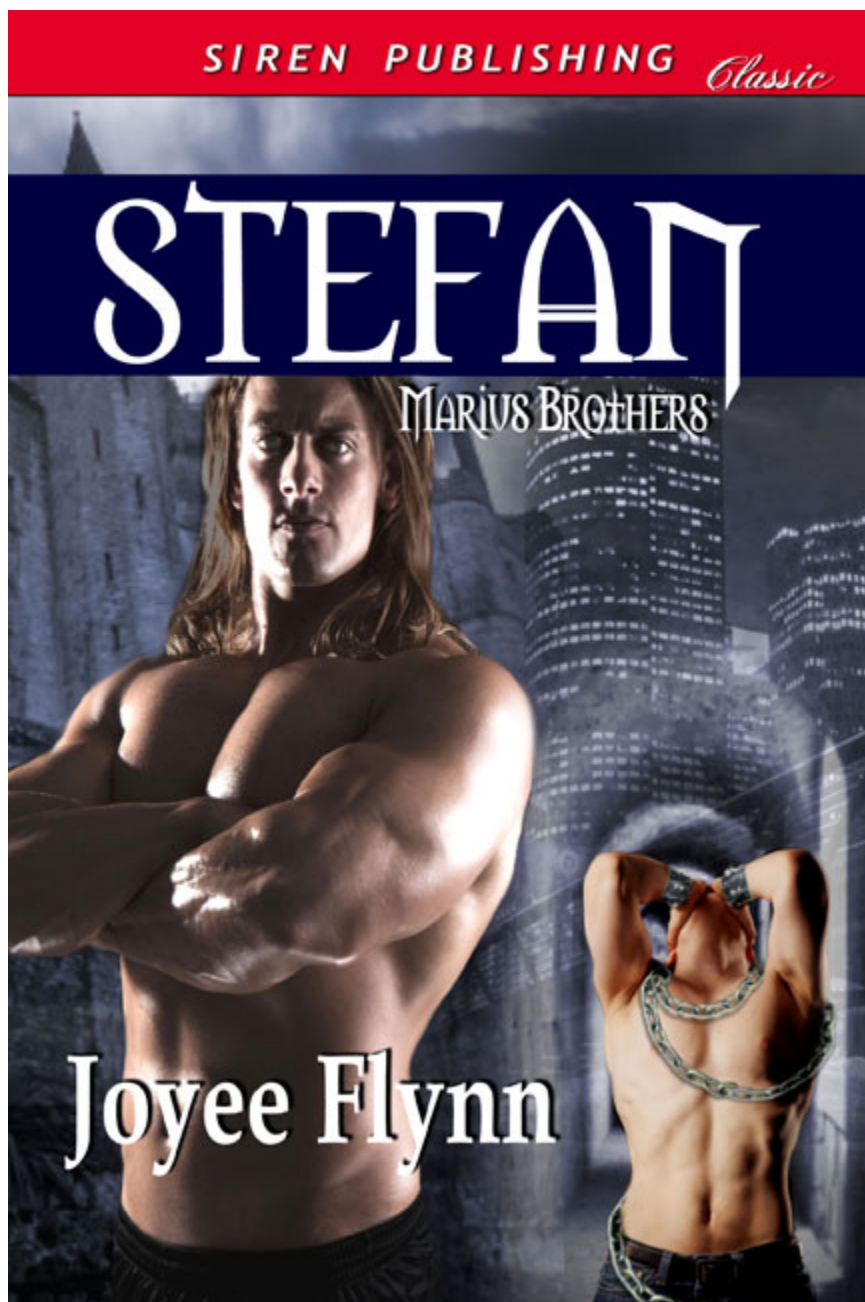


SIREN PUBLISHING *Classic*

STEFAN

MARIUS BROTHERS

Joyee Flynn



The Marius Brothers 3

Stefan

Stefan Marius learned early on that his desire for men was not only frowned upon, but forbidden, so he hid it from everyone until he believed it himself. When his brothers both find male mates and receive the full support of their family, Stefan begins to question what he knows.

Deciding that he needs time away to come to terms with himself, Stefan takes a road trip. Along the way, he checks out the gay scene looking for answers. But Stefan never thought he'd find his mate, Patrick, inside of a gay club. He certainly didn't think he'd find the man chained down to a table performing public sex acts against his will. Stefan could care less that Patrick is trapped in a situation not of his own making or that the sadistic man holding him hostage will want him back. Stefan just knows he has to rescue his mate.

Genre: Alternative (M/M or F/F), Paranormal,
Vampires/Werewolves

Length: 37,238 words

STEFAN

The Marius Brothers 3

Joyce Flynn

EROTIC ROMANCE



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STEFAN

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DEDICATION

To Alison: Thank you for always being there for me as an author, person, and newbie. I've never known anyone as patient and always willing to help out as you are. You are the best part of the behind the scenes process with Siren!!

STEFAN

The Marius Brothers 3

JOYEE FLYNN

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Chapter 1

Stefan drove toward New York City. His trip to find himself had led him here. After years of being friends with the Dragos family, thinking all vampires hated gays like they did, he was finally free.

First his brother, Micah, had found his mate, Riley. Thinking his family felt the same way as his friends, Stefan went on the offense, calling Riley a slew of bad names. But then he found out his family had no problem with his brother's mate being a man. On top of that, his younger brother, Remus, admitted he was gay, and everyone in the family knew but him.

Then Remus found his mate, Noah Dragos. And, for the first time, Stefan realized how wrong he had been about the Dragos family, except Noah. Noah's father tried to have him killed for being gay. He didn't want the beloved Dragos name tarnished by having a gay son. Stefan had been so embarrassed that he had ever thought something had been wrong with being gay.

For Stefan, most of it stemmed from the fact he had always been attracted to men. When he was young and naïve, he had been over by the Dragoses' house and listened to Abraham Dragos rant about a fellow vampire being gay. What did Stefan know? Abraham Dragos was a legendary warrior, a member of the vampire council, and the

head of a founding family. Stefan had been a confused kid believing in the prattle of his friends and their dad.

So for centuries, he hid his attraction to men, assuming all his kind despised those who were gay. Until Riley came into their lives, and Stefan realized he was the only one in the family saying the bigoted bullshit. It had rocked him to his very core. Plus, he really liked Riley. The guy was cool as hell! They worked together closely when they were designing new ammunition to help kill the demons.

Riley had been a huge help in Stefan starting to listen to himself, instead of to others. They had a lot of long talks, and Stefan told Riley what had happened when he was younger. Riley was really nice about the whole thing, explaining to Stefan, “You only know what you know.” If all he’d ever heard about being gay was from bigots, it was understandable Stefan would think everyone thought that way.

But Stefan was an adult. He could think for himself. That was the part he missed along the way. He had been so afraid of anyone finding out he liked men, he was never willing to bring up the issue. Stefan hid in the closet so deeply he built a wall of hate and condemnation around him.

That part of his life was over now. Now he was going to decide for himself how he felt about issues. And to start with, he didn’t think there was anything wrong with being gay. He was gay, even if he’d never been with a man. So, Stefan had decided to take some time to do some traveling while he embraced who he truly was. He had done some research and found some places where human gay men went and decided to check it out.

He wasn’t really sure it was the right way to explore being gay, but it was the idea he had. Stefan decided to go with it. Now, he was a few miles outside New York City with a list of gay clubs he wanted to check out. Seeing his exit, he got off the expressway and followed his directions. New York was like nothing he had ever seen.

Yeah, he'd traveled a lot, being a warrior for his race. But demons didn't normally live in larger cities, preferring the outskirts to hide themselves.

Demons were actually vampires once—vampires who decided they didn't want blood to feed. They wanted it for the power, for the kill. Vampires have 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 had not even been drinking directly from humans unless in emergency situations.

Stefan thought about how his family had reacted when he said he was going to take a trip. There was nothing from them besides love and concern. No judgment, no harsh words. How had he ever thought the Dragos family was right? He really wished he had been wise enough to ask his parents about being gay all those years ago. At least his family understood enough to forgive him and show their support, especially his parents.

Desmond and Elena Marius had seven sons, named Victor, Stefan, Gabriel, Micah, Virgil, Remus, and Damian. Marius was a name all vampires knew. It was almost like being royalty in their world. His father had retired from being a warrior a few hundred years ago and had taken 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 they could die. Just not how most of 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, sunlight wasn't their favorite thing. They were quite sensitive to it, but they certainly didn't burst into flames.

Bringing himself back to the present, he pulled his car up to the valet waiting in front of the club. Stefan got out, handing the kid a twenty, and headed to the entrance. From what he'd read about this club, it was an anything-goes kind of place. It seemed to have

members who had varying degrees of kink they liked. He had called ahead and checked that he could get in, even if he wasn't a member.

It seems the owner let so many non-members in each night to check out the club and see if they wanted to become members. Stefan showed his ID to the man at the stand after the club entrance, three security guys surrounding him. Maybe that's the way all human clubs were, having lots of security just in case?

Not sure how long he'd be staying, Stefan declined the offer of a table and headed to the bar. He ordered a rum and Coke, checking out the scenery around the bar while he waited. There were men making out everywhere. That was to be expected at a private club where the alcohol flows freely. Taking his drink and paying the bartender, he decided to walk around.

Stefan almost spit out his drink when he saw a waiter dressed in nothing but a thong and bowtie on his knees giving a customer a blow job. Trying not to stare, he looked away and realized the main part of the club was surrounded by glass that looked into private rooms. In the first room he looked at was a man fucking another man bent over a chair.

"Like what you see so far?" a man asked, coming up to his side.

"I'm not sure, never been to a place like this before," Stefan replied.

"Well let me show you around. I'm Al Pritchard, the owner," the man said, extending his hand.

"Stefan Marius, pleased to meet you," Stefan replied, shaking Al's hand. "I appreciate the invitation to come to your club tonight."

"You're welcome, Stefan," Al said, trying to discreetly give him the once-over. "We get most of our new members from referrals, but sometimes it's nice to bring in outside blood. Keeps the customers happy."

"I understand completely," Stefan replied.

"So I saw you checking out one of our waiters," Al said, grinning. Stefan thought the man's grin reminded him of a shark bearing his

teeth. “The waiters do perform certain services other than fetching drinks, but at their sole discretion. That waiter’s tables are slow enough he can engage in some play, for a monetary fee, of course.”

“Of course,” Stefan replied, shocked it was allowed.

“The rooms you see can be used by club members who like the idea of being watched,” Al continued. “It also provides some additional entertainment for other members. The private rooms upstairs are for our BDSM members and have to be reserved in advance. If they are into being watched or sharing their pets, they leave the doors open. Any questions so far?”

“No, not really,” Stefan answered. “I just want to scout the place out, see if it’s my kind of place.”

“Of course, feel free to peruse to your liking,” Al replied. “All we ask is to respect closed doors. Other than that, as long as both parties are in agreement, anything goes here. What happens here is of the strictest confidence, which we discussed on the phone.”

“Not to worry,” Stefan said, shooting Al his best grin. “I’m not here to find out dirt on anyone, simply to see if this is a place for my pleasure.”

“That’s what we like to hear,” Al said, chuckling. “If you need anything else, or have any questions, just ask the staff and they can find me.”

“I appreciate it,” Stefan replied, nodding before the man walked away. He could still feel Al’s eyes on him, watching him closely. That man gave Stefan the creeps. If he had been a human, he would have walked right back out of the club. He shook off the feeling and decided to keep exploring.

“Hey, hot stuff,” a man said, walking up to him. “You like to top or bottom?”

“What do you think?” Stefan asked with a laugh. He knew he was a large guy, six foot three, two hundred forty pounds, medium-length brown hair, and Kelly green eyes. He understood the difference between a top and a bottom, but the BDSM scene didn’t interest him.

Yeah, maybe a little kink or rough play at times, but the master-pet play just wasn't for him.

"I think you're a top who's dying to be a bottom," the man purred, running his hand over Stefan's hip.

"You'd be wrong," he replied, removing the man's hand. "Excuse me." He walked away, trying not to laugh at the man's approach. While he appreciated people being forward, the man had laid it on a little thick.

Stefan got another drink and continued to look around. There was an impressive dance floor on both levels of the club, and a balcony area ran all the way around the second floor. He headed up that way, deciding he liked the idea of being able to see everything going on at once.

Making his way upstairs, a man smacked him on the ass and told him he wanted to get his cock in Stefan's ass. Stefan politely said "no" and kept walking. After a few more outlandish proposals, he was thinking about leaving. This might be his scene eventually, but for now, he was so new to being gay that this place seemed like diving into the deep end when he couldn't swim.

He had just turned to find the stairs when a raised platform surrounded by tables caught his eye. There was a man chained face-down over a small table. Another man fucked his ass while one fucked his face. This must be one of the performing sex acts he had read about. The two men fucking the one chained down seemed to be having the time of their lives. The man fucking the guy's face grunted, stiffened, pulled out of the man's mouth, and came.

Stefan froze as he saw the face of the man who was chained down. That man did *not* seem to be enjoying himself at all. Now that his mouth was free, he seemed to cry out at every thrust into him as the man behind him smacked his ass hard enough to leave marks. Making his way down the stairs closer to the action, Stefan caught a sweet smell he found enticing.

Once he was standing next to the platform, Stefan was outraged to see the man chained down had tears running down his cheeks. Even more so when Stefan realized that alluring smell was coming from him. *He found his mate, and he was chained down, being fucked by another man!* Stefan tried to remain calm. The man didn't know he was his mate and was free to do as he wished until Stefan claimed him.

He hopped up on the platform in one smooth jump and knelt down in front of the man.

"You're not enjoying this, are you?" he asked his chained-down mate.

"Of course I am," his mate grunted in between thrusts, but his eyes told Stefan he was lying. He walked around to pull the man off his mate just as the man let out a howl and came.

"You want to take a turn, man? He's a hot piece of ass, isn't he?" the man who had just fucked his mate asked, smacking his mate on the ass.

"Yes, yes he is," Stefan replied, every ounce of his control going to not killing the man. "But he's mine now."

Without another word, Stefan broke the chains and slid them off his mate. He took off his coat and wrapped it around the little man, picked him up, and headed toward the door. Stefan heard a few men yelling about it being their turn and cutting in line. If he wasn't so worried about his mate, he would have sliced each of their throats.

Moving quicker than humans can, he made his way through the crowd. When he got to the front door, three security guards moved into his way. Stefan also saw more coming from across the club. He let out a growl, staring down each man, letting his fangs extend slightly. Stefan wanted to scare the shit out of the humans, not reveal what he was.

The security guards moved, seeming confused as to what they were seeing. Just as Stefan heard them getting orders in their earpieces, he took advantage of the distraction and slid by them,

lighting quick. He knew no human or camera would have been able to track his movements. To them it would have seemed like he disappeared. Stefan grabbed his keys off the valet board and didn't even slow down as he raced to his car.

Once at the car, he unlocked it and got his mate settled in the passenger seat. Then he jumped over the car and got in the driver's side. Stefan started the car and hit the gas hard, speeding out of the parking lot and heading to the expressway.

"Are you okay?" Stefan asked.

"You can't take me. I can't leave there," the little man answered. "The master is going to be so pissed. He'll beat me to death if you don't take me back."

"No one's going to beat you, I promise," Stefan answered. "Are you hurt?"

"No more than usual," he whispered. "Are you my new master? Did you take over my debt?"

"Master? Debt?" Stefan asked, confused. "What are you talking about?" When the man didn't answer, and Stefan saw more tears running down his face, he decided to try something else. "I'm Stefan Marius. What's your name?"

"P-Patrick, Patrick H-Hawk," his mate answered.

"Nice to meet you, Patrick," Stefan replied in a gentle voice. "Do you work at the club?"

"Sort of," the man replied.

"Can you tell me what 'sort of' means, Patrick?" Stefan asked.

"Are you the police?"

"No, Patrick, I'm not the police. But I can promise no one will hurt you anymore. You can trust me."

"Okay," the man whispered.

"Are you hungry?" Stefan asked, passing signs for food now that they were back on the expressway.

"I could eat," Patrick replied.

“Well, that’s a start,” Stefan said, smiling at his little mate. “What are you in the mood for?”

“You’re letting me choose?” Patrick asked, almost in awe.

“Sure,” Stefan replied, “We can go anywhere you want. All you have to do is tell me.” Patrick seemed to think about it for a bit, almost like he felt Stefan was setting him up for a trap. Instead of answering, he just pointed to a billboard for some restaurant chain. “Okay, we can go there. I’ll hop out and grab my pack from the back so you can pull on some clothes. I realize you’ll swim in them, but better than just my jacket.”

“Thank you,” Patrick replied.

“Is it okay if I ask you some more questions, get to know you better?” Stefan asked.

“Yes,” Patrick immediately said. After a minute, while Stefan pulled off for the exit to the restaurant, he continued, “Can I ask you questions, too?”

“Sure,” Stefan answered. “You probably have a lot of questions for the crazy man who took you from the club.”

Patrick seemed to think about that for a minute and then giggled. As Stefan pulled into the parking lot of the restaurant, he finally took a good look at his mate. Patrick was small, especially compared to Stefan. About five foot eight, 125 pounds, he definitely had been mal-fed. Gorgeous blond curly hair, just past his ears, and silver eyes that almost looked violet in the dark.

Stefan tried to ignore the lust that shot through him as he hopped out of the car and grabbed one of his bags from the trunk. Climbing back into the driver’s seat, he handed the bag to Patrick.

“Your eyes are really sexy, Patrick.”

“You want to kiss me, don’t you?”

“How did you know?” Stefan asked, almost in a whisper.

“I’ve seen men look at me like that before.”

“Do you want to kiss me?”

“Yes,” Patrick replied, leaning in toward Stefan. Stefan knew he shouldn’t with all his mate had been through, but he just couldn’t stop himself. His lips brushed over Patrick’s, and they both let out a moan. Stefan sat back to look in Patrick’s eyes and saw the lust that was probably mirrored in his own. He leaned in again, a deeper kiss this time.

“Wow,” Stefan said as he lifted his head again.

“Yeah,” Patrick replied before moving closer to Stefan. This time Patrick initiated the kiss and melted into Stefan. Patrick opened his mouth, inviting Stefan in. He took it slow, moving his tongue around Patrick’s mouth, exploring the depths of it. When Patrick’s tongue found its way into Stefan’s mouth, he wrapped his arms around his mate, one hand touching his gorgeous hair.

“Okay, let’s get some clothes on you,” Stefan said, panting when they came up for air.

“Didn’t you like kissing me?” Patrick asked, sounding sad.

“I loved kissing you, but I’m afraid I won’t stop.”

“I don’t want you to stop.”

“For now, I think we should,” Stefan replied. “We need to get some food and put some distance between us and the club.”

“Can we kiss again later?” Patrick asked.

“Oh yeah,” Stefan said. “We’ll definitely be kissing more.”

Patrick giggled at his answer, and Stefan loved the way his mate’s face lit up when he did. Stefan promised himself he was going to see that look on his mate’s face a lot. Patrick pulled on some sweat shorts from Stefan’s bag, pulling the string so they didn’t fall right back down when he stood. Then he threw on one of Stefan’s tank tops. Stefan took the bag from Patrick and tossed it into the back seat.

“Stefan,” Patrick said before the pulled into the drive-through. “I don’t have any money.”

“That’s okay, Patrick,” Stefan replied, smiling at him. “It was my idea, I’ll pay.”

“I’ll pay you back.”

“It’s my treat.”

“I don’t want to owe you anything,” Patrick replied, his tone changing to hard.

“You won’t owe me anything, Patrick,” Stefan said, looking at his mate and seeing his scared face. “How about you buy food next time when you have money on you?”

“Okay,” Patrick answered, letting out a long breath.

What the hell had happened to his mate? Patrick was afraid to owe him a few bucks even after Stefan offered to treat? He had a bad feeling this had to do with the debt Patrick mentioned earlier. Wanting to figure out what was going on, but deciding to take it slowly, Stefan got their food and drove back to the expressway. Patrick was scared and had obviously been abused. He would have to be very gentle with his mate.

“Patrick,” Stefan said after they ate in silence for a few minutes. “I want you to know, I’m not kidnapping you or anything. I mean, you’re not a hostage. I took you out of the club because I could tell there was something wrong. You don’t have to tell me yet if you’re not ready, but all I want to do is keep you safe, okay?”

“Okay,” Patrick replied quietly.

“Have you always lived in New York?” Stefan asked, quickly changing the topic.

“Yes, how about you?”

“I live in rural Virginia, a few hours outside Charleston at my family’s estate.”

“You have a family?” Patrick asked curiously.

“My mother, my father,” Stefan answered, “and my six brothers. Oh, and two of them are married. One of my brothers is expecting a baby in a few months. You have any family?”

“No, my mother died a few years ago. It was just us. I never knew my father.”

“I’m sorry, Patrick. That must have been rough. Can I ask how she died?”

“Cancer,” Patrick answered quietly. “She was in the hospital for a long time. Insurance didn’t cover most of it, and her life insurance went to paying for her funeral. That’s how I got into so much debt.”

“Is that the debt you were talking about when we first met?”

“Yeah,” his mate answered. “I was looking for a job that paid well, so I could afford an apartment and start paying off all the medical bills. A guy I knew told me to try the club. The waiters there made really good money. So I applied and got the job. They told me up front we could do sexual stuff with customers for extra tips if we wanted to, but it wasn’t required. I didn’t want to, so it didn’t really matter to me.”

“What happened then?” Stefan asked.

“A couple of weeks after I started, the master, Mr. Pritchard, called me into his office and said he paid off all my debt. That now I had to pay him back or he’d throw me in jail. I told him sure, I had no problem paying him back, and I was already paying back the hospital. But he said he didn’t want my money, he would take it out in trade. He told me what I’d be worth for sex and blow jobs. Each one I did would count toward what I owed. At first I told him to fuck off.”

“I take it that didn’t work?”

“No.” Patrick snorted. “The next day a policeman came to my apartment and threw me in jail. It took me a while to remember where I had seen the policeman. He’s a member at the club. He’s some big shot, so no other policeman would help me. After a couple of days in jail, I finally agreed to the master’s terms.”

“How old were you?”

“Seventeen.”

“Seventeen?” Stefan asked floored, trying to keep his temper reigned in. “That’s not even legal to work at the club then.”

“No, I was getting paid under the table, all in cash,” Patrick replied. “At first it wasn’t too bad. I’d have sex with the master and a few of his friends, no one else. But after a couple of weeks, the master’s friends told some of their friends, and they wanted to have

sex with me, too. All of them are into the BDSM scene hard core. Next thing I know, the master has me handcuffed on the bed of his private suite at the club and fucks me in front of, like, eight guys.

"I'm thinking, okay this sucks, but they're just a bunch of perverts who like to watch."

"That's not what happened, is it?" Stefan asked gently as he reached for Patrick's hand.

"No, they each took a turn fucking me," Patrick answered. "Some of them were into spanking and whips. When he finally took off the handcuffs, I blew a gasket. I told him I never agreed to be whipped, and if he pulled that shit again, the deal was off, jail or no jail. The master didn't say a word, just left the room, and a minute later two of the security guys came in. They beat the shit out of me and then raped me.

"After they were done, the master came back in and told me I'd better never talk back to him ever again. He owned me, and I was his pet. He would do what he wanted with me when he wanted to do it, and I couldn't do a fucking thing about it. He wouldn't let me leave the club anymore, keeping me locked in a small private room at the club. I wasn't allowed to eat unless he fed me. I could only wash up when he bathed me."

"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry," Stefan said, squeezing his hand. "He won't hurt you anymore, I promise. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do ever again."

"Really?"

"Really. We just busted you out of that prison, okay?"

"I tried to escape," Patrick continued, seeming to have finished the story before he lost his nerve. "I got caught every time. And they'd chain me to that table on the platform and let all the customers do what they wanted to me as punishment. Any time he said I was a bad pet, that was my punishment. That's why I had to lie to you. One time I told the truth, and the customer threw a shit fit I was being forced. They beat me so hard I couldn't move for weeks.

“After that, I kept my mouth shut. I did everything I was told to do, trying to figure a way out. But the master still punished me, even when I didn’t do anything wrong. He seemed to get off on watching all those men fuck me,” Patrick finished, sobbing.

“It’ll be okay, Patrick,” Stefan said. “You don’t have to ever go back. You don’t even have to call him ‘master’ anymore. You can refer to him as the asshole now if you want.”

“Are you serious?” Patrick asked. “Why would you rescue me like that?”

“I saw the pain in your eyes, and it just killed me,” Stefan answered. “I wasn’t really thinking straight. When I could tell you were lying, I was so angry they were hurting you I just wanted to beat the shit out of all of them. Instead, I decided to get you out of there and keep you safe.”

“How did you break the chains like that?” Patrick asked.

Shit! Here came the bad part, having to explain he was a vampire. This was not a conversation for the car.

“I’ll answer that in a bit,” Stefan said. “I’m getting pretty tired. Do you mind if we find a hotel and get a room for the night? I’m not up for the drive back to Virginia.”

“Um, sure,” Patrick replied.

“I’m not stopping for us to have sex, Patrick. I meant what I said. From here on out, everything is your choice. We’ll even get a room with two beds, okay?”

“Thanks, Stefan,” his mate said, squeezing his hand. Now that Patrick seemed to relax a bit, how would the next part go?

Chapter 2

Patrick kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. Stefan was sweet, understanding, and protective. He had saved Patrick, after all. Stefan had bought him food, loaned him clothes, and gotten a hotel room with two beds just so Patrick felt there wasn't any pressure for sex. So why did he feel there was a lot more to Stefan than he was saying? Is that why he was so quick to avoid Patrick's question about the chains?

Just then Stefan hopped back into the car with their room keys. He drove them to the back side of the hotel where the car wouldn't be visible from the street. After they parked, Patrick put Stefan's coat back on, and Stefan grabbed a couple of his bags. He unlocked and held the room door open for Stefan, walking in after him.

Patrick turned on the lights, locked the door, and drew the shades closed before turning back to Stefan.

"Look, Stefan," he started to say, trying to choose his words carefully. "I appreciate all you've done for me, I really do. But I can't help shaking this feeling there's something you aren't telling me?"

"There is," Stefan replied. "I just didn't want to tell you in the car. Will you come over here and sit by me?" He patted the bed next to him. Patrick went and sat down, turning to face him.

"Okay, spill it," he said, taking off Stefan's jacket.

"This is going to sound weird," Stefan explained, "but just hear me out, okay?" He waited for Patrick to nod before continuing. "I think we can both agree if I wanted to harm you, I could have already, right?"

“Right,” Patrick answered, a little confused. “You’ve had more than enough chances to. I don’t think you want to hurt me. You’ve been nothing but nice to me, Stefan.”

“Just remember that, okay?” Stefan replied before opening his mouth. Patrick sat there watching him, wondering what he was supposed to be seeing. Until he saw fangs extend in Stefan’s mouth. Then he got it.

“You have fangs, Stefan,” he whispered.

“Yes,” Stefan said, retracting his fangs. “I’m not going to hurt you, Patrick, but I don’t want to lie to you, either.”

“So, you’re telling me you’re a vampire, right?” Patrick asked.

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah, pretty much,” Stefan said again chuckling. “Are you scared?”

“No,” Patrick answered honestly. It just came out before he could stop himself. But he realized he was telling the truth. He wasn’t scared of Stefan.

“I don’t know what to say now,” Stefan said, looking confused. “I’ve never told a human what I was before. And you’re taking it really well, so I’m a little lost at what happens next.”

“Yeah, this is a first for me, too,” Patrick said, laughing. “Can I ask you some questions?”

“Sure, I won’t lie to you, Patrick. I swear.”

“Do you drink blood?”

“Yes, but I eat food, too. I need both to stay healthy and survive,” Stefan replied. “My family owns a couple of blood banks, so we have accounts set up with all the covens in the U.S. It’s actually against our laws to drink from humans, unless it’s an emergency.”

“Have you ever drunk from humans?”

“Yes, before blood banks were around, but I’ve never killed a human.”

“But you have killed.”

“Yes, but can we go back to that explanation later?” Stefan asked. “It’s kind of a long explanation I’d rather shelf for now.”

“Fair enough,” Patrick replied. “What else can you do? Besides the fangs, I mean. Is that rude to ask?”

“No,” Stefan answered, laughing, “I don’t think there are rules for this situation. Just ask whatever you want.”

Patrick watched as Stefan’s fangs extended again, his hands grew into claws, and his eyes turned a really dark green, almost black.

“Cool,” Patrick said. “Wow, this is really some night. I get freed from that hell hole, only to find out my rescuer is a vampire.”

“Yeah, I wasn’t really planning on rescuing anyone tonight, either,” Stefan replied, chuckling.

“Wow, I kissed a vampire,” Patrick said with a giggle.

“Are you grossed out?” Stefan asked, turning back to his normal self.

“No, Stefan, not at all,” Patrick said, grabbing Stefan’s hand. “You’re the first person I’ve ever kissed, ever wanted to kiss. I enjoyed every second of it, I swear.”

“You’re the first man I’ve ever kissed,” Stefan confessed.

“Really? How come?”

“That’s a really long story, but the short version is I’ve only recently embraced I was gay,” he answered.

“How old are you?”

“Six hundred eighty-three, you?”

“Twenty,” Patrick answered, not knowing what else to say.

“Do you like older men?” Stefan asked. They were both quiet for a minute before they both burst out laughing.

“What about sunlight?” Patrick asked when they stopped laughing and wiped away the tears in his eyes.

“Myth. Granted I’m more sensitive to it than you are, but nothing sunglasses won’t cure.”

“So, were you turned?”

“No, that’s a myth, too. Vampires are born what we are. You can’t be turned into one.”

“Garlic?”

“Myth.”

“Silver?”

“Myth.”

“Crosses?”

“Myth.”

“Okay, I’m out for now,” Patrick said, laughing again. “So what are you still not telling me?”

“Um, well,” Stefan started to stutter.

“Come on, Stefan,” Patrick urged, “I’ve been doing pretty well taking this all in. Just tell me.”

“Vampires mate for life,” he explained, starting to fidget. “Our mates have a certain scent to them. When we smell it, we know it’s the person fate has chosen for us.”

“Seriously?” Patrick asked in surprise. Wow, mating for life. That could be a really, really long time for a vampire.

“Seriously,” Stefan answered.

“Okay, what else?”

“When I saw you at the club, what I said earlier was true, every word of it,” Stefan told him. “What I didn’t say is I also smelled that scent, the scent of my mate. I was also following that scent when I walked over to see what they were doing to you. The scent was coming from you, Patrick.”

“You’re saying I’m your mate?” Patrick asked.

“Yes,” Stefan answered. “There’s no doubt in my mind you’re my mate.”

“How does that work, you being a vampire that can live forever? You can live forever, right?”

“Technically, yes,” Stefan replied. “There are ways for us to die, but we heal incredibly fast. And I don’t know how this works, with you being human and me being a vampire. I’ve never known a

vampire who's been mated to a human. But the way I look at it, fate must have some reasoning for it. All I know is I've never wanted someone as much as I want you. There's never anyone I wanted to protect and comfort like I want to with you."

"So what happens now?" Patrick asked.

"What do you want to happen?" Stefan replied, looking confused.

"How do you mate?" he clarified.

"We bite our mate during sex and bind ourselves together. It's like the other half to your soul," Stefan answered.

"Will it hurt?"

"I've never been bitten," Stefan answered. "But from what I've heard, it's a little pain and then orgasmic pleasure."

"I don't have to decide right now, do I?" Patrick asked.

"No, of course not," Stefan said, shaking his head. "We can take things as slowly as you want. I've never been with a man before, so I might need to take things slowly, too."

"Can I still kiss you?"

"Any time you want, Patrick," Stefan replied, his eyes filling with lust. He didn't move, though. He let Patrick take the lead. And take the lead he did. He leaned in and brushed his lips across Stefan's. Then he deepened the kiss, opening his mouth as an invitation for Stefan. Their tongues thrust into each other's mouths, and the soft kiss turned into something a lot more passionate.

He wrapped his arms around Stefan's neck, pulling him closer as Patrick leaned back onto the bed. Stefan's large frame surrounded Patrick. He loved it. He'd never felt as safe as he did in Stefan's arms. Patrick jerked back as he felt something nick his tongue.

"Sorry," Stefan whispered, panting. "My fangs come out when I'm turned on."

"It's okay. It just surprised me." Patrick giggled.

"Can I ask you for something, Patrick?"

"Sure, Stefan, you can ask me anything."

“Vampires have a really strong sense of smell,” Stefan said, sitting back up. “I’m not saying this to be judgmental or rude, but would you mind taking a shower? I can smell other men on you, and it’s making me want to tear out their throats. I’d rather just focus on enjoying kissing you.”

“Yeah,” Patrick replied, thinking it was an understandable request. “But will you shower with me? I know I’m a chicken, but I don’t want to be alone. Plus, I want to erase the memories I have of the asshole touching me. I’d much rather have the feeling of you touching me.”

“Are you sure, Patrick?” Stefan asked, “I don’t want to rush you.”

“No, I’m not sure,” he answered honestly. “But I want to.”

“Okay, then I’d like that,” Stefan replied, smiling at him. They both got off the bed and walked into the bathroom. Stefan turned on the shower as Patrick got undressed. “You are so beautiful.”

“Me?” he asked, not believing Stefan. “I’m short and scrawny.”

“You’re little.” Stefan chuckled as he pulled off his shirt. “But everyone’s little to me. And you’re not scrawny, you’ve been underfed. Once we get you eating normally again, you’ll fill out.”

Patrick watched in awe as Stefan bent over to take off his shoes and socks. The man was one large, continuous muscle. There wasn’t an inch of fat on Stefan. Patrick felt his mouth water as he watched Stefan undo his belt, and then his pants. When he finally pushed his pants and boxers down his hips, Patrick couldn’t believe the sight before him.

Stefan had to have at least nine inches of thick, glorious cock and not a single hair on his body. Patrick licked his lips, looking over the sexy man standing in front of him.

“Patrick,” Stefan groaned, “you can’t look at me like that and expect me to behave myself.”

“Sorry,” Patrick replied, feeling his face flush, “I’ve just never seen anyone as sexy as you before. The idea you want me for the rest of my life, and I can touch you every day, makes me hard.”

"I noticed," Stefan said, subtly pointing to his now hard cock. Patrick knew his cock wasn't small. It was actually pretty big for his size. Completely hard, like he was now, he had a good eight and a half inches and thick around. He watched Stefan turn around and get into the shower. Oh my, Patrick thought the view from the front was good. Stefan had broad shoulders, a completely ripped back, and the firmest ass Patrick had ever seen.

He quickly got into the shower with Stefan, reaching for the soap. Patrick lathered up his hands and reached up and started to wash Stefan's back. He worked the soap well, shaking with desire by the time he reached Stefan's ass. Letting out a moan as he caressed the firm globes, he then moved his hands over Stefan's hips.

Getting the idea, Stefan turned around to face him. He watched Patrick soap up his legs, working his way up. Patrick completely bypassed his groin and worked the soap over his wonderful abs. Stefan let out a moan as he reached his chest and took his time with Stefan's pecs and nipples. When Patrick reached up to wash his shoulder, Stefan leaned down and mashed his lips into Patrick's.

Stefan wrapped his body around Patrick, his hard cock rubbing Patrick's abdomen. Patrick squeaked as Stefan lifted him up and held him under his ass, his back against the wall of the shower.

"You're going to have to tell me when to stop, Patrick," Stefan whispered, sucking on his earlobe.

"Don't stop," Patrick answered, groaning. He wrapped his legs around Stefan's waist and his arms around his neck. Stefan moved his hips back and forth, their hard cocks rubbing against each other. "Don't stop, feels too good."

"I never thought it could be like this," Stefan hissed in his ear, kissing his way down his neck and back up to Patrick's lips. The kiss was wild and passionate, but demanding at the same time. He felt like Stefan was asking him for everything Patrick was with that kiss. He didn't want it to ever end.

Patrick started to thrust his hips into Stefan's, grinding their cocks harder together.

"Oh, baby, just like that," Stefan moaned against his lips. "Fuck that feels good."

"Yeah, it does," Patrick replied, moving his hips faster. He loved the way Stefan's cock felt against his. He had never experienced anything like it ever.

"Fuck, you're so amazing, Patrick," Stefan said. "I've never wanted someone so badly in my life."

"You're the only one I've ever wanted, Stefan," Patrick stated, lifting his head to look into Stefan's eyes. He wanted Stefan to see how much he meant what he said.

"I'm going to fall for you so hard," Stefan whispered as they kept grinding their cocks. "Please don't break my heart, please. I don't think I could take it."

"I won't, Stefan" Patrick replied, knowing right then he wanted Stefan forever. He tilted his head to the side. "Bite me, Stefan. Make me yours."

"Are you sure? There's no going back once I do this, Patrick."

"I'm sure," Patrick answered, kissing Stefan again. "I only want you. I want to be yours. I want you to be mine." He tilted his head to the side again, the invitation to bite him clear.

"Mine, always mine." Stefan growled as he licked Patrick's neck before sinking his fangs in. Patrick let out a cry of pleasure before shooting his seed over both of them. He'd never come with anyone else, ever. He'd masturbated when he was younger, but it felt nothing like this. Lights flashed behind his eyes, the orgasm so intense it overwhelmed him. He heard Stefan roar out his release and felt his seed mix in with his own before all he saw was black.

Chapter 3

Stefan couldn't believe he came so hard, his orgasm so intense just from rubbing against Patrick and claiming him. What would it feel like to be inside Patrick? The thought alone made Stefan shiver. He lifted his head, still panting to make sure Patrick was okay. He found his little mate had blacked out from the intensity of the orgasm.

Chuckling, Stefan took great care washing his passed out mate. At least he could assume Patrick enjoyed it. He shut off the water when they were rinsed off. Stepping out of the shower, Stefan still couldn't get over the emotions he felt from just making out with his mate like that. Even before he claimed him, it was like Patrick opened Stefan's heart and completely filled it with nothing but Patrick.

It was so overwhelming, so scary, that Stefan was still trying to calm back down. He dried off Patrick and then himself. Walking over to the bed with Patrick in his arms, he felt whole. He pulled back the covers and placed his mate on the bed before crawling in next to him. Stefan pulled Patrick close, laying his head on Stefan's chest before pulling the covers over them. He smiled and looked forward to waking up with his mate, tomorrow and every day after.

* * * *

Stefan woke up the next morning to soft lips kissing down his body. At first he thought he was just having a really good dream. When those lips wrapped around his nipple and started sucking on it, he woke up with a groan. He opened his eyes to see Patrick's eyes looking right back at him.

“Good morning, baby,” he said his voice rough with sleep.

“You’re voice is so sexy when you wake up,” Patrick said, pulling himself up Stefan’s body to kiss him. It was a soft peck. “I loved waking up to find your big, strong, hot body wrapped around me.”

“I loved the way I woke up, too,” Stefan replied, kissing him again. “Soft lips kissing all over my body, opening my eyes to look into the sexy, bright, silver eyes of my mate. I could really get used to this.”

“So no regrets about last night?” Patrick asked softly. “I was worried you’d wake up this morning with buyer’s remorse.”

“Does this seem like I regret it?” he asked, moving Patrick’s hand to his rock-hard cock. “I don’t regret a single thing, do you?”

“No,” Patrick whispered against his lips, wrapping his hand around Stefan’s cock. “I loved every minute of being with you.”

“Are you okay from what we did?” Stefan asked. “You blacked out.”

“Yeah, sorry about that,” he whispered, seeming embarrassed as he hid his head against Stefan’s chest.

“Hey,” he said, lifting Patrick’s chin with his hand so he could see his mate’s face. “There’s nothing to be sorry about. You enjoyed the pleasure we shared. I was just worried if I was too rough with you. And don’t ever hide from me like that, Patrick. We’re mates, partners, okay?”

“Okay,” Patrick replied, smiling. “And no, you weren’t too rough with me. It felt, well it felt, I don’t even think I can put into words how great it felt. I’ve never come like that before.”

“Neither have I,” Stefan replied, sucking in a breath as Patrick went back to stroking his cock. “That feels really good, Patrick.”

“How good?” Patrick asked, a smirk on his face.

“Really, really good,” he hissed as Patrick picked up the pace. “I had a thought last night before I fell asleep.”

“What were you thinking about?”

“Our first time together,” he replied. “Have you always been on the receiving end?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Well, I was thinking, you’ve never been on the giving end,” Stefan explained. “And I’ve never been on the receiving end, or with a man. I thought it would be nice to have our first way making love like that.”

“You’d trust me to do that?” Patrick asked, shocked.

“Of course I would,” Stefan replied, caressing Patrick’s cheek with his hand. “I’m trusting you with my heart, aren’t I?”

“Yes,” his mate whispered, tears forming in his eyes.

“Hey now, no tears,” Stefan said quickly, not knowing what he had said wrong. “We don’t have to if you don’t want to, Patrick. It was just an idea. I’m not trying to pressure you into sex.”

“No, they’re happy tears,” Patrick explained. “I don’t know if I’ve ever been so happy. Giving me your heart, trusting me to take you your first time, figuring out a way to make it so special. You’re the most wonderful man I’ve ever met, Stefan.”

“I feel the same way about you, baby,” Stefan replied, kissing his little mate. “I want to make you happy, Patrick.”

“You do,” Patrick replied. “When did you want to make love for the first time?”

“Whenever you’re ready, there’s no rush.”

“And if I wanted to do it now?”

“I’d tell you the lube is in the side pocket of the tan bag on the floor,” Stefan answered with a smile. He had been nervous about having sex with a man and scared to bring up sex with Patrick. But now, watching his hot little mate jump off the bed with a smile on his face, all Stefan’s nervousness went away.

“What about a condom?” Patrick asked.

“I can’t catch anything from humans,” Stefan answered. “We don’t get sick.”

“Well that’s a nice perk.” Patrick laughed, finding the lube and coming back to bed. He climbed up on Stefan, straddling his cock. Patrick wiggled his butt around, grinding their cocks together. “I love the way that looks, our cocks rubbing together.”

“I love the way you look when you smile,” Stefan told him. “Your whole face lights up, and your eyes shine.”

“You sweet talker, you,” Patrick replied, moaning and moving around faster. He kept that up another minute before sliding down in between Stefan’s legs. Stefan spread his legs wider and brought them up to his chest, holding them behind his knees.

He watched as Patrick squirted some lube on his fingers before reaching down to Stefan’s puckered hole. Patrick slowly spread the lube around his entrance before carefully sliding one finger in. Stefan let out a moan of pleasure, keeping his eyes on Patrick at the same time. After a few moments of his mate working his finger in and out, Patrick slid in a second finger, making sure to slide them across his prostate every time.

“Oh, fuck, that feels amazing, Pat.” He groaned. “More, I need more.”

His head fell back against the pillow as Patrick slid in a third finger, moving them back and forth, in and out of him. Just as Stefan was getting closer to coming, Patrick removed his fingers. Stefan watched as his mate rubbed lube into his cock. The sight had Stefan growling it was so hot.

“Are you ready, Stefan?” Patrick asked.

“Yes, put your cock in me, Baby,” he answered. He stared at Patrick as he lined up his cock and slowly pushed into him. “Oh, fuck, yes, fuck that feels amazing.”

“You’re so tight, Stefan.” Patrick moaned as he worked his cock all the way in. He paused when he was buried in, their balls meeting. “Thank you, Stefan. Thank you for letting me be the first one.”

“Thank you for wanting to be the first one,” Stefan answered, letting his legs fall to the side. He opened his arms for his mate.

Stefan leaned up, and Patrick lowered his body on top of his as they wrapped their arms around each other.

Their lips met as Patrick began to move his hips. They moaned as their tongues met and caressed each other. Stefan knew he wouldn't last long, every fantastic sensation shooting through his body. He started lifting his hips to meet Patrick's thrust, letting Patrick deeper inside of him.

"Yes, yes, Stefan, yes." Patrick groaned as he thrust into Stefan faster and faster. "I'm close, Stefan, come with me."

"I'm so glad you're my mate," Stefan hissed out, not holding back anymore. Patrick thrust into him three more times before Stefan cried out his release. His mate stiffened and cried out his orgasm at the same time. Their hips met a few more times as wave after wave of their climax washed over them. Then Patrick collapsed on his chest. Stefan adored this feeling, his arms wrapped around his mate, Patrick's cock still inside him, connecting them.

They stayed that way for several minutes, just enjoying the afterglow of making love, panting and trying to calm down their racing hearts.

"That was better than anything I could ever have imagined," Stefan finally said, opening his eyes and looking at Patrick.

"Me too, I'm glad you liked it. I plan on us doing it often," Patrick replied, chuckling.

"I'm all yours, baby," Stefan said, laughing as well.

"I like the sound of that," Patrick said, pulling out of him with a groan. "So what now?"

"Now, we get dressed and head home," he replied as they climbed off the bed. "God, you have the sexiest little ass."

"Home, you mean your home?" his mate asked, eyebrows drawn together as he slipped on Stefan's jogging shorts.

"Well, it's our home now, baby," Stefan replied.

"You said I'm free now, and I get to make my own decisions, right?"

“Yes, but some decisions we might need to talk about,” Stefan answered carefully. “Being mated is like being married, we’re in this together.”

“Fair enough,” Patrick replied. “What if I don’t like living at your parents’ house? Do we have to live there?”

“No, if you don’t like it, we don’t have to. We’d talk about why you don’t like it, see if it wasn’t something we could adjust or change. But if we try and you’re not happy there, we can move.”

“You’d do that for me?”

“Of course, baby,” Stefan said as they finished dressing. “I want you to be happy, us to be happy. As long as you talk to me about things, I won’t have us stay anywhere you don’t want to.”

“Thank you,” Patrick said, wrapping his arms around Stefan.

“Let’s make it a rule,” Stefan said, looking down into Patrick’s eyes. “You can make any decision you want, as long as it doesn’t involve your safety. I won’t take any chances with that. And if the decision involves both of us, we talk it out, okay?”

“I can do that,” he mate answered, smiling as they finished getting everything together and left the hotel.

“So what do you like to do?” Stefan asked as he packed up the car and climbed in.

“I don’t know,” Patrick replied thoughtfully. “My mom got sick when I was twelve, then I took care of her. All the doctors, the hospitals, the medicine, and then she died. And you know what happened from there.”

“Okay, but now you can do anything you want,” he said, pulling out a small note pad and pen from the center consol. “Here, we can make a list on the drive home.”

“I’m not so good at writing, or reading,” Patrick admitted, dropping his head down.

“That’s okay. Would you like to learn how to?”

“Yeah, I really would. I remember liking to read when I was a kid.”

“So, put it on the list,” Stefan replied smiling. This could actually be fun. Patrick could explore life, and he would get to be a part of it.

“Could I go to high school? Or get my high school certificate?”

“You mean your GED?”

“Yeah,” Patrick replied, getting excited, “I want to do that.”

“You don’t have to ask me, Pat,” he answered softly. “I’m not your parent, or a master. I’m your partner. You can choose what you want now.”

“It’s just all so new to me,” Patrick admitted. “It’s kind of scary.”

“I’ll be with you, every step of the way. We’ll make sure nothing bad happens.”

“Okay, well my first decision is I’m hungry,” Patrick said laughing. “Um, you know I don’t have any money, right? I could get a job.”

“Pat,” he started to say, finding a place that served breakfast through the drive-thru. “I don’t want you to worry about money. Vampires have a lot of it. We’ve had centuries to accumulate it. We’re married now. It’s our money. No more yours and mine, ours now.”

“That doesn’t seem fair,” Patrick said after they ordered. “If it’s a partnership, what do you get in return?”

“You,” he answered truthfully. “I get you, your love, and your perspective on life, you to share in my life.”

“Well, yeah, but I get that, too. Plus I get a home, money, and what do you get in return?”

“I get what you’re saying,” Stefan replied, paying the cashier and taking the food. “But it’s not like there’s a balance that has to even out. I know that’s what you’ve been used to. Everything will even out in its own way. Sure, I may have money, but I know nothing about having sex with a man. Look at all you’ve already shown me. I’ll bring stuff to our relationship, same as you will. One doesn’t outweigh the other.”

"I guess I understand that," Patrick said after biting into his breakfast sandwich. "I just don't want to do all the taking and you all the giving, okay?"

"Okay, baby," he said, taking Patrick's hand. "We'll figure it out." His little mate had been through so much, and yet was protective of him. Patrick wanted to make sure no one took advantage of Stefan, even if it was him. They wolfed down their breakfast as they drove along the expressway. Just as they finished up, Stefan's cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Stefan?" his father said on the other end of the phone.

"Father, I was just about to call you, I have wonderful..."

"We need to talk, son," his father interrupted him. His tone was very serious.

"Father, what's wrong? Is everyone okay?"

"Yes, no one is hurt. The human police were just here, looking for you," His father informed him. "A man named Pritchard sent them, says you stole from him."

"Stole from him?" Stefan exclaimed. "That's rich. The only thing I stole was my mate, who he was keeping prisoner."

"While I'm elated you found your mate, son. We can talk about that in a minute. Just tell me what happened. Start from the beginning."

"I went to a club last night," he began to tell his father, when he felt Patrick gripping his shirt. "Hold on, Father," he said, putting the phone to his chest. "What's wrong, baby?"

"Please don't tell your family," Patrick pleaded. "They won't want you to be mated to someone like me, if they know what's happened to me."

"Pat, do you trust me?" Stefan asked, sighing in relief as Patrick nodded. "Then believe me when I say that my family doesn't judge. My father won't tell everyone what's happened. He's not like that. I wouldn't do this unless it was necessary, okay?"

“Okay,” Patrick whispered, tears running down his face, his eyes desperately wanting to believe Stefan.

“Sorry about that, Father,” he said coming back to the phone. Just then he had an idea on how to make his mate feel better. “I’m putting you on speaker, Father.” He put the phone down on the center console and hit the button for speaker phone. Then he turned and held his hand out to Patrick, who slid his little hand in his.

“Stefan, can you hear me, son?”

“Loud and clear, Father. Patrick is here, too.”

“Patrick, I look forward to meeting you,” his father said.

“Me too, sir,” Patrick replied.

“Desmond, please. We’re family now.” Stefan’s father chuckled.

“Okay, Stefan, now tell me what happened from the beginning.”

“I went to a club last night,” Stefan explained. “Long story short, I found Patrick chained down while men were abusing him against his will. I broke him free and got him the hell out of there.”

“So, I take it Patrick is...” Desmond started to say warily.

“Yes, Patrick is human. He knows that we are vampires,” Stefan replied. “I told him everything last night.”

“And you’re sure he’s your mate?”

“Yes, Father, as sure as I am of my own name.”

“Well, then congratulations to you both!” Desmond exclaimed.

“Now about this man, Pritchard. He sent human police here to arrest you, saying you stole from him.”

“Asshole Pritchard,” Patrick said, starting to shake, “has connections with the police. That’s how he kept me against my will.”

“Patrick, can you tell me what happened to you, from the beginning?” Desmond asked gently.

Stefan drove as he listened again to Patrick explaining about his life. It felt like a knife was slicing through his chest over and over again as he listened to his little mate tell of all his pain. By the time Patrick was done, they were only a few hours away from home.

“Patrick, I know there’s nothing that can be said to take away what’s happened to you,” Desmond stated firmly. “But you are a part of our family now, and we protect our family. This man will never hurt you again, we’ll see to that. Would you be willing to talk with our family lawyer?”

“I trust Stefan,” Patrick replied. “If he thinks it’s what’s best, I’m okay with it. Just don’t let them take me away from him, please.”

“I promise, son,” Desmond answered. “You won’t ever go back there, and you don’t ever have to be separated from Stefan.”

“Thank you, Desmond,” Patrick said, the relief in his voice and on his face apparent.

“You’re welcome, Patrick,” his father replied. “One thing about vampires, you’ll learn very quickly. We are incredibly territorial, and we keep those we love safe at any costs. You’re ours now, a member of this family, and any of us will do whatever it takes to keep you with us.”

“That sounds nice,” Patrick said, smiling at Stefan. “I’ve never had a family. I had my mom, of course, but she was sick for so long. I don’t remember what it was really like before that, just being a family.”

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Stefan chuckled. “Father, I was wondering, have you heard of any vampires who have mated a human? How does that work?”

“I’ve met a few, actually,” Desmond answered. “It works the same as it does when vampires mate, except a few differences. Patrick will live as long as you will now. He’s not a vampire, but he is immortal. He can be killed the same ways as us. Also, he will heal as we do. His strength will stay the same, and, other than those two things, I believe there are no other changes.”

“Actually, now that you mention it,” Patrick said, his eyebrows drawn together. “I did notice this morning that the bruises I had on my chest were gone and didn’t hurt anymore. Wait, did you say I’m immortal now?”

“Caught that, did you?” Desmond laughed. “Is that going to be a problem?”

“No way!” Patrick exclaimed, “That’s so fucking cool!”

“Stefan,” Desmond said, “you better warn your mate about your mother’s view on cussing.”

“Oh, sorry,” Patrick said.

“Don’t worry about it, Patrick.” His father snickered. “Elena likes to keep her tough warrior sons in line. She’s not a fan of their choice language at times.”

“Warrior?” Patrick asked. “Who’s a warrior?” That sent his father into peals of laughter.

“This is where I leave the conversation,” his father said, calming down. “Have fun explaining, Stefan. Beat him up, Patrick, for leaving that part out of what he told you. Drive safe boys.”

Desmond hung up then, still laughing hysterically. Stefan grimaced at the hot water he was in.

“Forget to mention something, Stefan?” Patrick asked.

“Not really,” he started to explain. “Remember last night, I asked you to shelf the discussion we were having. I told you I’ve never killed a human, but you asked if I have killed, remember?”

“Yeah, what does that have to do with you being a warrior?”

“The answer would have led to the discussion,” Stefan said, taking in a deep breath. “I’ve killed lots of demons. Demons were once vampires, but instead of drinking blood to survive, they drink for the power. They like to kill humans. They are vampires who have turned evil. That’s where a lot of the myths come from. Demons can’t go out in sunlight. They burn up and turn to dust. They also can’t be around holy objects or on sacred ground.

“Demons gave up their souls for the power they have. Certain vampires who are born, like me and my brothers, are the biggest and strongest of our race. We keep our people safe. Warriors hunt down and kill demons.”

“Is it dangerous?” Patrick asked, concerned.

“No more than being a soldier in your human military,” Stefan answered after thinking. “But my brother, Micah, and his mate, Riley, came up with ultraviolet ammunition. It’s made hunting down demons much safer. Now we don’t even have to get close to them to kill them.”

“Okay, well I like that it’s safer,” Patrick replied smiling. “How much longer until we’re home? I think I’m going to like your dad.”

“About half an hour or so,” Stefan answered. “Everyone likes my father. He’s a wonderful man. He was a great role model growing up. I always envied the love him and my mother have. I always wanted that with my mate.”

“I don’t think that’s going to be a problem with us,” his little mate replied. “I’ve never been happier in my life, than I am now.”

“Me too, Pat, me too,” Stefan said. He pulled their joined hands up to his mouth and kissed Patrick’s hand. “So what else should we add to the list?”

“I was just thinking about that,” Patrick said, letting go of Stefan’s hand to grab the notebook. “I want to ride a horse. I always wanted to when I was a kid. And I want to learn how to use a computer. I’ve seen one, but I’ve never been on one.”

“Those are easy enough,” Stefan replied chuckling. “Is there anywhere you want to go? Any place you’ve always wanted to see? Keep in mind, while I can be out in daylight, I don’t think the tropics would be a good idea for me. I can’t see too many vampires living in the Caribbean.”

“Yeah, that makes sense. I’ll have to think about that one later,” Patrick answered, chewing on the pen as he thought. “I want to try lots of food, tons of different foods to see what I like.”

“You don’t know what type of food you like?” he asked, confused.

“I don’t know if you could call the shit that asshole fed me as food. Normally it was old table scraps. Beyond that, when my mom

was sick, I barely ate. We didn't have any money, so I ate what was cheapest or what I could snag at the hospital."

"Okay, so add 'stuff you silly' to the list."

"I'd like you to stuff me with more than just food," Patrick mumbled.

"Have I mentioned how good vampire hearing is?" Stefan asked. He almost busted out laughing when the flush of embarrassment came over Patrick's face. Instead he reached over and rubbed Patrick's hard cock through his shorts. "Hm, seems you really like the idea of me stuffing you. Do you, baby?"

Patrick's only response was a long moan as he started to thrust his hips up against Stefan's hand. He reached inside and freed Patrick's cock, wrapping his hand around it, and started to stroke it.

"You want my hard cock in your tight little ass, baby?" he asked, spurring his mate on.

"Yes," Patrick hissed, thrusting his hips harder.

"Do you want to ride my cock? Or would you rather me pound into you, baby?" Stefan lowered his voice and purred.

"Both, I want both." Patrick moaned.

"Will you let me fuck you anytime I want, Patrick? Can I stick my cock in your ass anytime it's hard?"

"Yes!" Patrick exclaimed, coming all over Stefan's hand. He thrust his hips a few more times before collapsing back into the seat, completely spent.

"Look at me, Pat," Stefan said, bringing his hand to his mouth. His mate watched him as Stefan licked his white seed off his hand.

"Oh, that's hot," Patrick whimpered. "You're making me hard again."

"You're going to be the death of me, little one." Stefan chuckled. He licked the rest of his mate's cum off his hand, loving the sweet taste of it. Patrick tasted like ripe summer peaches, juicy and just a little tart.

“But we’ll have fun getting there,” Patrick replied, sending Stefan an evil grin.

“Yes we will, baby. I’ll enjoy every second of it.” He laughed, loving his mate’s playful side.

Chapter 4

Patrick felt nauseated as Stefan pulled up to a huge gated area, waved some card in front of an electronic box, and pushed in a code. The gates slowly opened, and he had a sinking feeling this was what it was like when they took you to prison. He tried some deep, calming breaths, but it only seemed to help the panic set in.

The estate, as Stefan had referred to it, was massive. It all seemed to center around a very large, very old mansion. Patrick had never seen anything like it. He hadn't thought places like this were real, only in movies. It had to be at least five stories high with as many rooms as the nicest hotels Patrick had ever seen.

Patrick thought it was absolutely gorgeous, with olden-times columns out front and an elegant entrance. They drove up the drive, and Stefan parked the car out in front of the mansion's main entrance.

"You said I can make my own decisions, right?" he asked quietly, scared of the answer now that he was locked behind the gates.

"Of course, baby. Why?" Stefan asked, turning to look at him and seeming concerned.

"I don't want to go in there," he whispered. "Don't be mad, but I feel like you just drove me to prison."

"I'm not mad, Pat," Stefan replied. "I've lived here all my life. I don't really know what it would feel like seeing it for the first time. We don't have to go in yet if you don't want to."

"But we do have to go in eventually?" Patrick asked.

"I guess not, but you did say you would try living here, right?" Stefan countered, "Kind of hard to try if you won't go inside. I won't force you to though."

“Maybe I just need a few minutes,” he answered. “It’s really overwhelming.”

“Come here, baby,” Stefan said, taking off his seatbelt then holding his arms open. Patrick took off his own seatbelt and quickly crawled into Stefan’s lap.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered against Stefan’s neck.

“It’s okay, Pat,” Stefan replied. “Jesus, you’re shaking. I promise nothing inside will hurt you. We don’t have to go in, okay?”

Patrick just nodded as Stefan punched keys on his cell phone. He figured he was sending a text message. That was another thing he wanted to do. Have a cell phone and learn how to do all the cool things they do.

“Everyone’s going to come out here to meet us,” Stefan said kissing his head. “That way, it’s not so scary. And when we go inside, it’s just a house. Can we try that, Pat?”

“Yeah, that might work,” Patrick answered. That was actually a really good plan. He lifted his head to see two beautiful women and four really big men walk out the front doors.

“You ready, baby? I’ll be right there with you,” Stefan said.

“Okay,” he whispered, taking one last cleansing breath. Stefan opened the car door, and he slid out of the car and off Stefan’s lap. Stefan got out of the car right behind him. He followed Stefan around the side of the car toward the entrance. Stefan took one of his hands, and he quickly held on with both hands for dear life.

“Everyone, this is my mate, Patrick Hawk,” Stefan said, pulling him out from behind him. He moved Patrick around so his back was leaning on Stefan’s torso and wrapped his arms protectively around Patrick. “Pat, this is my father, Desmond, who you talked with on the phone. My mother, Elena, my brothers, Victor, Gabriel, and Virgil. This other wonderful lady is Marian. She is the grandma of Riley, who’s mated to my brother, Micah.”

“Hi,” Patrick squeaked out. Great, he was a scrawny human and now sounded like a mouse.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Patrick," Elena said to him, moving forward. She was only an inch or two taller than he was. She hugged him and Stefan together. She gave them each a kiss on the cheek before saying, "Welcome home, my son. Congratulations on finding your mate."

"Thank you, Mother," Stefan replied.

"Don't worry, Patrick," the other lady, Marian, said walking toward them. "I was in your shoes not too long ago. The house is huge and overpowering, but everyone inside is nice as can be." She leaned in to whisper in his ear, "Even all the huge men behind me. They look massive and scary, but believe me, they're as gentle as kittens."

"Yeah, right," Patrick whispered back, giggling.

"I promise," she replied, taking his hand. "Now come on in. I just finished baking some fresh cookies to celebrate your arrival. I assume you like cookies?"

"I'm not sure," Patrick answered, letting himself be led but staying glued to Marian. "I can't remember the last time I had a cookie."

Marian gasped. "Perish the thought! All young men need cookies made by loved ones. "It's a rule, especially in this house."

Patrick knew she was being silly for his sake, and he appreciated it more than he could ever say. When they walked through the doors, it was his turn to gasp. The foyer had mosaic floors, wonderful paintings, and was beautifully decorated. They continued down a long hallway with doors on either sides and ended in a huge kitchen. Sure enough, the smell of cookies hit his nose.

"Go ahead and grab a stool," Marian said, gesturing to the stools that surround a large kitchen island. "I'll pour us some milk." Patrick watched her move around, getting glasses and then milk. She was so graceful, her movements almost fluid. It was almost like watching a dancer.

"Thank you," he said when she set a glass of milk in front of him.

“When we’re done here, my grandson, Riley, left some clothes for you,” she said, sitting next to him. “He’s more your size. He figured you’d feel better in something that fit you.”

“You noticed these didn’t fit?” he asked, giggling and gesturing to the jogging shorts that were almost pants on him and the tank top that looked more like a dress.

“It was subtle,” Marian replied smirking, “but I figured it out.”

“So, what did we decide, baby?” Stefan asked, walking up next to him. “Do you like cookies?”

“Yeah, these are great. Thank you, Marian,” he said, smiling widely. They were like warm heaven, filled with chocolate.

“You’re very welcome, my dear,” she replied as everyone else started sitting on stools and grabbing cookies. “I do have something to talk to you and Stefan about. Riley is a doctor. He went to human medical school and takes fantastic care of our kind. He said he’s never met a human that’s mated a vampire before and wishes to examine you. Riley just wants to make sure everything is okay with you and the changes.”

“Can Stefan come with?” Patrick asked.

“Of course, dear,” Marian replied smiling. “He just wants to do a physical, he called it. He said you would know what that was?”

“Yeah, that would be okay,” Patrick replied, taking another cookie.

“What’s a physical, Pat?” Stefan asked.

“Humans get physicals once a year,” he answered, swallowing. “It’s like a tune-up for your car. You go in, the doctor checks your blood pressure, your nose and ears, your heart rate. They draw some blood to make sure you’re healthy. I’ve had them when I was younger.”

“Well, it’s up to you,” Stefan said. “You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“It’s okay,” he replied. “It’s probably a good idea if Riley has studied humans. Never hurts to make sure everything’s working.”

“Good.” Marian smiled again. “I’ll let Riley know you’re coming by later. But first I think Elena has a surprise for you.”

“For me?” he gulped, looking at Stefan’s mom.

“Nothing bad, I assure you,” Elena replied chuckling. He looked around the room to notice all the men had the same bright green eyes and chestnut brown hair that Stefan had. “Desmond mentioned to me that all of your things were left behind. I thought we could do some shopping online.”

“Online, like on a computer?” he asked, getting excited.

“Yes,” Elena said, seeming confused.

“I’ve never been on a computer. I’ve always wanted to learn how to use one.” He started rambling. “On the way here Stefan helped me make a list of all the stuff I want to do now that I can make my own choices. I want to get better at reading and writing and get my GED. I want to ride a horse and try lots of foods, so I can see what I like. Oh, and I want a fish. I always wanted a pet growing up. I figured I should start small.”

“We’ll get you as many fish as you want, baby,” Stefan chuckled, giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

“Sorry, my mouth tends to run away when I get excited,” Patrick said blushing.

“No need to be sorry, Patrick,” Desmond said. “We’re glad that you’re excited to be here and start a life with our son. To be honest, I think we’re all fascinated by you.”

“Me? Why?” Patrick asked, completely confused. “You guys are fascinating, you’re vampires. How cool is that?” Everyone laughed at what he said, but he wasn’t really sure why it was funny.

“Yes,” Gabriel said, leaning across the counter, “but we’re used to being around vampires. I haven’t been this close to a human in centuries, and I’ve never talked to one like we are now.”

“I guess I didn’t think of it that way,” Patrick said. “You guys can ask me anything you want. I already asked all mine to Stefan.”

"I think we're good for now," Gabriel replied. "We knew of humans existing. You just found out we did."

"Yeah, duh," Patrick replied, laughing at himself. He watched as Elena brought over a laptop and what looked like measuring tape.

"I've got to talk to my father a bit, Pat," Stefan told him. "Is it okay if I go do that while you shop with my mother and Marian?"

"You'll still be in the house, right?" Patrick asked, trying not to sound panicked. "You're not leaving me, right?"

"I'll just be down the hall in my father's study," Stefan answered, giving him a quick kiss. Patrick loved kissing him. Every time it made him melt. "If you need me, my mother knows where it is, okay?"

"Okay, but how will I pay for the shopping?" Patrick asked, blushing with embarrassment.

"Oh don't worry about that, silly," Elena said, giggling. "This is a treat for us girls that you'll let us help you shop. We've not had anyone as young as you in the house for over a century. When Desmond told us Stefan was bringing you home, shopping was the first thing Marian and I thought of."

"I leave you in good hands, baby," Stefan laughed, following his father and his brothers out of the kitchen.

"First, stand up, Patrick," Marian said, grabbing the measuring tape. "We have to figure out what size you are."

"Scrawny," Patrick answered, blushing.

"Not at all," Elena replied. "I think the term is lanky and sleek."

"Besides, the way we feed everyone around here," Marian snickered, "we'll add some more meat on those bones."

"They didn't really feed me much where I was," Patrick said as Marian measured him.

"Desmond didn't tell us about where you were," Elena said softly. "He said you were embarrassed and didn't want everyone to know. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to, Patrick. We just want you to know, if you do want to, we're here for you, okay?"

You've mated to Stefan, and that makes you my son now, too. And Marian is a grandma for you, as well, as she's family, too."

"Thank you," Patrick whispered, launching himself into her arms. He wasn't even sure why he did it. But it had been so long since anyone had hugged him like his mother had when he was little. Even after she got sick, she wasn't able to hug him. It was like Elena was giving him such a great gift, he couldn't turn it down. He didn't want to turn it down.

"It's okay now, Patrick," she said, running her hands down his back and comforting him. "Whatever's happened is in the past. Now you have a family who will love you as their own. Everything's going to be fine now."

"Sorry," Patrick said, chuckling as he left her arms. "It's just so long since I've gotten a mom hug, I couldn't resist."

"Anytime you want one, Patrick, you can have one. I love getting hugs. But with all these macho warriors around, I don't get my fill. So, really I should be thanking you," Elena said, pushing his hair back from his face and smiling at him. "All right, let's do some shopping!"

"You're both really excited to shop for me, aren't you?" Patrick asked.

"Yes!" they exclaimed together, and the three of them burst into giggles. He sat in the middle of the women as they added item after item to their online shopping cart. Patrick found the whole thing so awesome, trying his best not to feel guilty as he saw the thousands and thousands of dollars they spent on him.

He was into it when they were looking at jeans, sneakers, T-shirts, pajamas, boxers, and socks. All the necessities. When they switched to suits and ties, he started to wiggle in his seat. What would he ever need a suit for? But then again, thinking of the house he was in, he probably would. They also ordered him workout clothes, dress slacks, and some nicer button-up shirts. Over an hour had passed when they finally were done.

Next, Elena helped him sign up to take the test and get study materials for his GED. Marian had the idea of ordering text books for fifth through eighth grades so he could brush up on what he learned almost ten years ago. Then they went nuts at the office supply store online. Elena insisted on getting him his own laptop and teaching software that would show him how to use it.

Lastly, they added him onto Stefan's personal bank accounts, ordering him his own debit and credit cards. Marian promised to show him how to use them when they came in. Both women assured him they had taught their children and that vampires didn't have organized schools. Too large a risk of discovery.

Right after Patrick got back from the bathroom, changing into clothes that fit better and wearing actual shoes, Stefan came into the kitchen. Patrick ran over to him and leapt into his arms, amazed at how much he missed Stefan when he was gone such a short time.

"I missed you, too, baby," Stefan whispered before giving him a long, passionate kiss. "Time to go see Doc Riley, but I wanted to let you know, I was talking with my father and his lawyer. When we get back, he'll be here, and we'll start getting everything straightened out, okay?"

"Yeah, I can do that," Patrick answered. Stefan started toward the front door of the mansion. He was still holding on to Stefan, wrapped around the front of him like a monkey. It made him feel warmed inside that Stefan wanted to hold him as much as he wanted to be held.

"How was the shopping?" Stefan asked as they got to the front door.

"They bought me way too much stuff," he answered, laughing. "We did sign me up for information on my GED and ordered a bunch of text books. They said they would help me learn what I want to."

"Good, my mother taught me," Stefan replied. "She's a great teacher, very patient. You'll be in good hands, little one."

“Stefan?” Patrick started to ask as they got to the car. “Will you teach my how to drive?”

“Sure,” Stefan said, smiling, “I can do that.”

Without another word, Stefan handed the keys to Patrick and walked to the passenger’s door.

“I didn’t mean right this second,” Patrick said, his eyes bugging out of his head.

“I know, but why not?” Stefan asked. “The warrior compound where the hospital is would be the perfect first lesson. A lot of straight roads, not a lot of traffic.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, baby, I’m sure,” Stefan replied, getting into the car. Patrick took a deep breath and got in the driver’s side. He buckled his seatbelt and figured out how to adjust the seat and steering wheel. Stefan patiently showed him how to adjust the mirrors and where the turning signals were. All that was left was to turn on the car and drive.

Patrick turned the car on, put it in drive, and slowly took his foot off the brake. He gently touched the gas and, after a few jerky starts and stops, got a better feel for how the car worked. When he pulled out of the gates of the compound and onto the street, he felt powerful. It was a great feeling he could really get used to. He felt free, in control, and excited that Stefan trusted him with his car.

Patrick listed all the things they had ordered online, filling Stefan in on everything he has missed. In turn, Stefan talked to him about the warrior compound and the hospital his family had built for Riley. He told Patrick about how he had first met Riley and what an ass he was, explaining why he had originally thought being gay was wrong and how he hid his sexuality, afraid to ask anyone.

Patrick loved every minute of them talking like this. He wasn’t sure he had ever been able to talk to someone so easily. He paid close attention to the road and his driving, glad that Stefan had been right. It really was a pretty straight shot to the hospital, and they didn’t see another car the whole way. Pulling into the warrior compound and in

front of the main house, he stopped the car, put it in park, and shut it off.

“I did it, I drove us here!” he exclaimed, jumping out of the car and running around to Stefan.

“You did, I’m really impressed for your first time driving,” Stefan said, hugging him.

“Really?”

“Yeah, you did way better than I did my first time.” Stefan chuckled. “I thought my father was going to throw up after my first lesson I drove so jerky.”

“Cool, thanks, Stefan,” he said, standing on his tip toes to kiss Stefan’s lips.

“You’re welcome, baby,” Stefan replied. “Stay close to me, okay? I don’t think there’s ever been a human in here before.” Patrick nodded and followed Stefan in, holding his hand. He liked that Stefan was so openly affectionate with him, always holding his hand or touching him, reminding Patrick he wasn’t alone.

They walked through the big doors, and Patrick once again gasped at the sight of it. It was huge. The entire inside seemed to be filled with marble. It reminded him of a museum he went to as a child.

“Human!” he heard someone yell from another room and then a frightening amount of footsteps rushing for them.

“It’s okay,” Stefan shouted. “He’s not alone. He’s my mate.” Stefan pushed Patrick behind him so he was only able to peak around him. He saw about a dozen very large vampires coming into the foyer where they were.

“He?” One vampire sneered, coming closer than the rest. “How mighty the great Marius family has fallen. Not only another fag for a son, but mated to a human. How disgraceful.”

“You’re such an asshole, Isaac,” Stefan replied. “Nice way to greet your friend’s mate. I appreciate the congratulations, but keep your bigot opinions to yourself.”

“Fuck you, Stefan,” the vampire he called Isaac said, taking a step closer. “You not only disgrace our race with your ways, you bring a lower being into this compound.”

“Lower being,” Patrick said, shocked, before he could stop himself.

“Yes, lower being,” Isaac replied, finally focusing on him. “You’re below us in the food chain, you pathetic human.”

“At least I have better manners.” He snickered. “Great show of how you’re a higher being.”

“How dare you talk to me like that!” Isaac yelled.

“How dare you talk to me like that?” he yelled back.

“Pat, don’t bother,” Stefan started to say.

“Control your pet, Stefan,” Isaac said, “or I will.”

Patrick broke away and walked right up to Isaac. “I’m no one’s pet. Stefan doesn’t control me, he’s my mate. We’re equals.”

“Yeah, right,” Isaac retorted, getting in his face. “You talk big, but as soon as I make a move, I won’t be fighting you. Stefan will be here to protect you.”

“I don’t need Stefan to protect me,” Patrick sneered. “You have to make this physical? Only way you can win at anything is beating up the other person? Go ahead, kick the crap out of me then. I’m still not going to let you treat me like shit.”

Before Patrick could even blink, he was pulled away from Isaac. A vampire about his size stuck a needle in Isaac before turning to him. “Yes, you do need Stefan to protect you. These guys could tear out your throat before you even blink.”

“He’s right, baby,” Stefan said, and Patrick realized that was who had pulled him out of the way. “This wasn’t about you. This is an ongoing fight. That’s one of the Dragos brothers.”

“Oh, sorry,” he said, watching Isaac pass out. Whatever the smaller vampire gave him must have been some kind of sedative. “I just didn’t want you to be embarrassed that your mate had to hide behind you. Like I couldn’t fight my own battles.”

“Dragos,” the vampire with the needle said to another vampire. “You tell your brother when he wakes up, if he ever makes a move against one of my patients again, I will go straight to the council. You hear me? This shit has to stop. We’re on the same fucking side.”

Everyone was quiet as the vampire, he was guessing it was Riley, turned on his heel and led them down the hallway. They walked through a set of glass doors, and Patrick looked around. It looked like the free clinic his mom had taken him to a few times back in New York.

“I’m Riley Johnson,” the vampire said, extending his hand. “Welcome to my hospital.”

“Hi, Patrick Hawk,” he replied, shaking hands. “Thanks for the offer to check me out.”

“No problem,” Riley said. “Hey, Stefan. How’s it going?”

“Good, a lot going on, but we’re doing good,” Stefan replied, smiling.

Another large vampire came to join them from inside the hospital. “Congratulations, big brother, on finding your mate.” Patrick would have guessed they were related—same hair, eyes, and build. They gave each other a brief hug before turning back to him.

“Thank you, Micah,” Stefan said, coming back to take Patrick’s hand. “I’d like you to meet my mate, Patrick Hawk.”

“It’s a pleasure, Patrick,” Micah said, extending his hand. “Welcome to the family.”

“Thanks,” he replied, putting his smaller hand in the man’s huge one. “Stefan speaks very highly of you and your mate. I’m glad to meet you.”

“Oh really? Is this true, big brother?” Micah asked.

“Maybe.” Stefan chuckled as Riley led them to an exam room.

“You guys catch up,” Riley said, opening the door, “I’m going to give Patrick his physical.”

“You want me to stay with you, baby?” Stefan asked.

“No, I’m okay with Riley,” he answered. “You’re not going to leave the hospital, though, are you?”

“Nope, I’ll be right here with Micah,” Stefan replied, giving him a quick kiss. Then Patrick and Riley went into the exam room, closing the door behind them.

“Since you’re human, I assume you know the drill?” Riley asked, handing him a hospital gown.

“Yep, haven’t had a physical in years,” he said, undressing. “But I remember how it goes.”

“Good,” Riley replied, pulling up a rolling stool and opening a chart. “What do I need to know about your medical history?”

“Um, nothing really,” he answered, thinking. “This stays between us, right?”

“Yep, patient-doctor privilege,” Riley said, smiling at him. “You can tell me anything, and it goes nowhere.”

“Okay.” He sighed, pulling on the gown ties in the back. “Then the only thing you need to know is that I’ve been physically and sexually abused for the past three years. Supposedly everyone was supposed to use a condom as the asshole who kept me prisoner passed me around, but I couldn’t tell you that for sure.”

“Any broken bones or anything?”

“Not sure, never saw a doctor during that time. But everything seemed to always heal,” he answered. “There was a week once where I couldn’t move my right arm and leg. Eventually I healed, and it worked just fine.”

“Okay,” Riley said, writing down notes. “Then we’ll do more than just a physical. I’d like to give you a full body scan to make sure everything healed properly.”

“Whatever you think, Doc,” he replied, nodding.

“I’m also going to check inside you, to make sure nothing was torn or damaged. Do you want Stefan in here for that?”

“No, I’m okay with just you. You’re not scary,” he answered, realizing how stupid that sounded. “I mean, I know you’re a vampire, but you’re not huge like the other guys.”

“I understand what you were saying, Patrick,” Riley replied, chuckling. He stood up and moved by Patrick, doing all the normal physical tests. Patrick looked away when he drew a couple vials of blood. He was seated on a normal exam chair, except it had metal stirrups on either side. Patrick figured it was like that in case Riley had to examine women like on TV.

“Okay, now the last part, you ready?” Riley asked, putting on latex gloves.

“As ready as one can be,” he replied, snorting nervously. Riley put each of his heels in one of the stirrups, his legs spread and his groin on full display. Patrick couldn’t help but blush, but Riley was completely professional. He put some lube on his gloved hands and scooted the stool into position.

“Tell me if anything hurts,” Riley said as he lubed up Patrick’s tight hole. He wanted nothing more than to pretend it was Stefan, but getting hard while your doctor was examining you seemed in bad taste. Riley stuck in one finger, wiggling it around, then a second. He did some scissoring motion that opened Patrick up for Riley to take a look.

Riley slid some type of metal scope into Patrick’s ass, and he couldn’t help but gasp. It was cold but rubbed right over his prostate.

“Everything looks good,” Riley said, pulling the scope back out. “There’s no tearing or bruising. From what I can tell, you’re in perfect health. I have to say it’s a little surprising after three years of being abused.”

“I’m not making it up—”

“I’m not saying that at all, Patrick,” Riley said, holding up a hand. “I’m merely commenting from a professional standpoint how well you heal. Humans don’t normally heal this well. It’s quite remarkable,

actually. Just hang tight for a while. I'm going to take a look at your blood and run some tests. I'll send Stefan in to sit with you, okay?"

"Yeah, thanks, Doc," he replied as Riley left the room. Then Patrick had an idea that he was sure would drive his mate crazy.

Chapter 5

“Hey, baby, how did it go?” Stefan asked, walking in the exam room after Riley told him he could go in and see Patrick. He froze as he looked up after closing the door behind him.

“What’s wrong, Stefan? Are you feeling okay?” his little mate asked him. Patrick sat on the exam table, naked, heels in the stirrups, his groin completely on display as he sat there stroking his cock, lust in his eyes as he looked at Stefan. “See something you like, my big, strong warrior?”

“Oh yeah, it’s like I just walked into my best wet dream,” Stefan answered as he crossed the room. He ripped off his clothes, staring at his little mate playing with himself. “Fuck Pat, you sitting here like this is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Are you just going to stand there and watch?” Patrick gestured to his now hard cock. “Or are you going to join in and fuck me?”

“Join,” he said, stepping between Patrick’s spread legs and claiming his mate’s lips. His hands roamed all over Patrick’s body as he started to move his hips, grinding their cocks together. “Fuck, baby, you’re so hot and ready for me.”

“Stefan I’m—I’m almost,” Patrick panted out as Stefan kept grinding their cocks together.

“Come for me, baby. Show me how hot and responsive you are to my touch,” he whispered.

“Stefan!” Patrick cried out as his cum spurted all over between them.

“Fuck me,” he heard someone say from the doorway of the exam room. Stefan didn’t care. Let them see how his gorgeous mate

responded to him. Let them be jealous of how beautiful his mate was in the throes of passion. He didn't even wait for his little mate to come back down from his orgasm. Stefan took a step back, leaned down, and started to lick Patrick's seed off his cock.

"That is so fucking hot," Patrick panted. "I'm getting hard again just watching you, Stefan." And he was. His little mate seemed to recover quickly. Stefan wondered how many times he could get Patrick to come.

"You liked that, did you, baby?" Stefan said, stroking Patrick's now rebounded cock. He watched his mate's face in awe as Patrick's eyes glazed over and he started to hump Stefan's hand. "What about this, do you like me playing with your beautiful, hard cock?"

"Yes, please, please don't stop," Patrick whimpered.

"No, baby, I won't stop. I want to see you come again," Stefan said, leaning over and licking Patrick's nipple. That seemed to be a big hot spot for Patrick because he went wild. He took his mate's nipple in his mouth and bit down gently.

"Stefan!" Patrick cried out as he came again all over Stefan's hand. Stefan heard more movement in the doorway, but he was so filled with lust for his mate nothing could have stopped him. He needed to be inside his mate. It was killing him.

"Look at me, baby," Stefan demanded as he licked Patrick's seed off his hand. He loved the taste of it, but he loved how much Patrick enjoyed it as well. Patrick let out a loud groan at the sight. Stefan couldn't wait anymore. Using Patrick's cum to lube up his cock, he lined up his hard cock and sunk it into his tight little ass. He moaned as he realized how ready Patrick was for him. He sank in all the way in one thrust.

"Yes, Stefan, fuck me please." Patrick moaned loudly. It drove him crazy how vocal his mate was with him. "I need you to come inside me, please."

"You want me to fuck you, Baby?" Stefan asked as he pulled out and thrust back in quickly. "Like that?"

“Yes,” Patrick hissed out. “Fuck me like you want to, as hard as you want to. Don’t hold back with me.”

“Never, baby,” he replied, starting the pace off hard and fast. After watching his mate come twice at the pleasure he gave him, Stefan was about to blow already. “I’ll never hold back with you, I promise.”

“God, yes, just like that,” Patrick grunted out, holding onto his shoulders. “It’s never been, I’ve never felt this, yes!”

“That’s it, baby,” he hissed out in between thrusts. “Come for me one more time.”

“I—I can’t, can’t come again.” Patrick moaned.

“Yes, you can,” Stefan panted, getting close himself. Just then his sexy little mate tilted his head submissively for Stefan to bite him.

“Claim me,” Patrick said. “Make me yours again.”

“Always mine.” He growled and sunk his fangs into his mate’s neck.

“Stefan!” Patrick shouted loudly as he came again. Stefan felt Patrick’s cock explode between them as the taste of his blood filled Stefan’s mouth. His mate’s muscles clamped down on his cock, making Stefan explode as well. Every drink of Patrick’s blood seemed to cause wave after wave of orgasm for both of them. Finally when Stefan was worried he might be taking too much blood, he pulled his head back.

He leaned his forehead on Patrick’s shoulder, panting from his mind-blowing orgasm. Stefan had not only never experienced anything like it, he didn’t think anything like it was ever even possible. When his breathing slowed a bit, he lifted his head, chuckling when he saw his mate blacked out again. Pulling free from Patrick, he turned around to face their audience.

“Enjoy the show, boys?” Stefan asked Riley and Micah. He laughed when he noticed they both were hard and touching each other.

“Sorry, Stefan,” Riley said gulping, “we knew we should leave, but fuck!”

“Yeah,” Micah added, “did he just come three times?”

“Yes,” Stefan said, snickering as he went to get some wipes off the counter. “That’s my perfect little mate for you. He responds wonderfully to my touch.”

“Does he always black out like that?” Riley asked, wiggling his butt against Micah’s groin.

“Every time I claim him, yes,” Stefan replied, cleaning off Patrick. “You two want to take care of that?” he asked, gesturing to their grinding against each other.

“Yeah, we’ll be back,” Micah answered, picking up Riley and throwing him over his shoulder. Stefan couldn’t help but laugh again at his little brother’s antics. He cleaned himself up, threw away the wipes, and put on his clothes. Stefan gently dressed his sleeping mate as he lovingly eyed every inch of his body. His eyes roamed over every lean muscle and every curve, memorizing it.

“I blacked out again, didn’t I?” Patrick asked as his eyes fluttered open.

“Yeah,” Stefan chuckled as he leaned in to kiss his mate.

“Was I dreaming?” Patrick asked, sitting up. “Or was there someone else in here with us?”

“Uh, yes,” Stefan answered, laughing. “It seems my brother and his mate like to watch. They got so hot watching you come three times that they were rubbing each other. They ran off a few minutes ago.”

“Oh geeze,” Patrick replied, his face burning bright red. “Great, not only did they see that but me black out, as well?”

“Baby,” he said, standing between Patrick’s legs and cupping his face. “It is the most amazing sight to see you climax. And there’s no reason to be embarrassed that you black out. I take it as a compliment that I give you so much pleasure, your body overloads.”

“You really like it?”

“As long as it doesn’t hurt, yeah. I love pleasing you, seeing you go wild, knowing I can do that to you is the hottest.”

“I think you’re the hottest,” Patrick said, leaning in for another kiss.

“Well, we’ll have to agree to disagree, baby.”

“Thank you for cleaning me up,” Patrick replied, “and for dressing me.”

“You’re welcome,” Stefan said, sitting down in the other chair. “It’s no hardship, getting to touch you. Looking at your sexy, naked body to my fill.”

“Didn’t we just have sex?” Patrick asked, giggling, hopping down from the exam table, and sitting in his lap.

“Have I told you how much I like that you always want to sit by me?”

“No, but I like it, too. I like that you’re always holding my hand, or touching me. It reminds me I’m not alone.”

“You’re not, baby,” Stefan whispered, kissing the top of his head. He was just about to continue their playful banter when the door opened and Riley came back in. “Did you have fun, Riley?”

“Um, yeah, sorry about that,” Riley mumbled, blushing. He sat down on the rolling stool and put on his professional face. “Patrick, we need to talk. Do you want Stefan here for it?”

“Yes,” Patrick replied. Stefan could feel him stiffen up on his lap.

“Patrick, do you know who your father is?” Riley asked, opening his chart.

“No, I never met him. My mom wouldn’t talk about him, and there’s no name on my birth certificate.”

“Patrick and I were talking about how well he’s healed from years of abuse,” Riley said, filling him in. “He thought at first I didn’t believe him. I do of course. What I was saying was it’s rather miraculous that he has no lasting injuries.”

“That’s a good thing though,” Stefan said, not really asking a question.

“Yes, of course,” Riley quickly answered. “But it raised some questions for me, medically speaking. I did tests on your blood samples, Patrick. I also ran a genetic analysis of it. My findings were quite unusual.”

“Riley,” Patrick said softly, “please just spit it out. You’re scaring me.”

“You’re part vampire,” Riley replied. “Your father was, I mean is, a vampire. That’s why you healed so well. Your genetic composition isn’t human, but it isn’t vampire. It’s somewhere in the middle. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Why did you say ‘was’ my father,” Patrick asked, catching the slip-up as Stefan did, “and then switch to ‘is’ a vampire?”

“Well,” Riley answered slowly, “I have all the warriors’ genetic compositions on file, as well. When I realized you’re part vampire, I ran comparisons just in case I could find a match. I had a match, and no, it’s not with Stefan.”

“Please don’t tell us who I think you are going to tell us,” Stefan said, tensing up. “No, that’s not even fucking funny.”

“I’m sorry, but yeah.”

“Can someone explain it to me?” Patrick asked, sounding pissed.

“The vampire you argued with earlier, Isaac?” Riley answered. “Isaac Dragos is your half brother. Which makes Abraham Dragos your father. I’m really sorry, Patrick.”

“I want to go home,” Patrick whispered so quietly even Stefan could barely hear him.

“Okay, baby, let’s get you home,” he said, setting his mate on his feet. Stefan felt like he’d just been slugged in the face. He couldn’t even imagine what Patrick was going through. “Thanks, Riley. We’ll see you at home.”

“Sure,” Riley said sadly.

He led Patrick out of the room. Seeing his brother, he just shook his head. Micah must have understood because he backed off. They

left the hospital and walked through the warriors' main house. As fate would have it, they ran right into two of the Dragos brothers.

"Oh good, you're still here," Isaac sneered.

"Just don't, Isaac," Stefan said, his tone ice.

"Don't what, Stefan?" Isaac taunted. "Play with your little human?"

"Just stop," Patrick screamed, startling both of them. "All my life I've wanted a family. To have siblings, to have a father, and you're what I fucking get?"

"What the fuck is he talking about?" Isaac yelled, his face turning red with anger.

"Riley did some blood tests on Patrick," Stefan calmly said. "He's half vampire. So Riley compared it with all the vampires he has on record. You matched him. Patrick's your half brother."

"What!" Isaac roared. "How dare you smear the Dragos name by claiming this human fruit is related to us."

"I'm not a Dragos," Patrick yelled back. "I'm a Hawk. I don't want to be associated with you, or your family. You're an asshole bigot, and your father abandoned me and my mother!"

"Liar!" Isaac said, taking a step closer.

"It's true, Isaac," Riley said, coming up behind them with Micah. "I ran the test three times just to make sure. Patrick is your half brother."

"Forget it," Patrick mumbled. "Can we just go?"

"Yeah, we're out of here," Stefan said, holding Patrick's hand as they walked out the door. He didn't even bring up the idea of Patrick driving. He was way too distracted for someone who had only driven once.

After they pulled out of the warrior compound and headed home, he reached for Patrick's hand. He turned and looked at his little mate curled into a ball, his hands wrapped around his knees, crying.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Stefan asked. He was at a total loss on how to help Patrick.

“No,” Patrick answered, not even looking at him. Stefan felt his heart breaking as he watched his mate crying, in so much pain. He got them home as quickly as he could, hoping that would help. As they pulled up to the house and got out of the car, he tried to take Patrick’s hand again, but Patrick pulled away.

They walked into the house, and Stefan heard voices coming from the sitting room. Shit! They were supposed to meet with his father’s lawyer. This was so not the time for it.

“Stefan, Patrick, I’m glad you’re home,” his father said, coming out of the sitting room. “What’s wrong, Patrick? Why are you crying?”

“Not now, Father,” Stefan said, hoping to get his message across.

“All right, Son,” he replied but obviously not happy. “I need you both to join us in here.”

Patrick still didn’t say anything. He just followed Stefan’s father into the sitting room. Stefan brought up the rear, closing the door behind them. His mother and father were in there, along with a man he knew as the family lawyer and another man Stefan had never seen before.

“This is my son, Stefan,” his father said, starting the introductions, “and his husband to be, Patrick. This is Mr. Casey, our attorney, and Mr. Frost, the district attorney for Virginia.”

“Nice to see you again, Mr. Casey,” Stefan said, shaking his hand. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Frost. If you’ll forgive Patrick and me, you can understand how hard this has been on us.”

“Of course,” Mr. Frost said gently. “I’ve heard from your father what you both went through. I’m afraid I’m going to need firsthand accounts from both of you.”

“Okay,” Patrick said, quietly sitting down in a chair alone. He went through the entire horrid tale for the third time in less than 24 hours. Stefan heard his mother gasp a few times, tears running down her face. Patrick cried as well, crying until he seemed to have no more tears. Then Stefan told his account of what happened, as well.

“Well,” Mr. Frost said slowly as they finished the story, “that’s, ah, wow. I’m sorry, I’m not sure what to say. I’ve heard and prosecuted a lot of heinous crimes in my day, but this is one I’ve never had. I’m going to be working with the district attorney of New York. He’ll pull the hospital bills to verify who paid them. Hopefully with that and you both as witnesses, this can be settled out of court and you’ll never even have to testify.”

“What do you mean settled out of court?” Patrick asked in a panic. “You won’t make me go back there, will you? Desmond promised I wouldn’t have to go back!”

“No, no, Patrick, that’s not what I meant at all,” Mr. Frost answered quickly. “I meant the charges I’ll be filing against Mr. Pritchard. If all goes as I hope, he’ll be spending the rest of his life in jail, and you won’t even have to testify against him.”

“So, I’m really free?” Patrick asked quietly.

“Absolutely,” Mr. Frost replied gently, coming over to kneel in front of Patrick. “He never had the right to do any of that. And I’ll make sure those policemen who helped him will be arrested, as well. Pritchard paid the medical bills off on his own accord. He didn’t have any written agreement that you had to pay him back. He blackmailed you with jail, but you could never have really been arrested and gone to jail, Patrick.”

“So they tricked me?” Patrick yelled, standing up, his eyes bugging out. “I spent three years in hell because I’m an idiot? I did this to myself!”

“No, you didn’t, Patrick,” he said, going over to him. “You were seventeen. You didn’t know any better. Pritchard had policemen in his back pocket. They threw you in holding for days. You didn’t know that you weren’t really ever going to jail.”

“I’m so stupid,” Patrick cried, fleeing from the room.

“Thank you for your help, Mr. Frost,” Stefan said, shaking the man’s hand. “I’m sure you’ll be in touch with my father?”

“Yes, of course,” the man replied. “It’s not Patrick’s fault. He was alone, scared, and just a kid. Pritchard preyed on that.”

“I know,” he replied, wiping a hand over his face. “Now if I can just get Patrick to see that.”

Stefan thanked everyone else in the room and excused himself. He had to go find his little mate and comfort him. He started in the kitchen, seeing that was really the only other room Patrick had ever been in. Stefan searched most of the first floor before he started to panic.

“Have you seen Patrick?” he asked his mother when he saw her about half an hour later.

“No, you never found him?” she asked, her eyes going wide.

“No, I haven’t,” he answered. “I’ve checked most of the first floor, but he’s only been in the kitchen and the front room. Where could he have gone?”

“Come on, let’s go ask everyone else,” his mother said. “They’re all just sitting down to dinner.”

He followed his mother into the dining room, completely distraught.

“Has anyone seen Patrick?” she asked, and Stefan watched as everyone shook their heads. “We need to find him.”

“What happened?” Gabriel asked, his voice full of concern. Normally Stefan wouldn’t have told them, but after everything that had happened to Patrick, his family needed to understand how serious this was.

Stefan quickly told them all the short version. He explained how he found Patrick at the club and how Pritchard had sent police here to arrest Stefan. Then he told them what happened at the hospital, followed by what happened in the sitting room with the district attorney.

“And now I’ve searched most of the first floor,” Stefan finished up, tears freely falling down his face. “I can’t find him. You saw him

when we left the hospital, Riley. Add to that what happened with the district attorney, wouldn't you panic?"

"Stefan, I am panicked," Riley said, standing, "but we'll find him. It's going to be okay."

Stefan couldn't form words. His throat felt like it had closed shut. His father, seeing this, called all the staff into the dining room as well and took charge. They divided into pairs and split up sections of the house so there would be overlap. That way, the house would be checked from top to bottom twice.

They searched for hours. By that time, Stefan was in full-blown panic, worried that Patrick had fled off the property and was all alone. Or had done something to himself. Just as he was about to get in his car and drive around, he heard someone yell out that Patrick was found. They had decided whoever found him would bring Patrick back to the kitchen. Racing there in a matter of moments, Stefan slid to a halt as he saw his little mate asleep in his father's arms.

Stefan's legs gave out, and he dropped to his knees sobbing. He wanted to ask if Patrick was okay. He just couldn't seem to stop crying.

"Patrick's fine, son," his mother said as she knelt next to him and wrapped her arms around him. He realized she was crying, as well, and hugged her back. "He's okay."

"Where," he tried to say as he quieted down his crying.

"We found him in the corner of the laundry room," Gabriel said, putting his hand on Stefan's shoulder. "It seemed he cried himself to sleep on a pile of linens. There's not a scratch on him, Stefan."

"Thank you, everyone," he was able to crack out as he wiped his eyes. "Thank you so much."

"Come on, son," his father said gently. "Let's get you and your mate up to bed. I think you both have had too much thrown at you today. You both need your rest, and tomorrow is a new day."

Stefan nodded, trying to make his legs work. Now that all the adrenaline left his body after hours of panicking, he felt weak. Gabriel

must have noticed because he wrapped Stefan's arm around his shoulder and lifted him up.

"Come on, brother," Gabriel said gently, taking most of Stefan's weight on himself. They made their way upstairs into his room. He was barely coherent as Gabriel dumped him into his bed. His father laid Patrick into his arms, and that's how he passed out, wrapped around his mate.

Chapter 6

Patrick woke up the next morning with Stefan holding him. How did he get there? Last thing he remembered was running out of the sitting room after talking with the district attorney. He needed to be by himself for a while. Patrick had been crying, not paying attention to where he was going. Next thing he knew, he was completely lost in the strange, huge mansion. He couldn't even find the damn stairs. So he lay down on a pile of sheets in the laundry room, exhausted.

"Stefan?" he said, trying to wake him up. "Stefan, how did I get here?"

"Baby, are you okay?" Stefan asked, waking up.

"I'm fine. How did I get here?" he asked again. "Did someone find me?"

"Yeah, baby, it took us all hours, but Gabriel finally found you in the laundry room. Why did you hide from us?"

"I didn't mean to, I swear," he explained. "I just had to get out of the sitting room. I ran out of there crying. I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. Next thing I knew, I was completely turned around. I couldn't even find the stairs to figure out what floor I was on. I looked and looked for anyone, but finally I was too exhausted to move anymore. I figured someone eventually would come into the laundry room, so I lay down there."

"You had us all so worried," Stefan whispered against his head. "I was so afraid you had left me, or done something to yourself. I completely panicked. I was going out of my mind."

"I'm so sorry, for everything," he replied, starting to cry again.

"It's okay, baby. You're safe now," Stefan said. "No more running off, okay? At least until you know the house better."

"I promise," he answered. "I just, I don't know, I felt like I broke inside. I just couldn't be there anymore."

"I know, my love, I know."

"I'm so stupid," he whispered.

"Listen to me, Patrick," Stefan said, his voice growing stern. He looked up to see the look on Stefan's face. "I've never once lied to you, and I'm not about to start now. Not one person in my family, me included, thinks you're stupid. Pritchard preyed on you. You were young, alone, in a bad spot, you just lost your mother, and no one would have known what to do in your place. You didn't do this to yourself. That asshole did it to you, okay?"

"Really? Is that what everyone really thinks?"

"Yes, baby. No one thinks what happened was your fault. They feel horrible it happened to you. And I know you didn't want everyone to know what happened, but after I couldn't find you, I panicked. I had to tell my family, so they understood how important it was to find you. Please don't be mad at me," Stefan answered.

"I'm not mad," he said, kissing Stefan. "With everything that's happened, they needed to know. I'm just grateful I didn't have to tell them. It hurts me to talk about it."

"I know, baby."

"And now finding out about my dad." He sighed, starting to cry again. "I'm so afraid you're going to leave me now that I'm part Dragos. You and your family seems to hate them so much, I figured you wouldn't want me."

"Oh, baby," Stefan said, crying as well, "I want you more than ever. I don't care that you're part Dragos. I wouldn't care if you were part alligator. I only cared about how upset you were. I was worried about how you would feel knowing you were related to them."

"So you still want me? You won't get rid of me?" he asked, hoping Stefan still wanted him. He almost wept when Stefan let go of

him, until he realized Stefan was moving to lie over him. Stefan took Patrick's head in his hands, looking right in his eyes.

"Patrick, I love you," Stefan said, tears in his eyes. "I will always want you. I will never, ever let you go. I love you."

"Really?" he whispered.

"Really. When we couldn't find you, I thought I would die without you," Stefan said. "You are everything to me, Baby. My whole world. I don't want to live without you."

"I love you, too, Stefan," he answered, his eyes filling up with tears. "I was so scared to tell you. I'm so damaged, and then being half Dragos, I thought you'd leave me. I thought you'd blame me for being abused, that I did it to myself."

"No, baby. If anything, that's part of why I love you," Stefan said. "After everything you've been through, you're still so full of life. You didn't let it defeat you. You live each day to the fullest, and you make me do it, too. You make me feel things I didn't know I could feel. You can never leave me. I wouldn't survive it."

"I don't even want to be apart from you, Stefan. I love you so much. Everything you do for me, to me, I never want that to end," he replied.

"I promise I will never leave you, Patrick," Stefan said, kissing him again.

"Stefan, I need you inside me," he answered. "I need you to claim me, right now, please."

"Yes, baby, I need to be inside you, too," Stefan replied, claiming his lips. It wasn't just a kiss. It was a desperate need to be joined. It was full of everything they had said to each other and emotions that couldn't be put into words. They tore each other's clothes off, never breaking the kiss.

As soon as they were skin to skin, their hands roamed all over each other. Stefan reached over to grab what used to be his pants and pulled a small bottle of lube out of the pocket. Breaking the kiss,

Stefan moved down his body. Patrick lifted his knees to his chest, spreading his legs wide for his mate.

“You are the most gorgeous thing I have ever seen, Patrick,” Stefan whispered, looking at him, almost in awe. Stefan poured lube on his fingers then worked some on his hard cock. He quickly worked a finger into Patrick’s tight ass, wiggling it around before adding a second one. Patrick was in heaven. He loved the way Stefan touched him.

“Now, Stefan, I need you now,” he whimpered. Stefan hurried stretching him, adding a third finger for a few moments before pulling them out. He lined up his wonderful cock and pushed into Patrick. Letting out a loud moan, Patrick felt full. He felt complete now that Stefan was in him.

“I love you, Patrick,” Stefan whispered as he sunk all the way into Patrick. Putting his weight on his arms, he leaned down and kissed Patrick. Patrick felt Stefan’s hips start to move. He wrapped his arms and legs around Stefan, wanting to be as close to him as possible.

“I love you, too,” he whispered before burying his head in Stefan’s neck. Nothing else needed to be said. They made love like nothing else was in the world except the two of them. Stefan kept the pace slow and gentle as they kissed each other. Patrick moved his hips in time to meet Stefan’s thrusts, letting him in deeper.

Stefan kissed along his jaw, up his neck, and to his ear before whispering, “I love you so much, Patrick. I love you.” Patrick could feel Stefan’s tears falling down the side of his face. His own tears running down his cheeks.

“Claim me, Stefan. Make me yours again,” he said, tilting his head. “Leave your mark on me.” He knew he was close to coming, and he could tell Stefan was, too. Patrick cried out as Stefan’s fangs sank into him, his emotions and pleasure skyrocketing as he came. Wave after wave of pleasure hit him, even as he heard Stefan cry out his release. Feeling Stefan’s hot seed fill him was all it took for him to be overwhelmed with the pleasure, and then his world went dark.

* * * *

Patrick awoke to the sound of voices in the other room. The bed was empty next to him, but he reached over and felt it still warm. He quickly scrambled out of bed and threw on his pants. Quietly opening the door, he saw Stefan talking to two men, one who had to be his brother, and another about Patrick's size.

"Is this him?" the smaller man asked. "Is this my brother?"

"Who..." Patrick started to say but the man his size ran to him, cutting him off as he hugged him. He froze in the embrace. The other man must have realized the awkwardness and let him go.

"I'm Noah Dragos," the man introduced himself. "I'm your half brother. When Elena told me what happened yesterday and that you were here, I couldn't wait to meet you."

"Hi," Patrick squeaked out. "I met our other brother, Isaac, yesterday."

"He's an asshole." Noah giggled. "Just stay away from him. He's got issues like our father. Our other brother, Dillon, he's a good guy. He'll be happy that we have a brother."

"Baby, are you okay?" Stefan asked, coming over to him and wrapping his arms around Patrick. "I didn't get a chance to tell you yesterday with everything going on."

"I have a brother," he cried out, hugging his mate and Noah at the same time. "A brother who wants me."

"Yeah, Patrick," Noah answered, sniffing, "I'm excited I have a brother, too."

"Am I out of the group hug here?" the other man said, looking sad.

"Of course not, Remus." Stefan laughed, opening his arm. "Get your ass over here."

"Hi, nice to meet you." Patrick laughed as Remus joined the group hug. "Stefan said a lot of great things about you."

“Really? My brother, Stefan?” Remus asked, his eyes going wide. “Who are you, and what have you done with my brother, Stefan?”

“I found my mate,” Stefan replied as they all broke apart. “Besides, little brother, you know I love you.”

“I know,” Remus answered, shuffling his feet. “You’re just not very liberal with the complements.”

“Job of a big brother.” Stefan laughed, messing up his brother’s hair.

“Let’s go get some breakfast,” Noah said, grabbing Patrick’s arm. “Let the big boys play. I want to get to know my little brother.”

“Really?” he asked, looking at Noah. “Why?”

“Because you’re family, and while most of my, I mean our, family doesn’t understand that, I do,” Noah replied as they headed down the stairs and toward the kitchen. “Besides, you’re new to this world, and who better to help you get acclimated than a long-lost half brother?”

“Right, of course.” Patrick laughed as they started grabbing out stuff for breakfast. “So you know what’s happened to me? And that I found out I’m half vampire?”

“Yeah, Remus told me,” Noah answered as they sat down at the table. “You okay with all of this?”

“Seriously? It’s all like a dream,” he whispered. “A few days ago, I was a prisoner performing sex acts in front of an audience. Now I find out vampires are real, I’m mated to one, and am half vampire myself. Not only that, but I never have to worry about money ever again. Elena and Marian bought me thousands of dollars of stuff, and I can’t pay them back.”

“You don’t have to worry about that.” Noah chuckled. “I know it’s weird. It took some getting used to. I had money of my own, too, but they honestly are good people. They like to help others. They’re not looking for anything in return. Elena and Marian are special. Micah, one of the other brothers, is mated to Riley, and they are expecting. They found a surrogate, and she’s a few months pregnant. Elena and Marian are starting to nest.”

“What do you mean nest?” he asked curiously.

“They’ve not had a baby around here in a century,” Noah answered. “They’re excited and wanting her to deliver as soon as she can. Now you come along and have no mom. They have all these big warriors that don’t need anything. You need clothes and love. The nursery for the baby is almost done. They’re in mothering mode, and you’re here and don’t have one. They have someone to mother.”

“Okay, I think I get it.” Patrick giggled. “So, don’t be nervous, just say ‘thank you’ and appreciate it.”

“Pretty much,” Noah said, “they’re going to do it anyways. Be glad you get a vote in things.”

“So what about you? What do you do here?” Patrick asked. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m a writer.” Noah chuckled, not missing Patrick’s blush. “I write mostly fantasy books for teens, a few children’s books. Until Remus found me, I was a prisoner at our family estate. Our father was embarrassed that I wasn’t born a warrior. He hid me from the world. I lived at the staff house. Isaac and Dillon didn’t know I was even there. Abraham told them I was studying abroad. One of the staff, Wanda, she lives here now.

“Anyways, she always encouraged me to write and tell stories when I was younger. When I got older the staff chipped in and bought me a laptop. I started writing down all the stories I used to make up for the staff. Wanda submitted them to an agent. Turns out the agent loved it. He’s still my agent and I’ve been writing ever since. It was a way for me to make money so when I escaped from our father, I would have something to live off of.”

“What happened?” Patrick asked. “I mean, if it’s not rude for me to ask.”

“Demons caught me a few miles off the property,” Noah responded, shuddering. “Remus, Victor, and Caleb, their friend, rescued me after a few months. My father didn’t want Riley to treat me. He wanted me to die because I was mated to a man. Our brother,

Isaac, kidnapped me and pulled out my fangs in hopes of teaching me a lesson and so our father wouldn't have me killed."

"Wow," Patrick answered with a whistle, "nice to know our family is so loving."

"Dillon helped rescue me," Noah said. "Abraham and Isaac are the assholes. I feel bad for Isaac, actually. He used to be a good guy. He's spent too much time around our father. He's warped and twisted his mind."

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "How do you drink without your fangs?"

"Actually they just finished growing back," Noah replied, opening his mouth to show him. "See?"

"Those are so cool," Patrick said, leaning forward. "I feel like the weird one not having them. Sometimes I feel like I've warped into the *Twilight Zone*."

"Really? You'd want them?" Riley asked, walking in. "Are you serious about that?"

"I don't know," he answered, giggling. "I'm not saying I'd want, like, fake ones, it's just weird being a human living with a house full of vampires."

"I'm asking would you want to be a vampire?" Riley replied. "If you could, would you want to be?"

"What are you talking about, Riley?" Stefan asked as he, Micah, and Remus joined them. "Why are you asking him this?"

"I've studied Patrick's DNA thoroughly." Riley started sitting on the edge of the table. He so easily switched into professional mode, it was impressive to Patrick. "I'm pretty sure I can change him over to one of us."

"You can make me a vampire?" Patrick asked, his jaw hanging open. "Seriously? You're not just fucking with me?"

"I'm not fucking with you," Riley answered, smiling at him. "I think I can convert you to one of us."

“Riley, don’t you think you should talk to Stefan first?” Micah asked.

“Let’s have this discussion in private—” Stefan started to say before Patrick blew up.

“Yes, I agree,” Patrick interrupted, grinding his teeth. “You all can leave. *My* doctor is talking to me about *my* body. I make my own decisions now. Stefan is not my parent, he’s not my keeper. Riley, can we go talk in your lab or something?”

“Of course,” Riley replied, shooting Micah and Stefan a dirty look. “I think this consultation in private would be best.”

“Thanks, Doc,” he replied, giving the same look. “Lead the way.” Patrick noticed Micah’s and Stefan’s shocked faces while Noah and Remus were trying not to laugh. He followed Riley out of the kitchen and down the stairs to the lower level. Once there, Riley threw an arm around his shoulders, still not saying anything.

“You okay, Patrick?” Riley asked when they were in the lab. Patrick couldn’t say anything yet, still letting the whole conversation upstairs sink in. He just nodded as Riley led them into the lab and closed the door behind them.

“Okay, so what’s the deal, Doc?” he asked, sitting on the lab counter. “Can you really do this?”

“Yes,” Riley answered with a smile. “Have I done it before? No, of course not, but I’m pretty sure I can.”

“What are the risks? Side effects?”

“No clue, Patrick,” he replied, blushing. “It’s never been done before.”

“How do you want to do this?”

“I would drain you of all your blood,” Riley explained in professional mode, “get you to the hospital, and once your heart stops, inject it with our blood. I would then restart it and pump vampire blood into you. In theory, having only our blood in your system should have you make the conversion to full vampire.”

“What concerns do you have about this?”

“You could die, of course.” Riley snickered. “I might not be able to restart your heart.”

“Do you think that’s likely?” he asked, trying not to worry at the sound of dying. “Can you do this, Riley?”

“Yeah, I can do this. I won’t let you die, Patrick.”

“Then I’m in,” Patrick said, smiling. “When do we start?”

Chapter 7

“You want to do what?” Stefan asked, trying not to yell at Riley and his little mate. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me, right?”

“No, we’re completely serious,” Patrick answered. “This isn’t your decision, Stefan. You can be there and be a part of this or stay here and wait.”

“Look, baby,” he replied, taking Patrick into his arms. “I wasn’t trying to take away your choices earlier. I just thought you had been through enough already. I wanted to talk to Riley about shelving this conversation until you had time to process everything else going on. I wouldn’t just talk to your doctor and make decisions for you, okay?”

“I believe you,” Patrick answered, standing on his toes to kiss Stefan. “But I’m still doing this. You can come with and help, donate some blood for me. Or you can sit here and wait for us to get back.”

“Fuck that, I’m coming.” He growled. “I just don’t know if I like the plan.”

“Oh, there’s a plan?” His mother snickered, “I thought it was more theories and wait and see.”

“Elena, I would hope you’d have more faith in me than that,” Riley replied, looking hurt and pissed. “You really think I would play with someone’s life if I wasn’t confident I could do this?”

“No, Riley, I’m sorry,” she answered with a sigh. “You have to admit, though, nothing like this has ever been done. We’re not talking about a simple bullet removal or something. You’re talking about converting my son’s human mate into a vampire.”

“I wouldn’t even think about this,” Riley explained, “if he wasn’t already half vampire. He has the blood of a founding family. It’s a

very strong blood line. With us changing Patrick with Marius blood, I really doubt any problems.”

“Enough foreplay,” Patrick said, cutting everyone else off. “We’re doing it. Anyone who wants to be there to help and support us, get in the cars. Anyone opposed, no hard feelings, and we’ll see you when we get home.”

Stefan would have laughed at everyone’s reaction if the topic of conversation wasn’t so dire. What the hell had happened to his passive little mate? While he was proud of Patrick, he was scared of losing his mate.

“Look, I’ve spent my entire life helping my mother,” Patrick explained as if reading his mind, “and then cleaning up the mess that was left for me. Yeah, the asshole tricked me, but I was doing what I thought I had to. Never again, this is my decision and I’m making it. If I can be what you are, be a real part of this world, it’s worth the risk to me.”

“Okay, baby,” Stefan answered, hugging his mate. “Then let’s do this.”

“Thank you,” Patrick whispered. “I knew you’d understand.”

When Patrick and Riley had come back upstairs from the lab, Stefan had been worried at the look on his mate’s face. Patrick looked determined in a way Stefan had never seen before. Now as they all headed out the garage to load up into cars, Stefan was starting to panic. What if he lost his mate? This had never been done before. Something could go wrong.

“It’ll work,” Patrick assured him as they got in the backseat of Micah’s car. “I trust Riley. He’s a good doc.”

“I know, baby,” he replied, snuggling his little mate closer to him. “Doesn’t mean I’m not scared of losing you.”

“I won’t let him die,” Riley assured him from the front seat. “He’s my brother-in-law now. I wouldn’t do this if I thought he’d get hurt in the process.”

“This is all just going a little fast for me,” Stefan said. “I wish I just had more time to wrap my mind around it.”

“I don’t see a point in waiting,” his mate replied. “I knew from the moment Riley explained I wanted this. Why sit around and debate it?”

Stefan wasn’t really sure what to say, so he nodded and kissed the top of his mate’s head. They sat in silence on the ride over. He was only half listening to Riley and Micah’s conversation about making preparations. When they finally pulled into the warrior compound, Stefan noticed they had a caravan of five cars. Every one of his family members had come to show their support, along with Marian and Wanda.

As they got out of the car, Stefan exchanged a worried look with his father. Stefan didn’t want to worry, but it was nice to know at least someone understood his fears. His brothers flanked Stefan, Patrick, Noah, and Riley as they entered the main house on the way to the hospital. Today was not the day to take any chances at an encounter with any of the Dragos family.

“Stefan, wait,” Dillon said walking up to them. “Is it true? I have another brother?”

“Yes,” he replied, trying to swallow past the lump in his throat. Dillon Dragos was one of the good guys. He even helped them rescue Noah from his crazy brother, Isaac. That didn’t mean Stefan trusted him completely. “Patrick, this is your other half brother, Dillon.”

“Nice to meet you,” Patrick replied, breaking away from Stefan to shake his brother’s hand. “Noah says great things about you.”

“When I heard what was going on yesterday,” Dillon said, tears coming to his eyes, “I helped restrain Isaac, but I didn’t get a chance to let it sink in. I’m sorry he acted like that, Patrick.”

“It’s not your fault,” Patrick whispered as Dillon pulled him into a hug. “It’s just nice to have any family who wants me.”

“You’re wanted, Patrick,” Noah replied, joining their group hug. “I’m glad you’re here, Dillon. You might be of help.”

“What do you need, little brother?” Dillon asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Since Patrick is half vampire, Riley believes he can force the change on him,” Noah answered. “Our blood might be of use, considering Patrick is part Dragos.”

“Would you like my help, Patrick?” Dillon inquired, looking at his brother. When Patrick nodded, tears coming to his eyes, he said, “I’m honored to be included. Whatever you need, Patrick, you may have.”

“Thank you, Dillon,” Stefan said, walking over and shaking the warrior’s hand. “We can use all the help we can get.”

“I understand,” Dillon replied, sharing a knowing look of fear with Stefan. “I just found I have another brother. I would do anything to help him.”

“Wow,” Patrick whispered, drawing everyone’s attention. “I went from no family, to a mate with a huge family. Now I even have two older brothers who are happy to have me.”

“Noah and Dillon are good men,” Stefan said, pulling his little mate into his arms. “You’ll always have more people loving you than you even know what to do with, baby.”

“It feels nice,” Patrick said, snuggling deeper into the embrace. “Okay, let’s get this show on the road.”

“Follow me.” Riley chuckled at Patrick’s obvious apprehension. “I need everyone who knows how to draw blood to get their supplies. Everyone willing to donate, I need you ready, as well. Noah and Dillon, I need at least two pints from each of you.”

“Of course,” Noah and Dillon replied as one, making Stefan smile. It was wonderful for Patrick to have brothers of his own, not just Stefan’s brothers to protect him. As they walked through the doors to the hospital and entered the main trauma room, Stefan felt his blood run cold.

“You’re sure about this, baby?” He whispered to Patrick, “There’s no shame in taking more time or backing out.”

"I know," Patrick replied as he started to get undressed. "I want this, Stefan. I've always felt like I never really belonged. I've had so much pain in my life already, so much sadness. This is my chance to be just like everyone else. I can't pass that up."

"Okay, baby," he said, helping Patrick into the hospital gown. "Then you have my full support. You just make sure you get through this and come back to me."

"I promise," Patrick whispered, opening his arms out to Stefan. "Remember what happened last time we were at the hospital."

"Dirty little mate." Stefan chuckled, knowing Patrick was trying to change the mood of everyone in the room. "I look forward to much more of your dirty little mind."

"All right, everyone out and get where you need to be," Riley said, barking out orders. "Stefan, you're not going to be allowed in here unless you have someone strong enough to hold you back. I don't need you interfering in this, but first go give blood."

"Yes, Doc," he replied, giving Patrick one more quick kiss before leaving the room. He walked out and saw family members drawing and giving blood. He walked right up to his father and Victor. "I need a favor. Riley says I can't be in there unless I have someone to hold me back."

"We will help you, my son," his father answered, and Victor nodded in agreement. "Stefan, are you okay with all of this?"

"No." He snickered bitterly. "But I told Patrick he could make his own choices now. What kind of mate would I be to stand in the way of his first major decision? He really wants this. I need to support him and be there as he needs me to."

"I'm so proud of you," his mother said, coming up from behind him. "You have become a wonderful man, Stefan."

"Thank you, Mother," he replied, hugging her. "I can't take the credit for that. Patrick's the reason. I want to be a better man for him."

"All mates do." His father chuckled as he wrapped his arms around his mother and Stefan. "Every day I want to be the man your

mother deserves, to see her as happy as she has made me since the day I met her.”

“You, Desmond Marius, are more than I do deserve,” his mother whispered before kissing his father. “I never imagined being this happy with my mate and having such a loving family.”

Stefan smiled at the tender moment. Desmond Marius was hardcore, except when it came to his family, especially his mate. He wondered if some day he and Patrick would be like that. Stefan could only hope for as much.

Once everyone had donated blood and was back in the waiting room drinking bags of human blood to replenish, Stefan went back to check on Patrick. He gasped at the amount of machines and tubes hooked up to his mate.

“We’re just starting,” Riley told him calmly. “First I’m going to pull all of Patrick’s blood out of him slowly. The blood you donated is being kept at body temperature over there with that machine. This is what humans do during certain surgeries to keep their patients alive. I’ve been trained on all this equipment and have performed many of those surgeries myself.”

“But not to this extent?” Stefan asked, knowing the answer but needing to hear it for himself. “Human’s don’t drain the patients completely, do they?”

“No, they don’t,” Riley confirmed. “Once Patrick’s heart stops, I’m going to shoot some of Dillon’s blood directly into his heart and restart it. Then we will fill his body with our vampire blood. I’m not going to lie, it will be a shock to his body. You have to prepare for that. This is the only way I can jumpstart the change.”

“Do it,” Patrick said, his teeth chattering. “Why am I so cold?”

“It’s the blood loss,” Riley answered. “It won’t take too long now. Just be strong and remember you have a mate to come back to.”

“I’ll be right here, baby,” Stefan told Patrick as he felt his father and Victor take up their positions behind him. “I’m not going anywhere, Patrick.”

"I know," his mate replied as his eyes started to close. Stefan could hear the heart rate monitor beeps start to slow a bit.

"Dillon, I need you in here now," Riley shouted. His eyes never left the machines Patrick was hooked up to, even when Dillon came in the room. "When I give you the signal, I need you to fill this with your blood."

Stefan watched as Riley handed Dillon a large syringe with a huge needle. Dillon must have felt as Stefan did, not wanting that syringe anywhere near him.

"How do I do this?" Dillon asked, confused.

"You might want to get someone else to do it," Riley answered, pulling a small cart over to Patrick with another machine. "I need the strong oxygen-rich blood coming from your heart. That needle needs to go into your neck and the blood pulled out from there."

"Yeah, I can't do that to myself," Dillon replied, paling. "Remus, can you do this?"

Stefan watched his brother enter the trauma room, looking around and taking in the scene. Remus nodded to Dillon, not liking the idea, either, but taking the syringe from his brother-in-law.

"Get ready," Riley commanded as Patrick's heart rate slowed to dangerous levels. Stefan felt himself tense up, wanting to go to his mate's side. His father and Victor grabbed him, holding him in an unbreakable hold.

"Now, Remus," Riley shouted seconds before his mate's heart flat lined. Stefan watched his brother stick the huge needle into Dillon's neck and fill it with blood. Without saying a word, he handed it to Riley.

Stefan felt tears burning in his eyes as Riley stabbed Patrick in the chest with the same needle and pushed the blood into him. Riley moved quickly, throwing the syringe to a nearby table when he was done. Then he grabbed paddles off the machine he had rolled over earlier and after they beeped held them to Patrick's chest. Stefan

couldn't hold back a growl as Riley shocked his mate. Patrick's body lurching off the table.

He watched in horror as Riley did it again and again. The doc checked for a pulse in between each shock, but he started to look panicked. Just when Stefan couldn't take anymore, the heart rate monitor started to beep.

"He's back." Riley sighed, flipping a switch to the machine he had told Stefan contained their donated blood. Stefan wept as he watched the blood flow from the machine into his little mate. "Now we wait."

"Wait for what, Riley?" he asked, not holding back his cries any longer. "Is he going to make it?"

"He got through the hard part, Stefan," Riley answered, approaching him. "Now it's up to Patrick and his body to take our vampire blood and make the change."

They all watched the blood pump into Patrick as he started to regain some of his color. His temperature seemed to be rising, as well. Stefan was just about to let out the breath that he was holding. Instead the heart rate monitor went into overdrive, beeping way faster than any person's heart could beat. Patrick let out a cry as his whole body started convulsing on the table.

"What's happening?" Stefan yelled, trying to get away from his father and Victor. "Why is he doing that?"

"I told you it wasn't going to be pretty," Riley snapped, rushing to hold Patrick's head. "Someone want to help me?"

Stefan slumped into his father's and brother's arms as Dillon, Riley, Micah, and Remus held onto his mate to keep Patrick from hurting himself. Just as it seemed to stop, another round of convulsions would start again. It went on for hours this way before the heart rate monitor finally slowed to normal rhythm.

"Patrick, can you hear me, baby?" Stefan asked. "Are you okay?"

Patrick didn't seem to hear him at first. He just opened his eyes and blinked a few times. Slowly he sat up and looked around, almost as if he was confused as to where he was.

“Mine,” his mate growled before leaping into Stefan’s arms. “All mine.”

“Yes, baby, I’m yours,” Stefan whispered in Patrick’s hair as he realized something was wrong. “Patrick, what are you doing?”

“Mine, now,” Patrick replied as he humped against Stefan and was shredding his clothes.

“Riley?” Stefan asked shocked, trying to hold onto his mate. “Why is he acting like this?”

“He just woke up after the change,” Riley answered, chuckling. “Think about what your needs were when you changed at puberty. Patrick’s going through that, but as if it’s been pent up for several years.”

“Oh fuck.” Victor laughed. “Okay, everyone out.”

Stefan realized what Riley was getting at as his little mate claimed his lips in a hot and passionate kiss. After a vampire goes through the change at puberty, all they can think about is blood and sex. When Patrick broke the kiss he realized he was standing there naked, except for his shoes. He lowered his mate, quickly kicked off his shoes and grabbed something that could be used for lube.

Patrick ripped the lotion out of his hand, and with his new found strength bent Stefan over the table. Before he could even say anything, Patrick had a lubed up finger in his ass. Stefan braced himself on the table as Patrick growled his approval and spread Stefan’s legs.

“My ass.” Patrick groaned as he slid in a second finger and opened Stefan up. “I’m going to fuck you until you can’t walk.”

“Oh, baby, that sounds like heaven.” Stefan moaned, getting into the mood. He cried out as Patrick removed his fingers and thrust in his dick. Stefan couldn’t say he was surprised that Patrick skipped widening him with a third finger in the frenzied state he was in.

“Fuck yeah, oh this is good.” Patrick panted again and again as he pounded into Stefan’s ass. “I can’t stop myself, Stefan.”

“Don’t stop, baby,” he moaned in response. “Fuck me, Patrick. Give me all you’ve got.”

His mate must have liked that response because he growled and used his new vampire speed to fuck him even faster. Stefan had to brace himself so the table didn’t move at the power of Patrick fucking him. Patrick cried out his release as Stefan felt his mate’s hot seed shooting into his ass.

As Patrick just finished, Stefan reached around and pulled his mate onto the table. He moaned as he realized Patrick had gotten himself ready at the same time he’d gotten Stefan ready. Lining up his cock, he plunged into his mate. Stefan wanted to pause and revel in the feeling of his cock being wrapped around inside his mate.

“Fuck me, Stefan,” Patrick cried, thrusting his body onto Stefan’s cock. “Please, fuck me. I need you.”

“Yes, baby,” he answered, leaning over to kiss his little mate. Stefan pounded into Patrick as they grunted against each other’s lips. He was already close from the fucking Patrick had just given him. Stefan tilted his head to the side. “Claim me, Patrick.”

“Yes,” Patrick snarled as he quickly bit Stefan’s neck. That was all it took for Stefan to cry out his release, still hammering into his mate. When he realized Patrick was still drinking from him, he had some trouble getting his mate to stop.

“Baby, you have to stop,” Stefan said, trying to pull them apart. “Patrick, you’re going to take too much. Honey, you’re going to end up draining me.”

“Sorry,” Patrick said as he lifted his head panting. “You just taste so fucking good. Is that what it’s like for you when you drink from me?”

“Yes and no,” Stefan answered, pulling his mate into a hug. “Yes, you taste just as good to me. No, in that you’ll learn to control your thirst more over time. You’ve just gone through the change we do when we hit puberty. It can take a while for you to adjust.”

“Why can’t I get my cock to soften?” Patrick asked, nodding his head toward his hard-on. “I’ve come twice, and all I can think about is fucking you again.”

“When we go through the change,” Stefan explained, “all we can think of is blood and sex. Riley explained it as you’ve gone through the change but years later than you should. So you’re going to feel as if you’ve been holding out for years.”

“Oh shit,” Patrick answered, his eyes going wide. “That doesn’t sound good.”

“It sounds like a wonderful sex marathon to me,” he replied, chuckling. “We’ll make sure to have plenty of blood in our room and probably have sex for days.”

“Yes,” his mate answered, lust in his eyes as he stroked his hard cock. “I want your perfect ass again.”

“Can you hold off until we get home?” Stefan asked, trying to find some semblance of clothes. “I think everyone’s worried, and I would like a bed.”

“I’ll try.” Patrick pouted, pulling back on his hospital gowns, one in front and one in back. “Just hurry.”

Once they were covered, they headed out to the waiting room where his family looked almost frantic.

“Mine,” Patrick snarled, jumping in front of Stefan as Victor approached. “All mine.”

“It’s okay, baby.” Stefan laughed. “It’s just my brother.”

“I’m sorry,” Patrick whispered. “I don’t know why I just did that.”

“Welcome to being a vampire.” Desmond laughed. “Let’s get you home for some rest.”

Stefan had to bite his lip to keep quiet as Patrick was already rubbing his erection against his hip. Yeah, they’d be getting a lot of rest.

Chapter 8

Patrick groaned as he and Stefan got into the backseat of Micah's car. He couldn't get over how horny he was. The idea of having to wait until they got back home to have sex again was more than he could take. He reached down and started to stroke his cock as the car pulled out of the warrior compound.

"Baby, you're going to have to wait," Stefan whispered in his ear. "You can't do that around me unless you're trying to kill me."

"Then help me," he purred back. "You know you want to touch me, Stefan."

"Micah and Riley are here," Stefan replied as if Patrick didn't already know. "We'll be home soon."

"Not soon enough," Patrick said, unbuckling his seatbelt and straddling Stefan's lap. "They've seen us before."

"That doesn't mean we need to give a repeat performance." Stefan chuckled, trying to ignore Patrick as much as he could. "You're not playing fair, baby."

"Help me, Stefan," he replied, moving his hips so his hard cock rubbed against Stefan's abs. "I'm so hard it almost hurts."

"Fuck, you are so hot, Patrick." Stefan moaned, stroking Patrick's chest through the hospital gown. "I can't say no to you when you're like this."

"Don't say no." Patrick moaned as Stefan pinched his nipples. "Yes, more, please. Just like that."

"Trying to drive here guys," Micah said from the front seat, clearing his throat to get their attention.

“Shut up,” Patrick and Stefan replied at the same time, while Riley just giggled. Patrick was so close to coming already. He didn’t care if his mate’s entire family saw what they were doing. He started to thrust his hips like a mad man, only caring about finding his release. After a few more moments, Patrick smashed his lips against Stefan’s to silence his cries. His wet seed covered the hospital gown and leaked through to Stefan’s shirt.

“You’re so gorgeous.” Stefan groaned in his ear as he unbuttoned his own pants. “I need in your tight little ass now.”

“Please fuck me, Stefan,” Patrick replied, not even having recovered from his orgasm yet. He couldn’t get over that he was still hard after coming yet again. It was like the erection from hell. Stefan didn’t waste any time lifting Patrick up and sliding his cock into Patrick’s already prepared ass. “Oh, that feels so good.”

“You were made for me, baby,” Stefan whispered, nibbling on his ear. “I can’t get enough of this sweet ass.”

Stefan kept up his attack on Patrick’s neck, licking his mating mark as Patrick started to ride his mate’s hard cock. He didn’t mean to start off as fast as he did, but as soon as Stefan’s cock was deep in his ass, his body took over. Still in awe of his new vampire speed and strength, he impaled himself on Stefan’s cock over and over again.

“Mine,” Patrick heard himself growl right before he sank his fangs in Stefan’s neck. He relished in the taste of his mate’s blood as he cried out another orgasm. Stefan stiffened before shooting his seed into Patrick’s ass. He buried his head in Patrick’s hair, trying to muffle his moans of passion.

When they were both spent, they tried to slow their breathing back down and ignore that the car now smelled like sex.

“Baby, you’re still hard,” Stefan whispered in his ear as he grabbed Patrick’s hard cock through the hospital gown. He started to pump Patrick’s cock while Patrick held on to Stefan’s shoulders. Just as Patrick was about to climax again, he felt Stefan sink his fangs into

his neck. He tasted his own blood as he bit his lip to keep from crying out his mate's name.

"I want in your ass now," Patrick said minutes after his orgasm. He thought he would die from his need. It didn't matter that he had come again minutes before. He couldn't control the raging need he had for his mate. "How much longer until we're home?"

"We're pulling into the estate now," Stefan panted, lifting Patrick up off of his spent cock. "Just a few minutes until we're upstairs in our rooms, Pat."

"Hurry, Micah," Patrick growled, "or you're going to get another show."

"Oh, for the love of god," Micah chuckled as Riley was coughing in the passenger's seat trying to cover his own laugh. "This is like the honeymoon phase of a marriage on steroids."

"You know we're going to go to our rooms as soon as we get home and do the same thing," Riley snickered. "If this is the worst side effect, I'm quite happy with my accomplishment."

"You do rock, Doc," Patrick said, smiling as he looked over his shoulder at his brother-in-law. "When I'm myself again, I promise to thank you properly and sing your praises. Right now, all I can think about is my hard-on and sinking my fangs into Stefan."

"Is that why you're humping his hips while talking to me?" Riley asked, laughing. Patrick looked down at their hips. He hadn't even realized he was doing it.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to," he answered, feeling his face flush. "How long do you think this will last?"

"Normally," Riley replied, scrunching up his eyebrows. "And I don't know about others, but for me, I think I spent an hour in the shower jacking off."

"That sounds about right," Micah threw in. "Okay, here we are."

"Finally," Patrick sighed in relief as the car came to a stop. In a flash, he had the door open and was standing outside the car. Wow! He was going to have to get used to his new speed and strength. He

hadn't even realized he had literally dragged Stefan along with him. "Sorry."

"It's okay, baby." Stefan laughed as he grabbed Pat around the waist and threw him over his shoulder. Patrick giggled like a loon as his mate raced into the house, up the stairs, and into their rooms. Once Stefan lowered him down on his feet, Patrick pushed his mate on the bed before jumping on top of him.

Sex marathon was putting it mildly. They did it on the bed, then the shower twice, then their living room, after which they went again in the bedroom. Patrick was dazed as to where they were which time, only being able to focus on releasing the pressure in his cock. They spent the rest of the day and night being inside each other, and giving and receiving hand and blow jobs. Finally, Patrick was spent and fell asleep on top of his mate.

* * * *

Stefan woke the next morning exhausted, starving, and thirsty like he'd never been before. He slid off the bed, leaving Patrick to sleep, threw on a pair of pajama pants, and headed downstairs. Veering towards the kitchen, his body moved on autopilot.

"Geeze, Stefan, you look like shit," Gabriel said as he walked into the room. "You okay, bro?"

"Feed me," Stefan mumbled slowly, making his way to the fridge. Once he had the door open, he grabbed the carton of orange juice and started drinking directly from it.

"Stefan Marius, I know you are not drinking straight from the carton," his mother started to say before gasping. "Stefan, your back is one big bite."

"Feed me, so thirsty," Stefan said, turning to her. "So tired."

"Okay, son," his father said, coming and wrapping an arm under his shoulders. "Let's get you to sit down before you fall down."

Stefan easily complied, feeling dead on his feet. He had known Patrick had taken too much blood from him, especially since he drank from Stefan each time they had sex yesterday. But he had been too tired to get up and refuel.

“Drink this,” his mother said, handing him a huge glass of blood after he sat down at the table. “Marian, could you please make some scrambled eggs with cheese and bacon for my boy?”

“Yes, of course,” Marian answered, her eyes wide. Stefan must have looked worse than he had thought he did. Everyone seemed almost scared by his appearance.

“More, please,” he croaked out, handing his mother the empty glass after he chugged the blood down. “So thirsty.”

“Where’s Patrick?” Riley asked, sitting down across from him. “Still asleep?”

“Yes,” he managed to say quietly before downing the second glass his mother gave him. “I didn’t want to wake him.”

“Yeah,” Riley answered, studying the bite marks on Stefan, “he’ll need his rest.”

“And probably more blood,” Stefan said after a few moments. He chugged two more glasses before he almost felt alive again. “I think I ran out on him.”

“Why didn’t you get more blood last night?” his father asked, handing him a glass of milk. “Obviously you needed some.”

“I was too tired,” Stefan answered. “I didn’t think I could make it downstairs, and I couldn’t find my cell phone to call anyone.”

“Not to worry,” his mother said, stroking his hair. “We’ll get you fixed right up and then go check on Patrick.”

“Thank you, mother,” he replied with a weak smile. Stefan slowed down his drinking pace as they sat there in silence, not wanting to shock his system too much. After a bit, Marian set down a huge plate of eggs, bacon, and several pieces of toast with jam on it. “You are a very wonderful woman, Marian.”

“Oh, you sweet talker.” She chuckled. “Eat up, I have more coming. Patrick will probably be hungry, too.”

“Noah and I will go check on him,” Remus said, standing up and taking his mate’s hand. “We’ll bring him down so he can refuel, too.”

“Thanks, little brother,” Stefan answered in between shoveling food into his mouth. He was starting to feel more like himself, still starving and thirsty, but not dead to the world. As he ate, his mother and Marian made more and more food. They set quite the feast in front of him, which of course his family started to eat, as well. “Food has never tasted so good before.”

“I’m sure.” His father chuckled. “Your color is starting to come back, at least. You looked like death when you walked into the kitchen, son.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to worry all of you,” he replied sheepishly. “I honestly didn’t even realize any of you were here when I got here. Man, how much have I eaten?”

“Almost two dozen eggs with cheese,” Marian answered, smiling. “Probably a whole pig’s worth of bacon, half a loaf of toast, four waffles, and about ten pancakes.”

“Whoops, I didn’t mean to eat everyone’s breakfast.” Stefan chuckled. “Do we have any food left in the house for you guys?”

“There’s plenty left, don’t you worry,” his mother said, giving him a kiss on the top of his head. “We can always send someone out for more. Actually, we may want to do that if you’re going to eat like this again for lunch. Anything special we should get?”

“I wanted to talk to you about that,” Stefan replied thoughtfully. “You know when Patrick was being held, they only fed him table scraps. That’s why he doesn’t seem to know what he likes to eat. I want to set up some special meals for him, like a theme meal. Maybe order everything off a Chinese restaurant’s menu, that way he can sample it all and find out what he likes.”

“You really love him, don’t you?” his mother asked in a whisper of awe.

“With all my heart, Mother,” Stefan declared gently. “I would do anything to see him smile or make him giggle. Making him happy is the most important thing to me.”

“I feel the same way,” his little mate said sleepily from Remus’s arms. “I prefer your arms, but I was too tired to walk. Remus was kind enough to carry me.”

“I understand, baby.” Stefan chuckled as Remus brought Patrick over and gently put him down in the seat next to Stefan. “I’m not upset. I’m glad my little brother was able to help. I’m sorry I wasn’t there. I was just so thirsty and tired.”

“It’s okay,” Patrick answered, tears starting to form in his eyes. “I did that to you, didn’t I? All those bites on your beautiful skin, I’m so sorry, Stefan.”

“Oh, baby,” Stefan said, pulling Patrick onto his lap and wiping away his tears. “There’s nothing to be sorry for, Pat. They’ll heal just fine after I refuel. I was more than glad to be there for you. I remember what it was like after my transition. I was like a rabid, snarling dog, just ask my mother. Everything was in a haze. All I could think about was blood, food, and well, you know.”

“He’s right, Patrick.” His mother giggled. “Of all my sons, Stefan might have been the worst after his transition. Do you remember, Desmond?”

“I don’t think I could ever forget,” his father answered, rolling his eyes. “Some vampires have hyper-sensitive skin after they transition. That part was horrible. I remember how hard your mother cried. We couldn’t even touch him because he’d start screaming in pain. Of course, he wouldn’t get dressed, either. So we had this full-grown, very naked, very large warrior running around the house, ripping bags of blood open and making quite the mess.”

“I remember the sensitive skin,” Stefan said, shivers going through his body. “That part was horrible. I felt like I was on fire, and anything that touched me, person or clothing, felt like lava was being poured on my skin.”

“It was horrible,” his mother threw in, shaking her head. “We didn’t know how to help you. Your father tried to get you into a cold shower, but you broke through the glass. And every time you tried to open a bag of blood to drink, it seemed to hurt your hands. That’s why most of the blood ended up on the floor instead of your mouth.”

“Finally, we poured a few bags of blood into a huge pitcher,” Desmond chuckled, “and left several straws in it. I remember, you stood there naked in the kitchen, not touching anything, leaning over and drinking from the straws. At the time, we were scared out of our minds. Victor’s transition had been so easy. We thought we had done something wrong with yours. Your mother and I were still pretty new at being parents then.”

“Oh come on, I wasn’t the only one who went a little nuts after their transition.” Stefan laughed. “Remember how Micah was after his?”

“Don’t drag me into this!” Micah said loudly, “I wasn’t the one picking on you.”

“I was just giving proof to my case,” Stefan replied, pointing at his little brother. “You were so funny, Victor and I couldn’t stop laughing.”

“It’s true, your bothers had their own issues,” Elena replied. “But you were the only one we were scared about losing.”

“Does that happen often?” Patrick asked in between shoveling food in his mouth. Stefan and his little mate were still eating during the conversation. He loved how Patrick had no problem eating off his plate, like he did it every day.

“On occasion,” his father replied. “We’ve been very lucky. All of our children made it through just fine.”

“I want to hear more about Micah.” Riley snickered. “I’ve not heard this story.”

“Be nice, young man,” Marian said, raising an eyebrow. “Or I’ll tell them about your transition.”

“Yes, Grandmother,” Riley answered, looking down at his plate like a kid in trouble. But Stefan could still see the smirk on Riley’s face.

“Micah reverted to being a child in the terrible twos.” Stefan laughed. “You know how you got a little possessive of me, Patrick? Well, Micah kept walking around the house taking things and yelling, ‘Mine,’ all the time. I swear I found half my room hoarded in Micah’s bedroom.”

“I wasn’t that bad,” Micah admonished. “I might not remember everything I did, but I wasn’t stealing.”

“Oh yes you did,” his father stated. “None of us could find our car keys because you decided all the cars were yours.”

“I don’t remember that part,” Micah said quietly, turning bright red. Riley went over to his mate and hugged him from behind. “Was I really that horrible?”

“No, not at all,” his mother said reaching over to take Micah’s hand. “You were just funny. You were like a little child, not that you ever acted like one before, even when you were a child. It was just a hoot to see you get all possessive.”

“What’s wrong, baby?” Stefan asked Patrick when he realized his mate was quietly crying on his lap. “Why the tears?”

“You’re all so wonderful,” Patrick answered, starting to hiccup on his tears. “Sharing all these stories, trying to make me feel better about the way I acted. I’ve never had that before, people who care about me enough to comfort me like this.”

“That’s what family does, Patrick,” his mother said, smiling at his mate. “You’re part of this family. That means you get the comforting, and everything else that goes with it.”

“I don’t know how to be part of a family,” Patrick replied. “You’ve all given me so much already, and I have nothing to give you.”

“Honey, we’re the parents,” Elana said, coming to kneel in front of Patrick. “It’s our job to give our sons everything we can. It’s the

fun part of being a parent. But you have given us something so wonderful, we can never repay you.”

“What? What have I given you?” Patrick asked, starting to cry again. “All I’ve been is a headache, spent your money, and eaten your food.”

“Do you love my son?”

“Yes, of course, I love him with all my heart.”

“That’s the one thing we can’t give our children,” his father said, coming over by them and squatting down to Patrick’s eye level. “You’ve given him your love, accepted Stefan as your mate. Made him happier than I have ever seen him. That’s a gift that we can never repay. Elena and I will be grateful for your love for Stefan for the rest of our lives.”

“He’s easy to love,” Patrick said as he wiped the tears from his eyes. “I’m not sure why he loves me, but there are a thousand reasons I love him already. I’m sure I’ll find a thousand more.”

“I can name just as many reasons why I love you, Pat,” Stefan said, hugging his mate closer. “You don’t see yourself clearly. You’ve been hurt too many years. I see the wonderful, loving, caring, sweet, funny, sexy, smart man you are. I’m lucky that you ever wanted me.”

Just then, the front doorbell rang, interrupting their conversation. His mother gave Patrick a kiss on the cheek before giving another one to Stefan and returning to her seat. His little mate smiled up at him and fed him a piece of bacon as they snuggled together almost in their own little world. Everyone else seemed to finally grab some breakfast as they all sat at the large table and ate.

“Hi,” Dillon said as the butler showed him into the kitchen. “I hope you don’t mind me coming here without calling, but I really wanted to see how Patrick was doing today.”

“Not at all,” Elana answered, going over and giving the big warrior a hug. “You’re always welcome here, Dillon. You don’t have to call. We were just eating breakfast. Are you hungry?”

"I don't mean to impose, I know it's early," Dillon said, looking embarrassed. "I just couldn't sleep. I just found out I had another brother, and he goes through the transition. I got worried."

"I'm sorry, Dillon," Patrick said from Stefan's lap. "I didn't know it was a big, sometimes scary thing until I heard all the stories this morning. If I had known, I would have called you and let you know I was fine."

"That's my fault," Noah said, going over to his brother, "I did know and didn't call you. I'm sorry, brother."

"Hey, no need to apologize, either of you," Dillon replied, smiling. "We're all new to this. I just wanted to check in. I'm really glad you're okay, Patrick."

"Come, come, sit," Elana interrupted, ushering Dillon over to the table. "We've got more than enough food. Join us for breakfast."

"Thank you, Mrs. Marius," Dillon said, taking a chair and smiling at her. "It's so nice of you all to make me feel welcome."

"You're our brother," Noah giggled, "not the IRS. Now eat. Everything is awesome."

"Patrick, you should hear the idea Stefan had before you came downstairs," Marian said from down the long table. "I think it's a wonderful idea, something we can all have some fun with."

"Oh really?" Patrick asked, looking up at him. "What is he up to now?"

"Well I was thinking about things from your list," Stefan started to say.

"What list?" Dillon asked, an eyebrow raised.

"When I was younger, we didn't have any money," Patrick explained. "Then my mother got sick with cancer when I was still a child, so I grew up taking care of her. Then after she died, I was held against my will for three years."

"By whom?" Dillon asked, snarling. Stefan knew just how he felt.

"We can explain that part later," Stefan answered, sharing a meaningful glance with Dillon. He took a deep breath before nodding

at Stefan that he understood his meaning. “Anyways, Patrick hasn’t gotten the chance to experience too much in life or find out what he really likes. So on the way home, he started making a list of all the things he wanted to do now that he was free to.”

“That sounds like a great idea,” Dillon said, his face softening as he looked at Patrick. “So what on the list are you thinking of doing?”

“Well, my mother stated about how much we were eating for breakfast.” Stefan chuckled. “And she was worried if we’d have enough food left over for lunch. One of the things Patrick wants to do is try a lot of different foods, see what he really likes. I thought maybe it would be fun if we did that today for lunch. Maybe order everything off a menu and have a tasting party or something.”

“You mean, make it something fun for everyone?” Patrick asked, his eyes sparking with excitement. “Maybe your family can find things they like, too, that they didn’t know they liked.”

“Exactly!” Stefan said, glad Patrick liked the idea. “Everyone can try something new, as well. We can do it once a week or something, keep things fresh around here.”

“But I can’t pay for it,” Patrick said quietly, frowning. “I can’t keep costing you all this money.”

“Patrick, we have more money than we could ever spend,” Desmond said gently. “But what we don’t have is someone around here to help us experience new things. Think of it this way, if you weren’t my son’s mate and part of this family now, Stefan would never have thought of this idea. And it’s going to be something fun for all of us, all because you came into our lives. Money is nothing compared to what you’re already giving to this family.”

“Are you sure?” Patrick asked, still looking hesitant. But he must have seen the smiles and nods around the table that Stefan did. “Okay then, no more talk of money. What do we want to try first?”

“That’s up to you, Patrick,” his father answered. “No matter what you decide, I agree with Stefan. It will be fun to try something new. I

know I'm horrible at it. I always order the same thing wherever I go. It will be nice to break out of some old habits."

"I'd love to help, if you'd like," Dillon said, looking at Patrick. "We could go into town and see the different restaurants that are there. Maybe something will jump out at you?"

"That would be great," Stefan answered before looking down at Patrick. "Does that work for you?"

"When can we go?" Patrick asked, showing his obvious excitement at not only the idea, but about Dillon joining them. "This is going to be so cool!"

"Well if there's more than one of you going," his mother said, "make sure to take the SUV or Hummer. Otherwise you won't be able to bring all the food back."

"Good point." Stefan laughed, hugging Patrick close to him again. His little mate was all but bouncing in his lap as they talked about the different places in town. Everyone around the table seemed to get into the idea, even deciding to invite the staff for the fun. Hopefully, whichever restaurant they chose would be able to handle the order.

Chapter 9

It had ended up being a good thing Dillon, then Noah, wanted to come with them on their trip into town. Patrick hadn't thought about how being a new vampire could affect him. After they had decided on pizza, they went into the restaurant to order the mountain of food. Patrick suddenly smelled something tasty. Moving toward the smell, he realized his fangs had popped out.

Dillon had been paying attention and took him off to the side, explaining how the smell Patrick was following was the human behind the counter. Patrick had been so embarrassed he wanted to melt into the floor. Dillon was great, though, telling him it was to be expected, especially his first time out around humans after his change. Patrick just had to work on controlling when his fangs came out and being conscious of when he was around humans.

Once they were done ordering one of every pizza, a variety of thin crust, pan crust, and deep dish, they decided to find something for dessert. While they waited for their order, they saw an ice cream chain across the street and headed over. Stefan was picking out gallon after gallon of flavors, all to Patrick's delight.

What Patrick didn't like was the man behind the counter flirting outlandishly with his mate. Noah had grabbed Patrick's arm, talking him down from ripping the man's throat out. He hadn't even been aware that he'd been growling. Dillon and Stefan had distracted the man while Noah told Patrick what he was doing. Calming down, Patrick had gone back to helping Stefan, keeping his arm possessively around his mate's waist.

After the ice cream, they ran into the grocery store and picked up a variety of pop and beer. It was lots of fun, even if it was going to take an army of people to eat everything they had bought. By the time they loaded everything up in the Hummer, it was time to pick up the pizzas. Patrick and Noah laughed as they watched Stefan and Dillon make trip after trip inside with armloads of pizza boxes.

The whole trip had taken a couple of hours, but at least the pizza was still warm by the time they got back home. They parked right out front of the house, most of the staff laughing as they helped bring everything into the house.

“Are you boys sure you got enough food?” Elena laughed as she helped set up the pop and beer on the table by the glasses and ice. “Is there any dough or cheese left in Virginia?”

“Probably not.” Dillon laughed as he brought the last of it in. “Stefan and Riley are trying to fit all the ice cream we bought into the freezer. Thankfully, you have that walk-in freezer downstairs, otherwise it would be melted by the time we were ready for it.”

“Okay, so we got carried away.” Patrick giggled. “But look how much fun everyone’s having. We even picked out a special pizza for Desmond to try.”

“I knew you boys were up to something when you put one box off to the side.” Elena clucked. “Do I want to know what you’ll be feeding my husband?”

“Probably not.” Noah snickered, walking up with plates. “Just know he might smell a little fishy later.”

“Oh dear.” Elena laughed. “This is going to be fun.”

“All right, everyone,” Desmond said loudly to the room when everything was finally set up. “Dig in! Everyone has to try at least one thing they’ve never had before. That’s part of the fun.”

“I’m so glad you think that, Father,” Stefan said, handing his father a plate with a slice of the anchovies and pickle pizza they had ordered for him. “We found something special we want you to try.”

“Whose idea was this?” Desmond asked after he had taken the plate and smelled it. “Whoever thought of it has to try it with me.”

“Fair enough.” Patrick giggled as he went over by Desmond and took a slice of the same pizza. They looked at each other as they each tried it. It only took seconds of chewing for Patrick to realize it was disgusting. He spit it back out on the plate, laughing as Desmond did the same a moment later. “It’s official, I don’t like anchovies.”

“Me either,” Desmond said, using his napkin to wipe off his tongue. “But I’m glad you had fun.”

“Technically, it was Stefan’s idea,” Patrick admitted before taking a long swig of his pop to wash out the awful taste from his mouth. “I just picked what kind of pizza we would spring on you.”

“It was worth it,” Micah said, holding his side he was laughing so hard. “The look on your face, Father! Did anyone get a picture of that?”

“I did,” Elena said across the table, waving her digital camera. “I think it should be our Christmas card.”

“You were in on this, my love?” Desmond asked, raising an eyebrow. “I’m shocked!”

“I had the camera because I thought it would be fun to take some pictures,” Elena explained. “But I didn’t know what the boys had up their sleeve until a few minutes ago.”

“Patrick, you have to try this one,” Noah said with a mouthful of pizza. “It’s probably the best pizza I’ve ever had.”

“What is it?” Patrick asked, walking over to his half brother. “No more fish, right?”

“No, no fish,” Noah giggled after he swallowed the pizza in his mouth. “It’s deep dish, extra cheese, bacon, pineapple, onions, and mushrooms. Who thought of this combo? It’s fantastic.”

“I did.” Dillon chuckled, coming over to them. “That’s my favorite pizza. I order it to go every time I’m in town.”

“Wow, we really are related.” Noah smiled at Dillon before turning back to Patrick. “Okay, your turn, brother.”

"I'm game," Patrick replied as Dillon handed him a slice. He bit into the end of it and was in love. Noah wasn't kidding. This was, like, the best pizza ever. "Oh my god!"

"That good, baby?" Stefan laughed across the table. "Let me have a bite."

"No way, get your own slice." Patrick giggled before taking another bite. "Tell me we got more than one of these?"

"We got three," Dillon answered, smiling. "I'm going to try new ones, but I told you, it's my favorite. I could eat a whole pizza of it myself."

"I like this one," Micah said from across the table. "I've never had it before, but it's definitely a new favorite of mine. Thin crust with sausage, garlic, mushroom, and sliced tomatoes."

"That was my pick," Stefan stated. "I've always wanted to try it."

"Then I salute you, big brother," Micah replied, holding up his slice to Stefan, "for your talent at guessing what tastes good on a pizza."

"And for coming up with this," Victor threw in, holding up his beer. "This was a great idea. I can't say the last time I had this much fun. Well, maybe when we tattooed Isaac, but it sucked why we did."

"I'm over it," Noah said, smiling at Victor. "My fangs grew back, but Isaac still has that damn tattoo."

"Do I want to know?" Patrick leaned in toward Dillon and asked.

"Noah told you how Isaac had kidnapped him and pulled out his fangs," Dillon explained quietly. "Well, Remus sought retribution for what he did. Victor came up with the idea of tattooing 'Fuck Me Here' on Isaac's lower back with an arrow pointing to his ass. It seemed fitting since they were trying to keep Noah from mating with Remus because he was a man."

"Remind me never to piss off Victor." Patrick giggled. "That's a pretty evil idea."

"Especially because it was permanent tattoo ink," Victor said, obviously having heard them. "No matter what he does, he can't

remove it. Then we dumped him and his accomplice on the front lawn of the warrior compound for everyone to see.”

Everyone turned toward the loud laughter that broke out across the room. Patrick was shocked to see Elena and Marian laughing hysterically. It took a few minutes for them to calm down enough to be able to talk.

“That is hilarious,” Elena said, shocking everyone. “I can’t believe that’s what you boys did.”

“Mother!” Micah, Remus, and Gabriel all exclaimed at the same time.

“What? Just because I’m a mother doesn’t mean I don’t have an evil streak, as well,” she replied, smiling. “I always wondered what it was you did in retribution. No one ever told me.”

“We didn’t think it was something our mother should hear,” Victor said, his face turning red.

“Oh, please, I’ve seen worse than that.” Elena snickered. “I’m sure Marian has, as well.”

“I’m pleading the fifth to that one,” Marian said before shoving some pizza in her mouth. Everyone laughed at her reaction. Maybe someday they could find out what she was talking about.

The whole family and staff seemed to have a great time at their little pizza party. In the end, Patrick had eaten so much he thought he might have to be rolled back up to bed. They all laughed and told stories as they tried slice after slice of the different combinations. Patrick found he was a fan of Dillon’s pizza and almost any pizza with bacon.

He also found he really liked the green pop Micah had told him to try. It was the perfect combination of really sugary and refreshing. Patrick was just about bouncing off the walls from the sugar and caffeine after he finished his third.

“I think it’s time we took a nap,” Stefan said after they had finished cleaning everything up and putting away the leftovers. “I don’t know about you, baby, but I’m stuffed and ready to sleep.”

“Me too, but after the nap, I think we need to work off some of the calories we just ate,” Patrick said, wrapping his arms around Stefan’s neck. “I have several ideas of how we can do that.”

“Dirty, dirty little mate.” Stefan chuckled before kissing him. “I love the way your mind works.”

Patrick laughed as Stefan picked him up in his arms and carried Patrick up to their bedroom for their nap and then workout.

* * * *

Stefan had fallen asleep a few minutes after they got to their bedroom, but Patrick was still wide awake. Hearing a light knock at the door to their outer rooms, he carefully got out of bed so as not to wake his mate. He hurried over to the door and opened it.

“Sorry to bother you, Master Patrick,” the butler said. “But there is a Mr. Dragos here to see you. I put him in the front sitting room to wait while I inquired with you. Are you receiving visitors?”

“Um, sure,” he answered, following the butler after gently closing the door behind him. They headed down the hall then down the stairs. Patrick saw the door the butler gestured to, and he went right over.

“Hey, Dillon, what’s up?” he asked as he opened the door, only to stop in his tracks. Dillon wasn’t the man standing off to the side of the room. “Can I help you?”

“So you’re the little human trying to claim you’re my son?” the man asked, walking toward him and looking him over as if eyeing up a horse at auction.

“I’m not claiming anything. Riley’s the one who said I was part Dragos,” Patrick said, realizing this man was his father. “Personally, I couldn’t give a shit, Abraham. The only cool thing is it gave me Noah and Dillon, but you, you’re nothing to me.”

“Why you lower life form...” Abraham started to spit, moving toward him.

“What is it with you and Isaac and this lower life form shit?” Patrick asked, cutting the man off. “If you’re supposedly such a step up from humans, doesn’t that mean you have some sort of manners? Are you that insecure in life that you feel the need to belittle others? You know what that makes you, Abraham? A bully, plain and simple.”

“How dare you speak to me that way!” Abraham growled.

“How dare you come to where I live and look down your nose at me?” Patrick snarled right back, moving closer, his fangs popping out. Abraham froze. He must have seen Patrick’s fangs. “Oh, didn’t I mention, Abraham? I’m not even half human anymore. I’m full vampire now. So you can get off your high horse and get the fuck out. We don’t have anything to say to each other.”

“If you are truly my son, why live here? Why not come home to the Dragos estate?”

“I live here because I’m mated to Stefan Marius,” he answered, completely taken aback by what Abraham asked. “I don’t care what the blood work says. I’m a Hawk, not a Dragos.”

“What did you say?” Abraham asked quietly, looking pale.

“I’m Patrick Hawk. That was my mother’s name,” he answered, standing his ground. “I have no desire to be a Dragos.”

“I remember your mother,” Abraham said, still not moving any closer. “You really are my son, aren’t you?”

“That’s what Riley says, but that doesn’t make you a father.” Patrick sneered. “Did you even bother to find out if you knocked up my mother, ever care that you had a son? She never even mentioned you to me.”

“She probably didn’t know who your father was,” Abraham replied, waving his hand as if it wasn’t important. “She was just some whore I paid—”

“My mother was not a whore,” Patrick said, snarling and stepping closer. It was then he realized his hands had also changed into claws. “Don’t you dare speak of her that way.”

“Ask her,” Abraham replied, raising an eyebrow. “She won’t deny it.”

“I can’t. She’s dead. And I’m telling you not to talk about her like that.”

“You’re better off that she’s gone,” Abraham said, pausing, about to say something else, but he never got the chance. Patrick leapt at him, striking out with his claws. He had moved so fast he was on Abraham before he even realized what he was doing.

Abraham must have been shocked that Patrick would do something so bold. He didn’t even have time to block Patrick as he hit Abraham across the face. He only had a moment to be happy about the gashes he had caused before Abraham punched him hard on the left side of his head. Staggering back a few feet before renewing his efforts, Patrick lunged at Abraham, taking them both to the ground.

He had landed on top, but Abraham was able to roll them over. Patrick continued the momentum, clawing up Abraham’s chest as they rolled. They only stopped when they hit something, sending things crashing down around them. Patrick didn’t care. He was so filled with rage, not all of it really coming from Abraham. He was tired of people treating him like shit. First it was that asshole Pritchard, then Isaac, now Abraham.

Patrick finally had the strength to do something about it, and he wasn’t going to let the opportunity pass him up. He swung blindly over and over again, snarling and not feeling any of the hits Abraham landed on him.

“Fuck you, Abraham,” he screamed as he attacked continually. “Fuck you, and fuck Isaac. You have no idea what I’ve been through in my life. Now that I finally have a chance to be happy, you try to step in and try to ruin it. I won’t let you.”

“Patrick, stop, Patrick,” someone yelled as they pulled Patrick off Abraham. At first he kept swinging, desperately fighting to get away. But when the man spoke again, he realized it was Desmond. “Patrick, stop. Please, son, I don’t want to hurt you.”

It was only then he stopped fighting, collapsing in Desmond's arms sobbing. Desmond turned Patrick around to face him and wrapped him in a bear hug.

"Holy shit," Riley said, coming into the room. "Do I really have to help save Abraham Dragos? You know his theory about needing medical attention. If you're not strong enough to survive without it, you don't deserve to live."

"Don't do it for Abraham," Elena said, coming over to hug Patrick, as well. "Do it for Patrick. He'll never forgive himself if he ended up killing his father."

"I don't care," Patrick cried. "Let him die."

"You feel that way now, Patrick," Elena said, kissing his head. "But when the rage clears your mind and you calm down, you might feel differently."

"No I won't," he said adamantly, still sobbing. "He called my mother a whore and said I was better off that she was dead."

"Why that motherfucker," Victor said, walking toward where Riley was working on Abraham.

"Victor, don't," Desmond said, shaking his head at his son. "Let Riley work. Go get Stefan."

"Yes, Father," Victor replied, not looking very happy at the idea of letting Abraham live. But he listened to his father and headed toward the door. He didn't need to go far to find Stefan, who raced into the room just then.

"Pat, what happened, baby?" Stefan asked, pulling Patrick from his parents' arms. Patrick hopped up, wrapping his arms and legs around his mate, holding onto the front of him as if his life depended on it. "It's okay now, Pat. It's going to be okay, baby. I'm here."

"I know," Patrick replied as his sobs slowed down. "You're always there when I need you."

"That's what mates are for," Stefan cooed, using a towel someone must have handed him to wipe the blood off Patrick. "Are you okay, Pat? Did he hurt you?"

“I don’t think so. I’m not really sure,” Patrick whispered quietly. “He started bad-mouthing my mother, and then my hands shifted into claws. I’m not really sure how it happened, but then I was on him. I couldn’t stop myself. I couldn’t see anything but red, I was so full of rage. I just wanted to hurt him, like it would make everything that’s happened to me better.”

“I know, sweetheart,” Stefan said, kissing the top of his head and then the side of his face. “We’ve all been there after the change. It’s hard to control, especially when someone upsets you that badly. Let’s go get you cleaned up, okay?”

“Okay, Stefan,” he answered, sniffing the last of his tears. “I feel icky and tired, so tired now.”

“Go to sleep if you want, Pat,” Stefan replied softly. “I’ll take care of you. I’ll get you all cleaned up and into bed.”

“I love you, Stefan,” he said quietly, starting to drift.

“I love you, too, my little mate,” Stefan answered, starting to walk with Patrick still wrapped around him like a monkey. That was the last thing Patrick heard before drifting into peaceful bliss.

Chapter 10

Stefan sat on the edge of the bed, watching his little mate sleep. He had brought Patrick back up to their rooms, taking care to wash and treat his wounds. Pat was going to wake up sore after all the adrenaline from the fight wore off. He definitely had been in a fight. There were bruises and cuts all over his body. But that was nothing compared to the beating Patrick had given Abraham.

Riley had easily been able to save Abraham and then called Dillon to take him home. Desmond had kept Victor from getting his tattoo equipment and giving Abraham a tattoo to match Isaac's. While he knew it was the right thing to do, Stefan was almost bummed Victor hadn't done it.

It was hard to imagine his little Patrick had inflicted that much damage on the larger, older warrior. But the stories of newly transitioned vampires and the wild strength they had for the first few years were told for a reason. Stefan felt bad that he had not warned Patrick, but really, who could have predicted Abraham would show up at their house and insult Patrick's mother?

"Come in," he said quietly when there was a light knock at the door.

"You wanted to see me, Stefan?" Noah asked after opening the door and walking toward him.

"Yeah, can you sit with Patrick in case he wakes up?" Stefan asked, standing. "I don't want him to wake up alone."

"Sure," Noah whispered, going to take a seat in the chair by the windows of their room. "I can't believe he went postal on Abraham like that."

"I know," he answered, looking again at his sleeping mate. "I'm really proud of him, though. After all he's been through, I'm glad he had the strength to stand up for himself like that."

"Yeah, I'm just sorry I missed it." Noah chuckled quietly. "I'll stay here and keep an eye on him."

"Thanks, Noah," Stefan replied before soundlessly slipping out of the room. He made his way out of the connecting room and into the hallway, where he walked toward the stairs. After racing down the stairs and into the kitchen, he finally slowed his pace to a walk.

"What's up, bro?" Gabriel asked as he watched Stefan run into the kitchen. "Where's the fire?"

"No fire." Stefan chuckled. Yeah, that would be all they needed right now. "I've got Noah sitting with Patrick while he sleeps in case he wakes up. But I made some calls and found a place locally that you can rent horses for the day from."

"I think that's a wonderful idea," his mother said, always on the ball. "That would put a huge smile on Patrick's face and remind him of everything he has planned for the future."

"Exactly what I'm shooting for," he replied, smiling at his mother before leaning down to kiss her cheek. "You always understand us no matter what we have planned, don't you, Mother?"

"That's a mother's job." She chuckled. "How else would one woman keep up with seven large, headstrong sons?"

"I haven't a clue." Marian snickered from the counter where she was drinking her tea and reading a book. "I had my hands full with my own, and then Riley. Not to say anything against your seven, Elena, because they are all great boys. But Riley was such a special case. That smart of a genius has to be watched like a hawk. Otherwise he would have blown up the house, I'm sure."

"You only say that because you know he's at the hospital." Micah chuckled. "Otherwise, you'd be in big trouble, Marian."

"Of course," she replied, smiling widely. "I'm not stupid."

“The old horse trailer is in the barn on the back of the property,” his mother informed Stefan. “I’m sure a few of your brothers would be more than willing to give you a hand.”

“You really can read our minds, Mother.” Stefan chuckled, hugging her tightly. “How did we ever get away with anything as children?”

“You didn’t.” She giggled. “Now run along and go make Patrick’s day.”

“Thank you,” he said, smiling down at her before turning to face the rest of his family in the kitchen. “Anyone up for helping me?”

Stefan smiled even wider as Gabriel, Micah, and Victor stood and walked over toward him. Without a word, the four of them headed out to the garage to get the huge Dodge Ram they kept in case they needed to tow anything.

It took them about fifteen minutes to get the truck to the old barn and figure out how to get the old horse trailer hitched up to the truck. It had taken them several tries and a lot of cussing, but finally they had figured it out.

Once they were on the road, Stefan followed the directions the man had given him over the phone. Ten miles later, they were pulling into the stables that he had rented the horses from. The owner hadn’t said much when they got out of the truck, seeming intimidated by their size. It wasn’t anything the brothers weren’t used to, especially since the owner was human.

They loaded the horses and thanked the owner, promising to have the horses back by seven that night. Stefan knew he could have kept the horses over night, but the old barn at the Marius compound wasn’t set up to hold horses anymore. It would just be easier to return them that night.

Finally, after another half hour, they pulled up in front of the Marius main house and got out of the truck. Stefan’s brothers said they would stay with the horses while he went inside and got Patrick.

Racing into the house, up the stairs, and finally to their bedroom, Stefan gently knelt on the bed when he got there.

“Patrick, wake up, my love,” he said as he crawled up the bed to where his little mate lay. “I have a surprise for you, baby.”

“Are you naked?” Patrick asked, not even opening his eyes, just reaching out for Stefan blindly.

“No, something better.” He chuckled, loving how much his mate couldn’t seem to get enough of him. “Your present is outside. You have to wake up and get dressed to get it.”

“Okay!” Patrick exclaimed excitedly, springing out of bed and getting dressed in a flash. Stefan had tried to be nonchalant when he handed Patrick jeans to wear. He’d need them to go horse riding. Pat seemed to be too wound up to even notice. He followed Stefan, giggling as they ran to get back outside.

Once out the front door, Stefan stopped running and stood off to the side so Patrick could see the horses in front of them.

“Stefan, you didn’t,” Patrick whispered as he slowly walked toward the horses, only pausing to look back at Stefan, as if asking for permission.

“I did, baby.” Stefan chuckled, grabbing Patrick’s hand and leading him over to the horses. “I rented them for the day. I thought we could go riding around the compound.”

“This is, like, the best present ever,” Patrick said before launching himself into Stefan’s arms and peppering his face with kisses. “I love you, I love you, you big, bad warrior. You have such a gentle heart. You have to be the sweetest man on the face of this earth.”

“I’m not sure about that.” Stefan laughed as the barrage of kisses continued. “I just love making my little mate smile.”

“You spoil me,” Patrick said as he finally stopped kissing Stefan and slid down his body. “I’m not sure I’ve been good enough to deserve this. Especially after what happened with Abraham.”

“Hey, Abraham’s fine,” Stefan said, taking Patrick’s chin in his hand so his mate had to look at him. “And it’s not like we haven’t all

wanted to do the same thing many times over the years. Everyone slips up when they're just out of the transition. The first few years are hard. You're way stronger than most vampires and have uncontrollable rage. It was my fault for not having warned you."

"As much as I'd like to blame someone else," Patrick giggled, "it wasn't your fault, Stefan. It was mine. I can own up to that. I'm just glad I didn't kill him, now that I've calmed down."

"It's over now, baby," Stefan whispered in Patrick's ear before turning back to the horses. "Now it's time for some fun. I've not been on a horse in ages."

"They are so beautiful," Patrick said softly in awe. "You touch their noses first before anywhere else, right?"

"Yep, you've got it," Stefan said, smiling. His little mate was so intelligent. Patrick was going to be quite the book worm once he started working with his mother to get his GED. One horse was a little smaller than the other. Patrick went over to that one and held his hand out for the horse. Stefan did the same to the larger one, letting the horse get used to him.

After a few moments of petting the horses and stroking their heads, both men moved around the side of the horse. Stefan had no problem hopping up on his horse, but he pretended not to notice when Victor helped Patrick up on his horse.

"This is awesome!" Patrick exclaimed once up on the horse, safely sitting in the saddle. "What do we do now?"

"Well, your horse will follow mine's lead," Stefan answered, moving his horse even closer to Patrick. "Hold onto the reins tightly, and the horse will do pretty much everything else. The only thing you need to do is pull firmly on the reigns if you want him to stop, okay?"

"I can handle that," Patrick replied, smiling widely.

Stefan started them at just walking as they made their way around the house so that they were in the back yard. Most of his family, including his parents, had gathered on the back patio to watch them.

Patrick was smiling and waving, still keeping a hold on the reins. After they were a little farther away, Stefan got his horse into a trot.

He hadn't wanted to ruin the grass closer to the house in the back yard. Once Patrick seemed to handle the horses trotting well, Stefan spurred his horse into a faster pace. He heard Patrick squeal with delight as their horses raced toward the western edge of the compound.

"That was better than driving," Patrick said, panting as they reached the property line and slowed down. "Thank you so much, Stefan!"

"You're welcome, Pat," he said, sliding off the back of his horse and tying the reins on a nearby tree. "I had a picnic packed for us. There are a few things we need to talk about."

"How bad are they?"

"Not bad, baby, I promise," Stefan answered as he went and helped Patrick off the horse. He showed his mate how to tie the horse to the tree, and then they gave the animals each an apple. Stefan spread out a blanket on the ground while Patrick held onto the picnic. Once they got everything set up and were sitting down, Patrick plopped himself down on Stefan's lap.

"Okay, what do we need to talk about?" Patrick asked as he started eating one of the sandwiches his mother had put together for the picnic. Stefan was always amazed at how his mother thought ahead and always covered all the bases.

"After the pizza party, while I was napping," Stefan said, stroking Patrick's hair while he ate, "my father got a call from Mr. Frost, the district attorney of Virginia. You remember him?"

"Yeah, I remember him," Pat answered, quietly putting down his food and swallowing loudly. "What about it?"

"He called to say that Pritchard took a deal," Stefan replied gently, hugging Patrick tightly to him. "The police searched Pritchard's place and club. They found seven other men he was holding like he had been with you. The evidence was so overwhelming of all the illegal

things he had been doing, he made a deal with the district attorney of New York.”

“So he’s free?” Patrick asked, sounding almost hysterical.

“No, he’s going to be in jail for the rest of his life,” Stefan answered, assuring his little mate. “The deal was that Pritchard won’t have to spend time in a maximum security prison. He’s going to give up lots of his seedy clients of his club and their illegal activities. Also, he’s going to sell the club, and the money will be split eight ways, part of it going to the men he held captive. That means part of the money will be coming to you, baby.”

“Really?” Patrick asked, looking up at him and snuggling into Stefan’s arms more. “Wow, I wasn’t ready for that outcome.”

“Well, the important part is Pritchard can’t hurt you anymore,” Stefan said, kissing Patrick’s mouth. A light kiss at first, but when his little mate opened his mouth and allowed Stefan access, he wasn’t about to pass it up. Slowly using his tongue to explore Patrick’s mouth, Stefan was spurred on when Pat moaned loudly.

“I need you, Stefan,” Patrick said when their lips parted, yanking on Stefan’s shirt to get it off. He was more than willing to comply, whipping Patrick’s shirt off, as well. Stefan lay back on the blanket, leaving his mate to straddle him. “I love when you’re all spread out for me like a buffet.”

“Start wherever you’d like.” Stefan chuckled as he spread his arms wide. “I’m yours for the taking.”

“As it should be.” Patrick growled before leaning over and mashing his lips down to Stefan’s. He couldn’t help the groan of pleasure as Patrick started to wiggle over his hips, trying to undo their jeans. Stefan reached to help him, but Patrick swatted his hand away. “Mine.”

“Yes, always yours, my mate.” Stefan moaned as Patrick released his now hard cock from his fly. Patrick leaned back over, and it was only then that Stefan realized Patrick’s pants were unzipped, as well. His little mate kissed him fiercely, grinding their cocks together.

Stefan reached into the back of Patrick's jeans and grabbed his gorgeous round ass, one full cheek per palm. "Fuck Pat, I need in your tight little ass now."

"What if I want in your ass?" Patrick asked as he gently bit the side of Stefan's neck, all over their mating marks. "What then?"

"Take my ass, Pat. It's yours. Fuck me if you want, baby." Stefan moaned. At that moment he didn't care who did what, he just needed that closeness with Patrick that can only be had during sex, those few minutes where you can't tell where you end and the other person starts. "Fuck me, Patrick. I want that wonderful cock in my ass."

"I was only kidding, Stefan," Patrick said raising his head to look at Stefan. "I don't care if you're in me or I'm in you. I just need to be with you."

"I know, baby," Stefan said, kissing his mate gently. "I feel the same way. It's your call. It's your picnic and present, however you want it."

"Which way feels better to you?" Patrick asked him, almost indecisive as to what to say. "I love either way."

"I love both ways, too." Stefan chuckled. "But right now, I would love for you to get all animalistic and pound into my ass like your life depended on it."

"Oh god, that sounds like heaven." Patrick moaned, leaning back down to claim his lips. His mate furiously clawed at Stefan's pants. Instead of waiting for Patrick to shred them, Stefan reached down and pulled them off. They both sat up for a minute, watching each other intently as they finished stripping.

Once fully undressed, Patrick grabbed the lube Stefan held out to him. Stefan would have laughed if he wasn't so fucking turned on by his mate's need to be with him. They made out for a few more moments, licking, touching, and grabbing any skin their hands and mouths could find.

Patrick scrambled off Stefan and knelt in between his legs. His response was to pull his knees to his chest and spread them wide,

presenting himself to Patrick. His mate let out a possessive growl before quickly lubing up his fingers and sliding two into Stefan right off the bat.

Stefan cried out, loving the intense pleasure-pain line the sensation was riding. The slight burning passed as Patrick scissored his fingers around, stretching Stefan out.

“Fuck me now, Pat. I can’t wait anymore,” Stefan begged.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” Patrick answered, growling. “It’s going to be hard and rough.”

“You won’t hurt me, my love,” Stefan answered, grasping his legs tighter. “I want everything you have. Give it to me, please, Pat.”

The sight of Stefan spread out, begging to be fucked, had to be more than Patrick could take. Stefan watched as his mate pulled his fingers out, quickly lubed up his cock, and lined up with Stefan’s ass. Patrick looked into Stefan’s eyes as he started to push inside his tight hole.

“Oh fuck, you’re so tight,” Patrick moaned as he worked his cock in. “I’m not going to last long.”

“Me neither, Pat,” Stefan whimpered, wanting his mate to go faster. “I want you hard and fast. Please, fuck me.”

Patrick’s gaze went from filled with lust to an almost feral need. He slammed the rest of the way into Stefan, both of them crying out at the sensation. Barely giving Stefan a moment to adjust to his size, Patrick started to pound into his ass. It was perfect, exactly what they both needed.

“So fucking good,” Patrick grunted out in between thrusts, driving into Stefan as hard as he could. “Oh god, I’m going to come.”

“Come for me, my love,” Stefan panted as he reached down and started stroking his own cock. Once he was almost there, he let his legs fall to the side, pulled Patrick down on top of him and tilted his head to the side. “Claim me, Patrick. Make me yours forever.”

“Mine,” Pat snarled as he sunk his fangs into Stefan’s neck. Patrick’s tight, firm abs rubbing his cock was enough friction, along

with the bite, to send Stefan over the edge. He screamed out one of the most intense orgasms he ever had, feeling his hot seed fill the space between them. Seconds later, Patrick lifted his head up and roared out his name as he filled Stefan's ass with his release.

"I love you, Patrick." Stefan panted as Patrick collapsed on his chest.

"I love you, too, Stefan," Patrick said, licking the bite mark on Stefan's neck, causing both of them to shiver. "I never dreamed I would ever be this happy. I never even hoped to meet someone as wonderful as you."

"Me neither, my little mate," Stefan answered, rubbing Patrick's back. "But it seemed fate knew what we both needed and wanted, even if we didn't know ourselves."

THE END

www.joyeeflynn.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joyee Flynn grew up in Chicago living in the same house all her life until she left for college. 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

Marius Brothers 1: *Micah*

Marius Brother 2: *Remus*

North American Dragon Series: *Dragon Mine*

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