“What are they?”

“Butt plugs,” he answered, “I’ve never been with anyone before. And if you haven’t noticed, you’re quite larges. These will help me get ready for you when we can have sex.”

Noah got scared when Remus didn’t say anything for a few minutes. He gathered up his courage and looked at his mate. He was expecting a lot of things, but not to see tears streaming down Remus’ face.

“Remus?” he asked quietly.

“I don’t deserve you, Noah,” Remus whispered, crawling around the box to him. “Everything you’ve been through, and you’re planning ways to make our first time together perfect. I should have thought of these toys. I should have been the one to figure out a way to make your first time nothing but pleasure.” He pulled Noah onto his lap, snuggling against his hair.

“I’m sure you would have, big guy,” he answered, smiling. “I just thought of it first.”

“Maybe,” Remus whispered, “but you thought of it. My perfect little mate, my Noah.”

“You really want me to be yours?”

“More than anything, Noah,” Remus replied. “More than I’ve ever wanted anything in my entire life.”

“Claim me, Remus,” he whispered back. “I know we can’t have sex, and I can’t claim you. But I want to be yours. Claim me.”

“Yes,” Remus hissed, rolling them over so Noah was under him. Remus licked his nipples and kissed his chest, then worked his way up so their cocks rubbed against each other. “Yes, Noah, you’re mine!”

“Always yours, Remus,” he moaned as they rubbed their hard cocks together, never breaking eye contact. It was the most intimate moment of Noah’s life. It felt so fucking good. He couldn’t even

imagine how wonderful it would be to have Remus' cock in him. Realizing he was close, he tilted his head submissively for Remus.

"Mine!" Remus growled, licking Noah's neck. "Mine to have. Mine to love. Mine to touch. Mine to fuck. No one else, Noah. Only me," he said before sinking his fangs into Noah's neck.

Noah cried out as he came, loving the feel of Remus' fangs in him. He thought his orgasm would last forever as stream after stream of his seed shot out of his cock and all over them. Remus lifted his head finally and used one clawed finger to cut himself on his neck.

"Claim me, Noah," Remus whispered, turning to the cut was right by his lips. Noah didn't have to be invited twice. He pulled his mate's head down and sucked on the cut on Remus' neck. Noah heard his mate yell out his name as Remus came, his seed mixing in with Noah's between their bodies. Noah couldn't believe how awesome Remus tasted. He couldn't get enough of that taste, but he didn't want to drink Remus dry.

"Thank you," he whispered, licking the cut closed. "Thank you, Remus, for making me feel whole."

"You are whole now, baby," Remus said, looking down at him. "We're both whole now that we've mated. You're my other half, just as I'm yours."

Noah just smiled, wrapping his arms around his mate. Remus rolled them over so he was spread out on Remus' chest. He pulled the covers up over them and laid his head down, listening to Remus' heart.

Chapter 5

Remus watched Noah on one of his twice-daily walks. His little mate was getting stronger and stronger. He checked his watch and saw Noah was already up to thirty minutes. Just five days ago, Noah could only go ten minutes, and that wiped him out completely. Remus still tried to figure out a way to get Noah to open up to him.

Oh, sure, he'd opened up physically, especially now that his mouth was healed. Noah had no problem fooling around in and out of bed any chance he got. Remus was convinced Noah was using sex to keep him from worrying.

Every time Remus would ask about his mate's injuries, or the situation with his family, Noah would only shrug and seduce him. Okay, it wasn't like Remus fought him all that hard. His little mate was just too sexy to say no to. Anytime Noah touched him, all the blood left his brain and went straight to his cock.

His mother had approached him as well, noticing anytime the conversation got serious, Noah brushed it off. The only things Noah seemed to do were work, eat, mess around with Remus, shower, and do his workouts. He rarely wanted to talk outside dirty talk in the bedroom. Noah kept blaming his lack of sleep on his work, saying he wrote when inspiration struck him. He wasn't stupid, he knew Noah was having nightmares and trying to hide it.

Making a decision, Remus decided to go find Riley. When he wasn't in the kitchen, he headed down to Riley's lab. Seeing the light was on, he knocked on the door and waited for the okay to enter. His family had learned that lesson the hard way. Desmond had walked in during one of Riley's experiments and burned his corneas. It was only

a temporary injury, but still, the family never made that mistake again.

“Enter,” he heard Riley yell from the other side of the door.

“Hey, Riley, you got a minute?” Remus asked, walking in and closing the door behind him.

“Yeah, sure, Remus. What’s up?” Riley replied, taking off his protective eyewear and gloves. “Is this about Noah? Elena came to me with some concerns.”

“I love my mother,” Remus grumbled, “but that woman meddles in anything she doesn’t see as perfect.”

“My grandma does as well,” Riley chuckled. “Have a seat.”

“I guess I’m not really coming to you as a doctor, or maybe I am. It’s just you know better than anyone what Riley’s gone through. Maybe I just need someone to talk to before I lose my mind.”

“Well, lucky for you, I’m a doctor and good listener. I can be both at the same time,” Riley said, smirking. “So tell me what’s on your mind, and I’ll decide which role you need.”

“Physically, Noah’s getting better. He’s put on a few pounds and is moving around great. He’s outside walking right now and he’s up to a half an hour,” Remus said, pausing, running his hand through his hair completely frustrated. “Emotionally, he’s all over the place. I know he’s having nightmares and that’s why he barely sleeps. He says it’s because he’s working, but I hear him whimpering in the night when he’s asleep.”

“Have you asked him about it?”

“I’ve tried! Anytime I bring up anything serious, he starts to, well he makes me forget. He basically seduces me. Noah climbs in my lap, or kisses me, or just straight up starts taking off my clothes. I know I’m weak, but have you seen how hot my mate is? Like I could say no when he touches me,” Remus said, shaking his head and smiling.

“Well, he’s seeing me today so I can check him out,” Riley replied, scratching his head. “So I’m going to ask about some of these things. I suggest you be here. He can’t skirt the issue if I’m here. Or

hopefully he won't, because that could get really uncomfortable for me."

"I'm sorry to involve you," he said sheepishly, "but I can't seem to force the issue. I know it's painful for him to talk about, but I'm afraid he's burying everything. That won't be good for him either, right?"

"No, it won't be," Riley answered. "If the nightmares are about the demons, well it might just be a matter of time until those get better. If they're about something else, it might be that issue needs to be addressed. I'll do the best I can, but you have to help me open him up, okay?"

"I promise," he said, nodding. "As long as he stays clothed, I can concentrate."

"Yeah, your brother pulls the same shit on me sometimes," Riley replied, chuckling. "Go get your mate and let's get him checked out."

"I can do that," Remus said, walking towards the door. "Thanks, Riley."

"No problem, brother," the doctor said, winking before putting back on his protective eyewear.

Remus thought it was pretty cool the way their mates had real jobs. Riley was a doctor and Noah was a writer, he and his brothers were just warriors. Well, *just* might not be the right way to say it. He knew their role was important to help their race, but Riley and Noah created things. Remus really respected that.

Finding his mate just as he finished his walk, he walked up behind Noah and snuggled his face in Noah's neck.

"Hey baby, how was your walk?"

"I'm up to forty minutes," Noah replied, melting into his embrace. "I'm going for longer, not faster, really. I mean, I don't need to be a marathon runner. I figured the longer I can go, the better for my body, but I'll have to ask Riley about that."

“Speaking of Riley,” Remus said, taking Noah’s hand, “I just saw him and he said to find you, that he’s ready to check you out. See how you’re progressing.”

“Oh, cool. This is the big one-week exam,” Noah said, wiggling his eyebrows. “Once I get my clean bill of health, I’ll hop in the shower and then bounce around on your cock.”

“Noah,” he groaned, “you’re killing my focus. You can’t say things like that to me, baby. We need to be serious for your check-up.”

“Serious is over rated,” Noah snorted as they were almost to the lab. “I’d rather have fun and get you naked.”

“Cut it out,” Remus laughed as he knocked on the door to Riley’s lab. “I need the blood in my brain right now.”

“Come on in, guys,” Riley said through the door. Remus quickly opened it before Noah made another comment. Trying his best to focus on the conversation they were about to have and not on his mate’s naked body, Remus took a deep breath.

“Hey, doc,” Noah said as they walked in. “Hurry up and clear me for sex. I’ve been teasing Remus for a week.”

He just groaned and rolled his eyes at what Noah said. His mate was making this incredibly difficult for him.

“Well, let’s see how you’re doing first,” Riley chuckled. “Hop up on the table.”

“I did have a question for you, doc,” Noah said. “Is it better to work on making my walks longer or faster?”

“For your type of injury, longer,” Riley replied, starting to test Noah’s reflexes. “Your eyes are a little glassy and blood shot. Not to mention the dark circles under your eyes. How much sleep are you getting, Noah?”

“Not a lot,” his mate answered, “but I’ve really been working a lot on my next book. I write when I have ideas, ya know?”

“Tell him about the nightmares, Noah,” Remus said quietly.

“How did you know?” Noah said, his eyes bugging out in shock.

"I hear you whimpering in your sleep," he answered. "If I shake you a little and hold you closer, you stop. But most of the time you're up way before me and the sheets are soaked with sweat where you were sleeping."

"Is that true?" Riley asked gently.

"Yeah," Noah grumbled, "but that has nothing to do with whether I can have sex or not."

"Damn it, Noah," Remus roared and punched the wall, leaving a hole. "You think all I care about is having sex with you? Is that all you think you are to me? Fuck sex, I worry about you!"

"I'm fine," Noah answered, seeming pissed.

"Stop lying to me!" Remus shouted. "You're not fine. You won't talk about things with me. You didn't even tell me about the nightmares. Anytime I try to talk to you about what happened or how you really feel, you get naked, or get me naked."

"I thought you liked what we do?" Noah asked, his face paling.

"Baby, I love what we do," Remus answered, changing his tone and reaching for Noah's hand. "I love that you want to get naked with me. It's just you use that not to talk to me. I need to know what's going on in here, too," he finished, pointing to Noah's head.

"I think what Remus is trying to say is, if you don't want to talk about it, that wouldn't be a problem if you were sleeping," Riley filled in. "But you're not sleeping, Noah. Nightmares are our body's way of handling certain traumas. If we know what the nightmares are about, maybe we can help and you can get some sleep, okay?"

"I don't think that would help," Noah answered, looking down at his lap.

"How about we try?" Remus asked. "Please, baby? It kills me to know that you're in bed with me suffering and I can't do anything about it. I feel like you're wiggling a knife in my heart that you won't tell me. I want all of you, not just your sexy body. Being mates means being partners. If something's going on in that pretty head, you should tell me."

“Would you tell me?” Noah asked skeptically.

“In a heartbeat. If I was having nightmares,” Remus answered honestly, “I’d tell you. I know you’d want to help, and you couldn’t if I don’t tell you.”

“Okay,” Noah whispered, then took a deep breath. “I didn’t tell you everything about why Isaac did what he did to me. He said our father wants me dead. That Abraham was calling someone in to kill me. Isaac thought I just needed to be taught a lesson, that if he made it a big enough lesson, Father would back off of killing me. That’s why I don’t want you to take my walks with me, Remus.”

“Oh baby,” Remus said, tears running down his face.

“I keep having nightmares,” Noah said, starting to get choked up, “that you get killed instead. Sometimes you try pushing me out of the way and you get struck dead, other times there’s a shooter and instead of hitting me, he shoots you.”

“Riley, is Noah done with his check-up?” Remus asked softly.

“Yeah, Noah’s doing much better,” Riley replied. “He’s cleared for anything he wants to do. If you have any pain, come talk to me, Noah. Other than that, use your head and don’t push yourself too hard.”

“Thanks, doc,” Noah answered before Remus swept him up in his arms and raced out of the lab with him. He didn’t give his mate a chance to say anything else as he ran lightening-quick to their rooms. Once inside their bedroom, he stripped off all their clothes.

“Noah,” Remus whispered, lying over his mate, their noses touching. “Promise me you won’t ever keep something like this from me again. I’m serious, Noah. You don’t ever fucking keep a secret like this from me.”

“I promise,” Noah answered, his eyes filling with tears. “I thought I was doing the right thing. I would die if something happened to you, Remus, especially because of me.”

“I get that, baby,” he replied, “and that’s the only reason I’m not going to paddle your ass. But I could have been hurt because you

didn't tell me. You could have been hurt because you didn't tell me. No more secrets. Mates don't keep secrets. I won't be mated to someone who keeps things from me. Never again."

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry, Remus," Noah answered.

"I know, baby," he said, smashing his lips to Noah's. The kiss was intensely passionate, saying everything that needed to be said, that they couldn't right then. Remus broke the kiss because if he wasn't inside his mate in the next second, he felt his heart would explode. "Are you ready for me, Noah?"

"Yes. Please take me, Remus," Noah panted, spreading his legs wider. Remus sat back on his knees, about to grab the lube when he saw Noah had the biggest of the three butt plugs in his ass. He groaned. It was so fucking hot. His little mate lying there like an offering, legs spread wide, butt plug with lube just waiting for Remus to fuck him.

He didn't waste any time, pushing Noah's legs back he quickly pulled out the butt plug. Noah let out a moan that was so loud, Remus felt like he was going to come right there and then. He lined up his cock and slowly sank into his mate's gorgeous ass. Remus had wanted to have some foreplay, but with everything that had happened, he needed Noah now.

"I'm not going to last very long, baby," Remus said when he was buried into Noah balls deep. He leaned back over and claimed Noah's lips, kissing him madly while he let Noah adjust to having his large cock in his ass.

"I love you, Remus," Noah said when they broke the kiss.

"I love you too, Noah," he replied. "I think I've loved you since the first time I saw your beautiful eyes open at the hospital. Every time you look at me, you take my breath away. I will love you for all my days."

"Do you forgive me, Remus?" Noah whispered, tears running down his face.

“Yes, baby,” he answered, cupping his mate’s face. “No one said mating was going to be easy. There’s no rule book. You were just doing what you thought was right. No more secrets, though, okay?”

“Okay,” Noah replied, smiling up at him, then wrapped his arms and legs around Remus. “Take me, my mate. I want you to have my virginity. Only you, only ever you will be in me Remus.”

“Thank you, Noah,” Remus said slowly moving his hips. “Thank you for giving me this gift. I love you so much.”

“Me too,” Noah said, groaning as Remus started to move a little faster. As he was picking up speed, he moved his hands down Noah’s chest. Rubbing his thumbs over his mate’s nipples, Noah cried out and he felt his mate’s seed shoot in between them. Remus stopped moving, entranced by the sight of Noah’s climax.

“You coming is the most amazing sight, baby,” he whispered against Noah’s lips when his eyes opened again. Remus changed the angle of his hips so he was hitting Noah’s sweet spot with every thrust.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” Noah cried out every time he thrust in rubbing his prostate. Remus barely had a thought in his head besides the need to claim his mate as he lowered his head and sunk his fangs into Noah’s neck.

Remus heard Noah cry out his name as he came again. He could feel Noah’s muscles squeeze his cock as he drank. Raising his head, Remus roared out his release, jet after jet of his seed spurting into his mate. When he started to come back down from his orgasm, he opened his eyes and looked down at Noah.

“That fucking rocked!” Noah exclaimed, kissing him. “That was way more than anything I could have imagined. It was good for you too, right? I mean, I was as good as your other partners?”

“Better, baby,” he replied, still nose-to-nose with his mate. “That was the most amazing sex and orgasm of my life. No one compares to my little mate.”

“Good,” Noah replied, giggling. “I can’t wait to do that again”

“Who said we’re done?” he asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Isn’t it over when we both come?” Noah asked, his eyes sparkling with lust and anticipation.

“Normally, yeah, but seeing how much you loved it is making me hard again,” he said, moving his hips so Noah could feel his cock hardening again.

“Hmm, how can I show you how much I loved you taking me?” Noah purred.

“You could kiss me,” Remus suggested lowering his head back down. Noah met him halfway, opening his mouth to let Remus’ tongue in. Their tongues twisted around, stroking each other, claiming each other’s mouths.

“I think we should try another way this time,” Noah whispered against his lips. “I want you to fuck my tight ass every way possible. Have I mentioned how flexible I am?”

“Fuck, baby,” Remus groaned, completely rock hard again. He wrapped his arms around Noah, pulling him up as Remus sat back on his heels. Remus spread his knees, making Noah’s legs spread so his cock slid in deeper. “How about this way?”

“Yeah, I think I like this way,” Noah moaned loudly. Remus started rocking his hips, Noah moving his up and down keeping his pace. “I really fucking like this way.”

“I like anyway with you, Noah,” Remus said, picking up the pace and nibbling on Noah’s shoulder. His mate started to take over, moving his hips faster. Remus’ cum, still in Noah’s ass, made wonderful lube, making his cock move in and out of Noah’s tight hole more easily. He was close to coming when Noah bit the side of his neck. He still didn’t have fangs so he had to bite him hard. It seemed Remus liked that.

Noah biting him seemed to flip a switch inside of Remus. His hands turned into claws as he grabbed onto Noah’s hips tightly, lifting his mate off Remus as hard and fast as he thrust his cock into Noah.

He went wild, loving every second of it. His mate lifted his head and cried out his orgasm at the same time Remus growled out his release.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, completely wrapped around each other. Leaning against each other for support, they were panting wildly, completely spent.

“You okay, baby?” Remus asked, finally speaking

“Fuck, no,” Noah giggled. “That was awesome. You were like a wild warrior.”

“Are you hurt? Did I hurt you?”

“I’m not hurt,” Noah said, kissing Remus before getting off his lap with a groan. “I loved every second of it. Don’t get me wrong, I loved the slow, intimate love making we did first. But the second time was hot, wild, kinky monkey sex!”

“Monkey sex, huh?” Remus asked, chuckling and swatting Noah on the ass as he started to get off the bed.

“Oh, do that again,” Noah moaned.

“Do what?” Remus asked, swatting him again. “That?”

“Yeah, just like that,” Noah groaned, sticking his ass in the air, still kneeling on the side of the bed. “I like that.”

“Baby, you’re insatiable,” Remus hissed, getting hard again. “I’ve created a monster,” he said, diving for Noah and narrowly missing him. Noah raced to the bathroom, laughing. Remus grabbed the waterproof lube his mate had ordered and chased after him.

“You like doing that, didn’t you?” Noah purred, bending over seductively to check the water temperature of the shower he turned on.

“I like anything involving your sexy little ass,” Remus growled. “But you ran away from me. You were being a naughty mate, teasing me like that.”

“Tease, me?” Noah asked innocently, looking over his shoulder while wiggling his ass. “What are you going to do about it?”

"Punish my little mate," he answered, grabbing Noah around the waist and throwing him over his' shoulder. "I'm going to smack this ass before I fuck it raw."

"Fuck," Noah groaned loudly, wiggling on Remus' shoulder. Remus gave his ass a loud smack as they stepped into the shower.

"That's for teasing me," he said, swatting Noah's ass a few more times. "This is for running away from me." Remus landed five more smacks on each ass cheek as Noah started to hump his hips, rubbing his cock against Remus' shoulder.

"More, Remus, more," Noah moaned.

"This is for rubbing your cock against me during your punishment," he replied, giving three more smacks. "And this is for talking during your spanking." Remus smiled as he swatted each cheek a few more times, then started to rub the firm globes.

"I think I'm going to be bad more often," Noah groaned. "Is it wrong that I like you spanking me this much?"

"No, baby," Remus chuckled. "If you want to try something new, we can. It seems I like spanking you as much as you liked to be spanked. Did I do it too hard?"

"Not at all," Noah giggled, wiggling his ass again on his shoulder. "You could do it harder if you wanted."

"I think it's time to reward you for taking your punishment like a good mate," Remus said, an idea forming in his head. "Do you want your reward, baby?"

"Yes," Noah hissed "Please, Remus, please!" Remus lifted Noah off his shoulder like he was going to lower him to his feet.

Instead he put Noah's legs over his shoulders, so his mate's hard cock was right in front of his face. Moving so Noah's back was against the shower wall, Remus leaned his head forward and swallowed his mate's cock.

"Oh fuck," Noah gasped in shock at what Remus did. Remus lubed up his fingers and slid two in his mate's tight little hole. Remus figured he could start with two after the sex marathon they just had.

Noah cried out, leaning his shoulders against the shower tile as Remus kept swallowing with Noah's cock in his mouth.

He added a third finger in Noah's ass and started thrusting his fingers in faster. Remus made sure to rub Noah's sweet spot every time. It didn't take long until Noah couldn't sit still. After another minute, Noah stiffened, then cried out as his cock erupted down Remus' throat. He pulled his fingers out of Noah's ass before lowering him down to his feet. Spinning Noah around, he pushed him against the tile.

"My turn," Remus growled in his mate's ear before pulled his ass cheeks apart. His hard cock slid right into Noah's tight ass. Holding his mate around the waist so he didn't fall over, Remus set a hard and fast pace. Noah standing up straight made everything so much tighter that he felt like he was going to lose his mind. "Mine, my mate."

"Yes, yours," Noah grunted. "Fuck me Remus. Fuck your mate raw."

"So tight," he moaned, "so fucking tight around my cock."

"Claim me, my big warrior," his mate hissed. "Show everyone I'm yours, claim me."

"Mine," Remus growled before he struck. Noah seemed to know which buttons of his to push, turning Remus from his normal mellow self into a possessive, wild animal.

"Yes, harder, Remus," Noah cried out, coming all over the shower wall. Remus fucked his mate so hard, he wouldn't be surprised if there were cracks in the tile now. Raising his head when he thought he might be taking too much blood, he grabbed Noah's hips and drove his cock into him faster.

"My Noah, mine," he roared at his release, not even slowing his pace. When every last drop of cum was milked out of Remus' cock by Noah's ass, he finally stopped. Leaning around his mate to brace himself against the wall, Noah leaned back into him and wrapped his arms around Remus. Noah's hands gently rubbed Remus' ass as they both slowed their breathing.

“Wow, that was hot,” Noah panted. “I felt like you were going to die unless you came inside me.”

“That’s how I felt,” he replied, leaning to lick his mating mark. “You know exactly what to say to drive me out of my head with need and lust, baby.”

“Is that a good or a bad thing?” Noah asked quietly. Remus thought for a minute, nothing but the noise of the shower running over them.

“I love it, but only if I’m not hurting you or being too rough,” he finally answered. “I mean, you were a virgin earlier and we’ve had sex three times. Two of which I was wicked rough with you. This last time alone I fucked you raw.”

“I loved every second of it,” Noah said, pulling away so Remus’ spent cock slid out of his ass. His mate turned around to face him. “I loved it, I love that you have to have me so badly that you go wild. I love that I can drive you that crazy, but most of all, I love you.”

“I love you too, baby,” he said, leaning down to kiss his mate. “How many times did you come?”

“Four,” Noah answered, reaching for the soap, “well five, if you count the most inventive way to give a blow job. You’re so strong. It’s such a turn on to know you can pick me up like that and have your way with me.”

“Glad you liked it,” Remus replied, “because I like being all manly with you. But you bring out my soft, cuddly side as well.”

“I can live with that,” his mate giggled as they hurried to finish their shower. Remus was so happy, he wanted to stay in this moment forever.

Chapter 6

Noah had never felt so light-hearted in his whole life. He'd had sex! Holy shit, had he had sex. Remus was an animal in bed, one Noah planned on exploring thoroughly. He finished getting dressed first that morning, running over to where Remus was. Quickly pulling his mate's pants down, he ran for it while Remus was still in shock of what Noah had done.

Racing out of their rooms to the hallway, he reached the top of the stairs before he heard his pursuer. Noah was able to clear the stairs and bolt into the kitchen still not being caught by Remus.

"Hi Elena, you haven't seen me," Noah whispered, giggling as he dove and hid behind one of the counters.

"Hello, Mother. Did my little mate just race in here?" Remus asked as he slid into the kitchen, stopping to greet his mother.

"Mate? You have a mate, my son?" Elena asked in pretend confusion. "What did this supposed mate of yours do to incur such a chase?"

"The little imp de-pantsed me," Remus replied, "I smell my sexy little mate. Come out, come out where ever you are."

"I'll leave you boys to play," Elena laughed, "but if I was you I'd check outside. You know how Noah loves the outdoors."

"Thank you, Mother," Remus chuckled, heading towards the kitchen door. Noah decided to turn himself in as he stood and walked to the door. Just as he stepped out and was about five feet behind Remus, he noticed a strange red dot on his mate's head.

"No!" he screamed, lunging for Remus as the realization of what that dot was. Just as he hit his mate the crack of a rifle sounded

through the air. Shooting a vampire in general didn't do much except piss him off, unless you got enough shots so that he bleeds to death, or a head shot that gave him instant brain death. Even vampires can't recover from that injury.

They landed in a heap. Remus wasn't moving. Noah scrambled to cover his mate's head with his body, while ducking himself. He crouched down, sticking his ass in the air as cover from the direction the shot had come from. All Noah had to do was keep their heads hidden. The shooter wouldn't waste bullets for any other areas.

"Help! Someone please help us," Noah screamed over and over again. "They shot Remus, help!"

"Noah, Noah!" he finally heard someone scream, and glanced up to see Desmond.

"Get down, there's a shooter!" he yelled, seeing more of Remus' family gather around them.

"Victor and Gabriel are in pursuit, Noah," Riley said calmly, squatting down in front of him. "Let me see Remus, Noah."

It sunk in then that the danger had passed. Noah relinquished his protective hold over Remus' head and back away. There was so much blood. It was everywhere.

"Oh, Noah, you were shot," Elena said, kneeling next to him.

"It's not my blood," he cried, "they shot Remus. I tried to push him out of the way. They were trying to shoot him in the head. I curled around his head and started screaming."

"You did good, Noah," Riley said, checking over his mate, "you saved Remus' life. I need help getting him inside. Lay him face down on one of the counters."

Noah watched, dazed, as Stefan and Micah picked up Remus carefully and carried him inside. Elena and Desmond helped him to his feet as they followed in behind them. He let himself be guided down to one of the kitchen chairs as he watched the commotion. Riley was barking out orders at everyone while was pushing on towels on Remus' right shoulder.

Riley used a knife to dig into his mate's shoulder, pulling a bullet out after a few moments. After that, things started to calm down. Noah heard Remus groan and dashed to his side, grabbing his hand.

"I'm here, Remus. Don't move," he said, tears blurring his view. Noah knew he was shaking, the adrenaline still pumping through him. He tried taking some deep breaths to calm down and make himself strong for Remus.

"He's going to be fine," Riley said. "He's already healing. Look, you can see the wound closing. Once it's closed, we'll get him lots of blood and he'll be just fine."

"Did you hear that, Remus?" Noah asked. "Riley says you're going to be fine. I love you, my strong warrior."

"Love too," Remus whispered, squeezing Noah's hand.

"Thank you, Noah," Elena said, grabbing him and squeezing him tightly. "You saved my son's life."

"No," Noah cried, pushing her away. "I'm the reason he was shot. My father told Isaac he wanted me dead, that he was going to hire someone to kill me. But they weren't aiming for me. The red dot was on Remus' head. The shooter didn't even know I was there. Abraham must have thought that if Remus was gone, he could get to me. Or if my mate was dead, then a Dragos wouldn't be mated to a man. It's all my fault."

"Listen to me, Noah," Elena shouted sternly, "this is not your fault. It's Abraham's fault -- his demented ideals. You threw yourself at my son, putting yourself in harm's way to save Remus. You didn't do this. You saved him, Noah."

Noah couldn't argue with her on that; it was Abraham's fault. He would have gladly taken the bullet for Remus. Noah collapsed against Elena, sobbing from heartache over his mate being shot; also sobbing in relief that Remus was going to be okay.

"I know, Noah," Elena said, trying to soothe him. "I feel the same. We all do."

"Noah? Is Noah safe?" Remus grunted from a few feet away.

"I'm right here, Remus," he replied, going over to his mate. Noah walked around the counter so his face was in front of Remus'. He leaned in and kissed his mate's lips. "I'm fine, and Riley says you're going to be okay. The bullet hit your shoulder. He got it out and the wound's already starting to close."

"Don't cry, baby," Remus said. "I've been through much worse. This is just a scratch, really."

"Scratch, my ass," Noah replied, "you just lie there and behave. Let Riley do what he needs to do."

"I love when you talk about your ass," Remus growled.

Noah looked at him in disbelief as he heard everyone around them laughing. His mate was just shot and now he was cracking jokes. Noah's heart still hurt from the panic and Remus was making jokes about his ass. What the hell was he going to do with his mate?

"You get better." He leaned in and whispered, "You can have my ass anytime, any way you want."

"Deal," Remus smiled, winking at Noah.

Noah just shook his head and moved away. He started drinking blood, knowing Remus would like to drink from him. Once the wound was finally closed, he'd downed four bags of blood. After Riley gave Remus the clear, he sat up on the counter and drank two bags of blood. Then he hopped off the counter and walked to Noah like nothing had happened.

"Unbelievable," Noah whispered as his mate pulled him into a toe-curling kiss. He melted against Remus, wrapping his body around him. Noah couldn't seem to get close enough to him, especially after almost losing him a couple of hours ago.

"Remus, we need to talk before you two run off," Desmond said, clearing his throat to get their attention.

"Of course, Father," his mate replied, breaking their kiss. Noah was grateful Remus was holding him up. His body felt like mush after one of those kisses.

“We received council mandate today,” Desmond said looking tense. “You and I are being called in to answer charges for seeking a false retribution. Even though I didn’t have anything to do with it, Abraham included me so I won’t be on the voting body. Also, Abraham is seeking a claim that you mated Noah against his will. Since Noah is unable to claim you—Isaac saw to that—Abraham says you don’t have proof that you and Noah are true mates.”

“That motherfucker,” Elena shouted. Everyone’s eyes bugged out of their heads as they turned to her. After all the times she admonished everyone else for using cuss words, this was quite a shock. “Oh, get over it. I swear too, just not as often as all of you. I think it’s quite fitting given the situation.”

“I couldn’t agree more, Elena,” Noah said, smiling. “So, basically my wonderful father is starting a lot of shit to try to save face.”

“Yes,” Desmond replied, seeming to choose his words carefully, “but these charges are very serious, Noah. Abraham has a lot of pull on the council and without my vote, we could be in trouble.”

“I’m not worried,” he replied, “but I do need to know, do you have room on your staff for one more person?”

“Why do you ask?” Desmond asked, and Noah could see everyone intently focused on him.

“Because I’m going to need Wanda to speak in front of the council,” he explained. “She works for my father and can attest to his years of neglect and abuse of me. Abraham is going to go into the meeting as a poor, loving father who’s had his son taken away. He’s going to try to turn Isaac’s kidnapping of me around, that my older brother was protecting me when the big, evil Marius family interceded and took me against my will.”

“Dillon can blow that angle all to hell, he’s a witness. But I need Wanda to prove that my father doesn’t give a shit what’s best for me. This is all about the Dragos name and what my father feels it represents. Needless to say, Wanda won’t have a job there anymore

after she testifies. I know she's miserable there, she basically stayed for me. She really treats me like I am her son."

"You are so sexy when you use that brain of yours," Remus growled and kissed him again. This time Noah squirmed and giggled.

"Down, big guy," he laughed, "let's handle this first, then you can have me. Let me call Dillon and see what we can come up with."

"Wanda is more than welcome at our household," Elena replied. "Either as a member of the family or a member of the staff. If she's been a mother to you, she's considered family."

"I couldn't agree more, son," Desmond threw in, wrapping an arm around his wife. "Make your calls and let us know the outcome."

"Thank you," Noah said, smiling as he pulled out his cell phone and dialed Dillon.

"Hello?"

"Dillon, it's Noah."

"Hey, little bro, how's it hanging?"

"Not so good. I need your help," he replied with a sigh. "Father sent someone to kill Remus. He's okay, but they narrowly missed his head."

"Fuck! That man is such a pain in the ass," Dillon growled. "He never fucking lets anything go. What do you need from me?"

"Two things—one, can you get Wanda out of the Dragos compound and bring her here?" Noah asked.

"Sure, but why?" Dillon asked, pausing, "Abraham's having you called before the council, isn't he?"

"Yep, which leads me to my second favor," he answered taking a deep breath. "I need you to testify about what happened. That Isaac took me against my will and you had to help my mate rescue me. Father is claiming that Desmond and Remus sought retribution for no reason and that Remus mated me against my will."

"Shit, mating against someone's will is a death sentence, Noah," Dillon said gently. "You understand that, right?"

“Yes, we’re in serious trouble here,” he replied. “I wouldn’t ask this of you unless it was the only way, brother. I know it’s not fair to put you in the middle, but Abraham is trying to have my mate killed. And get me back under his thumb as a prisoner.”

“Whatever you need, little brother,” Dillon said. “I’ll bring Wanda by the Marius house later today.”

“Thanks, Dillon,” Noah replied, letting his relief show. “You’re the best big brother.”

“I have a lot to make up for,” Dillon answered, hanging up before Noah could say anything else.

Noah really wished his brother didn’t blame himself so much for what had happened. All he wanted was to know Dillon wasn’t embarrassed by him, and didn’t agree with his father for locking Noah away. He had that now. Noah didn’t want Dillon’s guilt.

“Dillon’s in,” Noah told Desmond and Remus, “he’s bringing Wanda over later today. When’s the summons for?”

“Tomorrow,” Desmond replied, not happy.

“Yeah, that sounds like Abraham,” Noah snorted. “There’s another big reason I’m not worried. You’ve seen my father in action. You really think he’s going to be able to hold his temper? He still acts as if I’m the scared boy I used to be. Now, though, I know Remus won’t let him get to me. That alone can make me quite the bastard – I’ll pull all of his strings to set his temper off.”

“Remind me never to piss you off, Noah,” Desmond chuckled, patting him on the back before walking away.

“So, everything’s covered?” Remus asked quietly, “we ready to kick your father’s ass?”

“Yup, I think everything --” he started to reply but was cut short. Noah squealed as his mate picked him up and threw Noah over his shoulder, giving his ass a good smack.

“Now it’s time for your punishment,” his mate growled as they went up the stairs. “You’ve been a very bad mate, Noah.”

“What did I do?” Noah whined, wiggling on Remus’ shoulder.

“Let me think. You threw yourself into the line of sniper fire,” Remus answered. “You put your safety in jeopardy, instead of hiding.”

“Remus,” Noah whispered as they got to their rooms, “I couldn’t just stand there and let you get shot in the head. I love you. I would die if something happened to you.”

“I know, baby,” his mate replied setting Noah on his feet. Remus sat on the bed in front of him, pulling Noah in between his legs. “No more putting yourself in harm’s way though, okay?”

“No, I won’t promise that,” he replied, shocked. “You would have done the same thing for me. I won’t say that I will just leave you to die.”

“Alright, good point,” Remus sighed, pulling Noah into his arms. “I love you, baby. I don’t want anything to happen to you. You could have been killed trying to help me.”

“You would have been killed if I didn’t,” he whispered, hugging Remus tighter as tears rolled down his face. “Make love to me, Remus. I need to feel you inside me. I need to know we’re both alive.”

“Yes,” Remus hissed, making fast work of removing their clothes, then throwing a naked Noah on the bed. His mate jumped on top of him, bracing himself so his full weight didn’t crush Noah. Remus went wild, kissing Noah everywhere while saying he loved him over and over again. Finally, when Noah was moaning and squirming with desire, Remus reached up and grabbed the lube.

“Take me, Remus,” he whispered, looking into his mate’s eyes. Remus lubed up his cock and his fingers, before tossing the bottle off to the side. He watched Noah’s face as he gently rubbed his fingers over his tight hole. Noah let out a loud moan as his mate slid a finger in.

“My baby likes that, doesn’t he,” Remus purred, shooting desire through Noah straight to his already hard cock.

“Yes, yes, fuck yes,” he groaned, humping his mate’s finger. Noah started to move faster as Remus pushed in a second finger. “I’m gonna, almost.”

“Come for me, my little mate,” Remus whispered, leaning over to lick his nipple. That was all it took. Noah cried out his mate’s name and came. Somewhere during his orgasm, Remus had slipped in a third finger, never slowing down. His mate was drawing out his orgasm as long as he could. Noah loved every second of it.

“Remus, I need you inside me,” he whimpered, still coming down from his orgasm. “Please, my big warrior, I want to feel you.”

“Yes, baby,” Remus hissed, removing his fingers before pushing Noah’s legs to his chest. His mate slid into the hilt in one hard thrust that had them both groaning. “Wrap around me, baby, and hold on.”

Noah did as he was instructed, wrapping his arms and legs around Remus. He buried his head into Remus’ neck, kissing every inch of skin he could reach. It was hard and fast. Neither of them could catch enough breath to talk. The room was filled with their grunts and sweat-slicked skin smacking against skin. Remus wrapped his arms and body around Noah as well. Every inch of their bodies was touching as they held each other tightly.

Remus sunk his fangs into Noah, who cried out in release as his seed spurted between them. He was just starting to come down from his orgasm, when he heard his mate yell out his name. Noah felt Remus’ hot seed fill his ass as his mate thrust four more times before collapsing on top of him, spent.

“Fuck, that was fantastic,” Remus groaned, starting to move.

“No, don’t leave me yet,” Noah whispered, gripping onto his mate tighter. “I still need you inside me for a bit.”

“Okay baby,” Remus replied, lifting his head to kiss Noah. “I’ll never leave you, Noah. Even if I’m not inside you, I’ll always be with you.”

“I know,” he said, tears in his eyes again. “I was so scared. I just need you here right now. I have to feel every inch of you.”

“Baby, I’m not hurt anymore,” Remus said, wiping Noah’s tears away. “It’s okay now, I promise.”

“No, it’s not. You were almost taken away from me,” he whimpered. “You can’t ever leave me, Remus. I won’t survive it.”

Noah saw the tears in Remus’ eyes as he rested his head on Noah’s. They had come away from Remus being shot, but that didn’t mean it didn’t leave a mark on them. Noah knew he almost lost the best thing that ever happened to him. And though he just had Remus make love to him, Noah needed it again. Just to hold on to that feeling of being alive, them being together.

“Besides, I like your cock in me,” he whispered, a small smile on his face. “I think your cock should always be in my ass.”

“Baby,” Remus groaned as he licked his mating mark, “you’re going to be the death of me.”

“Not funny,” Noah said, turning very serious. “That’s not fucking funny at all after what happened.”

“Oh baby,” Remus said, moving to look at him, “I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking. I didn’t mean it like that. I meant that I love how much you want me. You’re pretty insatiable for being a virgin earlier today.”

“Yes, but you love every minute of it,” Noah answered with a wink and a wiggle of his body. “Otherwise your huge cock wouldn’t be getting hard inside my tight little ass again.”

“Just looking at you makes me hard, Noah,” Remus whispered against his lips. “And you know just what to say to get me to need you so bad it hurts.”

“Well, we can’t have you hurting,” Noah said playfully, his eyes going wide as he let go of Remus. “I guess no more fucking your little mate if it hurts.”

“You know what I meant,” his mate growled, holding Noah tighter as he rolled them over. Noah liked being on top, he could drive his mate crazy this way. He squirmed on Remus’ lap just to test it out. “Baby, teasing me isn’t nice.”

“Who said anything about teasing?” Noah purred, leaning over to lick Remus’ chest. “Your cock is in my ass. That doesn’t sound like teasing, my big warrior.”

“Good point,” his mate laughed as he grasped Noah’s hips and thrust up. “How do you like that, baby? I know you want to try new positions.”

“Hmm, I’m not sure, can you do that a few more times?” he moaned. “I have to make an informed decision.”

“You’re a bad, bad little mate,” Remus chuckled as he thrust up a few more times. “Do you need more, baby?”

“Yes,” he hissed sitting back up, bracing himself with his hands on Remus’ chest. “Maybe a little punishment to teach me a lesson.”

“Oh fuck yeah,” his mate groaned, thrusting his hips up while one hand started swatting Noah’s ass. “Like that, Noah? You want it like that, my kinky little mate?”

“Yes, harder, spank me harder,” he panted, “fuck me harder. Show me how strong you are, big man.”

“Now you’re just egging me on,” Remus moaned, bracing his feet on the bed to have better leverage to thrust up. “You keep this up you’re not going to be walking for a week.”

“Maybe-that’s-my-plan,” Noah grunted in between thrusts, loving the feel of Remus’ hand smacking his ass. “That-way-you-have-to-carry-me-every-where. Fuck-that’s-good.” Noah decided to squeeze the muscles in his ass around his mate’s cock as payback.

“Oh, fuck, Noah, do that again,” his mate grunted, getting winded from all the work he was doing. “Yeah, just like that, Noah.”

Noah felt like he was a cowboy riding a bucking bronco, but he doubted the cowboy had as much fun. A few more firm smacks on his ass had Noah’s cock erupting onto his mate’s stomach and chest, which in turn seemed to push Remus over the edge. Screaming out Noah’s name, he thrust up a few more times before they both lay there, unable to move.

He wasn't sure how long they didn't move, but Noah was beyond beat. They fell asleep like that, still connected, as Noah was thinking he had to get up. He almost forgot that his brother and Wanda were coming over soon.

Chapter 7

Remus woke up the next morning with his little mate lying spread on top of him. Realizing they had slept all night like that, he gently rolled Noah over and tucked the covers around him. He threw on some jeans and headed downstairs to find out what they had missed. Dillon and Wanda were supposed to have come by yesterday. It seemed they missed that.

Heading down to the kitchen, he stopped in the doorway when he saw Dillon and a woman he didn't know talking with his parents.

"Good morning," he said, walking over to grab some coffee. "I didn't realize we slept from yesterday afternoon all the way through this morning. I apologize."

"Not a problem, son," his father replied. "After your injury yesterday, your mother and I figured we'd talk with Dillon and Wanda and let you sleep. How's Noah doing?"

"Exhausted. It took a while to convince him I really wasn't shot badly," Remus answered, sighing. "He can't keep taking all this heartache and drama. He's going to end up in the loony bin."

"Well then, you could use some good news," his mother said brightly, patting his arm as he sat down. "We talked with Wanda. She has agreed to speak to the council on yours and Noah's behalf. Plus, she has agreed to join our household. She insists on helping out around the house for some strange reason. She won't listen to us."

"I appreciate the offer," Wanda chuckled, "but old habits die hard. Also, everyone has to chip in somehow for a household to work. I'm just grateful to be here close to my little Noah. Oh, I mean no disrespect, Remus. It's just I've cared for him since he was a wee

babe. I've watched him grow into the man he is now. I was happy he finally got away, after all the years I tried to convince him to sneak out. Noah just wouldn't listen to me."

"Because everyone would have known you were the one who let me go," Noah replied, racing into the kitchen towards Wanda. Remus watched as his mate wrapped his arms lovingly around the woman, kissing her head. "I couldn't leave you there to deal with my father's fury after you helped me escape. I found a way out, Wanda, my love."

"Yes, but the demons got you," she said, sniffing. "I told your father, but he wouldn't do anything about it. He forbade us to speak of it, but one of the men finally got a message to his daughter. She took it to the warriors, but I guess by that time they knew about the demons' nest. They just didn't know you were in there, too."

"I'm fine, Wanda. Really, it wasn't that bad," Noah replied, smiling, lying through his teeth. Remus didn't say anything because he could see the love Noah had for Wanda and how distressed she was that the demons had captured Noah. "It led me to my big, strong, warrior mate."

"Hey, little brother," Dillon said as Noah walked into his arms. "How are you holding up, kiddo?"

"I'm okay. I'll be better when all this council bull is behind us," Noah replied after their hug. His little mate walked right over to Remus and kissed him on the lips before hopping into Remus' lap. It was perfect. He couldn't get over how cuddly and loveable his little mate was. It always made his heart feel warm.

"Good morning, baby," he said, kissing Noah on the cheek. "I'm sorry I left you alone, but you looked so peaceful. I didn't have the heart to wake you up. When I realized we slept the rest of yesterday away into this morning, I figured I should get down here and see what's up."

"It's okay, just don't go making a habit of it," Noah pouted. "I think I'll figure out a way to punish you later."

Remus just chuckled as he pulled Noah closer against his chest. His little fire cracker of a mate kept him on his toes, that's for sure. He didn't miss his mate's double meaning on his idea of punishment. Remus wasn't sure why the idea of Noah spanking him was turning him on, but his hard-on was obvious. He had to stifle a groan when Noah realized he was hard and started squirming on his lap, torturing him.

"So, Wanda," Remus said, trying to focus on the conversation. "You don't have a problem against speaking on our behalf, telling the council everything Wrath has been up to?"

"No, not in the slightest," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "The man is horrible. Look at the way he's treated Noah all these years. Now he wants to have Noah's mate killed just so a Dragos isn't gay? Even though he could care less if that son were dead? Wrath is a hypocrite, caring more about his image than the people he's supposed to love. Isaacge was a good boy growing up, but he's spent too much time around his father. Now he's just like him."

"Wanda's right," Dillon threw in. "My older brother was good once. But being Wrath's heir, he spent most of his life around my father's twisted mind. I was spared most of it because I was second born. I might as well have been invisible. But still, I was born a warrior, so I had some worth in the eyes of Wrath. Whereas poor Noah, who wasn't a warrior, was always completely expendable to my father."

"Wrath has supporters on the council," his father said, taking a sip of his coffee. "But after he hears from two of his sons and someone who's been a loyal employee for centuries, I'm sure that support will end. I've known your father for a long time. I always knew he was a bastard and a bigot. But even I had no idea how far his demented beliefs would take him."

"Thank you," Noah said quietly. Most of his body was buried in Remus'. "I appreciate the support you are all giving me."

“You have people who love you, baby,” Remus told him, holding him closer. “I think I need to make sure my mate gets some rest before the big day tomorrow.”

Everyone nodded, understanding he needed some alone time with Noah. Carrying him out of the kitchen and to their rooms, he realized Noah was sniffling. Remus sat down on their bed, holding him close, rubbing his back and kissing his head.

“You okay, Noah?” he asked softly when the tears tampered down to sniffles.

“Yeah,” Noah croaked out, his voice rough from crying. “I just didn’t expect the help. I mean I hoped, but to see them here just means the world to me.”

“I know,” Remus replied, gently pressing his lips to his mate’s. Noah let out a soft moan and melted into him. It drove Remus wild with need when his mate moved at his touch like that. Forgoing the unpacking of the boxes that had arrived to their room, Remus picked up his mate and started removing his clothes.

“I need you, Remus,” Noah said, looking up at him. “I need to feel you.”

“Me too, baby,” Remus replied, starting on his clothes when Noah was naked. He could stare at his gorgeous mate for the rest of his life. “I need to be inside you.”

“Yes please,” Noah moaned, climbing on the bed, positioning himself on his hands and knees. “I want you in my ass.”

Remus groaned and lost the rest of his clothes. He grabbed the lube before attacking his mate and rolling Noah underneath him. Remus needed to see Noah’s face as he took him. He spread Noah’s legs as he quickly poured lube on his fingers. He felt his mate shudder as he slipped one finger in his tight little hole.

“You like that, don’t you, baby?” he asked, lowering his voice. “You like me to play with this perfect little ass.”

“Yes,” Noah hissed as he slipped in a second finger. “I’m ready, now.”

“Not yet. I have to get you opened up for me,” Remus replied, scissoring his fingers as he leaned over and sucked on Noah’s nipple. He sat back and watched in amazement as Noah cried out and his cock erupted. Loving the sight of his mate’s sweet cream shooting out of his cock, he slipped in a third finger. Remus was desperate to get into Noah, especially when he looked up at Remus with glazed over, lust filled eyes.

“Please, my mate, fuck me,” Noah moaned, humping Remus’ fingers. “I want you, I need your cock in my ass.” Remus couldn’t take it anymore. Quickly pulling out his fingers, he replaced them with his hard cock. He bottomed out in one hard thrust, making both of them groan at the feeling.

“Fuck, you’re so tight, baby,” he grunted as he started a fast and hard pace. “You’re ass was made for me, Noah. Perfect fit for my big cock, isn’t it?”

Remus loved how Noah moaned and squirmed at his dirty talk. His little mate had a kinky side that he planned on exploring for the rest of their lives. Noah wrapped his legs and arms around him, letting Remus control every movement. Tilting his head, Noah gave his complete surrender to Remus, who let out a growl before licking his mating mark on Noah. When Remus realized he was on the verge of his climax, he changed the angle of his hips.

“Yes, Remus, yes,” Noah cried out as he hit his little mate’s sweet spot with every thrust. Remus struck hard and fast, just like their sex. Sinking his fangs into Noah’s neck, groaning as the sweet taste of his mate’s blood hit his tongue. His little mate cried out his release moments before Remus reached his own. Noah’s muscles massaging his cock was all it took to send him over the edge.

Raising his head, Remus roared out his orgasm, thrusting into Noah the last few times. He collapsed on his mate, wrapping his body protectively around him. They lay there in silence, just enjoying the afterglow of the sex.

“I love you, Remus,” Noah whispered.

"I love you too, baby," he answered, before rolling over to reach for some wipes to clean them both up.

That's how they spent the rest of the day—in each other's arms, resting, loving on each other, comforting each other like mates should. Remus loved every intimate minute of it. They needed to feel each other as much as possible, before they had to face tomorrow. Feeling Noah and he were on the same page, as a unit, they finally drifted to sleep.

* * * *

The next morning, Remus watched his little mate panic. Noah must have tried on six different outfits, not sure how to present himself to the council. He would get settled down, then have to start moving again.

"Noah, baby," Remus soothed, pulling his mate onto his lap. "You have to calm down. We're going to talk to the council, not invade a foreign country. All we have to do is go and tell the truth. We'll be fine."

"It's not that simple," Noah whined. "We're going against my father. You don't know how that man likes to get his way. He'll do anything to see that he wins. Wrath's already had you shot. What are we going to have to deal with today? Will we walk away this time?"

"Yes, we'll walk away," he said rubbing Noah's back. "And will walk away together, just fine. Yes, we're facing Wrath, and that sucks. But we have my family, Dillon, and Wanda on our side. That's a lot of people against one man, whom lots of people now know is quite nuts."

"What if it's not enough?" Noah whispered against his neck.

"It is, Noah," Remus answered. "I'm sure that these crazy charges were only brought up because your father is on the council. Once we tell our side, the council will be all too happy to dismiss them."

“How can you be so fucking calm?” Noah shouted, hopping off his lap. “You’re facing death charges, Remus. You could die today! I brought all this shit into your life because you got stuck with me as a mate.”

“Enough,” Remus growled, standing. “I’m honored fate chose you as my mate. I love you, Noah. I didn’t get *stuck* with you and all this shit, you are more than worth it. I understand you’re scared and upset, but I don’t ever want to hear you say I was stuck with you. Don’t make it like I don’t want you, because I do.”

“I know,” Noah answered, taking a few deep breaths. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. I can’t lose you, Remus.”

“You won’t, Noah,” he replied, pulling Noah into his arms. “I’m not going anywhere, and neither are you. One thing at a time today, okay? Let’s go get some breakfast and talk with everyone. It will help you calm down.”

“Sure it will,” Noah said, rolling his eyes. “Let’s go see everyone whose lives I’m disrupting. That should really calm me down.”

Remus tried not to laugh at his sarcastic little mate. Noah was really upset, and with reason. But he was just so cute when he was all riled up like this. They left their rooms and headed down the hallway to the stairs. They started to hear voices downstairs. Grabbing Noah’s hand and giving it a squeeze, they descended the stairs.

“Oh, Micah, I’m so happy for you,” his mother said as they entered the kitchen. “That is wonderful news!”

“Congratulations, Riley,” his father threw in, hugging Riley. “May Hannah be in the best of health.”

“What’s going on?” Remus asked, seeing everyone was so excited. “Who’s Hannah?”

“The surrogate Mother found for us,” Micah answered, wrapping his arms around Riley. “We just found out she’s pregnant! Riley inseminated her last week, and it took the first try. We’re going to have a baby!”

“Oh, brothers,” Remus said rushing forward to hug them both. “Blessings on your babe and on the mother to carry it safely.”

“Thank you,” Riley replied, tears filling his eyes. “It means a lot to have everyone’s support.”

“Support? So you’re gay, you can still have a family,” Marian said, smacking Riley upside the head. “This is a glorious day for our family. Of course you’d have nothing but blessings and joy thrown upon you.”

“Except for me ruining it,” Noah said quietly before racing from the room.

“Remus, I’m so sorry,” Micah said, “we should have waited to tell everyone until after the hearing. I just couldn’t hold it in.”

“Nonsense,” he answered. “On a day like today, joyous news is especially welcome. Noah’s just... well, you can imagine where his mind is. We’ll be right back.”

Remus raced after Noah, worried about his little mate. He found him sitting on the base of the stairs crying. Sitting down, he cradled Noah to his chest without saying a word. His little mate needed to get this out of his system. All Remus could do was be there for him.

“Better, baby?” he asked when the tears slowed down.

“I’m so sorry I ruined your brother’s news,” Noah answered. “I’ve messed up everything.”

“No you didn’t, Noah,” Remus replied, kissing his cheek. “You’ve not ruined a single thing. I think this is wonderful news, even during this chaos we are sitting in. It’s a reminder of what we are going to fight for—our future. That could be us one day, announcing we are going to have a baby. Think of it, a baby of our own. Wouldn’t that be the exciting?”

“Yes. I’d like to have a baby that looked like you,” Noah said, looking up at him. “Maybe a little girl amongst all these men. If we had a daughter, she’d have her uncles wrapped around her little finger.”

“See, you didn’t ruin anything,” he replied, kissing Noah’s lips softly this time. “Life goes on. It doesn’t stop because of your father starting bullshit. Let’s go back in there and join the celebration, okay?”

“You’re right, Remus,” Noah said standing, wiping his face. “What would I ever do without you?”

“Never going to happen, baby,” he chuckled. “You’ll never know, because I’ll always be where I’m supposed to be, right at your side.”

“I’m thankful for that!” Noah giggled as they walked back into the kitchen.

“Sorry, Noah,” Riley said, coming over to hug his mate. “We should have waited to tell everyone.”

“No, I’m so happy for you both,” Noah replied, hugging Riley back. “I just felt my being here put a damper on everything. Remus showed me I was just being emotional. I think you can understand, my head is all over the place. I wish many blessings upon your child. I look forward to spoiling my niece or nephew.”

“Thank you, Noah,” Micah replied, hugging both Noah and Riley. “That means a lot to us.”

“Noah and I were just saying how great it would be to have a little girl of our own one day,” Remus said, joining the group hug. “All these big strong uncles to run around at her every request.”

“A girl would be welcomed in this house,” his mother said, joining them. “I think you and Noah would be wonderful parents.”

“Did we interrupt something?” Dillon asked as he and Wanda walked into the kitchen. “We can come back.”

“Nonsense,” his father answered, “we were just celebrating. Micah and Riley’s surrogate found out she’s pregnant with their child.”

“A baby,” Wanda gasped, “what a wonderful addition to the family. I’ve not been around a wee babe since Noah was born.”

“That puts you ahead of all of us,” his mother chuckled. “We’ve not had a baby in the house since Damian, and that was seventy five years ago.”

“Wait until you see all the new inventions they have come out with for the wee little ones since,” Wanda said hugging his mother. “Disposable diapers, baby monitors, and all sorts of useful gadgets, and toys. Lord, the toys they have now for babes. The clothes are more colorful, too. What fun we will have with a baby in this house. Micah, Riley, I give a million blessings for your news.”

“May your child be in good health,” Dillon added, shaking Micah and Riley’s hands. “It is wonderful news.”

“Thank you all so much,” Riley replied, smiling widely. Both he and Micah looked like the proudest parents in the world at that moment.

“I do hate to break up the celebration,” his father said, wincing, “but it’s time to go.”

“Yes, of course,” Micah replied, “but when this is over we will have more to celebrate -- Noah and Remus free from Wrath’s crazy plot. Father, I hope you have enough cigars for both occasions.”

“Which you will be smoking outside,” his mother answered chuckling. “I hate those things in the house.”

They all laughed and talked about the celebration ahead as they walked out of the house towards the cars. Remus held Noah’s hand tightly, feeling his mate’s distress. He wanted to kiss each of his family members for their ease of handling the situation.

Remus himself felt calmer, knowing his parents in particular saw the council meeting as nothing more than an annoyance. Hoping that was all it was going to be, they loaded up in several cars and left.

The council had a building used for gatherings of all kinds on the warrior compound land. It helped that the council were close most times to the warriors in case any situations arose. Remus sent up a small prayer that today would have a favorable outcome before sitting back and putting his arm around his mate’s shoulders.

Chapter 8

Noah had never before seen the inside of the council building. It looked very much like the large, old-time courthouses he'd seen in pictures. He was grateful that Remus never let go of his hand as they got out of the car and headed towards the entrance.

Hoping he was worrying over nothing, Noah gathered up all his courage and headed in. None of Remus' family seemed to think this hearing was more than a desperate attempt for his father to save face.

Abraham was the first person he saw upon entering the courtroom. His father was tall even for a warrior, but over the years Noah had gotten good at being able to tell where his father was. That way he always knew how to stay away from. Today, however, he would be facing off against his father.

"Dillon, Wanda. Good, you're here," Abraham said, walking over to them and ignoring everyone else. "We should be starting shortly. I need you both to sit over by Isaac."

"We sitting by Noah, Father," Dillon said, pulling Wanda behind him. "What led you to think we would be on your side of this bullshit?"

"Because you are my son," his father growled, "and she is my employee. She will do what I tell her to, when I tell her to."

"I quit," Wanda said, peeking out around Dillon. "I only stayed working for a cruel employer like you to take care of Noah. Now that he's free from you, I am staying with him."

"Listen here, you little bitch," Wrath hissed, "you will do what you're told or you won't ever find employment anywhere again."

“Not to worry, Abraham,” Desmond sneered, “Wanda has been like a mother to Noah. We invited her to live at our home as family.”

“You’re inviting servants into your home now, Marius?” Abraham snorted. “Letting fags live under your roof wasn’t enough? Now you have lower class citizen amongst your household? You really are a disgrace to your race.”

“Abraham Dragos,” a council member said loudly before anyone could respond to what his father said. “The council is ready to hear your claims. This hearing is being held by the most sacred body of our kind. Let all who speak, speak only the truth. For speaking anything else to this council is to seek punishment from this body.”

“I, Wrath Dragos, herby charge Desmond, Remus, and Victor Marius for false retribution against my son, Isaac Dragos,” his father said loudly. “I also charge Remus Marius for forced mating with my son, Noah Dragos.”

“How do you plead, Marius?” the council member asked Desmond.

“The accusations are false, councilman,” Desmond answered. “We have witnesses including, Noah Dragos, Dillon Dragos, and Wanda Jennings, who was in Abraham Dragos’ employment for centuries.”

“Very well. This council will hear from Noah Dragos first,” the councilman said. “Since these charges involve you, Noah, please step forward.”

Remus gave his hand one last squeeze before he walked up to face the thirteen council members. Normally there were fifteen, but with Desmond and his father involved in the hearing, that left only thirteen.

“Noah Dragos, what say you to these charges?” one of the council members asked.

“They are false, sir,” he replied, clearing his throat. “I met my mate, Remus Marius, when I awoke in the hospital after being rescued from the demons. I knew instantly, much to my father’s disgust, that Remus was my mate. At no time did Remus force his mating marks

on me. I asked for them. I am not able to claim him in the same way, though.”

“And why would that be?” the same council member asked.

“My brother, Isaac Dragos, and his friend Zane,” he answered, fidgeting nervously, “kidnapped me from the home of my mate, Remus Dragos. They drugged me so that I couldn’t control my fangs, took me to the Dragos compound, and pulled out my fangs.” He opened his mouth and showed every council member his still-swollen gums and the sores where his fangs should have been.

“Isaac explained to me that my father, Abraham Dragos, wanted me dead—” he continued only to be interrupted.

“That’s a lie,” his father shouted out, “they’ve drugged him and brainwashed him. Isaac took Noah for his own protection.”

“And pulling out my fangs, Father?” Noah asked. “What did that have to do with anything?”

“That too was for your own protection,” Abraham answered. “We knew there were too many Mariuses for us to keep you safe, so Isaac and I decided if your fangs were pulled you couldn’t mate to Remus. You can’t be mated to a man, Noah. They drugged you and tricked you.”

“That’s a lie, Father,” he hissed. “Isaac told me he was punishing me for being gay, for smearing the glorious Dragos name. He said you wanted to hire someone to kill me, but he thought if he punished me in such a way, you’d call off the hit.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” his father scoffed. “Isaac drugged you so you wouldn’t feel the pain. There’s no way you could tell what was really going on.”

“The drugs didn’t take away the pain,” he yelled back. “I screamed until I blacked out, it hurt so badly. Months being a prisoner of demons was nothing compared to the pain my own brother caused me. The Mariuses have not been drugging me. I knew Remus was my mate before they did. You just don’t want a fag for a son!”

“I can attest to this as well,” Dillon said, stepping up. “My name is Dillon Dragos, and I arrived just as my brother Isaac pulled out Noah’s second fang. Noah felt it. We could hear his screams as we approached where my brother and Zane took him. I led the Marius family onto the Dragos estate to help me rescue Noah from Isaac. Remus Marius loves my brother, Noah, and I can confirm that Noah has not been under the influence of any other drugs besides what Isaac gave him.”

“That’s not true, Riley drugged him in the hospital,” Wrath replied. “Ask him.”

“Dr. Johnson, please come forward,” the council member said, looking confused.

“Council members,” Riley answered, standing before them. “I did give Noah pain killers upon his arrival to my hospital. I also had to place him on a breathing machine to keep him alive. Isaac and Dillon Dragos stumbled upon their brother while helping the survivors. I heard them both say they had no idea that Noah had been taken. That their father had told them Noah was studying abroad.

“Furthermore, when Abraham did arrive at the hospital he ordered me to take Noah off the machines and give him no more aid.” Riley paused as some of the council members gasped and whispered to each other before continuing. “He stated that if Noah was meant to live, he would have to prove he was strong enough to survive without aid. When I informed Abraham that I was licensed as a human doctor and thus held to their laws, Abraham told me that that was bullshit and that he didn’t believe in healers, not to mention one who was a fag.”

“Who was there at the time, Dr. Johnson?” a different council member asked.

“Myself, my mate, Micah Marius,” Riley answered, looking like he was trying to remember. “Desmond, Elena, Remus, and Victor Marius, I know for sure. There was a lot of commotion that day. Unfortunately my main focus was not on that conversation, but

keeping alive twelve members of our race. Abraham, Dillon, and Isaac Dragos were there as well.”

“Can all those who Dr. Johnson stated attest to this conversation?” the councilman asked.

Everyone went around and stated their agreement, even Isaac, before he realized what he just agreed to. His father grabbed him and denied the claim.

“Alright, so we’ve confirmed Dr. Johnson’s statements,” the council decreed. “Abraham Dragos, were you aware that your son, Noah was taken by the demons?”

“No, I had no knowledge that Noah was taken at that time,” Abraham answered calmly, lying through his teeth.

“That’s a lie,” Wanda said, standing.

“And your name, ma’am?” the councilman asked.

“Wanda Jennings, sir,” she answered, coming forward. “I informed Abraham Dragos myself that Noah was taken when he tried to escape the Dragos compound.”

“What do you mean, escape the compound? Please elaborate, Ms. Jennings.” another council member asked.

“Abraham Dragos forbid his son, Noah, to ever leave the estate,” Wanda informed them. “Since the day that boy was born, his father has not cared one ounce for him. Noah’s poor mother died during child birth. Abraham was devastated. He ignored the boy completely, blaming Noah for his mother’s death. I took it upon myself to care for Noah. His father just left him on the birthing table and walked away.

“Ever since then, Noah has lived at the staff house with the servants,” she continued. “He stayed far away from his father, who hated his son even more when it was clear he would not be big enough to be a warrior. Noah had come up with a plan to finally escape the compound. The guards were told never to let him off the property. Unfortunately Noah was captured by the demons after getting off the property. I informed Abraham immediately.”

“What did Abraham Dragos do about it?” the councilman asked, disgust written all over his face.

“Nothing, sir,” Wanda replied, tearing up. “He ordered me and the entire staff never to say a word about it. Some of us tried to inform the warriors but were thwarted and reprimanded. His sons didn’t even know he was taken. Abraham would not discuss it. Furthermore, I can tell you Noah has never been abroad or studied anywhere but the staff house.”

Noah watched the whole scene unfold, the veins in his father’s throat bulging. He cringed when the council man turned back to him. “Can you confirm what Mr. Jennings has said?”

“I can, except for the part of my birth,” he answered. “And what happened after I was taken. I didn’t know Wanda had informed my father and that he didn’t care until I talked to her again.”

“After the hospital, tell us what happened,” the councilman asked.

“I went with the Mariuses to their home,” Noah explained. “Two days later I was abducted by my brother and he pulled my fangs out. Remus, his brothers, and my brother Dillon rescued me and exacted retribution on my behalf.”

“You were a witness?” the councilman asked. “You saw the retribution take place?”

“I awoke in the middle of it,” Noah replied. “I saw what was done on my behalf, not the process.”

“What was the retribution?” the councilman retorted, smirking. Everyone had heard about the retribution done to Isaac and Zane.

“Victor Marius tattooed Isaac and Zane,” he said, trying not to laugh. “Since they saw it, as I did, as a gay hate crime, he tattooed their lower backs. He wrote, *Fuck Me Here* with arrows pointing to their asses. They chained them together naked and left them on the front lawn of the warrior house for all to see.”

“At any point did Desmond Marius participate in this retribution?”

“No, sir,” Noah answered. “Victor did the tattooing, Dillon and my mate’s other brothers chained them and took them to the warrior

compound. Remus was busy taking care of me, along with Dr. Johnson, who gave me something for the pain.”

“Did your father, Abraham Dragos, appear at any time?” the councilman asked.

“Yes, sir,” he smirked, “Abraham arrived once the retribution was done and Isaac and Zane were trying to undo the chains. He never asked if I was alright, didn’t even acknowledge me. He said Isaac’s punishment did not fit the crime, that tattoos are permanent. Remus informed him that so might be the removal of my fangs. We’re not sure they will grow back.

“My father screamed that he would seek retribution for what was done to my brother. Remus and Desmond informed him retribution can’t be sought for retribution, which is why we’re here today. After Abraham went over to release Isaac and Zane, we left. I have not seen or heard from him until today. We received the council summons last night.”

“Remus Marius, your brother performed the retribution on your behalf?”

“Yes, sir,” his mate answered. “I wanted to cut off both their dicks. My brother, Victor said he had another idea in mind. Something that would publically humiliate them, without mutilating them like they did to my mate. Since I was seeing red with rage and was having trouble not murdering them both, I deferred to his judgment.”

“Noah Dragos, did Remus Marius force your mating?” the councilman asked, looking almost sickened at what was before him. “If you could, would you claim Remus Marius?”

“Remus did not force me,” Noah replied, his voice firm. “I asked to be claimed, and I would claim Remus in a second if I were able to.”

“That’s all we needed to hear.” The councilman looked around to the other council members, holding a silent discussion. “We will deliberate and come back with our finding.”

“Wait,” Abraham replied heatedly, “I’ve not had the chance to counter their lies.”

“We’ve heard enough of *your* lies, Abraham,” the councilman responded. “We all know that you think men shouldn’t be mated, you don’t hide that. You actively try to persuade others of it. I personally have been over to your home several times and I’ve never met Noah. I’ve never heard you ever speak of him. I think we all know how you feel about him. We’re going to deliberate.”

They didn’t give his father a chance to say anything else. The council members stood and walked out of the room, leaving everyone else to wait. Noah hopped from one foot to the other, anxious about their decision. It seemed like the council members were on their side, but what if they really weren’t?

“It’s okay, baby,” Remus said, wrapping his arms around him from behind. “You heard what they said to your father. There’s no way they are going to side with him after all we told them.”

“I hope so,” he whispered back, not feeling as secure. “I wouldn’t be able to live if something happened to you because of me, or Abraham.”

“You’ll see,” his mate chuckled. “Give them a few minutes, they’ll come back out and tell Abraham to go to hell. Then we’ll go home and celebrate.”

Noah caught his double meaning as Remus pushed his growing erection into his back. He stifled a groan at the idea of Remus being inside him soon. Looking around, he saw the Marius family joking and laughing with one another. They were completely calm. Apparently everyone else believed the council was going to vote in their favor as well.

He glanced over to Wrath and Isaac, who were in a heated debate, hissing at each other and waving their arms. It seemed they knew which way the council was leaning as well. Noah let out a sigh and calmed his racing heart.

Just then, the back door opened and the council filed back in.

So much for calming my heart rate, he thought.

Everyone came to attention and took their designated spots.

"This council finds all claims false," one of the council members said. "Furthermore, we find that Abraham Dragos must be removed from the council, given his false accusations."

Noah's jaw dropped. He never expected anything like that to happen. He saw Abraham lunging at him out of the corner of his eye. Noah had just enough time to turn away, taking what would have been a definite killing blow to his back instead.

"You little shit, I should have killed you when I had the chance," Abraham snarled before Remus struck him in the face. While his father's claws hit his back instead of his front, his neck and shoulder were torn to shreds. He dropped to his knees before hitting the floor face down.

"Noah, stay with me," Riley said as he put something on his back. "We need to get him to the hospital now."

He was vaguely aware of people lifting him, and Riley still talking to him. The doctor was urging him to stay conscious. Noah tried his best to hold on. After what felt like forever, he was laid face down on a cold metal table. He could see enough to know that he was in the hospital.

"Remus?" he asked. "Is he okay?"

"I'm fine, baby," Remus said, bending down to come into his view. "Don't worry about me, okay? We're both just fine. Riley's going to patch you up and then we're going to go home."

"Sounds good," Noah replied before Riley did something to his back that caused him to cry out.

"I just gave you a shot," Riley explained. "I know it hurt, but it will numb the area so I can work. It's not that bad, Noah, I swear. A few days and you'll be back to normal."

"No offense, doc," he rasped out, "but I'm sick of this place."

"I can understand that," Riley chuckled, "after all of this, I don't want to see you in here for at least a year."

“I think we should make it at least five,” Remus said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. “Baby, do you want to drink from me?”

“Later,” he whispered, suddenly feeling sleepy. “I love you, Remus.”

“I love you too, Noah,” his mate said, never letting go of his hand. “We need to start planning what we want to do to celebrate the downfall of Abraham and your freedom from him.”

Noah thought about that. He didn’t really want to celebrate. He just wanted it to be over, and have his fangs grow back. He wanted to spend long stress-free days with his mate and write. Realizing that’s how he felt, he finally replied, “No celebration. Not something I want to celebrate, just want to get on with our lives and leave it in the past.”

“I think that’s very wise, son,” Desmond said, kneeling down into view. “Do you want to hear the rest of the council’s ruling while Riley’s patching you up?”

“Sure,” Noah replied, trying to stay conscious, “what did they say?”

“Abraham was removed from the council,” Desmond said, kindness in his eyes. “The claims were deemed false, all of which you heard. What you didn’t hear was that your father and Isaac have both been banned from contacting you or being around you. Your father also has to pay reparations, in the amount of thirty million dollars.”

“Thirty what?” he spat out, trying to wrap his head around the figure. Noah heard Remus let out a whistle and squeeze his hand.

“Thirty million, Noah,” Desmond chuckled, “the council believes that will help for all the years your father kept you a prisoner. You and Remus have more than enough, of course, but it’s yours to do whatever you want with. At least it’s all over now.”

“It’s all over, baby,” Remus said, leaning down to whisper in his ear. “We can live our lives now.”

“Yes we can,” he replied against his mate’s lips.

Chapter 9

Remus woke up, his mate snuggled in his arms. He loved this feeling, knowing Noah would be there next to him every morning. In the month since the council meeting, life had been like a dream. He spent his days at the warrior compound training new warriors as needed, while Noah was home writing. At night they spent their time together showing their love.

Knowing his little mate was still asleep, Remus grabbed the lube off of the night stand. He poured some on his fingers and gently parted Noah's legs. Noah moaned and squirmed in his sleep as he worked lube around his mate's little puckered hole. Sliding a finger in, Noah, still sleeping, cried out in pleasure.

Remus chuckled to himself as his mate moved his hips in his sleep. Adding a second finger in, Remus started to scissor them back and forth. It wasn't until he curled his fingers and started rubbing them against Noah's sweet spot did his mate's eyes pop open.

"Remus," Noah moaned, moving his hips faster, "fuck me, Remus."

"Anything you want, baby," he replied, slipping in a third finger as he leaned over for a kiss. "You want my big cock in your tight little ass, Noah?"

"Yes," his mate hissed grabbing onto Remus' arms. "I need you inside me."

"Maybe I just like doing this to you."

"No, please Remus." Noah groaned but kept his gaze on Remus. "Please fuck me, please. I'll do anything you want, just take my ass."

"You know how your dirty little mouth makes me," he answered, pulling his fingers free. Remus lined up his hard cock and slid inside his mate in one thrust. "So perfect for me, so fucking tight, you drive me crazy, Noah."

"It's all yours," Noah panted in between the fast pace Remus set. "Only yours, only you have been in my ass."

Remus' control snapped after that. Noah knew what he was doing to his mate. He always went nuts at the idea that he had been the only one Noah had ever been with.

"Mine, only mine," he grunted as he pounded into his mate faster. "All mine, you, Noah are all mine. This ass is mine. Your heart is mine."

"Yes, Remus," Noah replied, the muscles in his ass starting to squeeze Remus' cock. He knew his little mate was getting close, especially when Noah tilted his head to the side. Remus struck hard, sinking his fang's into the side of Noah's neck. His mate's sweet blood filled his mouth as he groaned. A moment later, he felt fangs in the side of his neck claiming him. Fangs?

"Noah?" Remus whispered lifting his head, "your fangs?"

"Oh Remus," Noah answered, wide-eyed as he disengaged from Remus throat. "They're growing back!"

"Baby, you know what this means?"

"I can claim you too!" Noah cried out for joy. "My fangs are re-growing."

"Let me see," Remus answered, wanting to see for himself. Noah opened his mouth and Remus felt the tears in his eyes as he saw his mate's small fangs. "You have fangs again, Noah."

"I can't believe it," Noah replied, tears rolling down the sides of his face. "They're really coming back."

"Noah, you're amazing," he said, holding Noah's face between his hands before kissing him. "Claim me as we come, baby."

“Yes. I can finally claim my mate,” Noah answered as Remus picked up where they left off. As he pounded into his mate with joy, Remus tilted his head to the side, loving the feel of Noah’s fangs.

“I love you, Noah,” he cried out as came, his hot seed spurting into his mate. That was enough for his baby to come as well. Noah cried out his name as Remus felt the space between them fill with his mate’s cum.

“I love you too, Remus,” Noah said as they tried to catch their breath. “You make me so happy.”

“That’s how it should be, my love,” he answered, wrapping his entire body around Noah. Remus couldn’t stop smiling over their discovery as he kissed Noah’s hair. Yes, he thought to himself, this is exactly how it should be.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she went left for college. Though she has a great life, she loves to get lost in fantasy that only books could bring. She kept writing, short stories, romance, mystical, and of course adding in hot cowboys any chance she could. Her wide interest in reading was reflected in her writings. Currently Joyee lives with her dog, Marius, named after a vampire from Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire* series. She dreams of one day living out in Montana, enough land to have a few horses, and find a couple of cowboys of her own.

A lover of men, Joyee's all about them in any form in her books. Vampire, werewolf, military, doesn't matter at all as long as they are hot, hard, and sex fiends!

Also by Joyee Flynn

North American Dragon Series 1: *Dragon Mine*
Marius Brothers 1: *Micah*

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