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LOCO'S LOVE

Everlasting Classic

LYNN HAGEN

The
ManLove
Collection



BRAC PACK 9

Brac Pack 9

Loco's Love

Laid-back Loco Remeere lets Cecil, the Alpha's mate, talk him into helping with a harebrained scheme, but this time Cecil's adventure leads him right to his own mate.

Tangee Highland works two jobs to survive, and dating is just a far-off fantasy. Rushing in late as usual for his job at a tattoo parlor, he stops dead at the sight of a gorgeous silver-haired man who attracts him like no other. Tangee quickly indulges his desire for silver-haired Loco's touch, but mating for life is a bit extreme for a first date. He denies Loco, insisting the relationship move slowly.

Everything changes when Tangee's mother is in an auto accident and the responsibility of his five-year-old sister now lies with him. Will Loco still want him with a kid sister on his hip? Or has Tangee already voided the claiming?

Note: Each book in Lynn Hagen's Brac Pack collection features a different romantic couple. Each title stands alone and can be read in any order. However, we recommend reading the series in sequential order.

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

Length: 28,057 words

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MANLOVE



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DEDICATION

To Kelley, for all her hard work.

LOCO'S LOVE

Brac Pack 9

LYNN HAGEN

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Chapter One

Tangee ran around his apartment, trying to get ready. He hopped on one foot, struggling to get his shoe on, with a piece of toast hanging from his mouth.

He grabbed his keys from the stand by the door, slammed it shut, and ran out of his apartment building, running late as usual. It seemed he was always late for something or another.

“Crap.” He ran back up the stairs and locked the door. Tangee would forget his head if it wasn’t attached.

That was something his mom always said to him. He stood there for a moment, trying to think of anything else he may have forgotten. Coming up with nothing, he shot back down the stairwell.

“Mark is gonna kill me.” Tangee hurried to the tattoo parlor where he worked. Mark had called him in, saying he had a large group to ink and needed Tangee’s help. Well, so much for helping his boss. He’d forgotten to set his alarm.

Tangee ran into the parlor and halted. There were two of the biggest men he had ever seen in his life standing in there. He gulped as he took a step back. The one closest to the door scared the shit out of him.

Everyone in the room turned to look at him. Damn, this was

awkward. His eyes locked on to the second large man who was standing towards the back of the shop. His hair was long and silver—actually silver. Tangee wasn't sure if it was the lighting, but the guy's eyes appeared black.

Cool.

"Hey, Tangee, it's cool," Mark called out to him. Tangee slid further away from the guy at the door. Something about him screamed *dangerous*. His eyes roamed back over to the silver-haired one. Tangee felt drawn to him.

"Done." Mark leaned back away from the guy he just finished tattooing, Tangee's attention was drawn once again to the man in the back. Why couldn't his eyes stop searching him out? This time when he glanced over there The guy was staring directly at him. Mr. Temptation was definitely hot, and his body rocked. It looked like he lived in a gym. He looked very powerful, his chest broad and muscular, but it was his face that pulled at Tangee's eyes. He had a classically handsome face that seemed to soften as soon as he looked at Tangee.

Tangee's eyes tore away from the mysterious man, watching as one of the shorter men paid, and then they all headed out of the back door. The silver-haired stranger looked over his shoulder at Tangee one last time before he left.

Damn, he should have gotten his number instead of standing there in a lust-filled daze.

"And where were you?" Mark was cleaning up his work space, putting everything away. Tangee came back to earth, staring at his boss for a moment, the question finally breaking through the *duh* gate.

"I forgot to set my alarm. I'm real sorry." Tangee ran over and helped his boss finish wiping down. He glanced at the back door, wishing he had had the guts to approach the silver-haired man. Oh, well. Not like he had time for a social or personal life anyway.

"No biggie. You just missed a huge tip is all," Mark said as he closed down his register. Mark didn't even really need help, but he

knew Tangee needed the money. Mark was cool like that.

“Dammit. I really needed the money, too.” Tangee swept up and reorganized the display case. Once he dumped the dustpan, he sanitized the chair and work area Mark had used. His boss was big on a germ-free environment when it came to his tattoo shop. After tossing the towels in the trash, he joined Mark at the counter.

“You need a loan?” Mark filled out his paperwork, putting everything in a zip bag to drop at the bank. He glanced over at Tangee and waited for an answer.

“No, I’ll only have to pay it back. Besides, maybe this will help me remember to set my alarm next time.” He followed Mark out of the building, waiting for him to lock up.

“Well, I need to get to my other job. I’m sorry, Mark.”

“No sweat. Catch you tomorrow, bro.” Mark tapped knuckles with Tangee as he headed to the bank.

Fuck, there must have been at least seven people in there that had gotten tattoos. He would’ve made a killing. Stupid memory. Tangee shoved his hands in his front pockets and began his walk to his next job. It seemed all he did was work. He shouldn’t be this bogged down at the age of twenty-three. His thoughts went back to the man in the shop as he walked to his second job. Who was that silver-haired angel earlier? He had been instantly attracted to him, something that had never happened before. It was as though an invisible string tried to tug him across the room and into the sexy man’s arms. What was his name? He cursed himself for not at least getting the guy’s name.

Tangee walked into the mini-mart, heading to the back to clock in.

“I need a bathroom.” A woman ran into the store, looking around frantically.

“Sorry, we don’t have any public ones.” Tangee could see his night was going to be fun. The stock had come in, but no one had bothered to put it away, knowing Tangee would do it. He hated people who assumed things.

“Well, if I don’t get to a bathroom, I’m going to use the bathroom

on your floor,” she yelled at him, shaking her plump fist.

“Lady, I can’t help you. There’s a restaurant down the street. I know they have one.” Tangee ducked as the lady threw a bag of chips at him that she grabbed off the shelf.

“I’ll be talking to your manager tomorrow. What’s your name?” she placed the pudgy fists on her hips, lips pursed in disapproval.

“Sam.” Tangee laughed to himself. That was the prick that had left him all this stuff to put away. Served him right.

“Well, Sam, you’re a rude young man.” She stormed out.

“Whatever.” Tangee leaned against the counter, praying for a fast night.

* * * *

Loco had just got his ass handed to him by Commander Hawk. He had agreed, stupidly, to take the seven mates to a tattoo parlor without their warriors knowing.

A big mistake, and one he wouldn’t be making again. When would he learn not to listen to Cecil? He thought about the young man he had seen in the tattoo place. The artist called him Tangee. Man, he loved that name. It was unique, just like his newly found mate.

Loco needed to get back there. He needed to see his mate.

He hated leaving, but the other mates needed to get back to the Den safely. Loco planned on returning tomorrow. His mate was gorgeous. That light brown hair with red highlights showcased a full and captivating face. The visible tattoos only enhanced the beauty Tangee possessed. But Loco had focused on his eyes, which were teal green and simply stunning.

He could have done without the fear in his mate’s eyes though. They were filled with a curiously deep longing that Loco had felt as well, but that hint of fear had detracted from the beauty of them.

“Hey, Loco, wanna shoot some pool?” Loco was snatched out of his pensiveness at the sound of Gunnar’s voice. The shifter was

standing there with pool sticks in both hands, a curious look on his face.

“Sure.” He was scheduled for patrol duty later but needed something to take his mind off of Tangee for now. Loco grabbed the stick and pushed everything else to the back of his mind. No sense torturing himself with longing over someone he wouldn’t be able to see until tomorrow night.

“Wanna beer?” Gunnar tossed one his way. Loco twisted the cap off and took a long swallow. Too bad Timber wolves couldn’t get drunk. If they drank, it was for the taste. He leaned his back against the wall as the wolf took his turn.

Thoughts of those tattoos running down his mate’s arms entered Loco’s mind. He wanted to run his tongue from wrist to shoulder, tracing the outline of each dragon. Damn, so much for pushing those thoughts away.

Loco smiled when the mate Keata came running into the room. He had been asked by Kyoshi, Keata’s cousin, to keep an eye on the guy. Keata ran off at the first sign of something sparkly. It was a job and a half, and then a solid headache, to keep up with him.

“Have you see Tank?”

Loco chuckled. Keata’s broken English was improving. “In the kitchen.” Where the warrior stayed most of the time he wasn’t on patrol.

He finished his round of pool with the Sentry and then jogged upstairs to shower before he shifted into his wolf form and prowled the grounds of the estate. At all times, six Sentries roamed the forest, ensuring the mates of the warriors lucky enough to find theirs stayed safe. They had rogue wolves and a pack to the East to be concerned with. With the way things were going lately, Maverick needed to consider enlisting more warriors. Six just didn’t seem to be enough anymore.

Loco’s skin itched to go to his mate, claim him, and bring him home. He knew he had to wait. Even if Hawk excused him to go find

Tangee, which his commander would, he wouldn't know where to look.

The place had to be closed by now, and his mate home safe in bed, a place Loco wanted to be, cuddled up to him. Making love to him and claiming him.

"There's always tomorrow," he muttered as he headed upstairs.

* * * *

Tangee cursed as he looked at his alarm clock. He needed to invest in a better one—or a better memory that would remind him to set that damn thing. It was the one he had as a child and half ass worked. Either that or he slept right through it.

He tossed the covers aside as he quickly showered and got ready for work.

It seemed all he did was work, no social life, no real friends except for Mark. He had tried dating, but none of his boyfriends ever stuck around when they saw how Tangee struggled financially, and they got tired of never seeing him.

"There has to be something better than this." Talking to himself, Tangee ate a bowl of cereal and looked around to make sure everything he needed was waiting for him by the door. Setting the bowl in the sink, he rushed out of his apartment, having to come back to lock it.

Why, on a day he was running late, like almost every day, was the bus late? Tangee wanted to scream at the top of his lungs at the injustice of the world. He knew he was spreading himself thin, but what else could he do? He always told himself he was young and could handle it, but lately he wasn't so sure. Days like today made him want to just walk away from it all, but to where?

"Sorry, Mark." Tangee huffed as he ran into work. Thank goodness no one was in the shop.

He didn't need a repeat of yesterday's money loss.

“No prob. Set up for me. I have someone coming in a half hour.” Mark set off to the office in the back.

Tangee pulled out the equipment Mark would need. The several colors of ink normally used when doing tattoos, fresh needles, gun and an assortment of other things were laid on his work station. He heard the door buzz as someone came in, the client must be early.

Tangee hurried to ready Mark’s area, not wanting to lose this job. His boss was understanding and laid-back, and that was hard to come by. He finished up and ran to the back to tell Mark his customer was early.

“Go get us something to eat while I work.” Mark tossed him a twenty before heading up front.

“Gotcha.” Tangee headed out of the back door and down the street to one of those soul food places. The fried catfish was banging. He already knew to get Mark a corned beef sandwich. It seemed to be his everyday staple.

“Hey, tattoo freak. You cut us in line.”

Tangee looked around to see who the guys were talking to. The only *tattooed freak* in there was him. Shit, just what he didn’t need. Tangee couldn’t fight his way out of a paper bag, but he wasn’t going to let these guys know that. Why did it seem like no matter where he went trouble followed?

“Sorry.” He stepped back behind the men who accused him of cutting, although he couldn’t be sure if he did. He wasn’t paying attention.

“You can buy our food since you’re being so considerate.” The accuser’s words were menacing and void of humor.

Tangee turned to the side, trying his best to ignore them. His heart was beating out of his chest, and he could feel himself shaking. He hated fighting because he was never on the winning end or it. Tangee thought once he became an adult he would be past all that, but apparently not.

“You hear me?” The prick shoved his hand into Tangee’s

shoulder, shoving him back a few steps. Tangee needed to get out of there. He'd hit the hamburger place down the street. Catfish was so not worth this. Turning around to leave, the guy pushed him again while taunting him. Tangee could feel the tears welling up and cursed himself for his weakness.

"Since you ain't gonna buy my dinner..."

Tangee saw stars when the guy punched him in his eye, shards of light exploded behind his eyes. Fuck, that hurt. With an instant headache and throbbing face, he took off running, forgetting that Mark had sent him for food as he ran into the back door of the parlor and into the bathroom.

"You okay?" Mark yelled from the other side.

"Yeah," Tangee yelled back as he looked at his eye in the mirror. It was red and angry-looking and starting to swell already. The headache seemed to be getting worse the longer he stared at his eye. He knew Mark would see, and his other boss at the mini-mart was going to have a fit. Maybe he could wear those black glasses people wore when they got their eyes messed with at the doctor. It would cover it.

Ten minutes later Mark was at the bathroom door. "If you don't come out, I'm coming in," Mark threatened from the other side while he jiggled the handle.

Taking a deep breath, Tangee cracked the door open, and Mark pushed it wide open.

"Who in the hell did that to you, Tangee?" Mark roared. His boss was a big dude with tattoos all over. He was tall as hell and muscle-bound. He reminded Tangee of a rough biker.

"No one." He tried to pull away, but Mark grabbed his arm, turning him back around to assess the damage.

"Yeah, I'd like to know as well."

Tangee's head snapped to the side. The silver-haired man came to the back, looking at him like he was going to murder someone, with his jaw set and his eyes narrowed. If the boogeyman were real, this

guy had to be him.

Tangee twisted his fingers together nervously. “Shit, these dudes down at the soul food joint. Said I cut them and tried to make me pay for their food. Knocked me good when I tried to leave.”

Tangee was humiliated. The guy who haunted his dream last night got to share in his shame. *Just great*. He couldn’t stop thinking about the silver hair and black eyes, but he could have done without him seeing Tangee in his cowardly state.

“What did they look like?” Mark grabbed his leather, shrugging it onto his shoulders.

“No, it’s okay. You got a customer coming.” Tangee turned toward the silver-haired dream god, “Unless you’re the customer?”

“No, I came to see you. Looks like not soon enough. Description, Tangee.”

Tangee described the two dudes that had harassed him and the one who hit him. Mark and Silver—the name Tangee had given him—left him in the shop as they took off down the street.

This was even more embarrassing, having two hulk guys running to defend him. He was a grown man, twenty-three years old. He didn’t need anyone running to slay the dragons.

Tangee felt like a helpless chick in some tower while his knights rode off to protect his virtue, if he still had it.

Tangee paced back and forth, looking out of the big window, wondering what was going on. Why couldn’t he be more like Mark? Or even Silver?

It was almost as if fate had stamped *wuss* on his forehead at birth. There was always a bully messing with him, as far back as he could remember, like they knew he didn’t have a backbone.

There was nothing more self-loathing than knowing you couldn’t defend yourself. If only he could win one fight, just one, he would feel better about himself. He should have gone with them. No, he should have stayed home today.

Tangee remembered the bullies in high school. They always

seemed to set their sights on him because he was tall and gangly.

His physique screamed loser.

He was always letting the other guys take his property from him, and he never tried to get it back. Graduation couldn't come fast enough. His mother always told him to turn the other cheek, use his brains instead of his fists. Well, he wasn't the one she needed to tell that to.

Tangee glanced at the clock. They had been gone thirty minutes now. What was taking so long? Maybe the other guys had left, and Mark and Silver were hunting them down. He hoped not.

Mark's appointment had been sitting here waiting for a good ten minutes now, and Tangee trying to make the guy as comfortable as possible. He hoped the man didn't leave.

That would mean Tangee had made Mark lose business. Tangee wished he was stronger and more able to defend himself, but fate had thought otherwise.

Chapter Two

Loco felt somewhat better after he and Mark found the three and taught them how to treat his mate. They shouldn't be bullying anyone for a long time to come.

Seeing his mate bruised only cemented his resolve to take Tangee home with him tonight. There was no way he was leaving him in the city by himself when the guy apparently couldn't defend himself.

He didn't care if Tangee was weak. That's what he was there for. To protect him, take care of him, and love him. His tall and gangly man would fit right in with the other mates living at the Den.

Loco would have to warn Tangee to stay away from Cecil and his harebrained schemes.

The Alpha's mate came up with more ways to have the warriors running around searching for them. Cecil wasn't a bad mate, just an extremely bored one who took his entertainment into his own hands and dragged the rest of the mates into mischief with him.

They walked back to the parlor, Loco pulling his leather off as they came through the door. Tossing it in one of the empty chairs, he went in search of his tattooed love.

"Tangee?" he yelled into the back room.

"Coming." Tangee ran from the backroom, his arms full of many small boxes that looked as though they were going to topple any minute.

Loco grabbed some of the boxes from him, helping him set them down behind the counter. Loco began opening them and handing his mate the supplies inside, inhaling Tangee's magnificent scent as he knelt down beside him and began to open the boxes. Being so close to

him, his erection was pressing into the front of his jeans. Damn, he wanted him.

“So, what’s your name besides Silver?” Tangee asked as he accepted the bag of belly-rings from Loco.

“Loco.” He smiled when Tangee’s eyebrows rose.

“Is it your personality, too?” Loco had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing. The look on his mate’s face was comical. Tangee’s eyes were wide, and his lips were parted. Loco was dying to lean over and kiss those deliciously appealing lips.

“Only when it needs to be.” Loco purposely held one of the bags tighter so his mate would have to grab his hand. He wanted contact, skin to skin. Anything would do right now. The electricity shot up his arm when Tangee’s fingers grazed his.

“Oh, okay. So why did you want to see me?” Tangee stacked the inventory in the glass showcase, looking everywhere but at Loco. He knew his mate was young and needed time to adjust to someone as large as Loco being interested in him. If the guy only knew he was the safest person on the planet when it came to Loco’s anger.

He would never do anything to hurt him.

“You caught my eye last night. I wanted to see you again, talk, and get to know you.” Loco grabbed the empty boxes and took them to the backroom, stacking them near the back door.

Tangee followed him. “Why?” It shocked him that his mate looked so stunned.

Didn’t he know how absolutely gorgeous he was?

He went back to the display case and grabbed the last of the empty boxes. Tangee was watching him closely from the corner of his eye. Loco had an urge to strut but thought better of it. There would be time to show off his prowess later. Now was the time for getting to know him.

“If you have to ask me that, then you haven’t been dating the right people.” Loco pushed the thought of his mate in another man’s arms out of his head. That was one thought that would send him into a rage.

He would really be *loco* if he thought too hard on it. But still, the guys must be lined up around the corner to date him. Too bad they lost their chance once Loco stepped into the man's life.

"Guess not." Tangee rubbed his left arm, biting his bottom lip as he looked at Loco's chest. His mate looked unsure of what else to say. Loco grinned at the shyness and uncertainty flickering in Tangee's teal-green eyes.

"Can I take you out to dinner since it seems you missed it?" Loco wanted more time with Tangee. He wanted more time to get to know him and convince him that it wasn't safe for him to be on his own.

"I'd like that, but I can't. I have to go to work." Tangee grabbed the boxes Loco had stacked, breaking them down into a flat pile. Loco grabbed a few and did the same.

"Uh, Tangee. You're at work." Loco's forehead creased in confusion.

"My *other* job." Tangee sighed as he shook his head. "Yeah, the other one."

"How many jobs do you have?" Oh, this was not good. His mate wasn't about to work himself to death. He wasn't about to work at all. Loco had a nice portfolio, and Tangee was about to be taken care of with it.

When one lived as long as shifters did, it wasn't hard to build your wealth with that much time. Especially when you were good at playing the stock market, which Maverick proved to be.

"Well, this one here and then another one as a clerk at a mini-mart." Tangee grabbed the pile of boxes and pushed the back door open, tossing them in the dumpster.

Loco checked the alley to be sure no one else was out there. It may be daylight, but crime happened at all hours, especially in alleys. He held the door open as his mate came back through.

"You work at night? Where harm can come to you?" Loco was about to go crazy. What if someone came in to rob him or hurt him? Who would protect him? Those places were notorious for getting held

up, the clerk shot and killed. Hell, no.

"Gotta pay the bills." Tangee chuckled nervously.

"We need to talk. How long before you have to be at your other job?" That's it, his mate was coming home with him.

He was going to explain everything and hope the guy didn't freak out, but it needed to be done. There was no way in hell Loco was leaving him here.

"In about three hours."

"Hey, Mark," Loco yelled through the back door. "I'm taking Tangee home. Cool?"

"Yeah, go ahead," Mark yelled back at him.

"You can't do that. I need the money." Tangee looked on the verge of panic.

"Then I'll pay for your time. Let's go." Loco pulled Tangee by his arm and walked him back into the building, grabbing his leather and telling Tangee to get his coat. He wasn't taking no for an answer.

Loco drove through the city, his eyes watching how seedy the neighborhood was becoming the closer they drove to Tangee's home.

He rubbed his jaw, dying to turn the truck around and drive straight to the Den regardless of any protest. There were drug dealers on the corner, for crying out loud.

Tangee pointed to his building, and Loco pulled his truck in front of it.

Loco stared at the graffiti painted exterior walls of the building and groaned. Good god, Tangee risked his life every time he stepped out of his apartment from the looks of the neighborhood. He risked his life *in* his apartment living in this area.

"Come on." Loco cut the motor and got out, walking to the passenger's side to help him. His truck sat high, and even though Tangee was five-eleven, he still felt the need to coddle him, that and the fact this place made him twitchy.

Tangee led Loco up the stairs to his apartment. Loco noticed the burnt-out bulbs in the hallway and the dilapidated steps that groaned

under his weight. This building should be condemned.

Loco was horrified at the thought of his mate living here. He kept close to Tangee as they approached a door that looked as though it couldn't keep out a damn thing, not even a cold breeze.

"Here we are." Tangee unlocked the door and led Loco inside.

Loco looked around. It was a typical one bedroom rental. A living room with sparse furniture, a small kitchen with a two-seater table, and there was a hallway off of the kitchen that must lead to a bedroom and a bathroom.

It was clean and well taken care of. Thank goodness it didn't reflect the outer dwelling of the building. The place looked like Tangee tried his best to make it a home.

"So what did you want to talk about?" Tangee set his keys down on the small table by the door.

Loco quirked a brow at the flat piece of a cardboard cutout lying on the table with outlines drawn on it for keys, a wallet, and something that resembled a rectangle. The outlines resembled the ones you would see at a crime scene outlining a body. Was his memory that bad? He watched curiously as Tangee laid his set of keys in the appropriate shape, the wallet as well. The third outline must be for mail because that's what he sat there.

What was up with that?

Pulling his eyes away, he cleared his throat and looked at his mate.

"You may want to sit down for this." Loco waved his hand toward the couch, taking his jacket off and tossing it over the back. Where did he begin?

"Okay, that bad?" Tangee slid his coat off as well and hung it by the door. Loco was surprised there wasn't an outline on the wall for that.

"No, just...different." Loco sat down next to him, trying to think of a way to say this. "Do you feel drawn to me at all?"

"You're hot, if that's what you're asking." Tangee blushed and

scooted an inch closer. Was that lust in his mate's eyes? Loco had to fight the urge to take him on the couch.

Explanation first.

"No, but thank you. I mean a pull, a need to be near me?" His mate had to feel it. Loco did, and it was driving him crazy.

"Kinda."

"Maybe I'm not asking it right." Loco was getting frustrated. How could he make it any simpler than he already was?

This was not going how he had thought it would. He ran his hand over his face, racking his brain for a way to make his mate see what he was talking about.

"Do you mean do I feel a connection?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"Kinda." Tangee blushed again, scooting another inch closer.

Loco was getting tired of trying to explain it while fighting the urge to pull his mate into his arms, so why try?

He pulled Tangee to him and kissed those soft looking lips. His mate whimpered and grabbed a handful of his shirt as he pulled Loco closer.

He had known those lips would taste as good as they looked. Loco nudged Tangee to lie back, climbing over him as he deepened the kiss, moaning into Tangee's mouth. He pushed his hard cock against Tangee's, snaking his hand behind Tangee's head.

To hell with it. Explanation later, sex first.

Tangee pulled at his shirt. "Off." He clawed desperately.

Loco pulled back, yanking his shirt above his head and tossing it aside. He pulled Tangee's up to his armpits and dove down to suck a nipple into his mouth, the taste of salty skin making his senses roar to life.

Tangee arched his back, grabbing Loco's hair as he pushed his cock into Loco's hardened erection. The action made Loco desperate to bury his cock deep into Tangee. His mate writhed under him, raising his groin higher, rocking his hips from side to side. Their

cocks danced around each other's, and the friction had Loco panting.

Loco kissed his way up Tangee's chest until he got to the wall of flames surrounding Tangee's throat. Loco traced the tattoo with his tongue, pressing his body harder into Tangee's.

He nipped at Tangee's Adam's apple, licking the sting away. Loco licked his way over to Tangee's shoulder to an S shape tattoo, driving himself mad with desire.

Loco couldn't take it anymore. He had to be inside of this heavenly creature.

Sitting back, Loco quickly kicked his boots aside and pulled his jeans off, then tossed his socks on his pile of discarded clothes.

"Holy hell, man." His mate stared at him wide-eyed. His tongue peeked out, running across his bottom lip. The sight of that little pink appendage had Loco's cock weeping with pre-cum.

"Now you," Loco pulled Tangee to his feet, helping his mate strip down to reveal a body so fucking perfect that Loco had to fight the urge to howl.

Loco was in awe of Tangee's creamy skin, slim build and the rock hard cock that jutted out from between his legs. Fuck if he wasn't dying to sink inside of him this very second. He grabbed Tangee up into his arms and carried him through the kitchen and down the hall, kicking the door open.

"That's the bathroom." Tangee chuckled as Loco swung around and pushed his bedroom door open.

"I would have taken you in there if I couldn't find your bedroom." Loco chuckled with him. He climbed onto his mate's bed while still cradling Tangee in his arms, rubbing his naked skin over his mate's body. Goose bumps rose at the contact. Their cocks tapped at one another, both leaking onto Tangee's lower abdomen. The glistening pool made Loco's mouth water.

Tangee stayed on his back while Loco was on all fours. Tangee slid down until Loco's cock dangled above him. "Hmm, what do we have here?" Tangee grabbed his cock and licked the pre-cum off that

was still dripping out. "Mmm, tastes yummy."

"Oh, god," Loco moaned as his mate wiggled below him, sucking the head of his cock into his mouth. "Tangee." Loco's arms threatened to give out as Tangee's fiery hot hands stroked his cock.

Loco was lost in a world of lust. His mate was sucking the head of his cock with so much enthusiasm that Loco was going to blow any moment. "Tangee," Loco called out again.

Tangee sucked him down deeper, grazing his sac then rolling them it in his hand, running his fingers over the skin between Loco's balls and his ass. He pumped his hand around the base, caving in his cheeks for a tight suction. Loco was going nuts as he pushed his cock all the way to the back of his mate's throat.

Loco yelled Tangee's name as spurt after spurt of seed bathed the back of Tangee's hot, succulent mouth. He leaned back and pulled his mate up the bed. "You have a beautiful mouth." Loco kissed the taste of himself right out of his mate.

"Fuck me," Tangee breathed. "I need you inside of me now."

"I plan on tapping that ass." Loco grabbed the lube, drenching his fingers and sliding them into his mate's tight entrance, scissoring and stretching until his mate was loose and relaxed. The anticipation was almost unbearable. Loco had to reach deep inside of him for patience he didn't know he possessed as he took his time preparing Tangee.

Loco wiped his hand on the blanket and then pushed Tangee's legs back, the head of his cock kissing the tight hole. Loco reached down and grabbed his cock, using the head of it to rub around Tangee's hole. He could actually feel Tangee's muscles expand and contract against his cockhead. The anal play was maddening, but the sensation was erotic.

Pushing forward, he could feel the heat engulf his sensitized cock as soon as he entered him. The tight band of muscles clamped down on his shaft, stroking his cock as he worked his prick in inch by patient inch.

"Oh, fuck, yes. More," Tangee cried, bucking his hips up to take

all of what Loco had to give. His mate grabbed his shoulders and pushed down until Loco felt his balls hit his mate's ass. "So good," Tangee moaned. His fingers dug into Loco's shoulders, the sting of fingernails breaking skin only adding to the sexual experience.

Loco pulled back until only the head remained then thrust forward, slamming his pelvis into Tangee's ass. He pushed his mate's legs back further, giving him full view of ass swallowing cock.

His prick slid in and out, and Loco watched in fascination. The sight of Tangee's twin globes drawing up tight to his body made Loco's teeth ache to nip them.

"Silver." Tangee's head thrashed around. "Your cock feels so damn good in my ass."

Loco snapped his hips faster, those sexual words making his lust shoot up another notch. He could feel sweat dripping down his back as he grabbed Tangee's ankles tighter. Loco noticed his mate's toes curling in. How ego-stroking was that?

He knew he wasn't going to last. Not with the sight below him. Seeing Tangee in the throes of passion was so intoxicating, he could drink that look and get drunk off of it.

He fought to stave off coming so quickly, panting heavily as he concentrated on his lover. Tangee was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Loco's hand caressed Tangee's soft abdomen, feeling the muscles quiver under his hand.

"Does it feel good, baby? You like my cock in your ass?"

"Hell yeah. You keep talking that way and I'm going to come."

Loco growled, thrusting harder at the dirty talk. He'd never had a lover verbalize his thoughts in bed, and fuck if it wasn't a huge turn-on.

"I want to claim you, Tangee." Loco panted as the need to come grew near.

"Uh-huh." Tangee's head rolled from side to side, his lips parting as his hands left Loco's shoulders and grabbed the sheets, fisting them tightly. Loco knew his mate didn't understand what he was saying,

but when Tangee cried out as his cock erupted without even being touched, it made Loco forget what he had been thinking about.

Tangee's hands flew up, pushing at Loco's shoulders when he saw Loco's teeth lengthen and his eyes shift.

"No, no, no," he cried as he tried to get Loco to release him.

"Yes. Do you accept me as your mate, Tangee?" Loco leaned forward, his canines ready to strike.

"No. Loco, get off of me," Tangee begged.

"Do not fear me. I would never hurt you." Loco could see the fear in his mate's eyes. He wanted to replace it with lust again. It was confusing him that Tangee had said no to the claiming.

He pulled back, looking down at his mate with utter astonishment. No one ever said no. Would that void any further attempt?

Holy shit, what had Tangee done?

* * * *

"Why did you deny me?" Loco looked really pissed off. Tangee wasn't sure what to do. He pushed at the muscular chest again, this time Loco moving for him to roll from the bed.

"I—I—oh shit." Tangee ran from the room, his head in a whirl. Could it be? Was it possible?

"Tangee, stop," Loco called after him, but Tangee couldn't. The odds of finding another like him were astronomical. Never in his twenty-three years had he crossed paths with anyone else who could extend their teeth.

"You have to go," Tangee cried as he gathered his jeans in his hands and punched his legs into them. He couldn't deal with this right now, and why were his jeans being so difficult? He hopped around until the denim finally relented and his feet appeared.

"Not until you tell me what's going on," Loco demanded. The guy stood there with his arms crossed over his enormous chest, naked and glorious. Tangee couldn't think of that right now. There was only one

thing to do. Showing would be better than any explanation he could give.

“This,” Tangee shouted as his little canines descended. They were small, about the size of a domestic housecat’s. Not large or thick like Loco’s had been.

“Fuck, you’re a half-breed.”

“Tell me, Tangee.” Loco growled. “If you’re a were-creature, then you know about the claiming, and you know you shouldn’t have said no. I’m not sure of the ramifications behind the denial. I’m not even sure I can claim you now.”

He took a step back, the back of his legs hitting the couch. Tangee didn’t like how angry Loco looked. He didn’t know him well enough to know whether Silver would get physical.

“I don’t know anything. I don’t know what I am or why I have teeth that can elongate. Why my eyes turn red or why I have the urge to howl at times.”

Tangee fell to the couch, crying into his hands. He couldn’t put any hope in Loco explaining it all to him. He had sought answers for too many years, and to have someone standing in his living room who could give those to him scared him to death. Why he was afraid was a good question. Maybe he was scared of finally finding out what he was.

“How do you not know? Which parent is wolf?”

Tangee gasped. “I’m a wolf?”

Chapter Three

Loco pulled Tangee into his arms, trying his best to alleviate his mate's anxiety by stroking his back. "My dad, I would guess. My mom told me she had a one-night stand, and nine months later I was born. When I was a child, I got angry this one time, you know, having a fit as children do. Well, my fit consisted of my teeth lengthening. My mom said I had to hide it, and we were never to talk about it. So, no, I have no idea what a claiming is." Tangee wiped his eyes.

To see his mate cry tore at Loco's heartstrings. He would do anything to take that pained look away.

He wondered if he would be able to attempt the claiming again, or was it a onetime deal? He was too numb right now, too confused, and too busy calming Tangee to become angry. His mate hadn't known. How could he stay upset with him if he had no clue what he was?

"Oh, pup." Loco pulled Tangee onto his lap, kissing him softly as he brushed his hand through his mate's hair. "You have half a wolf inside of you. Being a full breed, I can shift into its form. We are granted one mate per lifetime, and you are mine. Claiming you would bind you to me and connect our souls."

"Are you really loco? You don't even know me. Why would you do something like that? That's such a big step when we've only met." Loco smiled, and his mate had grabbed his shoulders trying to shake him. "I know I jumped the gun sleeping with you so soon." Tangee lowered his head. "But that's physical."

Loco tucked a knuckle under Tangee's chin, lifting his head so their eyes could meet. "Because we live one thousand years, and that's a mighty long time to be by yourself. I've already lived one

hundred and twenty three of those. I'm a pup compared to most of the warriors." Loco chuckled. "But don't tell them I said that."

"Wow, that is a long time. How long will I live, being half?" Some of the tension left his mate's body, being replaced with curiosity.

"Five hundred, but if you bonded with me, you would live as long as I did." Humans would kill for the longevity the wolves experienced, among other attributes, and this is why they guarded their secret closely. None of them wanted to end up as a lab experiment.

"It's a lot to think about, Loco. Can I have some time? I promise I'm not going anywhere." Tangee looked up into his eyes, regret filling them. "I'm sorry I said no. I'm not ready, but I didn't mean to cancel anything out. Can it be fixed?"

"I'll have to look into it. In the meantime, can we please finish having sex? My balls are turning blue." Loco stood with his mate in his arms, carrying him off toward the bedroom.

He laid Tangee down, running his tongue up Tangee's stomach to his sternum, licking each nipple in turn.

Loco grazed the right circular disc with his canine, his mate shivering under him. His tongue lapped at the trail, following it to the other side.

Loco had no resistance when his cock slid back in, Tangee still stretched from moments before. His silver hair created a veil as he pushed up onto his hands and rocked his hips back and forth.

His mate ran his hands through Loco's hair as he arched his back. Loco dipped down to capture Tangee's soft lips. He nipped and sucked, pulling the bottom one into his mouth.

"God, you're good at this," Tangee said on an exhale.

Loco grinned from ear to ear. "Glad you think so." Loco's knees spread further apart as he thrust deeper.

The feeling of soft flesh stretched around him had Loco coming to a quick release. He reached a hand down and grabbed his mate's cock

that had come back to life and thrust his hand, bringing his mate to euphoria as Tangee cried out.

“That’s it, baby, come for Loco.” Loco crooned.

Loco brought his hand to his mouth, licking the taste of his mate from his skin. That taste exploded on his tongue as Loco picked up his pace, rocking hard into Tangee’s ass now.

His spine tingled, then it escalated to his balls, and he exploded into his mate’s tight entrance. “Shit.” He hissed as all his energy drained away from him.

Loco pulled back, dropping to the bed and pulling his mate with him. “Mine.” Loco kissed his mate’s temple. Whether the claiming would work or not, Tangee would always be his.

* * * *

Tangee lay in his bed after Loco left, explaining to him that he had something called patrol to do. Loco had debated with him for some time about Tangee going with him, but that wasn’t something he was ready for. His mate left, letting Tangee know he would be back.

Mate.

Tangee’s mind swirled with ceaseless questions. Questions he hoped Loco could answer.

The one thing that kept returning to the forefront was how fate had chosen him as Loco’s? In one night he found out he was a wolf and that he had a mate. Forever was a long time, and Tangee needed time to think.

It felt so overwhelming. It’s not like they could break up if it didn’t work out.

This was for life, and a very long one at that.

Loco had practically begged Tangee to move in with him. How could he? First of all, he didn’t know the guy all that well. That was a stupid move, and although he was forgetful, he always thought things

through first. What about his other responsibilities?

No, he had made the right decision. If Loco really wanted to be with him, the wolf would date him first.

He may have jumped the gun and fell into bed with Loco in the blink of an eye, but wanting a commitment would take more time.

* * * *

“What the hell am I supposed to do, Maverick? He refuses to come home with me. Insists we date first to get to know each other better. Is the claiming voided?” Loco paced the carpet of Alpha Maverick’s office.

After making love to Tangee two more times, he had talked until he was blue in the face, but Tangee wouldn’t come home with him, insisting he needed to work and wasn’t going to just move in with someone he just met.

Loco couldn’t understand the logic behind that. They were mates. How much more could you know a man than that?

“Date him. What else can you do? I’ll look into the rejected claiming for you. See if it can be reversed. To be honest, Loco, I’ve never heard of a mate saying no. I hope there is something in the scrolls to answer your question.” Maverick pinched the bridge of his nose. “I’m just dumbfounded.”

“Will you stop saying that? I feel like crap already,” Loco grumbled as he continued to pace.

“Why don’t you move to the city with him until he agrees?” Maverick leaned back in his chair, studying Loco closely.

Loco stopped pacing and stared at Maverick. “You know as well as I do that my wolf would go nuts living in a tiny space with no place to run, but I will be going there every chance I get.” Loco dropped down into the leather chair that sat in front of his Alpha’s desk.

“Can you not mention this to anyone else? I don’t need Cecil stealing a car and running off to the city to try and talk sense into my

mate.”

Maverick shuddered.

The Alpha's mate, Cecil, was mischievous but well-intended. He would actually go and try to help Loco out.

He knew Maverick loved his mate with every breath in him, but everyone wished at times they could cuff Cecil to the couch in the den and never let him go. It became tiring tracking the man down, especially when he talked the other mates into going with him.

“Not a word,” Maverick promised.

“Thanks. I have patrol duty tonight, and then afterwards I'll be driving in to see my mate.” Loco stood and shook his Alpha's hand then turned to leave.

“I'll do what I can for you. You know I will. If you decide the city is where you want to be right now, just let me know. Hawk, or anyone else for that matter, would never stop you from being with your mate.” Maverick clapped Loco on his back as they exited the office.

“I know. Thanks.” Loco jogged upstairs as he tried to think of a way to get his mate here. The city just wasn't safe for him. Loco felt that nowhere would be unless he was by Tangee's side.

He shook his head as he entered his bedroom, opening his dresser drawer and tossing clothes on top. There had to be a solution that he wasn't seeing yet.

Loco had been honest when he told Maverick he couldn't move to the city. He and his wolf would go stir crazy. They needed room to run and privacy.

The city offered none of that.

Loco looked down at the stacked clothes on his dresser once he came from the shower. The only reason he was putting any clothes on at all was because the warriors would be pissed if he walked through the house asshole naked in front of their mates.

For a pack, it was no big deal, but they tended to get very territorial when it came to their men.

* * * *

It had been a month now since Loco started coming to the city to see Tangee, never pressuring him and always taking him out on the town when his mate didn't have to work, which was rare.

Loco was falling head over heels in love with the sexy man. He knew he was the moment he laid eyes on Tangee, but the more time they spent together, the more he got to know his mate, and he really liked what he discovered about him.

They had sex every time they had a moment of privacy, but Loco never tried to claim him again.

He was still waiting on Maverick to find the answer and for Tangee to tell him he was ready.

The pull was driving him insane, but he managed to keep it together. It was getting harder and harder to leave him behind, though. When he left to go back to Brac Village, a piece of him remained with his mate. These pieces were starting to add up, leaving a big hole in him without Tangee.

Loco fed his mate another piece of the key lime pie they had bought at a bakery a few blocks over.

"Are you ready yet?" Loco had been patient, dating Tangee as requested and spending as much time together as their schedules allowed, but he was tired of going to bed at night alone, tired of the hole widening. This was the first time he had asked the question since that disastrous night.

"I can't move away. I haven't told you this, but..." Tangee took a deep and unsteady breath. "The reason I'm always so pressed for cash, working two jobs, is because I help my mom out. I have a five-year-old sister named Melonee. I help her out financially. She has arthritis really bad, and it's hard for her to work full-time. She needs me. *They* need me."

"I can help—"

His mate threw his hands up in front of him as he waved them

back and forth. "No. I won't have you supporting them. That's my responsibility. No more talk of money." Tangee picked the fork up and fed Loco a piece of the pie.

He leaned forward and kissed his mate while thinking how noble the act was but how it was wearing on him.

His mate always looked tired, and he suspected his forgetfulness was attributed to lack of sleep. Loco sat back on the crate in the back of the shop, admiring the hell out of Tangee.

"I asked my mom about my dad." Tangee didn't look at Loco as he threw the pie containers away.

"And what did she have to say?" Loco wiped his mouth. He knew it was a sore subject in his mate's family, but Tangee wanted answers.

He had freaked out, thinking maybe Loco could be his father, but Loco had assured Tangee that he had never slept with a woman in his life. That would have been too screwed up.

Besides, he knew that Tangee's father had to be the mate of his mother, which brought up the question of how the wolf could leave her.

"She cried and said she didn't want to talk about it. Ever." Tangee's jaw clenched, and Loco could see his mate fighting back the tears.

"That will be on top of my priority list, finding out your lineage." Loco patted Tangee on his ass as they made their way back up front.

What a fine little bottom he had.

Images of sinking back into that tender flesh flashed before his eyes. Too bad Tangee had to work, and then work some more. Loco shook his head at the insanity of it all.

"You guys done?" Mark asked, kicked back reading a motorcycle magazine.

"Yeah, thanks." Loco sat and pulled his mate in his lap.

"No prob. Tangee's a good kid. I try to help out as much as I can." Mark flipped the page, not looking at either of them.

"Hello. Right here, guys." Tangee waved his hands in the air.

Mark and Loco chuckled. "We know you're here, brat," Mark teased.

Loco had asked Mark if he were gay. He chuckled and shook his head, telling Loco he was straight. Mark told Loco that he had no problem with what other people preferred, so Loco could cuddle and kiss Tangee all day and it wouldn't bother him, not that it would have stopped the warrior.

The two had become good friends in the month that Loco had been coming here.

Mark was laid back and didn't seem to get bent out of shape about much. He'd make a good warrior if he were pack. The guy had the physique for it, definitely had the attitude for it as well.

"Well, I have to get ready for work." Tangee pushed himself from Loco's lap, going to the back to get his jacket.

"You know he's not going to leave with his mom and sister living here." Mark set the magazine down onto his lap.

Loco hadn't told Mark about his wolf, and he warned Tangee not to reveal their existence either. Only one human that they were aware of knew, and Alpha Maverick was ready to kill him and the Sentry, Cody, for that knowledge.

The only reason Frank still breathed is because he kept true to his word of not telling a soul, but if Maverick ever felt him a threat, he would kill Frank and Cody in a millisecond.

Protecting the mates was all that mattered. But if Loco were to reveal it to anyone, Mark would be the guy.

He wouldn't do that to him though. Loco felt that it would be more of a burden on his friend than an advantage. So he kept it to himself.

"I know. I've been trying to think of a solution for that." Loco stood as Tangee came out with his jacket on. "Ready?"

"Yeah."

Loco held the door open as he led his mate out to his truck. He had been taking Tangee to work every time he was here.

He even tried to hang out at the mini-mart, but Tangee's boss was meticulous about watching the security videos every morning he came in and chewed Tangee out about having someone hang around the store at night. So Loco dropped him off then headed out.

He pulled into the lot, cutting the motor. "You have your phone?"

"Yep." Tangee pulled the phone out of his front pocket that Loco had bought him.

It was one thing his mate had agreed to let Loco do. Loco had insisted that Tangee have it for safety reasons and so they could get in touch with each other. Tangee had agreed, stating that he had wanted one anyway for a while now.

"Call me if you need me, even if it's just to say hi." Loco leaned toward Tangee, kissing him repeatedly. It was getting harder and harder to drive away. "Watch yourself, be aware of your surroundings, and call me if the hairs on you rise."

Tangee rolled his eyes. "It's the same lecture you give me every time before dropping me off. At least this time you don't have to swing by my apartment because I forgot my phone."

"Don't take it out and leave it lying around where I can't get to it or forget it," Tangee recited in a monotone voice.

"Smart-ass, give me another kiss." Loco reached over and pulled Tangee over to him fully. "I'll miss you." Loco took his lips in a searing kiss. There were some nights he would sit in the lot and watch his mate work, ensuring his safety, but tonight wasn't going to be one of them.

He had a thousand things to do, things he had been putting off lately.

"Stay safe." Loco pecked him one more time before Tangee slid out of his truck. He did sit and watch the hottie who was his until he was no longer in sight.

Loco pulled his truck from the space he had parked in, heading for the highway that would take him back home.

Chapter Four

Tangee thought about Loco's request to move away with him. He admitted to himself that it did intrigue him. Did he make the right choice in telling Loco no?

No, it was better to date first. He felt confident in that decision. Tangee pulled the stock from out of his way, ripping open the glued lids and pulling the motor oil out.

He arranged them on the shelf, pulling the older ones toward the front.

Kicking the empty cardboard boxes to the back, and out by the dumpster, Tangee began tossing them in. He couldn't linger. No one was in the store right now. He locked the rear door and went back to sweeping. Everything was done except mopping.

Tangee thought about Loco, his beautiful silver hair and coal black eyes. The way he hovered over Tangee, protecting him from harm.

Maybe he was being a little selfish.

There might be something to this mating. If it was possible to redo, Tangee decided he wanted Loco to claim him.

The past month had been the happiest ever in his life. Loco made him laugh, made him feel loved, and most of all made him feel safe. He hadn't realized what he'd been missing until Loco showed up.

How he would work everything out about his family he still hadn't figured out, but he hated when Loco left him at night and hated working two jobs. Tangee still wanted to work, but in the small town Loco had described to him. It sounded cool. He lived in the city his whole life, never exploring outside its boundaries. How different

could a small town be?

"Well, if it isn't the tattooed freak that wouldn't buy us dinner. I see your eye's healed up".

Oh, fuck. It was the three guys from the soul food place. This couldn't be happening.

Not now.

Not when he had just decided to leave all of this behind him. He had the worst luck in the world.

Tangee eased his hand over next to the register, hitting the green button on his cell phone. Mark was the last person he called. He would call Loco, but odds were he was out on patrol and wouldn't be able to help.

Mark was much closer.

Tangee glanced down quickly to see the call had connected. He just prayed it didn't go to voice mail. Mark was his only hope.

"Now you owe us dinner and a good ole ass-whooping. Think you're cute, sending those guys after us?" The leader swaggered toward Tangee, curling his lip up in a snarl.

What in the hell was this guy's problem?

And what was it about him that just made bullies zero in on him?

Tangee was terrified. He couldn't take on one, let alone three.

This was gonna hurt real bad.

He prayed he wouldn't need a hospital once they were done with him. Why couldn't this be one of those nights Loco sat out in the lot? His mate would have taken care of them before they even entered the store.

"Come on, guys. Let's have us a little fun with Mr. I've-got-two-men. Since you can handle two, you're gonna handle three. Hope you're stretched and lubed." The guy laughed, grabbing his crotch to show Tangee just what he meant.

The prick grabbed Tangee from over the counter, knocking the displays to the floor as he dragged him toward the back of the store. Tangee fought like crazy. They were about to *rape* him, and there

wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

"Grab his legs," the leader shouted at one of the other men. Tangee swung his arms around, flailing them about. He kicked his legs back and forth, trying to break free.

His heart was in his throat and his stomach in one big tight knot. *Please, someone help me.* This was a nightmare he didn't want.

They tossed him into the storage room. The leader yanked Tangee down, and his belly smashed over some crates.

"Oh god, no...Please, no," he begged the men as he squeezed his eyes shut, not wanting to be there. If only he could make his mind shut down, take him to a place where it was just him and Loco. *I'm sorry, mate.*

"I'd get the fuck off of him if I were you."

Tangee wanted to shout out in joy at that deep voice. His heart was pounding so loudly in his ears he thought for a moment that he was hearing things.

Was it really Mark?

"We were just having a little fun. He was all for it." The leader laughed nervously.

Tangee shot up and ran over to Mark, getting behind him. "No, I wasn't. They were about to rape me." His voice broke, bordering on hysterics. The implications of what was just about to happen hit him. Tears welled up and spilled over, relief that he wasn't violated swamping him. Tangee's whole body began to shake as he wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

"I didn't think so." Mark swung at the first punk that came at him, knocking him out cold. He clotheslined the second man, who squirmed around on the floor, scratching at his throat. "I thought we made it clear before that this man right here was off-limits to you punks?" Mark pointed at Tangee.

"Fuck you." The third asshole lunged at Mark with a razor blade in his hand. Mark threw his arm up and knocked the guy in his head with his right fist. The leader staggered back, shook his head and

came at Mark again.

"Persistent piece of shit, aren't you?" Mark kicked his left foot out, catching the punk right in his solar plexus. Mr. Leader hit the ground, wheezing, and then tried to stand up again.

"I think you need to stay down." Mark turned to Tangee with fear in his eyes. "Did they hurt you? Did you call Loco? Did they...?" Mark searched his face, grabbing his forearms with a death grip.

"No, they didn't. You stopped them. I didn't call Loco. You were closer. And they didn't hurt me." Tangee hugged Mark around his waist, grateful that his phone didn't go to voicemail and Tangee's sanity down the drain.

"Go call him. I mean it." Mark pulled his cell out and called the cops.

Tangee raced up front to the counter, grabbing his cell phone and pressing Loco's number. His hands were shaking violently, barely able to keep the phone at his ear.

"Tangee, what's wrong?" Loco said, automatically assuming the worst. Tangee never called when he was working the mini-mart. He was too afraid of getting into trouble.

"They..." He began to sob into the phone, nothing coherent that Loco would be able to make out. "Rape..." Tangee fell to his knees, dropping the phone and crying into his hands.

Lights began to flash across the walls, and Tangee knew the cops had arrived.

The police car pulled in front of the store, and two officers got out. Tangee straightened when he heard them come in, forgetting about his phone. He wiped the tears from his eyes and cleared his throat, trying his best to pull himself together.

"Someone called in an assault and attempted rape?" one of the cops asked Tangee.

"Yeah, I did." Mark came from the back. "The three men in the back forcibly took my friend here to the back of the store and tried to rape him."

“But he’s a guy,” the other cop said before he could catch himself, a look of total disgust on his face.

“Your point?” Mark bit out.

“We need to question the three. You said they were in the back?” The cop looked past Mark into the back hallway, disbelief showing on his face.

“Yes. They’re in the back.” Mark hitched his thumb over his shoulder and put his arm around Tangee, the cop visibly scowling.

One of them went where Mark pointed while the other one questioned Tangee.

“Do you know any of them?”

Tangee ran a shaky hand threw his hair. “I had a run-in with them a month ago.”

“So you’re saying they assaulted you a month ago?”

“Yes, down at the soul food joint on Lorain Avenue. They claim I cut them in line then tried to make me pay for their meals. When I tried to leave, one of them punched me in the eye.” Tangee wrapped his arms around his waist, seeing the cop wasn’t gay friendly.

“So why didn’t you report that incident?”

“I just wanted to forget about it.” God, why couldn’t they just take the three in the back and leave?

“Are you sure you aren’t friends with them and just had an argument? See it all the time.” The officer pulled his notepad out, making it appear that he was writing something down.

“I don’t know them. Never seen them before.” Tangee was near tears again. Why couldn’t this cop be a professional? Mark pulled him closer to his side, and Tangee was thankful for his support.

The other officer came back to the front of the store. “Says this guy agreed to have sex with them, and his boyfriend here got jealous.”

“He’s lying!” Tangee screamed. This was unreal. He was terrified the cops would believe the three punks. They weren’t at all friendly with Tangee, and they were in no way helpful. “The security camera

will show you that they grabbed me and forced me back there.”

“Well, I guess we will have to take them in. Tell your boss we need that tape.” The two officers turned away from Tangee and Mark as they radioed in for backup.

“He *guesses* he has to take them in?” Tangee snarled at Mark. “I didn’t do anything wrong and *I’m* being treated like the criminal?” He had an urge to beat them over the head with their own notepads.

“Relax, Tang, the tape will prove they forced you. Ignore the ignorant cops.” Mark rubbed his hand on Tangee’s shoulder.

Another squad car pulled up, and they hauled the three from the back room. The first two officers took Tangee’s official statement, telling him he had to go down to the police station in the morning.

“Assholes,” Tangee bit out at them as they pulled away. Not only did the three men try to violate him, but the cops had as well with their unprofessional attitudes.

He hoped they choked on a doughnut.

A dark blue truck screeched to a halt in front of the store, a howl heard coming from it. Oh, shit, he had forgotten the phone. He forgot to tell Loco he was okay. Tangee ran around the counter, bending down and retrieving his cell phone. It was still connected to Loco’s number.

Loco rushed in, grabbing Tangee around the waist and hauling him into his arms. “Baby, I’m so sorry,” Loco apologized into Tangee’s neck. He could feel Loco trembling. He didn’t argue when Loco carried him to his truck and climbed in.

“Please forgive me. I knew you were outnumbered and defenseless, and I left you here.” Loco hugged Tangee to him tightly.

“Loco, you’re going to crush me,” Tangee protested. He pushed against the large man’s chest, trying to breathe again.

“I left you, and you were...where the hell are they?” Loco’s eyes turned crimson, and his canines descended. Rage filled his face. Tangee knew he had to calm him down and fast.

“They didn’t. Mark saved me in time. The cops just took them

away.” Tangee ran his hand down the side of Loco’s face. He was still shaking, but his nerves were starting to settle down some since his mate had arrived.

“I heard the conversation. Timber wolves do have exceptional hearing. I didn’t think the police would believe you the way those bastards treated you.” Loco kissed him, relief flooding his face.

“Did you go ninety miles an hour or something? You got here pretty fast.” Tangee laid his head on Loco’s chest, feeling safe and warm now that his man was here. It only confirmed his earlier decision to get out of the city, but what to do with his mom and sister?

Loco looked sheepish. “One hundred.”

“Loco, you could have killed yourself or someone else! Don’t do that again,” Tangee gently chastised him.

“I’ll do it again when I get a phone call like that.” Loco opened the truck door, pulling them out, and back into the store where Mark waited.

Tangee’s nerves were a wreck, but he tried his best to appear calm. If he told either of these men how truly shaken he was, they wouldn’t let the subject go, and that was something Tangee wanted desperately right now. To forget that it had ever happened.

“Thank you. Anything you ever need, you call me and it’s done. Anything.” Loco man-hugged Mark.

“Just doing what any friend would do.” Mark shrugged. “And you will never have to worry. Your secret’s safe with me.”

“What secret?” Loco eyed him warily.

“Exactly.” Mark smiled at Loco and then turned to Tangee. “Are you going to be okay?”

No, “Yes. Thank you for getting here so fast.”

Mark nodded at Tangee then walked out of the store.

“You think he knows?” Tangee whispered to Loco.

“I think so.” Loco had Tangee call the manager and explain to him what had happened and to tell the guy he quit. Loco threatened to toss him into his truck and tie him down if he argued about it.

"I need to talk to you." Tangee grabbed his coat and cut the interior lights first, making it known that the store was closed. With the extra key hanging by the register, Tangee locked the door.

"Anything. What is it?" Loco helped him into the truck then sauntered over to his side, sliding in and starting it. "I've decided to, you know, be with you." Tangee had a horrific thought. "Do you still want me?" he added in a rush.

"What do you think? Of course I do. So you'll move in with me? I've already lined up a new job for you. My friend Cody is half owner of a restaurant and has agreed to give you a try as a waiter. I don't want you working at all, but I know you want to support your family on your own." Loco pulled from the lot. "I'll take you home to pack tonight, rather than in the morning. You're not spending another minute here."

"I didn't say anything to Mark. I need to tell him." With everything that had happened, Tangee forgot to mention his decision to his long time friends and boss.

"I talked to him awhile ago. He's in agreement with me. You need to get out of the city." Loco entwined his hand with Tangee's, kissing his knuckles as he steered with one hand. It felt unreal that someone like Loco wanted him and not just because they were mates. Anyone could be mates, but Loco acted as though he wanted him. Maybe he didn't have the worst luck, not with a guy like this sitting next to him.

"About my family. Can we come here once a week and check on them and drop some money off to them? I need to let my mom know I'm moving." Tangee climbed the steps to his apartment.

"We can come back in a few days. Anything you need." Loco gave him a gentle smile.

"There you are. I haven't seen you around in awhile," Mrs. Jackson said as she stood in her doorway. He could hear a quiet chuckle coming from Loco. Mrs. Jackson was one of the elderly women who lived in his building and had a need to talk his ear off for what seemed like forever when all he ever wanted to do was get

inside his apartment and sleep on most days. He guessed this would be the last time he saw her.

"I've been working. How is everything?" Tangee wanted to get his packing done but couldn't be rude. He knew she was lonely and only looking for an ear to chat away with.

"Been good. Doctor says I'm in perfect health for my age. Well, I see you have company." She winked at Loco. "I'll let you go. Make sure you stop by to see me."

"Good night." Tangee smiled as he let Loco into his place.

Thank goodness he didn't have much. Packing sucked. He only had a handful of boxes that he could use. Going over to the closet in the living room, he pulled out a roll of clear tape then went into the kitchen drawer for a marker. He wasn't sure what he should take and what he could do without. Although Loco had a truck, after working two jobs he was too tired to do a lot of running up and down stairs.

"Gather only what you need. Clothes, pictures, important papers, things like that. The Den has everything else you should need," Loco said to him.

Well, that solved his dilemma. "I'll get my stuff from my room. Be right back." Tangee went into his closet and grabbed the suitcase that was stored in there. He didn't have that many clothes. Five pairs of jeans and five T-shirts, underclothes, and socks. He didn't need much, and most of his money went to support his family.

"That all you have?" Loco asked as he brought the box with Tangee's personal items in it. "I guess I never noticed you wearing pretty much the same thing all the time."

"Yep, a guy doesn't need much. A few stitches of clothes and a roof over his head." Tangee closed the suitcase and looked around to see if he forgot anything.

He always forgot something.

"Don't worry, we'll be back in a few days to turn in your keys and see if there was anything else you may have forgotten." Loco nudged Tangee toward the door.

He was thankful his mate knew how exhausted he was.

One trip up the stairs was all he could handle right now after his ordeal. Once the adrenaline rush had worn off, it left him even more tired than usual.

"Then I guess I'm ready." Tangee was a bit nervous, to say the least, but he knew living here wasn't safe anymore, and he was starting to physically hurt when he was away from Loco. He would feel an empty hole in his chest with the longing he felt when Loco wasn't around.

"Then let's get out of here." They gathered his things and locked the door.

* * * *

Loco watched his mate doze off on the way home. He still couldn't get over what had almost happened. The need to go to that police station and kill everyone one of those bastards was riding him hard.

He thanked fate for sending Mark there. Whether the guy knew it or not, Loco owed him the world for saving his mate.

Fate seemed to be smiling on them, so he knew those three punks would get what they deserved. Sooner or later, they were going to mess with the wrong person. Maybe it was lucky that Mark had gotten there first. There would be three dead humans to hide if Loco had been there.

Chapter Five

It was three in the morning when they finally made it to the Den. Loco helped Tangee carry his belongings inside.

"I'll give you the tour tomorrow, or should I say later today. Get some rest." Loco set his boxes and suitcase by the dresser and showed Tangee where the bathroom was so he could shower.

"I'll be right out." Tangee closed the bathroom door and leaned against it. Holy crap, this place was amazing. He was surprised a butler didn't answer the door downstairs when they came in.

Stripping his clothes off, he regulated the awesome shower that had three shower heads. He stepped under the sprays, once again relieved that Mark had saved him in time.

Pushing the thought away, Tangee scrubbed down quickly then turned the water off and grabbed a towel. Wow, it was heated.

He wrapped it around his waist and stepped from the bathroom. He saw Loco's back turned to him. He was putting Tangee's clothes in the drawer. Tangee dropped the towel and climbed onto the bed on all fours, lowering his shoulders.

"Holy fuck." Loco growled from behind him.

"Mate me, Loco." Tangee looked over his shoulder at his mate's mouth hanging wide open. He needed the connection with Loco, and he needed to erase what had happened.

"Hell yeah." His mate pulled his clothes off, tossing them over his shoulder as he grabbed the lube and climbed behind him. "Wait." Loco laid his hand on Tangee's back. "What if it doesn't work? Alpha Maverick wasn't able to find anything out."

"Doesn't matter. I'll always belong to only you." Tangee wiggled

his hips, waiting for Loco to take him and trying not to think of the possibility that the claiming may not work.

"Always, love." Loco lubed his fingers, circling them around Tangee's hole.

Tangee began to tremble when Loco's lips began to explore his back with his tongue. He could feel Loco's finger slowly enter him, and Tangee's head fell back onto his shoulders. His canines lengthened as his eyes shifted. Tangee's mouth fell open, the room bathed in crimson as Loco took him to another realm. One filled with erotic pleasure and naughty delights.

Tangee no longer had control over his body. It had a mind of its own, gyrating and dancing to Loco's touch. Tangee's hands started walking up the bed on their own, grabbing the headboard as his ass swayed back and forth.

"You like that, don't you, baby." Loco's voice was low and deep, adding to Tangee's euphoric state.

"Ah, ah, ah." Tangee panted softly when Loco dipped down and sucked at his anus, his wrist spinning as his fingers massaged his channel.

"I'm gonna fucking eat you alive." Loco pulled his hand free and grabbed Tangee's hips, lifting him off of the mattress as he licked and sucked Tangee with mastery.

"Do it, do it. Damn, don't stop. Yes, yes, yes, suck my ass." The words flew out of his mouth, no structure to them, just lust-filled words his brain felt the need to shove out of his mouth.

Loco licked a path from asshole to balls, making Tangee squeal with shock and approval.

He actually fucking *squealed*.

"Talk to me, Tangee." Loco voice broke with huskiness. "Just go with it, baby."

"I want to feel you fucking me. Fill my ass with your cock, Silver," Tangee shouted to the walls.

Loco lowered him to the bed, grabbing the lube from the drawer.

Tangee gasped when Loco picked him up and flipped him to his back in one swift move, and with one hand.

That turned him the hell on,

“Pull your legs back, babe.” Loco snapped the lid open and slicked his cock. Tangee was mesmerized by the sight. His head fell back, concentrating on the lines in the ceiling. If he didn’t, his body was going to go up in flames.

Tangee became boneless, allowing Loco to position him. “This isn’t going to do.”

“What do you mean?”

Loco got off the bed, holding his hand out to Tangee. He took it, wondering what was going on. Loco led him to the middle of the room and then stopped. Loco grabbed him and lifted him up, Tangee wrapping his legs around Loco’s waist.

“Have patience. You’ll see.” Loco smiled when Tangee’s forehead creased. Loco reached beneath Tangee, lining his cock up, and then sunk in, balls deep. “Hold on.”

Tangee held on tighter as Loco crossed the room and hit the button on the CD player. What was he doing?

“Ever fuck and dance at the same time?”

Tangee’s eyes widened as he shook his head.

“I’ll show you how it’s done.” Loco winked at him. Bruno Mars began to sing “Grenade.” Loco danced like he was in a nightclub, his legs moving around, and Tangee laughed as he bounced up and down on Loco’s cock. It repeatedly thrust in and out of his ass.

“Where in the hell did you learn this move? I *love* it.”

“Come on, baby. Let’s burn this carpet up.” Loco snapped his fingers, and he spun around, popping his hip to the side. Tangee leaned back and laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

He had to say one thing, dancing and fucking was well worth it, and only for the well coordinated. Loco grabbed Tangee’s hips, hitching his as he danced. His lips hovered close to Tangee’s, his eyes filled with devilishness and desire. Loco pulled Tangee up an inch

and then thrust his hips forward, driving his cock deep.

"I can ride you. Go ahead and dance." Tangee grinned and moaned at the same time.

"You asked for it." Loco arched his back, his hips swaying like a hula dancer, but slower, as his hands reached above his head. "Ride me, Tang." The song changed to "Liquor Store Blues."

Oh hell. Loco danced backward, his hands touching all over Tangee's body, as he nipped and sucked at Tangee's neck. Loco growled seductively as he hitched his hips with a few short bursts, sending his cock deeper into Tangee's ass.

"Silver, if you keep that up, I'm going to come." Tangee grabbed Loco's shoulders tighter, slamming down as his mate swayed from side to side.

"Not yet, babe. I don't want this to end just yet." Loco slowed his dancing down, his black eyes staring into Tangee's seductively.

His skin tingled with goose bumps, his own eyes never leaving Loco's. They danced around to a slower song, making love not only in the physical sense, but emotionally as well. Loco's eyes seducing him in ways a body would never be able to. They reached deep into his soul, telling him how much Loco cared about him, how much he meant to Loco with just that one look.

"I love you, Tangee." Loco slowed danced, his hands caressing Tangee's head, back, and bottom. "I've never been this happy, ever. I went out of my mind every time I had to leave you. You honestly have no idea how in love with you I really am."

Tangee swallowed around the lump forming in his throat. "I love you, too." He buried his face in Loco's neck, inhaling deeply. "I've never loved anyone this deeply before."

"Are you ready?" Loco spun around, his hips lazily swaying, his feet tapping out a slow rhythm.

"Yes, claim me." Tangee tilted his head to the side, waiting for Loco to bite him.

"I love you," Loco said softly as he kissed behind Tangee's ear.

“Do you accept me as your mate, Tangee?”

“Yes, Loco. Now and beyond death.”

Loco nipped at his shoulder and then sunk his teeth in, his cock rocking in and out to the song. Tangee’s head rolled further to the side, his cock smashed between them. He mewled in a high pitched echo. “Fuck me, Silver.”

Loco grabbed Tangee’s sides, his hips jerking up and down so fast under Tangee that Tangee shouted as he came. His ass clenched as his balls drained of seed.

Loco licked at Tangee’s neck, and then he cried out, his head falling back as Tangee’s ass heated with Loco’s come.

Loco tightened his arms around Tangee, squeezing him hard. “It worked, Tangee.” He gasped. “It worked, we’re mates.”

Tangee was surprised when he felt his shoulder wet with Loco’s tears. Tangee began to laugh with joy, Loco’s crying contagious as he wept.

“I meant what I said.” Loco cupped his face. “I love you so much.”

Tangee laid his head on Loco’s shoulder, contentment settling inside of him. “I love you just as much, Silver.”

* * * *

Loco closed the door quietly as his mate slept peacefully. Tangee looked good in his bed. It was a relief to finally have him here. No more worrying about what could be happening to him, no more missing the hell out of him.

“Did it work?”

Loco jumped. “You just scared the shit out of me.” His heart was beating wildly in his chest. Normally, a Timber wolf had superior hearing, unable to be snuck up on, but with his mind preoccupied with the sight of Tangee in his bed, his guard had been down.

“Seems you’re going for a record on firsts. I never thought I could

sneak up on you.” Maverick chuckled. “So did it work?”

Loco couldn't help himself. He grinned from ear to ear. “Hell, yeah.” They tapped knuckles, and Loco puffed his chest out in pride. “You know it's in the genes.”

“That's usually where a cock is kept.” Maverick laughed.

“Smartass.” Loco laughed, too.

“Glad to know it worked.” Maverick clapped him on the back as he walked down the hall.

“Me, too.”

* * * *

Tangee woke early, sliding out of bed and pulling some clothes on. He looked over to see Loco was still sleeping, his silver hair fanned out behind him. Tangee was in awe, and his heart clenched every time he looked at the gorgeous man.

Tiptoeing quietly, he left the room, closing the door silently behind him. He was starved. There had to be a kitchen in this place somewhere.

Tangee walked down the winding staircase, a loud noise coming from a room off to the right catching his interest. Tangee walked at a slow pace until he stood at the opening.

These must be the mates Loco talked about so much.

Tangee tried to pick out the one who was a half-wolf like him, but he couldn't tell. He knew the guy's name was Drew, but he didn't know which one that was.

“Hey, I know you. You're from the tattoo place.” Some guy with piercings all over his face stood and crossed the room. Tangee was a little nervous. He wasn't really sure how all this mating stuff worked. Would they accept him or brush him off?

“I'm Oliver. What's your name?” The guy with the piercings extended his hand.

Tangee shook it, feeling slightly more relaxed. “Tangee.”

"I like that. So, what brings you here?" Oliver led him further into the room. All noise had stopped, and everyone was staring at him. Tangee wanted to crawl under a rock. He was uncomfortable with all this attention.

"He's my mate."

Tangee turned around to see Loco smiling down at him. "I told you I have exceptional hearing. Did you really think you could sneak out?" Loco pulled him into a tight embrace, nipping him behind his ear.

"No way! Really?" A short guy with dark brown hair jumped up and ran over to Loco, hugging them both. "I'm so happy for you."

"Thanks, Drew. Tangee, this is my good friend, Andrew." Loco introduced them.

Drew punched Loco in the arm. "*Drew*. Hi, Tangee. Cool tattoos." Drew smiled at him.

"Hey, Drew." Tangee tried to see if he could spot the guy's canines, but he just looked like an ordinary young man. Tangee cringed back when a short Asian man came running, plowing into him.

"Loco, mate. Goody." He laughed.

"And this is my little buddy, Keata." Loco smiled at him fondly. "His English isn't that great, but we're working on it."

"Roger that." Keata beamed.

"Me next, me next." A man with his golden blond curls bouncing on his shoulders came up to them.

"This is Johnny. He's mated to Commander Hawk." Loco ruffled Johnny's hair.

Loco pointed at another guy. "That's Oliver's brother, Blair. And that's Keata's cousin, Kyoshi."

The other, Kyoshi, walked over and bowed. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Tangee."

"Uh, you, too." Was the guy always this formal?

"Sup, Tangee." Blair tapped knuckles with him. "Cool tats."

"Thanks." Tangee smiled at all the guys around him.

"Is real fire?" Keata asked.

"No." Tangee tilted his head and stared down at Keata. He had a tattoo of a wall of flames surrounding his neck, licking at his chin and ears. But how someone could mistake it for being real was puzzling. Maybe Keata was confused with his English.

"Oh, is good. No need water." Keata skipped off.

What a strange little fellow, Tangee thought.

"And this is the famous Cecil, the mate to the Alpha." Loco gave Cecil the evil eye.

"Oh." Tangee remembered Loco warning him over and over again to not go with this guy on any of his harebrained adventures.

The man looked harmless. What was Loco so worried about? He was only about five-foot-five, with a cute little flop of hair over his right eye and darling amethyst eyes. He looked like an innocent young man, completely harmless.

"What has Loco been telling you?" Cecil crossed his arms over his chest, glaring at the warrior.

"Uh, nothing but nice things?" What was Tangee supposed to say—*My mate told me to run from you like Satan?*

"Come on, babe. Let's get you something to eat."

Tangee looked up to see the adoration in Loco's eyes. His breath caught.

It was the same look he had last night when he professed his love. Tangee had fallen in love with Loco while dating him, but last night took it to another level.

"Lead the way." He slid his hand in Loco's, his heart beating a bit faster at the contact.

"Hey, George, this is my mate, Tangee." Loco introduced him to a man wearing a cowboy hat when they entered the kitchen. The smells coming from this room were heavenly.

Tangee noticed fresh fruit lying on the cutting board and smelled something divine simmering on the stove.

His stomach growled at the savory scents.

“Hey, Tangee, glad to meet ya.” George wiped his hands on a towel then reached over and shook his.

“Smells wonderful in here. What are you cooking?” Tangee inhaled deeply, the aroma wafting around his nostrils and down into his lungs.

George held a finger up then grabbed a spoon and dipped it into the pot, bringing it out and holding it up to Tangee’s lips. Tangee opened and accepted the spoon, his lips closing over it. Spices immediately assaulted his taste buds.

Spicy.

Too spicy, Tangee waved his hands in front of his mouth as he ran around trying to find something to put the fire out with.

George chuckled and handed him a slice of bread. “Eat this. It’ll take the sting out. Guess you get the pot without the Tabasco sauce in it. I make two. Some mates love the spices. Others can’t tolerate it, and the way you’re jumping around means you’re on list number two. I’ve been simmerin’ it to have for lunch.”

Tangee let the bread soak up the fire as he grabbed a piece of melon and popped it into his mouth, automatically thinking of his sister.

He missed her.

Maybe he and Loco could go see them today. His mate did say a few days. Although it had only been one, he still wanted to go.

“What’s wrong?” Loco asked as he came up behind Tangee and wrapped his arms around him. “You’re sad.” He kissed the side of Tangee’s head.

“Just miss my sister. Can we go see her today?”

“Anything you want. We can go after lunch.” Loco kissed his neck then released him, grabbing at a few pieces of the fruit.

“Hey, you have to wait just like everyone else.” George swatted at his hands. “Tell the mates to set the dining room up. Lunch is ready.” George turned around and cut the burner off.

* * * *

For some reason Oliver had attached himself to Tangee. They were in the department store at the mall getting Tangee more clothes. He felt weird spending Loco's money, but his mate had argued that he needed them.

Tangee gave in. This was a small battle and not worth the argument.

Tangee paid no attention to what he was grabbing. It was just T-shirts and jeans. Nothing fancy. Loco tossed a few more into the growing pile.

"Enough, mate."

"Never enough." Loco growled. He paid for their purchases then told the others they would meet up with them in the food court.

"Where are we going?"

"To the gothic store." Loco wrapped his arms around Tangee's waist.

"I love that store. That's where I bought two of my T-shirts."

That's not why we're going, Loco thought to himself. Tangee was in for a surprise.

"What are we getting?"

"I'll give you a hint. When you turn it on, it buzzes." Loco chuckled as Tangee blushed.

Chapter Six

“I’ve never brought a guy home before, so I don’t know how my mom will react.” Tangee sat in the passenger seat, twisting his hands together nervously.

Loco reached over and pulled Tangee’s left hand over, entwining their fingers as he drove. He could feel it shaking slightly, and it was clammy. Who wasn’t nervous when taking their mate, lover, or fiancé to meet a parent? Tangee was going through a typical reaction.

“It’ll be fine.” He squeezed Tangee’s hand gently. His mate looked a nervous wreck. How bad could his mom be? His arms ached to pull Tangee into them, but that would be impossible to do while driving.

“She knows I’m gay and has never berated me for it, but she’s never openly supported me either. This could go either way.”

“Stop worrying. If it gets bad, then we’ll just leave.” Loco pulled into the driveway Tangee indicated. He unbuckled his mate and helped him down.

Tangee just stood there. Loco rolled his eyes and grabbed his mate’s hand, practically dragging him over the stone path to the front door. “If you really don’t want to do this, we can leave.”

Before Tangee could open his mouth, the door flew open.

“Tangee!” A little cherub came rushing out to wrap her little body around his mate.

Tangee lifted her up in his arms as he carried her inside, and Loco followed.

“Melonee, this is Loco.” His mate introduced them as Melonee stared over Tangee’s shoulder, wide-eyed.

Loco held his hand out, and Melonee grinned as she shook it. "Nice to meet you, Melonee." Tangee's sister just giggled and hid her face in her brother's neck.

Tangee set her down, the little girl craning her neck back to look up at him. He got down on one knee, smiling at her.

Loco thought she was cute as a button. Long, brown, bouncy curls ran down her back with a small pixie face turned up to him. Her big, blue, puppy dog eyes smiling back at him.

"Tangee, is that you?" a woman called out as she came down the hallway. She stopped when she saw Loco kneeling in front of her daughter. "Oh." That's all she said, her eyes looking from his mate to him, her eyes questioning.

Tangee turned around and wiped the palms of his hands on the front of his jeans. "Hi, Mom." Tangee kissed his mom on the cheek. "This is Loco, my, uh, boyfriend." Loco watched his mate nervously look between him and his mother.

"Hello, Loco." She hugged him tightly then stepped back.

"Hello." Loco felt as shocked as Tangee looked, shifting uncomfortably from foot to foot. He glanced sideways at Tangee. His mate just stood there with his jaw on his chest, shock written clearly on his face. This must not be a typical greeting for his mother.

"Come in, come in." Tangee's mom grabbed Loco's hand and led him into the living room.

Loco looked over his shoulder at Tangee for help, but Tangee just stood there with mouth agape.

Well, he wasn't going to be any help.

She patted the space next to her on the couch as she took a seat. "Tangee, get us some refreshments."

Tangee finally closed his mouth and obediently went to the kitchen. Loco wasn't sure what to make of the situation. Dealing with the warriors at home was easy. Just toss a few insults at them and shoot a game of pool. What did you do with a human mother?

"You're one of them, aren't you?" Tangee's mom asked Loco

when his mate disappeared into what he assumed was the kitchen.

“One of them, ma’am?” Loco was confused. Melonee jumped onto the couch, resting her arms on Loco’s thighs.

He felt like he was trapped between two inquisitive imps. The need to run was making his legs jumpy. He smiled down at the little girl, unsure of what to do next. Tangee talked nonstop of Melonee. He could see why. She was quite adorable.

“You know what I’m talking about.” She leaned closer. “Wolves.” She straightened back up and patted his knee.

Loco sat there, stunned. He figured the visit would be somewhat pleasant, a chance to see the mother who had raised his mate and his little sister that he talked about constantly.

But this...holy crap, what was he supposed to say? Oh yeah, I’m a shape-shifter, and I’ve claimed your son. Right, then right afterward he would be explaining to his mate why he was waiting for him on the front step.

No, he would hear her out. He nonchalantly touched his canines with the tip of his tongue. They weren’t protruding, nothing out of the ordinary, as ordinary as a shape shifter could be at least. How had she guessed?

She leaned sideways, looking over Loco’s shoulder toward the kitchen. This made him look, too. “As you may have seen, Tangee is half. I never wanted to talk about it because it still hurts to this day. My...mate”—she broke on a sob, then continued—”was killed when I was pregnant with Tangee.”

Loco’s head was churning with this information. “Who was your mate?” Maybe Tangee could have some peace of mind knowing this information. Loco wondered why she was telling him when she would never discuss it with Tangee. What kind of woman did that?

“Sky. He was a brave warrior.” Her tears began to fall. “He was overjoyed when he found out I was pregnant. His pack informed me of his death. They offered to take me in, but I refused. I didn’t want to be reminded every day of what I had lost. That’s why I refused to talk

about it, but now that my son has obviously mated, he needs to know.”

“Why? Why the *hell* couldn’t you tell me?” Tangee shouted as he dropped the glasses that he had been holding in his hands. They fell with a shatter as rage contorted Tangee’s his face.

“Tangee, you will keep a respectful tone with your mother.” Loco stood and crossed the distance, pulling his mate in his arms. It unnerved him to see Tangee like this.

He understood the anger he was feeling, but you only had one mother. However fucked up she may be, she was still your mother.

“No. I begged and pleaded to know why I wasn’t like the other kids, but she would never tell me.” Tangee grabbed Loco’s shirt in his fists, the look in his eyes changing from anger to pain. “All I wanted to know was who my father was, and you couldn’t even give me that!” Tangee shouted past Loco’s shoulder. Loco pulled Tangee around, holding onto him as his mate’s body shook from rage.

“Tangee,” His mother sobbed then got to her feet and disappeared down the hallway.

Loco saw Melonee sitting on the couch with tears in her eyes. He took one of his hands from his mate’s back and waved it at her to come to him.

She slid off as her bottom lip shivered. Loco kissed Tangee’s cheek as he lowered himself to embrace the little girl and run his hand over her hair.

“Oh, Melonee. I’m sorry, honey.” Tangee pulled her from Loco’s arms as he hugged her.

Tangee’s mom reappeared with a shoe box in her hand. “Here.”

* * * *

She handed Tangee a shoe box. He stared at her for a moment, hurt and love mixing within his chest. How could she tell a complete stranger but deny him that precious knowledge?

“What is this?” he asked, looking down at the box then up at his mom.

“Open it.”

He opened the lid.

He felt a bottomless peace and happiness wash over him as he stared at the content. Tangee sank to his knees as unchecked tears ran down his face. There was a photo sitting right on top, and Tangee knew in his heart that it was his father.

The man he had longed to have knowledge of was staring up at him.

His hands trembled as he dug through the pictures and poems lining the small cardboard safe-keeper. His father was handsome, strong, and proud looking. He had his dad’s eyes, as well as his hair color. His strong jaw was passed on to Tangee as well. “What was his name?” he asked in a strained voice.

“Sky. He was part of the Eastern Pack.” She wiped her eyes, her hands fluttering to her breasts as they fisted the tissue she was holding.

“Sky,” Tangee repeated the name, feeling close to the man he had never met just by saying his name. He ran a finger over his father’s face, wishing he had known him.

What would it have been like to be raised by this strong and powerful looking man?

He swallowed a few times past the lump in his throat as he absorbed every feature in the face, committing it to memory.

“I can make arrangements for you to meet the pack,” Loco offered as he rubbed Tangee’s arms.

Tangee just nodded as he stared at the picture. He wanted to explore the other items in the box but decided he would indulge this in private, in his room at home.

He wiped his eyes and looked up his mother. “I came by to tell you that I moved. I live with Loco now. I’ll still help you and Melonee. As a matter of fact, I would like her over for a weekend if

that's okay."

"I think she would like that." His mom held her arms out. Shocked, Tangee fell into them. So much had happened to him recently that he would probably crumble at any more revelations. This emotional stuff was draining.

They both cried for a moment, and then he straightened and grabbed his little sister into his arms.

"Would you like that, Melonee?" He kissed her forehead, thanking his lucky stars for the little gift in his arms.

She nodded her head quickly as she wrapped her arms around him.

"I'm gonna go now." He set his sister on her feet, messing up her beautiful hair.

Loco smiled at his mom and sister then took his hand, promising to have him back for another visit. Tangee pulled his hand free and handed an envelope to his mom. "Love you."

"You, too, baby." She caressed his cheek as he and Loco walked out.

* * * *

Loco walked out with Tangee, watching him clutch the shoebox so tightly to his chest it was as if he were trying to make it become a part of him.

He buckled his mate in. Tangee held his arms up but never released the box. Loco placed a knuckle under his chin, turning his head for a peck on the lips.

Tangee had been through a lot lately. He didn't know what he would do in a situation like this.

Maybe he could take the five-by-seven photo and have it blown up to an eight-by-ten and frame it to put on his mate's dresser so Tangee could see his father all the time.

The yellowing papers in the box that he assumed were letters

would need to be preserved. He was sure he could find a place that would do that sort of thing.

Right now it wouldn't be possible. That box held Tangee's own private little world that he wasn't allowing anyone else into.

* * * *

"You okay?"

"No," Tangee answered honestly. His mind was scattered, his emotions were in a whirl, and he didn't know what to think. He finally had answers to lifelong questions, but now he had even more questions.

Tangee nodded, watching the forest pass them by as Loco drove. It wasn't like the last trip where he chatted excitedly. This trip home was more of a reflective time for him.

Tangee cradled the precious box in his arms as he climbed the steps with Loco to their room.

He opened his dresser drawer and sat the box inside, staring at it for a moment.

"I'm here if you need me." Loco walked up behind Tangee and ran his hands down his back. Tangee's head fell forward, his eyes closing at the sensual touch. He would never, in this lifetime or the next, get enough of Loco's touch, kiss, or tenderness. Tangee craved it now, like an addiction he couldn't kick, and didn't want to.

Loco wrapped his arms around Tangee's shoulders, kissing his neck softly. Tangee held onto Loco's arms, his head lulling forward, his skin buzzing from the contact. Every spot Loco placed his warm and moist lips made his breathing heavier, his heart race faster.

"I want you, Tangee," Loco admitted as his fingers splayed and his hands skimmed down his chest and abdomen. Tangee's cock hardened, growing in length as Loco's hands explored him.

He raised his hands when Loco pulled his shirt up and off. Loco began to pinch his nipples as his tongue played over Tangee's back.

Tangee hissed, his hands fisted at his side as Loco unsnapped his pants. Tangee pushed his ass into Loco's groin, his anus clenching in anticipation.

"You're beautiful." Loco's slid his hands into Tangee's waistline and pushed his pants down, kissing each of Tangee's mounds as he knelt behind Tangee.

"Men aren't beautiful." Tangee groaned. Loco separated his cheeks, the tip of his tongue dancing, indulging himself in anal play.

"Yes, you are." Loco clenched his hands, squeezing Tangee's globes as his tongue delved into Tangee's hole.

"Damn, Loco." Tangee exhaled. He bent forward, grabbing his ankles as Loco slowly pushed his tongue in and out Tangee's ass.

Loco's hand appeared between Tangee's legs and then climbed up his lower stomach, wrapping around his hips, locking Tangee in place.

Tangee nearly fell over when Loco nipped his ring of muscles, thankful Loco had a firm hold on him. "Loco, use your fingers, please use your fingers."

Tangee's canines descended when one of Loco's arms released him and then fingers breached him. Tangee shook his head back and forth at the intimacy of Loco's touch.

Loco pulled back, rising behind Tangee. "Don't move."

Like he could? Tangee couldn't even remember how to stand at this point, his motor functions stalled out, leaving him bent over and panting.

He grinned widely when he heard a buzz behind him. "I know my cock is way bigger than this, but toys are so much fun." Loco seductively teased him.

"Let the games begin." Tangee wiggled his ass, laughing when Loco pinched it.

"Let the games begin," Loco parroted, lubing his ass and then tracing his hole with the vibrating toy. Tangee's cock jumped and shouted hallelujah when the silicone penis penetrated him. "Hmm,

someone is hornier than hell.”

Tangee barked out a burst of laughter. “You’re an idiot.”

“Idiot, huh?” Loco chuckled. “Watch this idiot fuck you until your screaming uncle, aunt, cousin once removed, and preacher man.”

Tangee’s fit of laughter quickly turned into groaning. Loco was using the toy like it was his own cock in Tangee’s ass. The vibrations made his shaft strained and twitch. His prostate was being stimulated in ways he’d never dreamed of.

“Get on the bed, we have heavy duty fucking to do and you’re about to fall on your face.” Loco pulled the vibrator free, grabbing Tangee around his waist and hauling him off of his feet.

Loco gently eased him down on the bed, using one arm to lift Tangee’s legs up, his other reinserting the toy.

“I want your cock. I want your cock in me.” Tangee panted.

Loco stood back, his dropped from Tangee’s eyes to his chest to his cock. A smile slowly formed. Loco pulled Tangee to the edge of the bed, looping his arms under Tangee’s legs and pulling his ass to Loco’s pelvis, his rock hard cock tapping at Tangee’s crease.

Tangee welcomed his mate into his body. Loco bent forward, his body melting into Tangee’s and the world was filled with his silver-haired mate.

Loco pressed his lips to Tangee’s, caressing his mouth more than kissing it. The kiss was tender and light as a summer breeze.

Tangee wrapped Loco’s hair around his hands, tugging it lightly as Loco’s cock repeatedly stroked his prostate. Loco broke the kiss, pushing from the bed and grabbing Tangee’s legs, spreading them apart as his thrusts became quicker, more demanding.

Tangee reached up, his fingertips tracing Loco’s sides and hips. His eyes shifted when he saw Loco’s canines emerge.

His eyes rolled back, and his head tilted as electricity shot up his spine. Tangee palmed his cock, giving it a few helpful strokes, his back arching as strings of seed pulsed forth.

“I’m coming, too, baby,” Loco warned as he jetted into Tangee,

stiffened, and then roared his released. The sight of Loco's canines on display as he threw his head back was majestic.

Loco licked his lips and took a deep breath, his eyes blinking as if trying to focus them.

"Are you okay?" Tangee began to worry when Loco couldn't seem to focus.

He blinked a few more times and then stared down at Tangee. Loco's head tilted sideways, and his brows pulled together. "I don't think I've ever come that hard before."

Tangee rolled over and got up, smacking at Loco's chest. "Don't do that. You scared the shit out of me."

"Your fault," Loco teased as he pulled Tangee to the bathroom.

Chapter Seven

“Wow.” Melonee’s eyes were wide as Tangee and Loco led her through the front door, Loco carrying her pink bag of clothes for her weekend getaway. “What’s all the noise?” she asked, looking up at Tangee with wide eyes.

“Your new friends.” He led her into the den, the mates doing their usual jumping around and shouting.

“You’re such a dick,” Oliver yelled at Blair as he dropped his controller.

“Hey! Watch your mouths,” Loco yelled.

Oliver spun around to argue. When he spotted Loco with Melonee in his arms, he slapped his hand over his mouth, his eyes growing wide.

“Everyone, this is Melonee.” Loco pulled his little sister—which she was, technically, since he mated Tangee—into his arms and carried her into the room.

“It’s a girl.” Johnny looked as though Loco was carrying a tumor in his arms. He shrank back, a look on his face like he just sucked a lemon. “What are we supposed to do with her? Talk about boys and paint our nails?”

“No, silly, she’s too young to get her nails painted.” Cecil waved Johnny away. “She’s a cutie. What’s her name?”

“Melonee.” Loco rubbed his hand on her back, soothing the worried look she had.

“Hi, Melonee.” Kyoshi came forward. He put his hand into the frightened little girl’s, giving her a big smile.

“Hi.” Her voice was tiny as she sat in Loco’s arms then she

wiggled around until she could look down at Kyoshi.

"How old are you?" Kyoshi used a soothing voice that most people used with small children. A voice Loco still heard him use with his cousin Keata.

"This many." She held up five little fingers.

"Wow, you're old." He laughed as she began to giggle.

"Is she housebroken?" Johnny asked from behind Cecil.

"She's not a wild animal. She's a kid." Loco set her down, hovering over her to make sure she didn't become frightened.

"Who's the cutie?" Maverick asked as he sauntered into the den.

"This is Melonee, Tangee's little sister. She's staying for the weekend, so if you could warn the Sentries about their potty mouths..." This got another giggle from Melonee. "And, uh, the noises they make when they *sleep*, I would appreciate it."

"I'll make sure her little ears stay innocent." Maverick bent down and shook Melonee's hand. "Are you hungry?"

She nodded as she smiled up at the Alpha. Loco thought for sure she would be frightened of his six-nine height.

Tangee took a step forward, his hand raised like he was about to snatch Melonee away from Maverick at any moment, but Loco pulled him back. "She's fine. No warrior in this house would see any harm come to her."

Tangee nodded. Loco watched as she was being taken away by their Alpha. She looked so fragile in his large arms. He was six-nine and carrying a five-year-old, but he seemed in his element with her, which furrowed Loco's brows.

* * * *

"Then let's see what George has in the refrigerator." Maverick lifted her into his arms so he wouldn't throw his back out trying to walk and hold her hand.

"Well, what in the blue blazes is such a charming little gal doing

with a big galoot like you?” George came to Maverick’s side, smiling at the little girl.

“Watch it. This is Melonee, Tangee’s little sister. She’s staying for the weekend.” Maverick shifted her to one arm as he reached for the refrigerator door. “She’s hungry. What do you have?”

“I can fix her a big bowl of the left over spaghetti.” George pulled the large container out, spooning the strings into a bowl to reheat.

“I don’t think she can eat that much.” Maverick eyed Tank’s mate as he made her a bowl with a serving large enough to feed Tank.

“Sorry.” George chuckled. “Used to feeding you guys.” He poured most of the pasta back, giving her a child size portion.

“S’getti.” She clapped her hands and bounced in Maverick’s arms. He had to hurriedly put his hand on her back before she bounced right out of his grasp.

“I guess she likes your suggestion.” Maverick looked around. Should he send one of the warriors to buy her a high chair? She looked too little to sit in one of the chairs that surrounded the breakfast table. Maybe she used one of those booster seats he had seen children sitting in while eating in a restaurant? He pulled his cell phone out while balancing her. “Hey, Cody, come in the kitchen please.” Maverick hung up.

“What’s up?” Cody asked as he strolled in a few minutes later. He smiled when he saw Melonee perched on Maverick’s arm. “I didn’t know Cecil was pregnant.”

“A—Jerk, I need you to hurry into town and get her a high chair.”

“I think she is a little old for that. Maybe a booster seat?” Cody wiggled his fingers at Melonee. She smiled and wiggled her fingers. “She’s cute. Where’d you find her? We gonna have to go underground now that you’re into kidnapping?”

“Fu—shut up. She’s Melonee, Tangee’s sister. She’s here for the weekend, and I want you to watch the noises you and Keata make. You two already bring the walls down. I don’t need her going deaf.”

“Will do, and I’ll be back with that seat.”

"I'll feed her from my arms." Maverick wiggled his fingers toward George, wanting the reheated pasta.

"You look good with a kid." George smiled as he handed him the bowl with a shrimp fork.

"Can she eat with this? Doesn't she, like, need one with the rubber tip?"

"Heck if I know. I ain't got no young'uns." George shrugged. "Best I could find."

"She can eat with that and sit at the table. She's housebroken." Tangee laughed as he came into the room.

"I sent Cody for a booster seat." Maverick balanced the bowl as he fed her, slicing the noodles up into small portions.

"She's five, not two."

"She's too little to do it on her own." Maverick huffed as he fed her another forkful, wiping the pasta with her fork from her chin.

Tangee rolled his eyes. "If Melonee isn't complaining, then neither am I. It's good she finally has more than one male figure in her life, even though I've been around her and it's only for the weekend."

"I was thinking of making her own room, a princess room." Maverick blushed and added, "For the times she is here."

"I was thinking the same thing." Loco smiled at Tangee.

"You're gonna spoil her rotten, and I have a feeling there isn't a damn thing I could do about it," Tangee mumbled as Maverick chuckled.

"Nope, not a thing, so we agree. I'll go online and shop for her room after she eats." Maverick picked a napkin up and wiped the sauce from her face.

"Hello? Do I have a say." Tangee stepped forward, raising his hands for his sister.

"No," Maverick and Loco said in unison.

Tangee crossed his arms over his chest, looking peeved that his sister was claimed by the warriors as their new little family member.

“Don’t pout.” Loco pulled Tangee into his arms, kissing the bottom lip that jutted out. “Did you expect these guys to be hard-core all the time?”

“She’s *my* sister,” Tangee said in a little pouty voice.

“Always,” Maverick assured him. “But we have a little one in our home. Can’t we pamper her?” Now Maverick was the one pouting.

“Fine.” Tangee threw his arms up. “I’m outnumbered anyway.”

Maverick grinned one shitty-ass grin carrying her away. He stopped with his eyes narrowed. “I don’t have to change diapers, do I?”

Melonee was in such trouble.

* * * *

Tangee brushed her hair out, fresh from her bath. He had put her pajamas on, and now he had to dry her hair before she went to bed.

He and Loco had changed rooms, taking one with an adjoining room for Melonee.

True to his word, Maverick had gone crazy on the internet, even ordering a damn mini playground for the back yard. If Tangee didn’t know any better, the Alpha wanted a child.

He didn’t mind sharing his sister, but once all the warriors found out there was a child in the house, and a girl no less, they all reverted to goo-goo talking softies. They were taking turns carrying her around, feeding her nonstop and talking baby gibberish to her, and Melonee was sucking it all up.

Brat.

“I don’t wanna go to bed,” she whined for the millionth time. She tried to stomp her foot, but Tangee fussed at her about her behavior, and she readily ceased, not wanting to upset her big brother.

“Little girls need their beauty sleep.” He sat her on his lap, tickling her belly. She gave a high-pitched squeal that brought the warriors running to his bedroom door.

"What's wrong?" Storm looked around. His eyes were wild and darting everywhere.

"Uh, giggling. No threat." Tangee bit the inside of his mouth to stop the laughter at their behavior. You would think she was the queen and these men were her royal guard.

"So she's okay?" Micah asked, searching around the room as Storm was.

"She's fine." Tangee waved them off.

"She needs a story read to her." Cecil smiled as he made his way over to Tangee's bed, crawling on it and settling back.

Maverick was soon joining them, sprawled out over the end of the bed, his boots hanging off, and chin resting on his hands as Cecil began the story.

Tangee tucked Melonee under the blankets, and halfway through the story, Cecil handed the book over to Tangee as he crawled over to Maverick and lay in his mate's arms.

After ten more minutes of fussing and fighting the drooping eyes, Melonee was fast asleep.

The three crept from her adjoining room, Tangee clicking on her nightlight before he closed the door. "Thanks. It's not as easy as my mom makes it look." He chuckled.

"You have a houseful of men who will help any way they can." Maverick patted him on his shoulder as he and Cecil left.

Tangee pulled his clothes off, crawling into bed with a loud yawn.

"Guess that means we won't be having any fun tonight."

Tangee smiled as Loco entered their bedroom, his silver hair hanging loosely and his eyes full of lust. Was the guy crazy? "Only if I'm dead will I turn you down. Lay that pipe on me."

* * * *

"Is that right?" Loco crawled onto the bed, predator style, nipping his way up his mate's body. Loco lapped at Tangee's nipples, making

them come to a peak under his ministrations. "I'll lay the pipe on you all right. When I'm done with you, you won't be able to walk straight for a week."

"Promises, promises. Put a crook in my back then."

Loco chuckled at Tangee's attempt at talking dirty. It was definitely unique.

"You like daring me, don't you?"

"If it gets me fucked, bring it on, old man." Tangee shot off the bed, kicking his shoes off as he dodged Loco's grabbing fingers.

"Better keep it down." Loco pointed to Melonee's room, reminding his mate that they had to be quiet.

Tangee bent at the waist, his hands stretched out in front of him like he was in wrestling match. He left foot crossed over his right, circling around Loco. "You want it, catch it." Tangee spun, narrowly escaping Loco's attempt at grabbing him.

Loco grinned challenging at Tangee, wiggling his eyebrows as he came around the bed, trapping Tangee on the other side.

"Ha! Not so fast." Tangee shot over the bed, tossing his shirt at Loco as his feet landed on the other side. "Come on. Are you out of breath? I can move a little slower."

The shit took two really slow steps, his arms moving in slow motion as he turned his head, smiling evilly at Loco.

He was going *down*.

Loco kicked his shoes off and yanked his shirt over his head, throwing it at the bed. He rolled his shoulders, popped his neck from side to side, and bent at the waist.

Tangee stuck his hand out in front of him, palm up, as his fingers curled back and forth a few times, telling Loco to bring it on.

Loco's canines lengthened, his eyes shifted, and then he broke camp, crossing the room in the blink of an eye, tackling Tangee to the floor.

His chest covered Tangee's back, his canines locking Tangee in place, but didn't break the skin. Tangee's hand slapped the carpet. "I give."

"You will be giving all night." Loco's hips hitched forward, shoving his denim covered cock into Tangee's highly displayed ass. "I'm gonna work this ass until you tap out again."

"Then do it and stop talking about it, Silver." Tangee panted.

Loco reached around and unsnapped Tangee's jeans, yanking them down to his knees. "I'm taking it just like this."

He could feel his mate's lust multiply. Feeling Tangee's desire mixed with his own was the best natural aphrodisiac. Loco shoved his jeans down, never leaving Tangee's back. He lined his cock up and then was stopped.

Tangee had the butt plug in. Oh hell. Loco pulled it back until it was almost out, and then slid it back in, wiggling it around.

"Don't tease me," Tangee begged.

"Tapping out already?"

"No. I won't tap out, now give up the pipe."

Loco pulled the plug free and laid it on the carpet. He lined his cock up again and eased in. Leaning forward once he was all the way in, he locked his teeth on Tangee's shoulder again. Loco reached in front of Tangee and grabbed his wrists, thoroughly caging him under his body.

"Make it quick." Tangee hissed.

Loco agreed. He kept his eyes on the adjoining bedroom as he thrust so hard, Tangee leapt forward.

"Harder," Tangee whispered.

Loco slammed his pelvis against Tangee's ass, their balls slapping together as he rode him fast and hard. Loco spread his legs further apart, gaining a better leverage. He snapped his hips, laying his pipe down on Tangee.

Loco mentally chuckled.

“Take that ass, give it to me. Harder, Silver, harder. Make me squeal again,” Tangee whispered loudly.

Sweat broke out on Loco’s forehead and upper lip as he thrust faster and faster, his cock pistoning in and out of Tangee’s tight, swollen hole.

Loco let go of Tangee’s right wrist, grabbing his mate’s cock and stroking it at lightning speed. He was about to come and wanted Tangee to rush into the river of release with him.

“Yeah, yeah. Just like that. Fuck. Loco. Don’t stop, don’t stop.” Tangee rolled his hips, bouncing his ass as Loco slammed into him.

Loco whined and then broke the skin on Tangee’s neck, sinking his teeth in as he whined louder, coming hard.

“Efing, efing, efing, hell.” Tangee jerked and bucked under Loco, his come making Loco’s hand slick with semen.

Tangee collapsed under him, breathing heavily as his forehead rolled back and forth on the carpet.

Loco wanted to lay there and enjoy his mate, but they had to get into the bathroom and wash up. Loco pulled free as he licked the wound closed. He helped Tangee up, swinging his sated mate up into his arms and carrying him into the bathroom.

* * * *

“And where do you think you two are going?” Maverick growled as Loco and Tangee wrapped Melonee in her coat with her pink weekend bag slung over Loco’s shoulder.

“It’s time to take her home.” Tangee reached for the door handle, but Maverick was faster, at his side in a second.

“Not even letting me say good-bye?” That was exactly what Tangee and Loco were trying to do. Maverick would only delay them for hours as he fussed over the little pixie.

“We have things to do, so I wanted to get her home.”

"Wait, I bought her a car seat." Maverick yelled for Evan, one of the warriors that made Tangee uncomfortable. The guy never smiled, never even laughed. His aura screamed death.

"But, Maverick, she already has one," Tangee whined, wanting to get out of there before the Alpha snatched Melonee and took her off with him, like he had been doing practically all weekend.

"Is it pink with little baby fairies?"

Tangee couldn't help it. He fought it to no avail, his laughter echoing throughout the foyer at the big bad wolf talking about baby fairies. To be on the receiving end when he was in full alpha mode was not something Tangee ever wanted to experience, but to witness him in full *wrapped around Melonee* mode was worth the price of admission.

"What's so funny?"

Loco sniggered next to Tangee, as he hiked the bag higher on his shoulder. "I'm witnessing the downfall of our Alpha to a five-year-old," he whispered into Tangee's ear.

Maverick accepted the seat from Evan, eyeing Loco and Tangee menacingly as he strode out to secure the booster seat in Loco's truck, his look daring either to say a word.

"What do we do with the other one?" Loco asked as he pulled the squirming toddler from Tangee's arms.

"Give it back to my mom. She'll need it. We can keep the pink one with *baby fairies* in your truck for the weekends we have her." Tangee smiled at Maverick as he slid into the truck, his mate securing his sister into her new car seat.

Maverick gave a nonthreatening growl toward Tangee as he leaned into the extended cab and kissed Melonee on her forehead. "When will she be back?"

Tangee shrugged. "Whenever my mom says it's okay."

"Give me her phone number. I want to check on Melonee while she is away visiting your mom." Maverick waited.

"Visiting? Uh, dude, she lives with her."

“Whatever. Just make sure I get that number.” Maverick tousled Melonee’s hair before retreating into the house. Tangee watched as the guy actually looked like he was going to cry.

Tangee chuckled to himself. He knew the feeling.

His sister had a way of making you feel all warm and protective inside, wanting to kill anything that breathed near her.

“Ready?” Loco asked as he started the truck.

* * * *

Loco glanced over at his mate as they entered Pride Pack Valley, which was Eastern Pack territory.

Maverick had phoned Alpha Zeus, informing him of Tangee’s situation.

Zeus had invited them to come so Tangee could meet his relatives. He knew this was a big deal to Tangee but wished he could wipe away the anxiety he could feel rolling off of his mate in waves.

He pulled the truck into the drive, smiling widely when Jasper, who had been Loco’s pack mate until he mated with Zeus, came bounding out of the house, a smile stretched across his face.

Loco got his truck door closed mere seconds before Jasper jumped into his arms.

A low growl came from the direction of the house, Loco looked up to see Zeus standing there, looking as fierce as ever.

“Oh, hush you.” Jasper waved back at the very large Alpha. Turning his attention to Loco, Jasper released him and sighed. “You look great. I’m so happy to see someone from my old pack.”

“Looking good, Jazz. How’s life in the Eastern pack treating you?” Loco asked as Jasper kissed him on the cheek, Tangee made his way around, eyeing the redheaded wolf then looking over to Loco. His eyes were sharp and assessing. Did he think something had been between him and Jasper?

“Good. Trying to get these guys in shape has been a challenge though. They are far worse than you guys were before Cecil showed up. Boring as all hell. I even have a new version of Remi here.” Jasper laughed, his eyes darting to Tangee then back to his Loco. “Who’s the cutie?”

Tangee snorted.

“Jasper, this is my mate, Tangee.” Loco presented him proudly.

“Nice to meet you, Tangee. I’m Jasper. Cool tats.” Jasper shook his mate’s hand before leading them up the front steps.

“Wait, I forgot my bag.” Tangee turned to go to the truck, but Jasper held his hand up.

“Got it.”

Loco stared up the steps at Zeus. The guy was frickin’ huge.

The wolf must have walked straight out of hell because there was no way someone gave birth to him. Loco took a step back, half hiding his mate behind him.

If the Alpha saw the move, he didn’t say a word. It wasn’t that he was afraid of him. Loco didn’t know him well enough to expose his mate to someone this enormous.

Jasper shouted from the truck, “Hey, I know your mate is short but really...a car seat?”

“Fuck you, Jazz.” Loco laughed. Zeus growled. Tangee rolled his eyes as Jasper bounced from the truck and up the steps to the Alpha, kissing him soundly to hush him.

“It’s for my baby sister.” Tangee quickly defended him. Loco thought it endearing that his mate was so protective of him.

“Don’t mind queeny. He’s all fluff.” Loco winked at Tangee.

“I’ll give you queeny, you silver-haired Neanderthal.” Jasper stuck his tongue out playfully as he led them into the house.

“How’s Jason working out?” Zeus addressed Loco as he made them drinks. Jason was the wolf Zeus had sent to the Brac pack to replace Jasper.

Loco knew he was trying to be hospitable for Jasper's sake. The man didn't look as though he engaged in too much small talk. Giving orders was more his thing.

"Good. Kinda quiet though. Pretty much stays to himself." Loco took the drink. Enjoying a good brandy was always relaxing.

Zeus turned to Tangee. "About your dad."

Chapter Eight

Tangee could feel his heart racing out of control. His whole life he had been desperate for any scrap of information he could get pertaining to his father, and now he was about to hit pay dirt.

"I have been the Alpha for less a year, so I knew nothing of your father, Sky. I had to ask around. When I defeated the previous Alpha, some of the pack broke off to join him, turning rogue if you will. I wasn't sure if your father's family had gone with them."

Tangee's head spun. His relatives, rogue? Please god, no. After waiting a life time to find out about his father, he wouldn't be able to handle if his relatives were rogues.

Tangee felt lightheaded.

"Easy, mate. Listen to him before jumping the gun." Loco kissed the side of his neck, giving him comfort when he felt bone-deep coldness creeping into him.

"Relax, young man. Your father's honor seems to be throughout the entire family. You have an Uncle Windstorm. Helluva name if you ask me. He has a son, Heaven. Nice family. I had the honor of sitting down with them. Taking over a pack is hard work. I haven't had the chance to get acquainted with everyone yet," Zeus said as the large Alpha took a seat behind his desk. Tangee was relieved to hear this.

Tangee pulled his attention back from his thoughts and just nodded, feeling as though this was all a dream. He was afraid he would wake up in his apartment to find himself alone again. "Do...do they want to meet me?"

“Can’t stop them from calling everyday to see if you’ve agreed to come.” Jasper smiled warmly at him.

“Really?” Tangee knew he sounded surprised, and the feeling of giddiness threatened to make him burst with laughter. They wanted him!

“Yep, they are chomping at the bit to meet you. Come on, I’ll take you.”

Tangee was on his feet in seconds, following behind the redhead as Loco followed him.

They headed out of the house and toward a large truck. Zeus followed all three, getting into the driver’s seat and driving them to Windstorm’s home.

Zeus pulled into the driveway, and Tangee thought he was going to vomit from nerves. He slid out of the back seat, ready to bolt instead of doing the hardest thing in his life, meet his unknown family.

The thought of them being disappointed played in his mind, making his feet itch to run and get the hell out of here before that front door opened.

Loco must have felt his fear. He grabbed Tangee’s hand and led him up onto the front porch, giving it a squeeze for good measure and then let it go.

Tangee twisted his hands together, shifting from foot to foot as they waited for someone to answer the door. Excitement rushed through him, even though the fear of not being accepted remained in the forefront of his mind. He looked nothing like his father. He was skinny as all hell with no muscular definition to him at all. What if Windstorm curled his lip up in disappointment and slammed the door in his face?

Tangee took a step back as the door swung open. A man was standing there looking like a carbon copy of his father in the picture that was stored in his keepsake box in his dresser drawer. The urge to

cry and fall into the man's arms was strong. To be held by his uncle would be second best, only surpassed by being held by his father.

He squealed when the man rushed past everyone, pulling Tangee into a tight hug. Loco growled but remained at his side.

Tangee whimpered at the loss when the man pulled him back at arm's length, but he didn't release him. He just stared into Tangee's eyes, his uncle's eyes sparkling as he smiled. "You look just like Sky, as if I'm staring my brother in his eyes once more."

Tangee lowered his head. He knew he looked nothing like his father, and regret swamped him as he tried to pull away, but the huge man kept a tight hold on him.

"What is your name? No one would tell me in case you didn't want anything to do with us." Tears prickled the older man's eyes, and Tangee's heart warmed at the idea that this man was just as desperate to know everything about him as he was to know everything about his paternal side.

"Tangee." He jumped when the man threw his head back and laughed, hugging Tangee harder.

"Do you know where that name came from?"

"I thought my mom was on a fruit kick when she named me and my sister."

His uncle shook his head. "Your father was never seen without an orange or tangerine. The guy lived for citrus fruit, which was strange considering we are wolves, meat eaters. We nicknamed him Tangee."

Tangee's heart burst with joy having a connection as deep as having being named after his father's nickname. There was no fighting it. Tears welled up and spilled down his cheeks. He swallowed a few times to try and stop the waterworks, but they kept coming. Loco ran his hands over Tangee's hair, comforting him.

"Are you his mate?" Windstorm asked Loco.

"Yes, Tangee belongs to me."

Tangee rolled his eyes at the possessive declaration. Could Loco be any more caveman?

“Come inside.” Windstorm ushered them in. “Sit. I’ll bring drinks.”

He watched as his uncle disappeared into another room. The man was handsome, just like his dad. Tangee was proud to be a part of his family.

“All I have for you is orange soda. Is that okay? Jasper insisted I stock it for you.”

The redheaded wolf, along with his uncle, waited for his reply, hopefulness in their eyes that they had gotten it right.

It really wasn’t. He enjoyed any kind of juice, but how could he hurt their attempts at trying to please him?

“Yeah, all the mates at home drink it.” He prayed they wouldn’t see that he was only placating them. Loco knew but kept it to himself, and for that Tangee was thankful.

Windstorm took a seat next to Tangee, with Loco on his other side. “So how is your mom? You have a little sister? Where do they live? How have you been? Was your life good? Did your mom remarry?” Question after question shot from his uncle’s mouth.

Tangee held a hand up to silence him. The inquiry was making him dizzy. “My mom has arthritis really bad. Yes, I have a little sister, but my mom never married. She adopted her. My life’s been okay, I guess. She lives in the city, in a small house with Melonee.”

“Melonee?”

“Guess she stuck with the fruit theme.” Tangee smiled shyly. This was so overwhelming.

His uncle laughed once again. “Guess she did. Arthritis? I’m sorry to hear that.”

“I wanted to ask you about that.” Loco leaned around Tangee to look at Windstorm. “How can she be sick if she was mated?”

Windstorm sighed. “You are aware of the healing properties in our saliva?” Loco nodded. “Since she no longer engages in, er, copulation, she no longer has the immunity. She has, for lack of a better term, reverted back to being human. Does she look youthful?”

Tangee and Loco nodded.

“That’s a problem.”

“How?” Tangee was alarmed. Was there something else wrong with his mom?

“She won’t live to be a thousand years old like the rest of us, but she will age differently than humans. When she is sixty, she will look in her late twenties. Questions will be raised. Do you think she will agree to move here, with me and my son, Heaven?”

Tangee lowered his head as he shook it. “She says it’s too painful to have reminders all around her of what she lost.”

“That’s what she said when Sky died and I tried to get her to move here. Do you think that I could possibly talk to her again?”

“You could try. I’ll give you her address and phone number, but you know, I have to tell her I talked with you and gave you her information.”

Windstorm nodded. “Understood.”

They spent the rest of the afternoon going through pictures and stories of what Sky was like growing up, especially how forgetful he was.

Tangee soaked up everything his uncle gave him.

When it was time to depart, Tangee finally felt a sense of heritage and belonging, but he was also sad that he had to leave his newfound family.

“Heaven isn’t here right now. Would it be okay if I sent him to you?” Windstorm was asking Loco’s permission. This ticked Tangee off. He was a grown man. Why should Loco have to give his permission?

“Sounds good. It will be nice to have more family around,” Tangee answered for himself.

* * * *

Cody grabbed his vibrating phone off of the counter as he made a fresh pot of coffee. “Yello.”

“Is that any way to answer your phone?”

“Jazz! How’s it hanging?”

“Limp and to the left. How the hell are you, Code-man?” He laughed.

“I’m hanging in there. How are you doing with Zeus?” Cody finished preparing the coffee and then walked into the back office.

“We’re doing fine. But I do have something to tell you.”

Jasper and his secretive crap. “You never could hold a glass of water,” He teased.

“What does that mean? You mate Keata and now you try to sound hip.” He chuckled.

“It means you spill every chance you get. Stop beating around the bush, Jazz. Spill those beans.”

“*Well,*”—he dragged the word out—“*both* my mates are fine.”

“Get the fuck out of here! Two?” Cody was stunned by this news. He knew Jazz was going to be a handful for the Alpha, but two mates? This blew Cody’s mind.

“Yep, the other one’s name is Toby. He’s adorable.”

“I just bet. How did Zeus handle that, or did he have him gift wrapped and waiting for you?” Cody sat back and listened to Jazz fill him in on what was going on in the Eastern pack.

“Sounds like you’ve been having a lot of fun.”

“I have been. Don’t get me wrong, it’s nothing like the Den, but I wouldn’t change anything that I have now. I love them both with all my heart. I’m sounding cheesy, aren’t I?”

“Nope, same thing I say about Keata.”

“How is Mr. Keata? I miss the man, along with the other mates. Loco just left here not too long ago with his mate. It was good to see him.”

Cody kicked his feet up on the desk and commenced to telling Jazz about Keata’s kidnapping, the new cook, George, and all the

shenanigans Cecil was still up to. He explained how he became part owner to a restaurant and how the pack was doing well.

"I'm happy for Tank. He deserves someone nice. And I'm glad you got Keata back. I would have come to help you if you had called. Just because I'm with another pack now, it doesn't mean I wouldn't help my best friend. Toby and I would have kicked their asses." Jasper growled.

"I'll keep that in mind. As far as George, he was so buried in the closet that there might as well have been a trap door in there with a labyrinth behind that."

Jazz laughed on the other end, making Cody smile. "That bad, huh?"

"He's fine now. Tank straightened him out."

"And where is Keata?"

"Down at the rec center helping Thomas get ready for the annual bake sale. I would have gone, but Frank volunteered to help so someone had to stay behind and run things."

"A business owner, I'm proud of you, Cody."

"Thanks. Two mates? I'm proud of you," he teased.

"It has its moments, but I have two of the best men in the world."

"Glad to hear it." They talked for another hour before saying good-bye.

It was good to hear from his best friend, and Cody was happy everything worked out for Jazz.

He missed him, his smart mouth, and sassy attitude around the Den, but no one could take the place of his Keata, and he wouldn't want anyone trying.

* * * *

The drive back was filled with his mate's excited babble telling Loco of his father as if he hadn't been right there listening to

Tangee's uncle. Loco indulged him, letting him bask in the glow of his family.

They made an early night of it. With all the excitement and Tangee starting his new job in the morning, his mate fell fast asleep. Loco tucked him in, heading to the den while his mate slept.

"How'd it go?" Gunnar asked from the billiard table he was playing at with Evan.

"Good. Real good. Tangee finally knows where he came from." Loco grabbed a beer from the bar. He could feel his mate's happiness all afternoon. Windstorm seemed just as excited with his nephew's presence.

Somehow Loco knew he would be making more trips to the Eastern pack for visits. Maybe they could get his uncle to join their pack? He was definitely large enough to join their ranks.

A talk with Maverick was in his future about that decision. Of course, he would have to talk this over with Windstorm as well.

"Glad to hear it. So, Tangee starts work at the diner tomorrow?" Gunnar asked as he made his shot.

Evan glared at him as he sunk ball after ball. Gunnar was the best pool player in the house, with Johnny coming in second.

The short mate had surprised everyone. Johnny had been diagnosed as mildly retarded, but show the man something once and he was a pro at it. Everyone ignored the label that had been placed on the mate. They knew better.

"Yep, Cody will drive him in." Loco held up a finger as he answered his ringing phone.

"Yeah?" His lips thinned as he snapped his fingers, gaining the attention of the other two wolves, gesturing for them to follow him. He hung up. "That was Drew. There are five vamps attacking Remi, Kota, and Hawk. The mates are in the truck, but two more showed up, and they're trying to get inside."

The wolves cursed, Loco jogging to inform Maverick of the situation when the Alpha didn't answer his cell phone. Loco also

wanted to let him know that the Alpha would be the only protection for the mates still at the Den.

* * * *

Gravel spit from under his tire as he raced to town, slamming the brakes right outside of the recreation center.

Gunnar and Evan jumped from the truck and into the fray immediately.

Loco rushed over to the truck the mates were locked in. He Oliver opened the door when he saw Loco heading their way.

"God damn it." Loco cursed when someone jumped on his back. He spun around, dropping to the ground on his back to dislodge his unwanted guest. "Fucking bloodsuckers."

Loco tussled with the undead man until he managed to break free. He extended his claws and pulled the fuckers throat out. Enough was enough already. Loco pulled his arm back and punched the next vamp that charged at him. It barely registered on the fuckers face, but Loco waved his hand in pain.

"Get them out of here." Hawk growled as he pulled the vamp away from Loco.

Loco punched the guy once more for good measure before running over to the vehicle the mates were in. Talk about a piss poor ending to a good day.

"You men ready to get out of here?"

"I was ready to go twenty minutes ago, but Dakota refused to let me drive. He was afraid we'd be attacked on our way back home," Blair said from the front seat.

"Then let's get out of here." Loco palmed the steering wheel, pulling from the rec center without incident.

The warriors could handle themselves, but the mate's needed to get home where it was safe and the warriors could fight knowing they

didn't have to keep turning around to ensure their mates were unharmed.

Loco ushered them into the den. Maverick had the rest of the house sitting in the den when Loco walked in. Loco checked on Tangee and Melonee before rushing back to the recreation center to help the other warriors with the vampires.

Where the hell were they coming from? Maverick had been furious, calling Prince Christian immediately to demand answers. Like answers were going to make the damn undead things tuck tale and run.

Loco pulled his truck into the same spot as before and jumped back in, pissed as all hell that he wasn't at home with Tangee and Melonee. Didn't the vampires have respect for family time?

He'd promised Melonee an exciting game of Chutes and Ladders. Winner got to indulge in one of Maverick's Fudgesicles. It was rare Maverick parted with them.

Instead? What the hell was he doing? Loco cut through the vampires with a vengeance, pissed that he was here in the first place.

Ten minutes later, only two were dead. They were harder to kill than they looked. Evan and Hawk were the only ones able to take them out. How the hell had George roped the one outside the diner that night with Tank? Loco had a new respect for the cowboy.

Loco shot a look behind him when a loud growl rent the air, Christian was standing there, eyes crimson, fangs bared. He took out three in under a minute. The other two were thrown in the back of his car by his guards.

"My apologies, wolves. As I have explained to your Alpha, these vampires are not of my coven. A group of them have moved into the territory, but I have yet to find where they sleep." Christian dusted himself off, wiping the corners of his mouth with his hands.

Loco helped the others toss the carcasses into the Prince's trunk, watching as he nodded at them, and then got in his car and drove

away. "There seems to be an outbreak of them lately," Loco muttered in irritation.

"Thank you for getting our mates to safety." Hawk clapped Loco on his shoulder.

"No problem. They're in the den with the other mates. Maverick is watching over them." Loco cursed when his phone rang again. It was turning into a night of chaos.

"What?" he snapped.

The warriors watched as the emotions played over Loco's face. He nodded a few times, answering in single syllables, and then hung up. "I need to get to the city. Tangee's mom was in a car accident and Melonee was with her."

* * * *

"I'm here for Olivia Highland. I'm her son," Tangee stated frantically to the nurse behind the desk.

The nurse took Loco, Tangee, and the Alpha back. Melonee looked so tiny in that big hospital bed. The doctor assured them that Melonee was only being given antibiotics for a deep cut she had on her leg and was only sleeping from exhaustion of the ordeal.

Olivia wasn't so lucky. The truck driver who had fallen asleep at the wheel had plowed into the driver's door. She was badly injured.

The doctor said her whole left side had been smashed. They had her in surgery right now trying to repair her. The doctor was upfront and honest. He wasn't expecting a good prognosis.

Things looked grim.

* * * *

Loco was dozing in a chair. Tangee was in the next room with Melonee, so Loco had promised his mate he would keep an eye on Olivia.

The surgery had gone better than the doctor had predicted, and Tangee's mom was stable now.

She lay in the hospital bed, looking serene in her sleep. Her face wasn't really that bad, but her whole left side was wrapped in white gauze.

Loco looked up when Windstorm came into the room. "I told the nurse I was Olivia's husband so I could get back here." The wolf walked over to the side of the bed and stared down at her. Loco swore he saw something close to adoration or even love in his eyes.

"I'm going to take her home with me. She needs to rest and recuperate there." Windstorm reached a hand out and brushed the hair from off of her face. "I checked on Melonee first. The doctor said she would make a full recovery." Windstorm's hand hovered over Olivia but never touched her face. "It's not my place, but do you think Melonee can stay with you? Olivia won't be up to running behind her, and I'll be too busy helping her out."

"I think the decision should be my mom's, but I'll take her for now," Tangee said as he walked into the room.

"We'll take her. If Olivia protests, then we'll bring Melonee to you. I agree with you though. She should focus on her recovery right now. Melonee will be in good hands." Windstorm nodded at Loco, never taking his eyes off of Tangee's mom.

* * * *

The evening rush had Tangee running from table to table, trying to keep up. He wasn't doing too bad considering he only screwed up one order. Even though he had his order pad and pen, he kept forgetting things. Prime example would be giving the man at booth three his drink and leaving his dinner sitting on the counter to get cold.

George called, "Order up!"

Tangee grabbed the dishes and served the customers, finally feeling like he was getting the hang of things.

It was a nice place to work. The other boss, Frank, was real cool. He noticed the guy slip Keata a smoothie every few hours. It was a wonder the Cody's mate wasn't three hundred pounds.

"You did good, kid." Cody patted him on the back once the rush was over. "I've made my decision. You're hired."

Tangee beamed. Even though his mate insisted he didn't have to work, he felt like he was contributing to his sister's care and his place in their home. Besides, he liked getting out and meeting new people. The people who ate here seemed genuinely nice. They chatted it up with Tangee, and a few had invited him and Loco to come out to their farms for horseback riding. They didn't need that. George and Tank had said they would teach Tangee how to ride. Maverick mentioned getting Melonee a damn pony.

Maverick was spoiling Melonee rotten.

The Alpha had had a fit when Tangee informed him she would be starting kindergarten in the fall. He ranted about human diseases and germs and about his pixie being gone all day. In the end, he said he was going to have a talk with Olivia when she felt better and see if he couldn't persuade her to allow Melonee to be homeschooled with the recreation center as her means of socializing.

His old boss, Mark, had called to check on him a few days ago with a promise to come visit him and Loco soon.

Mark told Tangee that the three guys that had harassed him had gone too far with their next victim, damn near killing the guy. The three were currently serving time.

Tangee felt better that they got what they had coming, although it was unfortunate for the guy they had attacked.

"Hey, love." Loco kissed the back of Tangee's head as he refilled the napkin dispensers. Tangee was thankful his mate respected his need to contribute and not making him stay home. "Ready?"

“Give me a sec.” Tangee finished up, clocked out, and followed his mate to his truck.

He walked into chaos. There seemed to be a party going on in the den.

“Cecil tried to sneak out again, but instead of getting angry, Maverick decided to bring the club to him.” Loco informed him as he was pulled onto the makeshift dance floor.

Tangee threw his head back and laughed at the sight in front of him. Melonee and Johnny were doing the robot to Nickelback’s “Burn it to the Ground.” The dance didn’t fit the music, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Tangee was stunned as Loco hitched his hips from side to side, seductively swaying against him. The man could dance! But that was proven the night they *fucked-danced* upstairs. It looked different with clothes on.

“Look at Maverick go.” Loco chuckled from behind Tangee.

Tangee turned his head to see Maverick dancing to the music. He was well coordinated and had some nice moves. Tangee was impressed that a man that size could dance so well. You’d think Maverick would be all limbs. Goes to show that you can’t judge a book by its cover.

The music changed and Cecil, Blair, and Oliver shouted out their approval. Drew and Kyoshi were over at the pool table trying to best Storm and Remi in a game.

As if Micah heard him, the warrior closed the laptop and pulled Oliver from the stool, swinging him onto the dance floor.

“Who is that?” Tangee asked as he got his funky on. He wasn’t the best dancer, but neither were some of the other men. It made him more relaxed to be himself.

“That’s Caden. He’s one of the warriors here.”

Tangee watched the man laugh with another warrior. If he remembered correctly, the other warriors name was Gunnar. Caden

didn't look like the rest of the shifters. His features were a little softer, not as fierce.

"Tangee." Melonee smiled as she ran over to him. "Dance with me."

Tangee bent down and grabbed his sister, twirling her around as she giggled. He absolutely loved her smile. It lit up the room with its beauty.

"Loco next." Melonee squirmed in his arms as she reached out to Tangee's mate. He handed her over, watching Loco's eyes soften as he took her.

"Come on, pixie, let's show these men how it's done." Loco set her down and began to dance around like a fool with his little sister. Melonee giggled and danced as her little legs moved rapidly. She bobbed her head from side to side, and her curls seemed to be dancing, too.

Cecil bent down and swooped her up into his arms, putting Melonee on his shoulders as he danced with Maverick. Loco danced his way back over and got behind Tangee.

"I'm feeling randy." Loco growled in Tangee's ear.

"You're always feeling horny," Tangee teased.

"And that's a bad thing?" Loco asked as he danced around Tangee, grabbing his hands and twirling Tangee around.

"Nope." Tangee shook his head. "Do you think anyone would miss us if we ducked out?"

"Let's find out." Loco pulled Tangee along with him as they exited the den.

They snuck upstairs, leaving the partiers behind. Tangee laughed as he and Loco raced up the stairs.

Tangee spun around when he entered the bedroom. "I watched that movie *300* with Johnny and Oliver. I was wondering what you would look like in a loin cloth. I bet you'd be hotter than King Leonidas."

“I could string a wash cloth over my cock, would that work.” Loco chuckled, pulling Tangee into his arms.

“Hmm, maybe.” Tangee pulled from Loco arms and got down on his knees. He unsnapped Loco’s jeans and pulled his mates cock free. His mouth watered at the sight.

Tangee looked up when Loco brushed Tangee’s hair from his eyes. “Have I told you how happy you make me?”

Tangee was at a loss for words. He nodded and smiled up at his mate. “Just as happy as you make me.” Tangee parted his lips, taking Loco into his mouth. The warmth of his hardened flesh was intoxicating.

Loco ran his knuckled down Tangee’s face, the touch sending tingles across his face.

Tangee pulled Loco’s cock back, swirling his tongue around the red, swollen head. He bobbed his head, taking Loco in inch by inch, working his mates cock like a sucker he was thoroughly enjoying.

Tangee palmed Loco’s balls, smoothing his hands over the taught sac. Loco rocked his hips back and forth, hissing and moaning.

He ran his lips up and down the shaft that was hard but felt like silk against his mouth. His tongue snaked over the large veins until he made it to the base, and then lapped at the skin between cock and balls. The musky manly scent was setting him on fire. Tangee couldn’t seem to get enough. He wanted to consume Loco.

Loco spread his legs further apart and began to fuck Tangee’s mouth, snapping in quick and short bursts. Tangee used his index finger to glide over Loco’s perineum.

“Ahhh.” Loco hissed between clenched teeth.

Tangee drank his seed down, the warmth splashing the back of his throat. He swallowed Loco’s semen down like a pro, and none was wasted.

“Baby, I’m about to get up in that ass.” Loco kicked his pants the rest of the way off with inpatients, as he helped Tangee get rid of his own clothes. Loco picked Tangee up and tossed him on the bed.

Whoo-hoo! Tangee got on to his hands and knees, bouncing his ass, smiling at Loco over his should. Loco grabbed the lube from the drawer, dumping the content of the tube onto his cock.

His cock was slicker than a water ride. What was Loco planning on doing?

Loco saw the puzzled look on Tangee's face and grinned widely. "I don't want any resistance." Loco blushed. Tangee was amazed that such a self-assured man could be shy about anything. Especially since Loco was the best he'd ever had.

Loco lined his cock up with Tangee and pushed in. He stopped, driving Tangee crazy. Loco placed his hand on Tangee's chest, pulling him up so Loco's chest was pressed into Tangee's back. "Grab my neck."

Tangee entwined his fingers behind Loco's neck. Loco got off of the bed and walked over to the wall. "Now place your hands on the wall."

It took a little coordination, but Tangee managed. Loco hooked his arms under Tangee's thighs and began thrusting into him. "I'm slipping." Tangee laughed.

"Then grabbed the dresser." Loco turned them, and Tangee laid his hands on the dresser.

"We don't have ordinary sex," Tangee observed.

"Where's the fun in that?" Loco swiveled his hips, his fingers digging into Tangee's skin as he took Tangee to another level. Loco introduced him to the side of passion that Tangee had no idea existed. His mate was sensual and imaginative. Sex would never be boring as long as he was mated to Loco.

Loco pulled Tangee back onto his cock, making Tangee dig his nails into the wood grain. His toes curled as Loco used his strength to hold him up.

Tangee's cock bobbed freely, and he had no way of touching it while holding on as Loco fucked him into the dresser.

“Come for me, baby,” Loco commanded in a sensual voice. Tangee could feel his cock straining to obey.

Tangee grabbed the edge of the dresser, using it to push back onto Loco’s cock. He locked his ankles behind Loco’s back, bowing his back as Loco traced his tongue over Tangee’s neck. He’d never had a man so sensual.

Loco sank his teeth into Tangee’s neck, thrusting faster.

Tangee cried out, his cock exploding as his mate made love to him with his heart, mind, and soul.

Tangee laid his upper body on the top of the dresser as Loco shouted out his release.

Loco pulled him up and carried him to the bed. He crawled behind Tangee, pulling his mate’s warm body close to his as he kissed the back of Tangee’s neck.

* * * *

Tangee stood on the edge of the bluff. Loco had brought him here. It was behind the Den, quite a walk, but it overlooked the town.

“It’s beautiful here.” Tangee looked up to see a clear and beautiful night sky filled with brilliant and shiny stars.

“You’ve been through a lot in such a short time. I thought bringing you here would help clear your head, help focus you.”

“It does. Thank you.” Tangee tilted his head back and inhaled deeply, his body draining of all the stress he’d felt over the last few weeks. It was peaceful here. Loco wrapped his arms around Tangee’s waist and pulled his back to Loco’s chest. Loco rested his chin on Tangee’s head.

“I love you, baby. From the moment I laid eyes on you, I knew I was hooked.”

Tangee chuckled. “And then you left. I thought I’d never see you again. Now I can’t see my life without you in it. Without you I’m nothing. I’ve never been happier or more content than I am now.”

Loco ran his hands over Tangee's shoulders. "You'll never have to find out what life would be like without me. No matter what happens, I'll stay by your side through it all."

Tangee leaned his head back on Loco's chest. What he would do without Loco's love was unthinkable, and his mate just promised to be there for him no matter what.

Tangee smiled up at the beautiful night sky, his heart lighter and his life complete.

I love you, Sky. Thank you for keeping me safe and bringing me my mate. Although Tangee had never met his father, he could feel his presence.

I hope you're proud of the man I've become. You'll always be in my heart. Tangee kissed his fingers and then held them to the sky, passing it onto his father.

Tangee turned in Loco's arms, kissing his mate with all the love he felt in his heart. "Let's go home."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lynn Hagen loves writing about the somewhat flawed, but lovable. She also loves a hero who can see past all the rough edges to find the shining diamond of a beautiful heart.

You can find her on any given day curled up with her laptop and a cup of hot java, letting the next set of characters tell their story.

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