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HEAVEN'S HELL

LYNN HAGEN

The
ManLove
Collection

 BRAC PACK 13

Brac Pack 13

Heaven's Hell

Heaven dreamed of the day he would meet his mate and settle down. He had no idea that the bad luck he experienced his whole life was about to give its grand performance. How has the fairy tale romance he dreamed of turned from blissful wishing into the hell he would soon find himself in?

Murdock has always been the playboy of the estate. With an endless supply of willing males, who needs a mate? Then Heaven walks into the bathroom at the club and sees something Murdock wishes he hadn't.

Now Murdock has two weeks to convince his mate that he didn't know Heaven existed and win his love or Maverick will execute him. Talk about pressure.

Heaven struggles to get past the images burned into his memory and find forgiveness in his heart before he loses his mate forever. The only wrench in that plan is the humans who have discovered their existence and are now out for blood.

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: 25,277 words

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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK
IMPRINT: Everlasting Classic ManLove

HEAVEN'S HELL
Copyright © 2011 by Lynn Hagen
E-book ISBN: 1-61034-406-5

First E-book Publication: May 2011

Cover design by Jinger Heaston
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Brac Pack 13

LYNN HAGEN

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Chapter One

“That’s right. Suck this cock.” Murdock rolled his head back. This was the life. Free to fuck anyone he wanted, no mate to tie him down. He fisted the hair kneeling before him as he shoved his dick further down the stranger’s throat.

He came, pumping everything he had down that warm, cavernous mouth. Murdock zipped himself up then pushed open the bathroom stall of the night club. The twink had been a hot one, oh so willing. Who was Murdock to deny him?

He danced his way back to the center of the crowd, loving the way the bodies moved, as if the dancers were having sex right there out on the floor. The music vibrated through him, making him hard once again. There was an endless supply of willing males out here, and all were eager to please someone like him. All Murdock had to do was point to a man, point to the bathroom, and they were his.

The part where they hoped Murdock would keep them longer than a fuck barely registered on his brain.

Only one man would have him body and soul—his mate. Since he had yet to show himself, Murdock was going to live the life.

“You want to fuck me?”

Murdock smiled as the twink ground his cock into his hip. He threw his hands into the air, allowing the slim man to hump him like a dog.

It didn't matter who watched. Privacy was reserved for his mate. Murdock knew he had a nice body, and he didn't mind showing it off.

The club felt alive, beating out a rhythm of seduction so intense one could only answer the call.

When the twink slid behind him, he growled and said, "I'm a top, not you."

"Sorry." The guy slunk his body back around, swaying his hips in time with Murdock's, running his hands up Murdock's chest. His cock synchronized with the beat of the club, his lust growing stronger.

Alpha Maverick had warned him that one day his hormones were going to bite him in the ass. Murdock laughed. It hadn't happened yet. He'd deal with that day when it came.

"Bathroom?" the twink begged as he threw himself at Murdock. The man was all over him, hands everywhere like an octopus.

"Get in there," Murdock demanded. The little slut was only too happy to run in that direction. Murdock danced a little longer. Hitching his hips from side to side, letting the music seduce his body and claim him for the night.

He slowly made his way through the crowd, pushing the bathroom door open. The twink was at the sink, pants to his ankles, and bent over, oh so lovely. Murdock didn't waste any time. No kissing, and no promises or entanglements. This was all about sex. Dirty, anonymous sex.

Murdock pushed his jeans to his knees, not caring who could walk in. Let them. The more, the merrier. The guy was already lubed and stretched. He'd probably just finished fucking someone else.

No matter, Murdock was a timber wolf, unable to catch human diseases. Murdock grabbed his cock, gave a light squeeze for the thrill of it, then guided his shaft into the smaller man's body. It disgusted him that the guy didn't even mention condoms. Although Murdock

couldn't give diseases either, the man should be more cautious with his fucking life. Murdock would never understand how someone could be so careless with the one life they were given.

"Oh, fuck, you're huge." The twink pulled himself further onto the counter, jutting his ass into the air for Murdock to drive deeper. Murdock grabbed his hips, slamming the guy onto his cock. His eyes closed as his chin touched his chest, letting himself go.

Murdock had learned to ignore the hollow feeling of nameless sex that encompassed him afterward. He just lost himself in the act. Maybe that was why he took more than one lover in a night. It was the need to chase away that lonely feeling that threatened to pull him under like a drowning, desperate man.

"Harder," the twink cried as he pushed his hands from the mirror, ramming his ass onto Murdock's cock.

The door opened, and Murdock was too lost to care who had come in. If he wanted to join, the twink could suck his cock. He froze on the downstroke, and every muscle in him locked into place. Sweat trickled down his temple as he slowly turned his head toward the door.

A young man stood there, about six one in height with a slim body. He was gorgeous, simply fucking gorgeous. Murdock's eyes slowly closed as he tried to block out the tears that had welled up in the other man's eyes.

This couldn't be happening.

The man cried out as he spun around, grabbed the door handle, and fled from the bathroom. Murdock pulled himself free, snapped his jeans up as he pulled the door open, the twink yelling after Murdock as he chased down the gorgeous man.

Murdock pushed his way through the bodies, checking every autumn-brown head, but the man seemed to have just disappeared. Knocking by a few people, Murdock emerged from the club. He searched the parking lot, but his mate was nowhere in sight.

How could he have just fucked up so damn badly?

* * * *

Heaven tore down the highway, barely able to see as the tears rolled down his cheeks. The image of his mate fucking that man was burned into his eyes. There was no way he was sticking around because there was no explanation that could be given to excuse what he witnessed.

He had dreamt of meeting his mate since he was a little boy, and he knew his mate would be a male. Heaven had planned and planned the perfect life he would live when he met him. They would live in a nice, ranch-style home like his father did. Maybe they could adopt a small child and live the life a shifter dreamed of with his mate at his side. Tonight had been a slap in the face.

There would be no ranch-style home. There would be no child. And there would be no happy life. A sob broke from Heaven's chest as he realized his dream had just flown out of the car window.

Heaven steered the car into the driveway, not caring that it ended up on the lawn. He left the motor running as he raced to the front door, slamming it open as he ran crying to his room.

It seemed his bad luck once again reared its ugly head. Ever since Heaven was little, he could remember bad things happening. His father had said it was just coincidence, but Heaven never believed him.

Why was he born with a black cloud over his head?

His mother probably knew and that's why she gave him the name Heaven, to give him a fighting chance. Too bad she had passed away early on in his life, taking the answer with her.

"Heaven?" His father called out, but Heaven ignored him. His heart was breaking, and he didn't want to talk about it.

"What's wrong, son?" His father intruded on his privacy like he always did when something was bothering Heaven.

"N-nothing." He cried as he balled his body up and stared at the wall. The image of his mate fucking that little bastard was burned into his brain. Heaven wanted to scrub his mind with a scouring pad. The bed dipped, his father's hand gently touched his arm, soothingly rubbing it as Heaven's heart broke into a thousand tiny pieces.

"Talk to me, Heaven." His father's deep voice softly begged.

Heaven rolled over, climbing into his father's sheltering arms. It hurt so damn bad. "I met my mate tonight."

"But that's a good thing, right?" His father sounded baffled.

"Not when you walk in on him having sex with another man." Heaven felt another piece of his heart break off. It was too much to bear. He wanted to crawl under the covers and never come out again.

"He *what*?" his father asked in a venomous tone, his jaw clenched tight. "Who is he, Heaven?"

"I don't know. I didn't stick around to have a conversation while his cock was shoved up..." Heaven began to cry again, the sob racking his chest. His father held him close, a soothing hand caressing his hair.

"It's okay, son. I got you." His father rocked him back and forth, rubbing his hand up and down Heaven's back. "We'll fix this."

Heaven shook his head. "I don't want a mate. I'd rather be alone for the rest of my life."

"But, son, that's a thousand years. Think about what you're saying."

"No, I can't get that image out of my head. I would never be able to forgive him."

His father held on to him tightly. "Why don't you go visit your cousin, Tangee? Get away for a while and possibly get him out of your head."

"Okay. I don't want to be here right now, not in the room where I spent hours dreaming of the perfect mate." Heaven wiped at his eyes, sniffled, and pulled himself up into a sitting position.

His father looked at him lovingly. “You know I love you, Heaven. I only want to see you happy.”

Heaven nodded. “I know. I love you, too.”

“Go meet your cousin, spend some time with the Brac Pack. Tell him I said hello, okay?” His father brushed his hair from off of his forehead, laid a kiss there then left Heaven to his thoughts.

He packed a few things, threw his toiletry bag on top of everything, and then tossed it in the trunk. It would take a few hours to get to Brac territory, but it would give him time to clear his head.

He had been excited when his father told him he had a cousin, but he had been too busy working to make it out there. Now that winter was arriving, the seasonal job had ended. His father encouraged him to take time off and enjoy being a young wolf.

Getting into his car after kissing his father good-bye, Heaven made the long journey.

It was the middle of the night when he arrived in Brac Village. Too late, or too early, depending how you looked at it, to show up at someone’s residence. Heaven used the time to drive around the town.

It was quaint, a nice homey feeling. There was a coffee shop, an auto shop, a post office, a small diner, and a bookstore on this end of town. Heaven spotted a park with a gazebo and decided to wait it out there. He parked his car and walked over to the circular structure. It had a bench that Heaven sat down on.

He stared over the town. It wouldn’t be a bad place to live. There seemed to be a lot of forested area surrounding the town, making it feel as though it were isolated.

Heaven had passed quite a few farms on his way in, even a recreation center that sat just inside the town limits.

“You okay?”

Heaven looked up to see a man with multicolored hair standing just below the two steps leading up into the gazebo. He leaned further back, wary of strangers.

“Just seen you sitting here like you lost your best friend. I’m Cody.” The man reached over the railing and shook Heaven’s hand. “I’m opening up the diner for breakfast. Come on over and have something to eat.”

Heaven was hungry after that long drive. Standing, Heaven followed him over to the small diner, where a young Asian man was waiting at the door.

“This is Keata.” Cody introduced the young man.

“Hi, Keata. I’m Heaven.” He shook the shorter man’s hand.

“Wouldn’t happen to be related to Tangee, would you?” Cody asked as he reached for the diner keys in his front pocket.

Heaven looked up at the larger man. “He’s my cousin. I came to visit him but arrived here too early.”

“Come on in, breakfast is on the house. I’ll call him and let him know you’re here.” Cody unlocked the door and stepped aside for Keata to enter first.

“You know him?” Heaven followed them in, taking a seat at the counter with Keata.

“Yeah, I’m one of the Sentries that lives with Alpha Maverick.” Cody got the coffeepot going.

“My father, Windstorm, sent me to visit him. Is he nice?” Heaven asked, but his mind wasn’t really on the conversation. He was trying his best to forget how he was going to spend the next nine or ten centuries alone. Heaven pushed the morose thoughts aside.

“Tangee? Nicest kid you could meet. He works here at the diner, waits tables.” Cody poured a cup of coffee for Heaven, laying it in front of him. He picked up a spoon, adding a little sugar to his coffee as he stirred. Heaven fought the urge to cry. He was here to get away from that, not become a big, blubbery baby in front of his cousin’s pack.

“So I’ll meet him this morning?” Heaven felt himself relax slightly as the brew slid down his throat. It was good coffee. He added a little cream, giving it a sweeter taste.

“Yep, should be here in about an hour. Breakfast rush will start then. I’ll have his mate bring him a little early so you two can meet.”

The tears began to well up again when Cody mentioned Tangee’s mate. It brought home the fact that he would never have his.

His stomach clenched at the hollowness he felt inside. Images of the night before played out in front of him, as if his mate were right there fucking that little bitch. He scrubbed his eyes with the palms of his hands, begging his mind to stop taunting him.

“Hey, did I say something wrong?”

It didn’t matter because the tears wouldn’t stop falling. Heaven dabbed his eyes with a napkin Keata handed him. “Sorry, no. I met my mate last night. Found out he’s a cheating bastard.” Heaven glanced down at Keata. “Sorry for my language.”

“That’s rough. Sorry to hear that. Did you demand retribution?”

“No, I didn’t even catch his name, just ran like a scared chicken.” Heaven laughed a little as he tried to dry his eyes.

“Not a scared chicken, a hurting heart. Wish I knew who he was. I’d tear him apart for you.” Cody filled another cup and gave it to him, smiling sadly at Heaven.

“Thanks. I’ll probably never see him again in my life. He probably has someone in his bed right now.” Heaven sighed, tired of the subject. He took a sip of his coffee, trying to rid the images in his head. It wouldn’t do to keep dwelling on them.

“Well, you’re always welcome here,” Cody stated firmly.

“Thank you, Cody.” The kindness went a long way when the pain hurt so much. Heaven really didn’t want to be here. He didn’t want to be anywhere right now. Where do you go to escape the pain that’s inside of you?

“No problem. Let me go call the house.” Cody left him to go make his call. A small hand touched his arm. He turned. Keata was smiling at him.

“And who do we have here?” A tall, blond man came through chrome double doors from the kitchen. The man was nice-looking. He

had soft blond hair, pretty blue eyes, and a goatee around his mouth. His eyes smiled when he did.

"I'm Heaven." He stuck out his hand.

"George." The man shook his hand. "Wouldn't be related to Tangee, would ya?"

"Cousin," Heaven admitted. Was this guy a wolf?

"Then let me get you some breakfast, Heaven." George sauntered back through the doors.

"He nice." Keata commented as Heaven played with the napkin dispenser.

Twenty minutes later, Heaven was staring down at a plate full of food. He didn't have much of an appetite but ate a little so he wouldn't offend the people who were being so hospitable to him. Keata kept him company until his cousin and his mate arrived.

He and Tangee stood there for a moment, checking each other out. His Uncle Sky's son sure had a lot of tattoos. The guy was handsome, though, and the family traits came out strong in Tangee. Heaven took after his mother. That was great except he hated how his blue eyes seemed to dominate his face.

"It feels awkward meeting another family member from my father's side," Tangee admitted.

Well, at least his cousin was honest. "Same here." They stood there for a moment struggling for things to say. What did you say to a cousin you never met before?

"Are you going to stay awhile?" Tangee asked as he clocked in.

"If it's okay with you." Heaven sat back down, picking at his breakfast. Still a bit awkward but the tension seemed to dissipate.

"It's cool. At least we don't have to hide the secret from you like we do when Mark's son visits." Tangee refilled Heaven's coffee mug. He was going to be jittery for hours if they kept it up.

"Mark?"

"One of the mates, or is he a warrior? Not sure, but he's human." Tangee shrugged as he set the carafe back down.

“Okay.” The statement confused Heaven but he decided to leave it alone. He had enough on his mind already.

“Loco will take you up to the house, get you settled in. When my shift ends, I’ll meet you up there.” Tangee strung his half apron around his waist as he spoke.

“I’ll see you there.” Heaven waved good-bye to everyone before following Loco from the diner. “I drove, so I’ll just follow you.”

“Okay, see you at the house.” Loco climbed into his truck.

His cousin hadn’t done badly at all with his mate. The man was stunning with his long silver hair, and he was large, like a warrior should be.

His mate had been large, from what Heaven had seen before he ran. His mate had been built like a warrior with nice chiseled muscles, dishwater blond hair, and stormy gray eyes. He was tall, too, from what he could tell, around six three. Heaven felt the tears welling up again. Too bad the memory of what he looked like included some fucking twink he had bent over.

Heaven’s car swerved a little, the moisture in his eyes blurring the road momentarily. Shit, he needed to pull himself together. Loco slowed down, looking in his rearview. All he needed was a car accident.

Heaven waved his arm out of the window, telling his cousin’s mate he was fine. Not really, but fine enough to finish the drive.

They pulled up to a large estate, just like the one his Alpha lived in. Well, the houses looked totally different, but the enormity was the same. Parking his car, Heaven got out and pulled his travel bag from the trunk.

“Let me get that for you.” Loco grabbed Heaven’s things.

“Thank you.” He followed the warrior up the front steps and through the front door.

Well, this was where he would call home for awhile. He didn’t want to return to too many bad memories, to a room that once held

hopes and dreams of a long and happy life he thought he should have shared with his mate.

Heaven sighed. He might as well start working on forgetting his mate. Start a whole new life. Maybe the Alpha would let him stay here.

One could only hope.

He followed Loco upstairs, thanked the wolf, and got his things settled in. There was a cushioned window seat in his room. Laying on it, Heaven stared out into the expansive backyard. He saw a small garden and a swing set. He wondered if there were children here. That would be nice. Heaven loved little ones. Maybe he should go for a run, clear his head.

Deciding to take a nap instead, Heaven closed his eyes as images of his mate haunted him again with big gray eyes staring at him, mocking him. Heaven growled, punched the cushion below him, and then closed his eyes again.

Chapter Two

Murdock swung his truck into Mark's Garage. Since Nero, the warrior Gunnar's mate, hadn't approved his truck loan, he had to go see the resident mechanic for the tapping noise he was hearing.

Mark walked over and shook his hand. "What seems to be the problem?"

"Don't know, just started making funny noises." Murdock followed Mark over to his truck, watched the man pop his hood then check his fluids.

"Well, for one, you need more oil. I'll pull it in for an oil change."

Murdock nodded. Hell if he knew what was wrong with it, and he probably still wouldn't know if Mark started explaining it to him. Mechanically inclined wasn't something Murdock was.

"You can use the shop truck if you need to be somewhere," Mark offered.

Murdock looked over at the sweet vintage Ford. It was a thing of beauty, but he was afraid he'd do something wrong to it. Murdock did have a lead foot. "That's okay. I'll just go over to the diner and grab a bite to eat. Call me when you're done."

"No problem." Mark pulled his truck in, got it onto the rack, and began to lift it.

Murdock left the mechanic to fix whatever was wrong with it as he strolled a few doors down to the diner. Once he was done eating, he wandered over to the bookstore.

"Hey, Murphy."

The owner stood up from behind the counter where he was arranging a display of bookmarks. "Hello, Murdock. What can I help you with?"

"Oliver asked me to check if the next book in his series came in and if anymore mangas arrived for Keata." Keata was the mate at the diner, mated to the warrior Cody. He and his cousin Kyoshi had been kidnapped from Japan and brought over to America to be sex slaves.

Thankfully, they got away, and the warrior Storm had rescued them. Keata didn't speak English very well, so another mate, Oliver, ordered mangas in Japanese for Keata to enjoy.

"I have both. Let me go get them for you. They're in the back."

Murdock dropped down onto the sofa, letting his head fall back. Visions of his mate kept playing in his mind. That gorgeous head of autumn hair, the biggest blue eyes he had ever seen, and the heartwrenching look on his face. For the millionth time Murdock cursed himself.

Why would fate pick that exact moment to introduce him to his mate?

Murdock growled. He wanted his mate, wanted him here right now. His cock that normally was hard ninety percent of the time lay flaccid in his jeans, his libido hitting rock bottom.

It wasn't about his staid cock. It was about finding his mate and having the man forgive him. He probably screwed that chance up. Murdock wondered if he would ever see him again.

Murdock's heart felt heavy and his chest restricted at the thought of losing his mate. He rubbed the palm of his hand over his chest, wishing he could go back to last night and change what had happened.

He thought about going back to that club, taking up post until his mate showed up. But the way the guy took off, the man wasn't going to step foot in there again. That was too much for Murdock to hope for.

"Here they are. Should I put them on Oliver's expense account?"

"I guess. Send the bill to the house. Nero will see that it gets paid." Murdock took the bag from Murphy.

"It's not due until the end of the month. Maverick has a new assistant?" Murphy wrote in his book, tacking on the recently purchased items to Oliver's tab.

"Yeah, hired him about four months ago. Nice guy." Even if the new accountant didn't approve his truck loan.

"Okay, give me his name so I know who to send the invoice to."

"Nero Credence." Murdock watched as Murphy wrote the name down. His hand was wrapped in a stretch bandage. Murdock wondered how someone hurt their wrist shelving books.

"Got it. Have a nice day, Murdock." Murphy looked up at him and smiled.

"Same to you." Murdock wished he could. Thoughts of his mate plagued his brain nonstop since last night. He felt miserable, dirty, and heartbroken.

Murdock walked back to the garage and waited inside the office. It was too cold to hang outside and wait.

Murdock sat in Caden's office. Caden was Mark's mate, and he made the appointments and kept the records for the shop.

Caden used to be one of the Sentries, Timber wolves that guarded the Den and surrounding area, keeping the mates safe.

But one fateful night made him realize he wasn't Sentry material. At least not yet.

Only being ninety years old, he was still a bit young. So Caden decided to wait until he was mature enough to handle the job. Murdock respected the pup for his decision. It couldn't have been easy.

"All done." Mark chuckled as he wiped his hands on the shop rag and then shoved it into his back pocket. "I won't even explain to you what I did." He wrote a few notes on a clipboard and then handed it to Caden.

"Thanks." Murdock grabbed the bag filled with books, waited for Mark to pull his truck out, and signed the paperwork for Nero's records. He tossed the bag on the passenger seat.

He steered the truck onto the street, and noticed it didn't make that noise anymore, so Murdock was happy. The drive home was peaceful.

Pulling onto the gravel drive, Murdock parked his truck, cut the motor, and climbed out.

"Damn it." Murdock turned around, forgetting the bag of books. Once he grabbed them from the truck, he jogged up the front steps and into the house.

"Here you go." Murdock tossed the bag on the couch in the den.

"Thanks." Oliver dug through the bag, setting Keata's mangas aside.

The warrior waved to a few Sentries, grabbed a juice from the juice bar, and went upstairs to his room.

Murdock collapsed on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. All he could see were big blue eyes staring accusingly at him.

He groaned, turning over to his side, and stared at the bathroom door. That couldn't be the only chance fate would give him. At only one hundred and fifty-five years old, he had a long way to go to be all alone.

So how was he going to find his mate? It wasn't a question of *if*, but a question of when. He wasn't giving up. That blue-eyed angel would be his.

A knock sounded on his door. "Yeah?"

Blair, one of the mates, opened his bedroom door and stuck his head in. "Dinner is almost ready."

Murdock nodded as Blair closed his door. He didn't have an appetite. The only thing on his mind was finding his mate and erasing that pained look from his beautiful face. He knew his mate was a shifter. Only a shifter recognized their mate, and from the look on the man's face in the club, his mate had recognized what they were.

Did he live in the city? Murdock hadn't heard of any wolf pack living there. He shot up from his bed. But there was one to the east.

The Eastern pack.

That's where his mate would be from. It was a long shot, but Murdock was desperate to find him. He would head out at the crack of dawn. It was only a few hours' drive. Would the Alpha of the Eastern pack allow him to snoop around?

He could call Jazz. Jasper used to be a Sentry here until he mated the Alpha of the Eastern pack. He could convince his old pack mate to help him in his search.

Feeling a little better, Murdock washed up for dinner. George would cause a fuss if he sat at the dinner table with dirty hands. Although Murdock was a very hygienic wolf, George had a knack for finding the slightest speck of dirt and sending you off to scrub down. The guy took cooking too damn seriously in Murdock's opinion.

Checking his nails to ensure they were top notch clean, Murdock headed downstairs.

He could hear dinner already underway. Rounding the corner into the dining room, Murdock heard a gasp, glass shatter, and a chair knock over.

"Heaven, what's the matter?"

Murdock looked over at the commotion. *Fuck me, man!* There, standing with his hands clutched to his chest, was his mate.

* * * *

No, no, no. This couldn't be happening. Just couldn't. Heaven covered his mouth, trying to stop the sob from leaving his lips. How could his mate be here? Fuck, his bad luck was never going to leave his side.

"What's wrong, Heaven?" Alpha Maverick asked.

Heaven's eyes narrowed as rage consumed him. How dare his mate stand there looking gorgeous enough to eat? He had no right!

"Heaven?" His mate said his name, and it sounded like harps playing from heaven.

"You cheating son of a bitch!" Heaven covered his mouth as he ran from the room.

His mate tried to stop him by grabbing his arm, but he yanked his arm away and ran for the front door.

He had to get out of here.

The pain was just too much to bear.

Flashes of his mate's cock buried deep in that other man blurred Heaven's vision. He became disoriented, slamming into the front door.

"Wait!" his mate called after him.

Heaven had to leave. He couldn't listen to the lies his mate would try to tell him in that deep, sexy timbre.

Heaven turned to see the Alpha slam his mate into the wall as his nails grew, his canines descended, and his muzzle elongated.

"You cheated on your mate!" The Alpha roared in his mate's face, and all Heaven could do was watch with a feeling of detachment. This was a dream. It didn't feel real.

"No!" his mate yelled. "I didn't know. I haven't claimed him. He walked in while I was in the bathroom."

The Alpha snarled. "Go into the dining room and wait for me now!"

Heaven watched as his mate looked sadly at him before walking away, walking away from him, not even fighting to stay by his side.

"Heaven, my office now. Please." Maverick didn't wait for Heaven to move. He walked away in an angry rage. Shit, Heaven was terrified to go into that office. Maverick looked as though he had escaped from hell.

"Go. Hurry." The Alpha's mate, Cecil, ushered him down the hall.

* * * *

Murdock paced the dining room. All eyes were on him. He didn't care. All he wanted was Heaven.

It took him all of two seconds to realize he was Tangee's cousin. The small mate glared at him. Murdock ignored him. It didn't matter. He hadn't done anything wrong. Not technically. Although he had thought about the fact that he would have flipped out if the roles were reversed, so he really couldn't blame Heaven for his pain or his hatred.

"Maverick wants you," Cecil announced as he stood in the doorway.

Murdock hurried forward, meeting the mate in the hallway. "Where's Heaven?"

Cecil curled his lips in and shook his head. He pointed down the hallway toward the Alpha's office. Murdock nodded and watched as the small mate joined the others in the dining room.

Blowing a steady breath, Murdock felt like he was walking to his execution as he entered the alpha's office. He ran his hand over his head as he looked around Maverick's office for Heaven.

"Have a seat."

Murdock chose to sit on the leather sofa instead of one of the two leather chairs situated in front of the Alpha's desk. It made it seem less official when he sat on the sofa. He didn't like the grave look on Maverick's face. This wasn't going to go well at all, he could feel it down to his bones.

Maverick studied him for a moment as he pulled on his soul patch, his eyes giving nothing away. "What happened?" he finally asked.

Murdock sat forward, placed his wrists on his knees, and stared at the floor. He began to pick at his fingernails as he spoke. "I was at the club, met a guy in the bathroom. My mate walked in while I was fucking him where everyone could see."

"Jesus, Murdock." Maverick pounded his fist into his desk, his head shaking back and forth. A low growl sounded through the office.

"I swear. I didn't know he was in the club. Hell, I didn't even think he was in the same state." Murdock defended himself.

"I just got off of the phone with Heaven's father. He's demanding restitution."

Murdock glanced up. "Does he want me to disavow Heaven? Is he demanding my portfolio?" Murdock's head was in a whirl. He wouldn't survive if he couldn't see his mate again. What if he couldn't lay eyes on that angelic man or hold him close? This was fucking torture.

"It's not that easy, Murdock." Maverick pinched the bridge of his nose and blew out a long breath. "In exchange for what you did to his son...he wants your life."

Murdock's head snapped back. He knew when you cheated on your mate, the person who had been wronged could demand what they wanted. And if that mate was still under the care of a parent, then the parent could demand it. But his death?

"Maverick, you do realize this is justice, not restitution?"

"I understand, but put yourself in their shoes, Murdock. I warned you many times that your ways would catch up to you."

"Did Heaven ask for it or his father?"

"Does it matter?" Maverick asked in a gentler voice.

Murdock thought about it. "Yes, it does." If his mate demanded it, he had no chance in hell.

"His father. All Heaven did was cry."

God, he felt like total shit. "Can I ask who he named as my executioner?"

Maverick leaned forward, stared Murdock straight in his eyes and set his jaw. "He named me."

Murdock jumped up. He knew if he didn't find a solution, Maverick would have no choice but to do it. "Course of action?"

"As your named executioner, I grant you two weeks to go to your mate and seek his forgiveness. If, at the end of those two weeks, Heaven has not forgiven you and his father has not accepted your

apology, then you must return here. I would advise against running. You know I can track you.” Murdock could see how much Maverick hated this. If the alpha didn’t abide by the demand, then Maverick would be challenged by not only Heaven’s father but their Alpha. It was a law handed down through the generations, and no Alpha went against it.

Murdock stood to leave, ready to pack his things tonight and head out to find his mate. He didn’t hate his Alpha. He knew Maverick had no choice in the matter.

“Murdock?”

He turned, staring his Alpha in the eyes.

“I suggest you get this taken care of. I haven’t lost a Sentry yet and don’t plan on starting now.”

Murdock nodded, left his Alpha’s office, and headed upstairs. He packed a few items. He made sure he packed a change of clothes for a few days and his toiletry bag. Without a backward glance, Murdock closed the front door and headed for his truck.

He wasn’t a coward. If Heaven couldn’t forgive him, then he would return to his pack and take his punishment. Maverick didn’t need to warn him. Murdock knew his pack was the best in their tracking, hearing, and night vision skills. Even if he contemplated it, Murdock knew that his Alpha was sending someone to watch him.

Murdock felt eyes on him from the house as he pulled his truck from the gravel drive and onto the paved road.

This was wrong in so many different ways. Murdock wouldn’t argue the point that he wasn’t mated to Heaven or even knew he existed when it happened. His job now was to get Heaven to forgive him and hopefully start fresh with his mate.

* * * *

Heaven lay in his bed, wishing he hadn’t gone to that stupid club. All he wanted was to get out and have some fun. None of this would

have happened if he had gone to meet his cousin sooner. He would have met his mate and lived a happy life.

Yeah, right. Then his bad luck would kick in. Heaven had images of his house catching fire, his nonexistent dog running away, and losing the kids in a grocery store. That would be the likely scenario.

Ever since he was little, it seemed that when something good happened, the bad wasn't too far behind. He knew life had balance but, damn, give a guy a break.

All of that didn't matter unless Murdock showed up to redeem himself, and Heaven wasn't sure he could forgive him. Then his execution would be carried out.

Heaven curled into a ball. His heart felt hollow, and he felt numb. Beautiful gray eyes haunted him, even when he closed his own.

His mate had looked stricken when Heaven screamed at him. Was he sorry he did it, or was he a heartless bastard that fucked anything that moved? Heaven didn't think he was heartless. There was too much pain in his eyes.

If his mate showed up, Heaven would at least listen to the wolf. The forgiveness part would come if he believed him.

Murdock. What kind of name was that? Heaven smiled. His name was unique enough without poking fun at someone else's.

A truck pulled into his drive. Heaven leaned up and pulled the curtain aside. It was Murdock.

Chapter Three

He jumped out of bed and walked down the hallway to the front door as his father reached it.

“Go back to your room.”

“No, I want to hear what he has to say.”

“Why?” His father growled.

Heaven wasn’t going to get into a debate right now. His father huffed then opened the front door. “What in the hell are you doing here? I should kill you myself.”

“Maverick, as my named executioner, has granted me two weeks with my mate. If he’ll allow it,” Murdock stated firmly, not backing down from Heaven’s father.

Heaven’s heart beat faster. Was Murdock here to truly see him or save his ass?

Of course he wanted to save himself from death, but did he want Heaven? No matter how much Heaven wanted to turn his back, he couldn’t. The pull was strong, making him step past his father and out onto the porch.

“Heaven, get back in here.” His father tried to grab his arm, but Heaven batted him away.

“Father, you know as well as I do that the law states that he is granted whatever his executioner has allowed him.” Heaven had never gone against his father before, he respected and loved him, but this was his mate.

“Don’t hurt my son, or I’ll forget about my demand and kill you myself.” Windstorm slammed the door.

“Hi,” Murdock said in that sexy, soft voice.

Heaven stared at his shoes, unable to look up.

"Is there somewhere we can talk, or would you prefer to stay on the porch? I'll do whatever you wish."

Heaven raised his head, glaring at Murdock. "Why? So you won't die?"

Murdock shook his head, his face remained composed. "No, if I must die, then so be it. I just want a chance to get to know you. To apologize."

"Apologize?" Heaven couldn't help it. His lip curled up in a sneer. It was so out of character for him. "How do you apologize for something like that?"

Murdock took a deep and steady breath then looked Heaven in his eyes. "I didn't know you were there. Had I known, that never would have happened."

"And that excuses it?" The image flashed once again in Heaven's mind.

"No, there is no excuse. Only a reason."

Heaven wanted to stomp his foot, pissed that he couldn't hold back the tears. "I can't get it out of my head," he cried.

Murdock took a step closer, hesitated, and then stepped back again. "I wish I could take it away. The pain in your eyes is burned into my memory. Something I'll have to live with for however long that may be."

"Did...did you love him?" Heaven asked hesitantly.

"God, no. My love is only for you."

Heaven smiled through his tears. "You sound like you should write love songs or some shit."

Murdock grinned. "It's true though."

Heaven shoved his hands in his back pockets. Maybe he should forgive him. It's not like the wolf knew he was there, and Lord knows karma was just laughing at him. Heaven didn't even know his mate was in the same club. It would take a long time to get that image from his brain though.

“Can we take that walk? Your dad is glaring at me through the window.”

Heaven turned, giving his father a frown. His father shrugged his shoulders before letting the curtain go.

“Okay.”

Murdock reached up and Heaven grabbed his hand, allowing Murdock to lead him down the front steps as they walked the pack land.

* * * *

Murdock’s heart raced as Heaven held his hand. His mate pointed out different interests around the land, chatting about his Alpha and anything else that came to mind.

Heaven had him mesmerized.

He was honest when he said that if the choice was for him to die, so be it. The only thing on his mind at present was getting to know this beautiful creature.

“So all the soldiers live under one roof with the Alpha?” Murdock asked as he stopped his mate from tripping.

Heaven nodded. “Yes. We Grey wolves live differently than the Timber wolves. There are more of us. The wolves in the pack who aren’t soldiers live in their own houses, have normal jobs, and raise cubs. I like where you live though. From the feeling I got, you’re a tight-knit family.”

“We are. I don’t want to push you. I know you haven’t forgiven me, but if you do, I’d like for you to live there. Would you like that, or would you rather stay here?” Murdock loved his mate’s voice. He was soft-spoken, and his mannerisms were feminine and his looks stunning. He would grant Heaven’s wish of where they would reside, though he really hoped his mate choose the Brac pack.

“I’ll let you know.” Heaven glanced down, looking at their entwined hands.

Well, it was a start. It gave Murdock *some* hope. "Fair enough."

"So, you're a hundred and a half?" Heaven asked as they walked toward the eastern part of the land where the mountains sat majestically against the beautiful blue sky.

"Give or take a year. You?"

Heaven blushed as he stared down at his sneakers.

"You can tell me." Even with Murdock's superior hearing, he didn't understand the mumble. "Heaven?"

"Fine. I'm fifty." He blew out heavily.

Murdock caught himself before he damn near shouted "holy shit." His mate was young. Although shifters technically matured and were ready to leave home at the age of thirty, he felt like he should come back in fifty years. *Crap*.

"Is that too young for you?" Heaven asked with a mixture of apprehension and snideness.

"No." It just meant Murdock would have to keep that in mind when his mate acted his age. It explained a lot. A more mature wolf would have tried to rip the throat out of the twink and fought Murdock for their right to be claimed. His mate ran away crying.

"Would you like to go into town and get something to eat? There's a place called Theo's Bar and Grill. They have really good food." Heaven sounded hopeful. Murdock would deny his mate nothing.

"You have a town?"

"It's like yours, but a little more metropolitan. It's larger, but not large enough to be considered a city, and it's pack run since there are so many of us."

Murdock kept forgetting his mate was Grey wolf and not Timber. "I'll drive."

Murdock helped Heaven into his truck, buckled him in, and then closed his door. On his way around to his side, he nodded and smiled at Heaven's glaring father, who was standing at the window, and then he climbed into the truck. Thank god his mate was an adult and old

enough to leave home. Dealing with his father all of the time would have been brutal.

“Just tell me which way to go.” Once out on the road, Murdock slid his hand into Heaven’s, craving the contact. “Is there a motel around here that I can stay in?”

“Why? Don’t you want to stay at my house?” Heaven sounded suspicious, and Murdock couldn’t have that.

He snorted. “So your father can try to cut my balls off in my sleep?”

Heaven shook his head. “He won’t go against the executioner’s decree.”

“Can we call him *Maverick*? *Executioner* sounds so ominous.”

“But it is.”

“Please?” Now that Murdock knew his mate’s age, Heaven sounded it.

Heaven blew out a breath. “Fine.”

“Wasn’t so hard now, was it?” Murdock squeezed his hand, giving his mate a lopsided grin.

Heaven’s smile was goofy. Murdock had an overwhelming urge to kiss him. His cock finally came back to life, beating out a tempo to claim his mate.

“No.”

* * * *

A week had passed, and it seemed Murdock was getting somewhere with Heaven, but his father remained cold and aloof. Windstorm was the one who asked for the restitution, so he would have to be the one to call it off. Murdock wasn’t out to schmooze him, but the guy could give him a break.

He and Heaven had shifted, running through the forest on pack land. It felt good to run free with the ground beneath his paws and his mate at his side. Heaven had been stubborn though, not even allowing

Murdock to kiss him yet. He said if his father didn't change his mind, it would be better that he didn't yearn for what he never knew.

It made sense, but it still didn't stop his blood from catching fire every time he was near Heaven.

His mate skidded to a halt, his snout lifting and sniffing the air. Grey wolves had a better sense of smell than Timber wolves. Murdock stopped, cocking his head and listening for what his mate was scenting.

Heaven whined, inching closer to Murdock.

"Look at the pups out to play."

Murdock snarled when a couple of men emerged from behind a tree. One held a gun on them while the other had some rope in his hand. Murdock could tell they were human. Never before had he encountered unmated humans who had knowledge of their existence, except for Frank, half owner of the diner, and he didn't like it one bit.

"You're a big one, aren't you?" one of the humans said to Murdock. "Biggest I've seen yet."

Murdock tucked his ears back, taking a stand in front of Heaven as he growled a warning.

"Must be his mate." the other snaggletoothed one commented.

The first human tilted his head, as he shook his head. "But they're both male."

"Maybe it's his cub."

"Don't matter. Doc'll take 'em."

Murdock lunged, snapping his jaws. He stepped back, pushing Heaven further away from harm. His mate whined again, and Murdock could feel him shaking as Heaven pressed his body into Murdock's.

"Go for the small one. Shoot the big one, but don't kill him for Christ's sake."

The gun went off. Murdock howled as he pushed his mate in the opposite direction. They broke camp, running as fast as they could.

Shifting as soon as they made it to Murdock's truck, Heaven snatched up their clothes and tossed them into the truck, but there was no time to dress.

There was blood oozing from Murdock's thigh. He knew he needed to stay in shifter form to heal properly, but getting Heaven to safety took priority over his needs. He laid his foot heavily on the gas pedal as Heaven used a shirt to try and stop the bleeding.

* * * *

When they finally made it to his house, Heaven jumped out and ran for his father before the truck came to a stop. "Father!"

Windstorm came out onto the porch, letting his son lead him to the truck. He cursed when he saw Murdock passed out behind the wheel. Very carefully, he extracted the wolf, carrying him into the house.

"We were out running in our wolf form on the western half of our territory when these two humans came at us. He protected me, but they shot him, Father." Heaven sobbed as his father tried to wake Murdock. They had to get him to shift.

"Please don't die, Murdock. I forgive you. Please," Heaven cried.

His father grunted, gently pushing Heaven aside to dig the bullet out. Once it was removed, Murdock shifted to wolf form.

"Damn. Thing was pure silver." Windstorm held it up for Heaven to see.

"Then the humans didn't mistake us for regular wolves?"

"Fraid not." Windstorm dug through the fur, cleaning the wound further. "I'll rescind my restitution demand."

Heaven sniffled. "Thank you. He really is caring and sweet."

"I hope so. If not, I'll cut his balls off."

Heaven winced. "I'll let him know that."

"Go pack your things. I'm calling Maverick to come get him, and then I'm going to see our Alpha about a couple of humans."

"Thank you, Father." Heaven kissed his father on the cheek, running down the hall to pack his personal items and grab Murdock's bag. He refused to think how this may be his fault. *No one* had that bad of luck, did they?

Six hours later, Maverick came through the door after a long meeting with Alpha Zeus and the soldiers, calling a hunt for the humans who shot the Timber wolf. Two more large men stepped in with him.

"Gunnar will drive Murdock's truck back while Mark drives your car. You and Murdock will be in the back of my SUV where he can lie down comfortably."

"Yes, Alpha."

Heaven followed along as the men lay his mate down in the back. The seat had been put down for more room and a couple of quilts were placed in the back. Heaven kissed his father good-bye, promising to be back for a visit. Next, he hugged Olivia, his Uncle Sky's, Tangee's father, mate.

Although his uncle was killed over twenty years ago, his father took on the responsibility of caring for her now.

She had been in a terrible car accident, crushing her left side, and she needed physical therapy. Her daughter, Melonee, resided in the Brac pack home with her brother Tangee until Olivia was well enough to care for her daughter once again.

Since his father and Olivia had lost their mates, Heaven noticed that they leaned on each other. Something was going on between them, but it wasn't his business.

"It's a long drive, so let me know if you need me to stop." Maverick closed the back of the vehicle, climbing into the driver's seat.

They pulled out, starting their journey home. Heaven watched over Murdock. He still hadn't regained consciousness, but the wolf physician cleared him of any danger and said he just needed rest to heal.

Heaven lay down next to him, stroking his fur for comfort. For Murdock or for himself, he wasn't sure. Maybe a little bit of both.

"Your father rescinded his restitution demand." Maverick was looking at him in the rearview mirror.

"Yes, Alpha, he informed me."

Maverick nodded and then asked, "Do you forgive him?"

Heaven thought about it. It's not like Murdock knew he was there, and he wasn't even claimed yet. It had hurt like hell. That was the biggest hurdle he was trying to get over.

Heaven knew in his heart that if his mate had known he was there, the situation never would have happened. "Yes."

Maverick nodded again. Heaven could see the relief in his eyes. "If you forgive him, it should never be brought up again."

"I know." Heaven struggled with how much to divulge to his Alpha, Maverick would be his Alpha once he and Murdock mated. "It just hurt to see my mate with another."

"I can imagine. You do know he had no idea you were there?" Maverick asked gently.

"I handled it all wrong, didn't I?"

"No, you handled it the only way you knew how. There is no correct way when it comes to the heart. I'm just glad you two can work it out. I really wasn't looking forward to executing him."

Heaven looked down at the sleeping wolf. He rolled his mate's fur between his fingers as he thought about that night and how distraught Murdock looked when he realized Heaven was his mate. "I forgive you, mate," Heaven whispered as he kissed the wolf's furry head.

Murdock opened his eyes. They stared at each other for a moment then Murdock licked him on the side of his face. "That does *not* count as our first kiss." He smiled.

Heaven could have sworn the wolf smiled back as he lay his head back down and closed his eyes.

They made it back to Brac territory in less time than normal. It seemed Murdock learned his driving skills from his Alpha.

More warriors came out, helping Heaven with his belongings as his mate was carried into the house. He followed, unsure which room was Murdock's. Once he found it, Heaven went down to the kitchen to get his mate something to drink. He would be thirsty when he finally did wake up.

"So, Maverick's not going to kill Murdock?"

Heaven knew which mate this one was. He had been introduced to them all but would never be able to remember everyone's name until he got to know them, but this one seemed special. "Which mate are you?" he teased.

"Guess."

Heaven smiled, walking behind the shorter mate and running his fingers through golden-blond locks. "You could use a deep conditioning. Your hair is beautiful but could use a boost."

"My hair needs a boost?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"You guessed."

Heaven smiled. He remembered only because the guy was so adorable. The other two huggable ones were Keata and Nero. He would have to work on the other men's names. He also remembered Melonee. Being the only female in the house, hers was easy.

"No, Maverick isn't going to do anything to Murdock, but he was injured so I do need to get upstairs." Grabbing the bottled water, Heaven made for the door.

"Come hang out in the den when Murdock feels better."

Heaven grinned. "I will."

He sat the bottled water on the nightstand, disrobed, and crawled into the bed with his mate. "Wake up, sleepyhead."

Murdock moved around slightly but didn't open his eyes. Sighing, Heaven cuddled next to him. He ran his hands over Murdock's fur, wondering if his luck was finally changing.

Chapter Four

Murdock woke in his human form. He must be fully healed. He recognized his bedroom then smiled when he felt hot skin behind him. Heaven.

Turning over to stare at the hypnotizing man, he saw his mate slept peacefully next to him. Grinning, Murdock lifted the blankets. His mate was also nude, and what a lovely sight that presented.

“Perv.” Heaven smiled behind closed eyes.

“I thought you were sleeping.”

“I am.”

Murdock chuckled as he pulled Heaven into his arms. He laid a soft kiss on his lips. Heaven moaned and scooted closer. “Have you had sex before?”

Heaven blushed, lowered his head, and nodded.

Murdock tucked a knuckle under his chin, bringing his face back into view. “It’s okay.”

“Sorry, I didn’t wait for you,” Heaven apologized.

Murdock rolled his eyes. “Like I did.”

Heaven winced, and Murdock instantly regretted his words. “I’m so sorry, Heaven.”

“Don’t. It’s over, so leave it in the past.” Murdock kissed Heaven. His kiss was slow, thoughtful, as his tongue traced the soft fullness of Heaven’s lips.

“Fresh start?” Murdock’s brow raised as hope filled him that his mate would want one just as much as he did.

“Okay,” Heaven laughed as he agreed.

Murdock stuck his hand out, “Hi, I’m Murdock Miller.”

Heaven giggled. "Heaven Armstrong."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Armstrong." Murdock said as his erection pressed into Heaven's.

"You, too, M&M," he whispered breathlessly.

"M&M?" Murdock liked that. He rolled Heaven under him, taking the kiss deeper. "If I ask, will you accept?" There, he put it out there. If Heaven said no, he would wait. Heaven was worth it.

Heaven wrapped his arms around Murdock, burying his face in his neck. "Yes."

Feeling as though he were rocketing to the moon, Murdock pulled Heaven's head back and devoured Heaven's mouth. His hands explored anywhere and everywhere he could find soft, creamy skin. Murdock pulled back, leaning up so he could look down at his mate's cock. "You're hairless."

"You like?" Heaven beamed as he blushed.

Murdock growled. "Me like." He kissed his way down Heaven's body until he reached his goal. Never before had he seem such smooth skin. He lapped at it, enjoying the taste tremendously. The smooth skin glided across his tongue like satin.

"Makes me more sensitive." Heaven moaned, running his fingers through Murdock's hair.

Duly noted. Murdock began his campaign of torturing his mate. His tongue traced the bare pubic bone, the tip running from one side to the other. Murdock rose up some and smacked the hairless pubic bone with the tips of his fingers, the bare skin reddening beautifully.

"Oh, god," Heaven cried as his hips bucked.

Murdock ran his tongue over the area to soothe the sting before guiding his tongue down to Heaven's twin orbs. He lapped at them, humming along the way.

Murdock kissed each one before trailing lower. *Yum, what do we have here? A nice hole to hide my tongue in.*

Murdock pushed Heaven's legs back to his mate's chest, giving himself the perfect view. With a slow and lazy motion, his tongue

circled around the pink delight, feeling every ridge of the tight muscle. He stiffened his tongue, and then pushed in.

“Murdock, please, don’t torture me,” Heaven whimpered as he pushed down on Murdock’s face.

Murdock grinned as he pulled out then pushed back in, feeling the muscle expand for him as it welcomed his invasion. He affixed his lips to the skin surrounding the starburst, suckling gently.

“You’re gonna make me come,” Heaven warned as he hitched his hips, placing his feet on Murdock’s back.

That was his point. Murdock pulled his tongue free and ran it from one thigh to the other, nipping the skin along his trek. He gave a final kiss to Heaven’s small prize as a salute to the great things to come.

Murdock’s journey of torture took him back to his mate’s sac, and what a lovely set they were. His tongue played in the dip that sat between the orbs, allowing his tongue to trace every wrinkle.

“I’m warning you, Murdock.” Heaven hissed in pleasure, his fingers clenching and unclenching in Murdock’s hair.

Murdock ran his cheek over the wrinkled skin before running his tongue around the base of Heaven’s erect cock. It jumped at the sensual contact. Still holding his mate’s legs back, Murdock sucked the skin all the way up to the head then back down again.

“I’m not a damn harmonica.”

“Taste like one.” Murdock retraced his steps then slid his mate’s cock into his mouth and hummed. Heaven went wild. He bucked and mewled, crying to the ceiling as hot bursts of cum shot down the back of Murdock’s throat. Murdock sucked the crown a little longer, licked his mate clean, and then climbed up Heaven’s body to possess his mouth again, sharing the flavor.

“Damn, I taste good.” Heaven smiled into the kiss.

“Mmm, you do, don’t you.” Murdock swiped his tongue into Heaven’s mouth, seeking out his mate’s unique taste.

“Claim me, wolf.”

"With pleasure." Murdock grabbed the slick and coated his fingers. He smiled as he remembered the salute to Heaven's tight hole and then he rimmed the tight star with his lubed fingers. The scent still lingered on his face as he felt the muscle relaxing enough to breach it.

"Ugh, been awhile."

"Good." Murdock murmured into Heaven's mouth as he bent over to kiss his mate once again. He teased Heaven's hole until his third finger joined in. "Ready?" His mate wasn't a nameless face in a club. He would take his time to prepare him, making sure Heaven was ready, and then take him gently. This was the only man that mattered.

"Yes, take me."

Removing his fingers, Murdock leaned back. Why were his hands shaking? It was as if this was his first time. Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, Murdock pushed in.

"Shit."

"Am I hurting you?" Murdock didn't move a muscle.

"No, just feels so good." Heaven breathed out unsteadily.

Murdock knew his mate was feeling pain. If it had been a while, then Heaven would feel the burn.

He tried his best to be gentle, letting his mate adjust to his girth. He ran his hands over the smooth skin, caressing his hips and down his legs. Murdock leaned forward, sucking a love bite to the surface of Heaven's neck. He moaned at the mark and licked his tongue around it.

"Do you accept me as your mate, Heaven?" Murdock pushed Heaven's legs back farther, his thumbs making circle patterns around his mate's ankles.

"Don't waste time, do you?"

Murdock growled.

Heaven smiled. "Yes, Murdock. Now bite me."

Murdock struck, sinking his canines into soft tissue. Heaven bucked, kicking his legs free of Murdock's hold and wrapping them around Murdock's waist as he cried out.

Heaven calling out his name was music to his ears. He felt their souls merge and hearts synchronize as Murdock sealed the wound. His tongue trailed to the other shoulder, lapping at the hickey he had just placed there.

Heaven tried to climb up Murdock. His legs inched higher and higher up Murdock's back. He whimpered when Murdock grabbed his ankles, pushing his legs past his head. "I'm not a pretzel."

"Fuck, you look good." Murdock thrust deep. His mate was open for his pleasure. Sweat trickled down his face and hit his mate's skin as he jackhammered into him. "Mine." Murdock growled possessively, his mate drawing him in like a moth to a flame. Murdock surged forward, rocking into Heaven's tight sheath.

"Yours," Heaven agreed as he pushed himself away from the headboard.

"You know how to lay it on me," Heaven praised him.

He opened his lips as Murdock smashed their mouths together, kissing a mewling cry from his mate. Heaven came, hot liquid erupting between them. Murdock leaned back, driving into Heaven's ass as he held his mate in place.

"Mine." Murdock laid claim once more as the tingling shot up his spine and down to his groin. He shook his head back and forth, his brain in a lust-filled fog.

The sensations were clawing their way throughout his entire body and ensnaring him in a sensual hold as his body exploded in a euphoric rush. He threw his head back and shouted his mate's name as his soul seemed to leave his body then rejoin it as his head cleared and his vision once again returned.

Murdock collapsed forward, cupping Heaven's face while still leaving him twisted up like a pretzel. He kissed Heaven sloppily. His

heart was still beating out of control, his cock still buried deep. Murdock pulled back slowly.

"Holy shit, you can screw." Heaven laughed.

* * * *

Heaven looked out of his bedroom window as the wind blew fiercely outside. Rain splattered the windows, giving the dark room an ominous feeling. He reached back, rubbing his butt, hoping the soreness went away.

His mate was on patrol duty, leaving Heaven by himself. He missed Murdock. Heaven watched for any sign of him outside. Only being fifty, he knew he was quite young. A more mature wolf would probably go find something to do to occupy his time, but not Heaven. He searched the darkness for what was his.

A knock brought him back to the room he was standing in and out of the cold, dark night he was searching.

Heaven turned. "Come in."

Johnny peeked his head around the door. "We are all watching a movie downstairs. Wanna sit with me?"

"No, go ahead." Heaven wasn't in the mood to watch a movie. He wanted Murdock, his M&M.

Johnny padded into the room. "It will help you take your mind off of Murdock. It helps me when Hawk's not here."

Now, how could he say no to that? "Come on." Heaven grabbed his hand, walking downstairs and settling in the den.

"It's a scary one, so all you faint hearts grab someone to hold on to," Blair warned before hitting the play button.

Heaven was terrified by the time the movie was over. He and Johnny were huddled together with their fingers entwined.

"I-I'm going to bed." Heaven ran upstairs and jumped under the blankets, trembling every time he heard a noise. The big old house rattled and groaned a lot, making Heaven ready to pee his pants.

He screamed like a girl when a hand reached under the blanket, grabbing him around his ankle.

“Relax, it’s me.” Murdock pulled Heaven into his arms. “You’re shaking. What’s wrong?” His mate rubbed his back, making soothing sounds in his ear.

“She tried to run, but the man caught her in the woods and trapped her and cut her.” Heaven raked his claws out. “She tried to get away, but he killed her then cut her up then hid her body then lied to the police then went after her family then killed them, too, then...”

“Hush, I got you.” Murdock held him close. “Now, you die, too.”

Heaven woke up screaming, thrashing around until a body squashed him. “Get off of me!”

“Heaven!” Murdock yelled, but Heaven kept crying, fighting to remove the weight on him.

* * * *

“Damn it, Heaven.” Murdock yanked his mate from the bed, wrapped him in a sheet until he was snug, and then sat on the floor with him in his lap. “Wake up, baby.”

“No, you’re not real. You want to kill me.” Heaven bucked, trying to free himself.

“No more scary movies for you. Do I make myself clear?” Murdock demanded. His mate scared the shit out of him with that fucking girly ass scream.

“You’re not real. You’re not real. You’re not real.” Heaven looked like he was having a mental breakdown. Murdock didn’t seem to be getting through to him.

Standing with Heaven in his arms, Murdock grabbed his cell.

“This better be important.”

“Mr. Armstrong, it’s Murdock. How the hell do I get Heaven to calm down?”

“Watched a scary movie?”

"Yes."

Windstorm clucked his tongue. "Never let him do that. Rub behind his right ear, talk soothingly to him, and this is gonna sound weird, but feed him ice cream."

"Thanks. Sorry, but I gotta go."

"Later."

Murdock tossed the phone down, ran downstairs with his mate still babbling, and skidded to a halt in the kitchen.

Shit, he had to put his mate down to get the damn ice cream. Murdock looked around, knocked everything off of the counter and laid Heaven there. Reaching into the freezer, he grabbed the container of strawberry ice cream. Not caring, he dug his fingers in, shoving them into Heaven's mouth as his mate mumbled.

Murdock set the container down and began to rub behind his mate's ear. *It wasn't working. Why the hell wasn't it working?* Shit, wrong ear. Heaven began to settle when Murdock stroked behind his right ear. "It's okay, baby. I got you. No one is going to hurt you. You're safe."

"Is it really you?"

"It's M&M." Murdock smiled as Heaven leaned into his hand, closing his eyes as Murdock rubbed behind his ear. "See, its okay."

"I dreamt that you came into our room, pulled me from under the blanket and cuddled me while I told you about the movie then you said you was gonna kill me next." Heaven clung to Murdock.

"No more scary movies, understood?"

"I won't."

Murdock picked Heaven up. "Come on, baby. Back to bed."

* * * *

"Who the hell destroyed my kitchen?"

Shit, Murdock could hear George all the way upstairs. He had forgotten all about it.

"I think we're in trouble." Heaven hid under the blanket.

"Me, too." Murdock joined him.

"Think we can sneak out?" Heaven whispered under the covers.

"We could try and make a break for it." Murdock tossed the blanket back. Heaven giggled as they hurriedly dressed, ran out of the front door and around to the back of the house.

"Freedom!" Heaven whooped as he jumped around with his arms in the air.

"Come on, let's go for a run."

They both stripped down and shifted. Murdock led the way since this was his home turf. Heaven ran beside him, nipping at his neck playfully as they ran. Romping around, Heaven was acting like a puppy, jumping around on his front paws, his hindquarters jutting into the air.

Far enough away from the house now, Murdock shifted, falling onto the ground and laughing when Heaven lapped at his face. "Shift, mate."

"Why? I was having fun." Heaven pouted after he shifted and landed on Murdock's chest.

Murdock rolled them, Heaven ending up on top. "Because, I want you to ride me."

"Ride you?" Heaven's expression was comical.

Murdock hitched his hips with Heaven straddling him. "Ride me." Murdock rolled them again, placing Heaven on his hands and knees. "First, though, I need to get you ready." A long line of spittle escaped from Murdock's lips, coating his mate's crease, and then Murdock spread it around his tight hole.

"Murdock." Heaven moaned.

"Now, ride me." Murdock lay on his back, entwining his fingers behind his head. His mate sat on his groin, grabbed his cock, and fumbled all attempts to impale himself.

"Need help?" Murdock quirked a brow.

"If you want me to screw you, then yes." Heaven squeaked when Murdock pulled him forward, his hands landing on Murdock's chest. Grabbing his cock and holding it upright. "There you go."

* * * *

Heaven planted his feet, reached back to feel the direction his mate's prick was at, matched it to his hole then breached the barrier.

"Got it?"

"Uh-huh." Heaven nodded, slowly lowering himself as Murdock placed his hands back behind his head. He was still sore from his claiming but continued on until he bottomed out.

"Ride me, baby."

Heaven blushed. Never before had he had sex in this position. It opened him up, made him self-conscious while his mate watched him with lustful eyes. Placing his hands back on Murdock's chest and planting his feet on the ground, Heaven began to move up and down. Oh god, it felt so damn good.

Murdock groaned. Heaven shifted around, uncoordinated at first until he found his rhythm. Murdock grabbed his hips. "Lean back."

Heaven did as Murdock took over, slamming up as he pulled Heaven down. Heaven could actually feel his mate's cock growing thicker. He wondered how he looked from Murdock's view until his mate thrust deeper and his brain quit working.

Heaven lay forward, kissing Murdock sloppily as he impaled himself over and over again. Heaven's head fell back, and he focused on the electricity shooting through him. He leaned back, wrapping his arms behind him and around Murdock's knees.

Murdock bit his bottom lip and pulled Heaven down harder, faster. Heaven felt his cock bob up and down, slapping his mate on his stomach as Murdock threw his head back, arching his back as he came.

Heaven followed close behind. Two strokes and pearly ropes shot out onto Murdock's chest. Heaven fell forward, draping himself across Murdock's.

The man was simply a fucking god, Heaven thought as he lay there trying to catch his breath.

"We have to shift. You'll get too cold in human form." Murdock turned them sideways as he slid out, with Heaven protesting the loss. Murdock chuckled. "I know."

Heaven shifted, Murdock following suit. He nudged Heaven, encouraging him to head toward the house.

* * * *

Maverick watched the two wolves trotting out of the forest from the kitchen window. He was relieved he didn't have to take Murdock out. The burden had eaten at him. It would have been devastating to them all had he no choice but to do it...and he would have.

Turning away from the pair making their way to the kitchen, Maverick sought out his mate. His mind was filled to capacity, his heart heavy with the responsibility of an Alpha. He needed the gentle touch of his mate, a safe harbor he could relax in if only for a moment.

Chapter Five

Heaven sat in the den quietly as his eyes followed the five-foot-tall human wearing blue latex gloves. The guy walked over to the coffee table, squatted down at the end, eyed the surface, and then moved the coaster holder over an inch. Smiling at his work, he nodded at Heaven then walked out.

Okay. That wasn't weird in the least. Heaven had heard about Nero and his OCD, but damn, an inch? Curious, Heaven got up and followed the shortest mate.

Nero stopped midstride, pulled off his gloves, reached into his right pocket, and doused himself with hand sanitizer. The scent stung Heaven's nose. He then pulled a fresh pair from his left pocket, slid them on, and then pulled a small sandwich bag from his back pocket and disposed of the used gloves into it. Sealing them in tight then carrying them between two pinched fingers as if they were biohazardous.

"Hey, nutter." The warrior, Gunnar, picked Nero up, kissed him on the lips, and then carried him away. If the guy was afraid of germs, then why was he allowing his mate to kiss him? Shaking his head, Heaven headed back to the den.

"So, you're Heaven?"

Heaven turned to see one of the mates coming into the den. He had amethyst colored eyes. Pretty cool. "And you are?"

"Name's Cecil."

Heaven knew that name. A name Murdock warned him away from. The guy didn't look like Satan's son. He was a little cutie, not a

fire-breathing demon bent on the mates' destruction, as Murdock had put it.

"So what do you do around here for fun, Cecil?"

A gleam entered Cecil's eyes. Maybe Murdock wasn't that far off. "Glad you asked."

"Am I going to regret asking you?" Oh yeah, that was definitely a devilish gleam.

"Now, why would you say that?" Cecil asked casually. "I have such a bad rep around here with the warriors. They're just mad because I know how to have a good time while they sit around acting stuffy." The mate shrugged. "Besides, with a name like Heaven, you have to be a good luck charm."

Heaven snorted. "Buddy, you must not know me then."

"Point taken, but I still think you would be a good luck charm for us."

"Just exactly what am I being a good luck charm for?"

Cecil patted Heaven's leg and stood. "You'll see."

Heaven had an urge to throw salt at Cecil, pick a penny up, toss a horseshoe at Cecil's head, or go out and eat a rabbit. He would digest the foot. Extreme situations called for extreme measures, and Cecil would qualify as extreme, according to Murdock.

Heaven left the den and went up to his room. Murdock was standing at the dresser staring at his black case. "What's this?"

"My scissors, comb, and oddities."

"You cut hair?" Murdock looked impressed.

"I do. I have my cosmetology license but haven't found work in the Eastern pack." Heaven ran his hands through his mate's blonde strands. "You could use a haircut."

"Let me shower first."

Heaven bit his bottom lip as he watched his mate disrobe. He could make a fortune if he took pictures and sold them online. That's how *damn fine* his mate was. Heaven dropped to his knees and licked a path up that tight ass.

"Fuck, I thought I was going to shower." Murdock moaned but didn't move away.

Heaven took that as a green light and licked the backs of Murdock's legs while his hands played with his mate's muscled cheeks. He lay kisses on the tantalizing skin, making his way back up then around to a very impressive throbbing cock.

Heaven ran his face over his mate's sac. With his heightened sense of smell, the aroma permeated every fiber in him. Heaven's hands skated up and down Murdock's well-developed thighs, basking in the knowledge that this wolf was his.

"Suck it," his mate pleaded with an unsteady voice.

Heaven grabbed the base, levering the large shaft toward what he hoped would be divine pleasure for Murdock.

"I promise it won't bite." Murdock leaned forward, placing his hands on the wall.

Heaven stared at the weeping head for another moment, wondering if he should torture his mate just as he had been. Hell, he didn't have the patience for that. Heaven opened and took his mate all the way down his throat.

"Oh my fucking God!" Murdock shouted as his hands came off of the wall and clamped down on Heaven's head. "Don't you dare stop."

Heaven didn't intend to. He constricted his throat muscles like a snake swallowing its prey. Murdock was babbling above him, whimpering then moaning. Heaven mentally high-fived himself for making his mate come unglued.

Heaven dug his nails into Murdock's thighs as he let his throat muscles ripple around the hardened, silky shaft.

"Gonna...oh yeah...you better...oh hell..." Murdock rose to the balls of his feet as he tried to make his cock go so far down Heaven's throat that he would feel the head poking at his ass.

"Right there." Murdock let out a screech that could only be described as the highest decibel of the vowel *E* as hot cum shot down his throat. What the hell was that noise his mate just made?

Murdock's hands once again slammed onto the wall, only this time he was panting for breath as Heaven let the softening cock slide from between his lips.

"Were you trying to suck my soul out through my cock?" Murdock's legs shook, and then he dropped to his knees.

"Nope, just trying to pay you back for torturing me."

"Fuck me, man. Pay me back anytime you want." Murdock pulled Heaven into his arms and held him tightly to his chest.

Heaven pulled his limp and sated mate toward the bed. "You better take a vitamin or a Viagra because you are about to fuck me until I feel your cock tapping on my tongue."

"So graphic." Murdock chuckled.

Heaven pulled his shirt over his head then quickly wiggled from his jeans. "Tell that to Mr. Happy." Heaven grabbed his cock and shook it for his mate.

"Wouldn't want Mr. Happy to be upset now would we?" Murdock growled then picked Heaven up and tossed him on the bed.

Heaven squealed and rolled over onto his hands and knees, wanting what only Murdock could deliver.

His mate's muscles rippled and flexed as he prowled around the bed, promising to make Heaven scream uncle before he was through with him. Heaven was all for that.

Heaven crawled backwards as Murdock's right knee appeared on the bed, then the rest of his body followed as he started climbing after Heaven, his heavy hands landing onto the covers as his body moved like an ancient hunter after his prey.

"You look like a predator." Heaven purred.

"Oh, don't run." Murdock chuckled seductively. "Because I'm about to show you how a predator takes down his prey."

Heaven shuddered. Anticipation coursed through him as his skin rose with goose bumps. His heart raced at the sight before him. Fuck the game. Heaven turned and tossed his ass in the air, wiggling it

around for the predator to claim. He reached his right hand under him and grabbed his cock, pushing it back to taunt the stalking animal.

Murdock attacked, pinning Heaven down with his canines at Heaven's shoulder. Murdock's hands snatched Heaven's wrists and curled both their arms under Heaven's chest, his mate's cock sawing up and down his crease, teasing him.

"You better use that or I'm going to cripple you." Heaven threatened. He had never in his life been this damn horny, and Murdock was playing with fire the way he was teasing him.

"You already are, beautiful." Murdock murmured around Heaven's shoulder. Heaven felt movement behind him, the snick of a cap, and then cool gel running down his crack.

Murdock slowly entered him and Heaven's eyes rolled back. His mouth fell open trying to catch any air that wandered by because it felt as though all the oxygen had been sucked right out of the room.

Heaven couldn't believe how lost he was. Usually during sex, it was okay. He'd had nice orgasms with past partners. But Murdock...the man knew what he was doing. Everything was erotic. Heaven's whole body felt like one large exposed nerve. He spread his knees farther apart, rocking his hips back and up, fingers wrapped around Murdock's arms that were tucked under his chest as he held on. His forehead ground into the sheets, crying out as the sensations raced through him.

Murdock ground his pelvis into Heaven's ass, his mate's hips swaggering all around him. Heaven just knew he was about to die because the rapturous tidal waves crashing through him were too much for one person to endure. No one was created to survive this much pleasure.

"Come for me, Heaven. I want you to fly with me," Murdock whispered into the shell of his ear, and that was all it took. Heaven lifted his head and wailed, his body turning inside out as the feelings detonated inside of him.

“That’s my Heaven,” Murdock cooed into his ear. He grabbed Heaven’s wrists that still lay under Heaven’s chest with a tight grip as he fucked him so hard that Heaven began a steady progress up the bed and into the headboard. He didn’t care if he ended up with a goose egg. It was worth it.

Murdock growled then stiffened. Heaven could feel his mate’s cock pulsing inside his ass as his mate fucked him so rapidly that Heaven’s teeth rattled. He was going to die for sure.

Murdock fell over, his arms spread wide as he gasped for air and sweat glistened all over his body. The only thing Heaven could do was fall over onto his back and close his eyes.

* * * *

Murdock took pity on his mate and carried him down the stairs. Every step that Heaven had taken came with a hiss. His mate would think twice before thinking he can beat him at the torture game.

He set his mate down gently when they reached the bottom of the steps. Murdock took Heaven’s hand and led him through the kitchen and out of the door.

“I don’t know if I can ride a horse right now considering a wolf just tried to fuck me into an early grave.” Heaven rubbed his ass.

Murdock grinned as he led his mate into the barn. The horses stood in their stalls watching the pair. “Tank readied them for us. I think you can handle this.”

Murdock heard the noise too late. The two humans who had shot him when he was at Heaven’s were standing there. Murdock saw the gun in front of him as he felt the searing pain in his chest. Murdock looked down to see blood spanning across his shirt.

“Dumb ass. I told you not to kill him,” the bulkier of the two complained. “Now all we have is the smaller one.”

Murdock shifted, attacking the one closest to his mate. That gave the other one freedom to grab his mate. Heaven struggled with the

larger of the two humans. Murdock watched in horror as a cloth was placed over his mate's mouth and Heaven passed out.

He managed to kill the one he attacked before the pain became too much and he stumbled back. He had to save his mate. If he could get a howl out then he could alert the other Sentries to their presence, but the only noise he managed was a whine.

"You'll pay for killing him." The one holding his limp mate growled. He raised the gun once more and fired.

* * * *

Murdock stumbled from the barn. In shifter form, the bullets wouldn't do as much damage, but he had to get help. His mate was depending on him.

"What the fuck?" Tank shouted as he ran to Murdock.

He had to shift. That was the only way he could relay what had happened. It was going to hurt like a bitch. Bracing himself, Murdock returned to human form. "They have my mate." He panted through the pain.

"Who has your mate, Murdock?" Tank yelled.

"Humans. I don't know who they were." Murdock shifted back to wolf form. The pain had become too much to bear.

"We'll take care of it." Tank lifted Murdock up from the ground and carried him inside. He alerted the others to what happened. The only thing Murdock could think of was getting Heaven back and killing everyone who touched him. He didn't have time to lay here and heal. Pain and death had a victim to find.

"What the hell is going on?" Maverick demanded as he rushed down the hall to join them. Tank kicked open the door closest to him and lay Murdock on the bed.

"He was attacked by humans. They took Heaven."

“How the hell did humans get onto our lands?” Maverick ran his hands over Murdock’s fur. “Call the wolf physician and get him here now.”

Murdock struggled to shift, but he was in too much pain. The thought of doing nothing while his mate was out there somewhere tore at his conscience. He couldn’t lie here. He had to do *something*.

“I need you to lie still. I know it goes against every mated instinct in you, but there is no other choice here.” Maverick rested his hand on Murdock’s side. “We’ll get him back.”

Murdock growled. *He* was going to get Heaven back. Of that he had no doubt. How much he was going to make the guilty suffer before tearing their hearts out was the real question. And if they killed his mate, hell would be considered summer camp compared to his wrath that would be unleashed upon this earth.

And if his mate was truly dead, Murdock wouldn’t last long in this cold world without him.

Chapter Six

Heaven blinked as his eyes cracked open. His head was killing him and his mouth felt as dry as sand. He reached up and rubbed his eyes, feeling as though his mind was in a fog.

“Ah, you’re awake.”

He blinked rapidly until he could focus. The first thing he noticed was the shiny bars surrounding him. The second thing was the excruciating pain in his abdomen. Heaven’s hand went to his stomach. He felt stitches trailing up from just above his pubic bone to his navel.

“No need to worry. The procedure went very well. Very well, indeed.” The man standing in front of Heaven smirked as he wrote in a chart. Heaven’s hands wrapped around the bars as he realized he was in a cage. He searched his memory but couldn’t remember how he had gotten here.

“Where am I?” Heaven asked through the bars.

“That isn’t important.” The man in the white lab coat turned to someone else that resembled a guard. “Keep an eye on him. I don’t want anything to go wrong.”

“Yes, sir.” The bulky guard nodded to the lab coat man then looked down at Heaven, a sneer lifting his lip.

Heaven shrank back, pushing himself to the back of the cage and, at the same time, noticing that he was completely naked. He curled up, pulling his legs to his chest to hide what he was sure was shown off to everyone in the room.

His eyes scanned around him. There were three more people in the room along with the lab coat man and the guard. The other three

wore medical scrubs. Was he in a hospital? He couldn't be. If so, he wouldn't be in a cage.

"Why am I here?" Heaven attempted once more to get some answers.

"Dr. Rawling, please give the test subject something to quiet him," the lab coat man called across the room. Heaven's eyes roamed around, noticing tubes and beakers, a cold-looking steel table, and plenty of machines.

He was in a lab, a shifter's worst nightmare. Who were they, and how did he come to be here? The most important question was what did they do to him?

Again he searched his memory but came up blank. His hand covered his mouth to stifle the cry that would have broken free as he realized he couldn't remember a lot of things. He knew his name was Heaven. And he also knew he was a wolf shifter. Beyond that, his memory became fuzzy.

One thing he knew for certain was that he had to get out of here. An overwhelming sense of loss crashed through him, but he didn't know why. Something tugged at his memory but then spun away as soon as Heaven reached for it.

His chest constricted at a feeling of losing someone important to him. But who?

Glancing at the front of the cage he saw an electronic pad he assumed was the lock. Okay, so breaking out wasn't going to work. They had to let him out. How else would he use the bathroom? From the stitches, he assumed he also would be examined.

Heaven swallowed at the ramifications of what being in this place meant. Humans knew about shifters. His eyes darted up to the man referred to as Dr. Rawling as he approached the cage, syringe in hand.

"Open it up," Dr. Rawling ordered the guard. Heaven tried to shrink back even farther, but the guard reached in and pulled him from the cage.

"No!" Heaven cried, but it did no good. The pinch to his neck came. He slapped his hand over his neck, kicking and biting to get the large guard off of him.

"Feisty, aren't you?" The guard growled and slapped Heaven across his face.

"Be careful with him, damn it. I don't need years of research to be botched because you couldn't control your temper," the man in the white lab coat yelled at the guard.

"He fucking bit me." The guard shoved Heaven back into the cage, his eyes threatening retribution at the first chance available to him. Heaven scooted back, wrapping his arms around his legs. His head started feeling sluggish. When he raised his arm, it looked like he was moving in slow motion.

"I see it's working. Good. He needs plenty of rest. I don't need the stitches tearing or any internal bleeding to start," the lab coat man said as he continued to write in the chart.

"What did you do to me?" Heaven screamed, his fingers wrapping around the cold bars.

"Back off, Hank, and let the sedative take effect. He'll calm down in a moment." The lab coat man spoke to the guard.

The pain in his abdomen was easing. It must be the drugs taking effect. He wasn't sleepy, just felt a little loopy. What in God's name had they done to him? Heaven also wondered how the human drugs were working on him. Shifters were immune to human drugs. Just who were these people?

"You'll find out." The guard laughed evilly as he rattled Heaven's cage, the sound echoing in his ears and down to his very soul. Heaven began to shake, fear riding strong on his back at the millions of possibilities of what they could have done.

"Is he calm?"

"Looks dopey to me," the guard told the white lab coat man.

"Then bring him here."

Heaven's heart raced out of control as the guard punched the keypad and opened the door. "If you bite me, I'm gonna kick the shit out of you regardless to what Doc says."

Heaven's back hit the bars behind him, but it still wasn't far enough away. Hank grabbed his arm and pulled him until he was free of the cage. He wanted to run, but whatever they had given him made him feel boneless, and all he could do was comply.

Hank picked him up like a rag doll and dropped him onto the cold steel table.

"I told you to be careful with him," the white lab coat man snapped at Hank, who just shrugged and sneered once again at Heaven.

"Strap him down," Dr. Rawling ordered.

Heaven watched as Hank pulled leather straps from under the table and yanked his right arm out, securing it. He was even less gentle with the other three limbs.

Heaven yanked but found Hank had done his job well. There was no slack, no extra room for him to slide out of. He lay there exposed to everyone. An internal need to cover his groin made him pull harder at the leather, but it didn't give. All he could do at this point was close his eyes and pray that whatever they were about to do was painless and nonsexual.

The white lab coat man started poking and prodding his stomach, Heaven whimpered at the dull pain the action produced. His gut felt like it was on fire all over again. He opened his eyes to see the man studying his incision.

"Subject is tender as to be expected after major surgery." The white lab coat man had clicked a recorder on and began to talk through the exam. Heaven kept his eyes closed as the cold hands roamed over him, checking his vitals and poking him in various areas of his body.

He bucked when the man's hands touched his penis, pushing it aside and feeling his testicles. He knew it was a nonsexual exam, but

his skin still crawled nonetheless. Bile rose to the back of his throat at the unwanted invasion.

Heaven smashed his eyes closed harder when the man began to prod around his rectum. He could feel a tear slide down the side of his face, and there was nothing he could do about it while being bound.

It was humiliating lying here being handled like this for all to watch. He tried to make his mind escape to another place, anywhere but here, but the cold hands prevented that. They reminded him of where he was and what was being done to him.

"He'll need nutrition soon. Prepare his food for him."

Heaven couldn't see who white lab coat man spoke to, but he prayed it wasn't Hank. Something told Heaven that if the guard prepared it, he would get something extra in it. What he had done to make an enemy of the man was lost on him.

Heaven flinched when a needle was inserted into his arm. He guessed his nutrition would come in the form of a drip bag. First, though, they took tubes of blood from him.

"Leave him here until the bag is empty." Dr. Rawling warned Hank.

What kind of a sadistic guard was Hank?

Heaven began to shake from the cold metal and the fear of the unknown. His wolf was fighting to get out, but Heaven fought it. His instincts told him that shifting in front of these men would be even more disastrous than his current situation.

"His vitals are escalating," Dr. Rawling informed the room.

"Could it be a shift coming on?" one of the other humans in the room asked.

"About time," the white lab coat man said.

Heaven concentrated on his wolf, begging it to remain still. His wolf wanted to come out and protect him, but Heaven knew he wouldn't win, not with Hank in the room and the drugs they gave him. It was best to remain human although it made him weaker.

Somehow Heaven knew that if he shifted that it would give Hank the perfect excuse to unleash the cruelty he could see in the human's eyes. He would heal faster in his wolf form, but at what price?

A portable X-ray machine was centered over Heaven's midsection, multiple pictures taken, the clicking and snapping hiking his anxiety even higher. What would those pictures show? Had they planted something in him or removed a vital part of him?

Next the white lab coat man rolled over a sonogram machine, ice cold gel was applied to his tender abdomen, and then a wand traced over his lower belly. The doctor clicked a few buttons, his brows pulled together in concentration as Heaven strained to see what the doctor was seeing.

It was no use. The restraints prevented him from moving. The white lab coat man wiped his belly clean and then rolled the cart away.

"Get him back in his cage." The white lab coat man waved his hand at Hank. Heaven braced himself for the cruel hands. He watched Hank closely as those unforgiving fingers yanked at the leather belts, Heaven's arm jerking with the force.

The sneer that lifted Hank's lip made Heaven's blood run cold. Would he be left alone with Hank at any point? As if reading his mind, two of the men left, leaving only the white lab coat man, Dr. Rawling, and Sadistic Hank.

Heaven was powerless to stop the guard as Hank dug his fingers into his skin, lifting him roughly and nearly throwing him back into his cage.

"Damn mutt. I told you that you'd pay for killing him." Hank spat out as he slammed the door shut. Heaven pushed back until he was as far from the door as possible, finally able to cover himself with some semblance of modesty. Who had he killed?

He swallowed past the thickness forming in his throat. Tears threatened to fall at the predicament he didn't remember getting

himself into. Once again, his stomach began to hurt. Heaven was terrified to go to sleep but wished for it if only to escape the pain.

He closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath, praying past the searing pain that felt like his gut was being sliced open. No matter how bad it became, he wasn't going to ask for any painkillers. No telling what they would give him.

It was surreal watching the centrifuge whirl around with containers of his blood in them. Heaven watched, hoping to occupy his mind and take it off of the agonizing pain in his stomach.

He watched as Dr. Rawling held the dropper and let a blob of something clear fall onto a glass slide then slid it under a microscope. Where they trying to figure out his wolf DNA? That could be the only logical explanation.

"Hey, come check this out. I think it worked," Dr. Rawling said excitedly.

Heaven's eyes followed white lab coat man as he crossed the room and looked through the microscope. Hank just stood there looking bored.

"Very good. He was worth the headache of capturing him."

Heaven was dumbfounded at the white lab coat man's words. They had targeted him? Why?

"Yes, he was. Now all we have to do is find a donor." Dr. Rawling clapped his hands together with glee.

Donor? If they were checking his blood for wolf components, then what did a donor have to do with it? A donor for what? Heaven cursed at the blank memory of anything other than who he was and his genetic makeup. Why couldn't he remember?

He closed his eyes. Fatigue wore at him with all the events taking place and the internal struggle to grab hold of anything in his mind to help him figure out what was going on.

Heaven curled up into a ball, his back to the wall of the cage as he listened to the noises around him. He could feel the guard watching him. He could hear the humans chattering away quietly and the hum

of the machines. The pain was slowly lessening, and his body was weary. Giving in, Heaven fell asleep.

Chapter Seven

He jerked awake at the scent of shifters. Heaven looked around but saw nothing. His eyes scanned the room. Dr. Rawling remained at the desk he was working at, a night-light on his desk as he looked through files.

Hank was dozing in a chair close to the door. His chin dropped to his chest then lifted abruptly as he raised his head and looked around, only to let his chin fall back down again.

Heaven knew he scented a shifter. Their smell was unique. But it was more than one. From their scent in the air, he would say three. He looked back over to the man behind the desk, the guy oblivious to anything but what he was reading. Another look over to the guard told Heaven he was fast asleep.

Didn't they use other guards besides Hank? It would be exhausting to be on duty twenty-four-seven.

Heaven's eyes glanced up when he saw movement in the heating vent. It was large enough to house a body or three. The grated frame moved an inch away from the wall, slowly coming open. He glanced quickly at the doctor to see him still staring down at the papers then he stole another glance at the snoring guard.

Heaven almost gasped as a face emerged, an index finger going to lips to indicate the shifter wanted Heaven to be silent. Like he was going to let his buddies in the lab know visitors had arrived. Not likely.

A full body emerged then stepped down to free himself as another began to come out. Heaven scooted close to his cage door, praying this worked, whatever they were planning, and he would be free.

The first man, who had a bandana on his head, crept over to Hank, snapping the guard's neck in a millisecond. Too bad the bastard didn't suffer. Heaven had a feeling that, if given the chance, Hank would have unleashed unparalleled pain on him. No sympathy was felt for the human with his part in this.

The shifter with the bandana crept over to his cage, staring at the keypad. Heaven caught the whimper before it could sound. He wanted out. The other two shifters finally emerged and came to stand by the cage as well.

"Can you get it open?" whispered the last one to make it out of the vent shaft.

"I think so. Move back, pup."

Heaven scooted back even though every cell in his body fought against it. The urge to stay close to the door was strong. His eyes widened when the man with the bandana on his head reached down and pulled until the keypad groaned and snapped off.

Just who the hell were these men? He had no choice but to trust them if he wanted his freedom, but that display of strength made him wary.

"Come on, pup." The bandana head man reached in for Heaven. He slid back to the door, unable to go any further.

"I can't. I'm too weak." Heaven felt like crying. Freedom was so close.

"I have you, pup." The man with the bandana pulled Heaven into his arms. The need for clothing was only second to the need to get the hell out of there.

Heaven looked over at the desk, the doc snoring softly into his files as his head rested on the papers.

One of the three climbed back into the shaft, extending his arms for Heaven. The man holding him lifted Heaven up, handing him over. Now what was he supposed to do? There was no way he had the strength to crawl through that shaft.

The man who grabbed hold of him started pulling Heaven along. He tried to help, trying his best to kick his feet out to help the guy along.

"Don't waste your energy," the man whispered. "You'll need it."

"Kay." Heaven whispered back.

The second man made it into the shaft, grabbing Heaven's legs as he helped the first man get Heaven through the duct. He had no clue who these shifters were, but he was eternally grateful for their help.

"Almost there, pup."

Heaven finally let out a relieved breath at those words. The thought of living years in that cage had haunted his dream. He wanted to get as far away from the place as possible.

"Get a move on it." The bandana head man warned the other two men helping Heaven get through the duct. "Won't take them long to realize we took their prized possession."

"Do you know why they took me?"

"Sorry, pup. No clue," the man pulling him answered. "But leaving the doctor alive will get you your answers."

Heaven bit his bottom lip as he was lifted from the shaft into what looked to be a basement. The man with the bandana on his head took Heaven from the other man's arms and carried him out of a service door.

They carried him through the woods and into a clearing, as Heaven spotted three motorcycles sitting there waiting.

"I don't know if I can ride."

"Got that covered," the one who had held his legs in the duct said. Heaven's eyes grew wide as the man pulled rope from his saddlebag. Just what were they planning on doing with him?

"Here, put these on him." The man with the rope caught the clothes that were tossed to him by the one who had pulled him through the duct. He turned to Heaven.

"What's your name, pup?"

"Heaven."

“Nice name. I’m Law.”

“I see you have a creative name as well.” Heaven smiled.

“Yeah, and those are my brothers, Dagon and Tryck.”

So Tryck was the bandana man.

“We are the Santiago brothers.”

“Nice to meet you. Thank you for helping me, but how did you know I was in there?”

“We’ve been watching the place. Saw them bring you in. Sorry we didn’t get to you sooner.”

Heaven saw the pained look on Law’s face as he stared at the stitches on Heaven’s belly. He knew it was a gruesome sight, but there was nothing he could do about it at the moment.

“I’m just grateful you were here.” Heaven tried to reassure him.

“Can we do polite talk later? We need to get out of here,” Tryck said as he pushed his motorcycle out of the clearing, Dagon doing the same. “Any more emotional moments, and I’ll need a tampon,” he mumbled as he walked by.

Heaven stared at him slack-jawed. Did he really just say that?

“Put these sweat pants on. It’s all I have.” Law must be used to his brother because he gave the comment no attention.

“Thank you.” Heaven tried his best to lift his legs, but they didn’t seem to want to cooperate.

“Let me help.” Law bent down and pulled the pants over his legs and then his hips. Finally, he was covered. He could focus on other things now that his cock wasn’t flapping around.

“Can you walk?”

“Yes, just not fast.”

“Then let’s get moving as far away as possible.”

Heaven slowly followed Law as he, too, pushed his motorcycle through the clearing. There was a paved road on the other side. Dagon and Tryck waited with their motorcycles already started.

“We’re heading to Brac Pack territory. You can get to where you need to go from there,” Tryck stated.

"I don't remember where I am supposed to go."

"Why not?" Tryck asked.

"I can't remember anything."

* * * *

Murdock cleared the woods and crossed onto the paved road, his nails clicking on the black tarred surface as he snapped and snarled. He stalked with a predator's instinct toward the man holding *his* mate tenderly.

Three men sat on motorcycles. His eyes darted between all three, sizing them up and calculating how to kill the man holding Heaven without harming his mate.

"Just what I don't fucking need right now," the one with a bandana on his head snapped.

Murdock didn't care what the man needed right now. It had taken him two weeks to track his mate here. Two long and worry-filled weeks, and these men were about to be in the fight of their lives if they thought they were riding away with his Heaven.

"I think he's rogue," the one holding his mate commented.

Not rogue, but hungry to have his mate in his arms and willing to kill the angel of darkness to get him back. He leapt with a power beyond restraint at the first man stupid enough to approach him.

"No!" The man with the bandana on his head shot off his bike, the motorcycle hitting the ground as the man jumped into the fray and wrestled with Murdock to get him off of the first man.

Murdock could feel punches to his side and neck, but nothing was going to stop him from tearing the throat out of the man under him.

"We saved him, you damn idiot," the man under him yelled. "If it's the pup you're trying to protect, then we saved him."

"We're shifters too," the bandana wearer growled as he pulled Murdock back by his ears. Fuck, if that didn't hurt.

“Stop!” Heaven screamed. Murdock stilled, watching his mate leave the other man’s protective arms as he approached the fight. “Why do I feel like I know you?”

A steel knife sliced through Murdock’s heart at those words. He stumbled sideways as his lungs threatened to stop receiving oxygen. His mate stared at him like he was a total stranger.

Murdock shifted. “Heaven.” He swallowed past the thickness that wanted to suffocate him. “Don’t you know who I am?”

Heaven wrapped his arms over his chest and shook his head, apology in his eyes.

Murdock spotted stitches on his mate’s abdomen. His knees buckled as he collapsed to his knees. “What happened to you?” He pointed to his mate’s stomach.

Heaven’s hands covered the incision in a protective manner. “I don’t know.”

“How do you know him?” the bandana man asked.

“He’s my mate,” Murdock snapped over his shoulder then turned back to his Heaven. “Come here, please.” He had to hold him. Murdock stood and held out his arms. The sight of the incision took his sanity and left him standing there numb.

Heaven didn’t hesitate. He walked over to Murdock and whimpered. Even if his baby couldn’t remember him, the pull of mates was strong. Heaven had to feel it. Murdock pulled Heaven in his arms as the emotions he held back for weeks broke free. He inhaled his mate’s scent. “It’s M&M, baby,” Murdock said. He was desperate for Heaven to remember him. Murdock was desperate for recognition to dawn in his mate’s eyes.

Murdock’s heart had died the day Heaven was taken from him, but now it began to beat once again at the feel of his mate safely returned to his arms.

“Can you have a touching moment later? Dexter’s laboratory won’t take long to figure out Heaven’s gone, and I’m not in favor of a cage or needles.”

"Who are you?" Murdock asked. This guy was irritating as hell, but if they truly saved Heaven, then he owed them a debt for life.

"I'm Tryck Santiago." The guy didn't extend his hand. He said it as though Murdock should have known.

"Why didn't you shift when I attacked?"

Tryck snorted. "And ruin my leather? Not on your life."

"Are you sure they didn't experiment on you?" Murdock asked as he walked over to the bikes with his mate at his side.

"No, and you're not riding with me naked. Ride with my brother Law. He won't care. The guy likes dick up his ass." Tryck pointed over to the man that had held Heaven.

Murdock growled. He may owe this shifter, but maybe part of that repayment could be a lobotomy. Law smirked and handed him a pair of sweats.

"If we run into one more damn person, I'm gonna be out of clothes," the brother who had yet to be introduced grumbled.

"Let's ride." Tryck cursed as he picked his bike up and looked it over. "You owe me for repairs," he told Murdock.

"Just get me and Heaven home. We'll work the rest out later." Murdock stared off into the woods, committing to memory the location. He would be back, and whoever was inside would pay.

"You can ride with Law. Let Heaven ride with Dagon. He's harmless."

"Are you always this controlling?" Murdock asked as pulled the sweats on then climbed behind Law. As much as he wanted to protest his mate on the back of a bike holding onto someone else, they had no choice if they wanted to make it home. Besides, Heaven wasn't looking too good right now.

"Yep."

* * * *

Heaven lay on his side curled up as the wolf doctor stared at the sonogram pictures he had taken. The gorgeous man who claimed to be his mate sat on the bed rubbing his hand up and down Heaven's arm.

"I can't—" The doctor cleared his throat. "I can't believe what I'm seeing. It's medically impossible."

"Will you just tell us, damn it?" Murdock snapped.

The doctor shook his head. "I'm dumbfounded. It seems your mate was given a womb."

Heaven gasped. His hands fluttered down to his belly, feeling the incision that had already healed. He had shifted at the Alpha's advice and allowed his body to heal once they arrived here. His memory was still blank, but fragmented bits and pieces had started flashing in his mind.

"What the hell does that mean?" Heaven demanded as he sat up. *A womb?* He had been turned into a female?

"It means that you now have a womb inside of you. Although I don't see how they accomplished this or how you can become fertile without a vaginal opening to accept any sperm." The doctor started shaking his head back and forth again as he stared at the picture in front of him. "You're still male though." The doctor talked to the picture instead of them. "How intriguing."

"So I can't become pregnant?" Heaven's head was spinning out of control. Just what had those freaks done to him? His heart was beating out of control at the thought of having something implanted in him. No, he couldn't do this. "Get it out!" he screamed hysterically as he pulled at his stomach, clawing to reopen it and tear away the abomination surgically implanted in him.

"Heaven." Murdock grabbed his wrists and pulled his hands away from the bleeding flesh.

"Get it out, please." He sobbed to Murdock. The man pulled Heaven into his arms, but at this point nothing was going to sooth him.

"I'm afraid to even attempt to," the doctor said sadly. "I don't know what they did or even what harm could come from any effort to remove it."

"Don't sound so damn awed." Murdock growled.

"From a medical standpoint, I am. The ingenious way they constructed this...it's nothing short of a miracle."

"But can he get pregnant?" Murdock repeated Heaven's question.

"I can't be one hundred percent be sure, but I doubt it. He must have been rescued before they finished what they were striving to achieve. What their goal was is beyond me, but I doubt Heaven can conceive."

Heaven was relieved to hear this. The thought of carrying a child scared the hell out of him.

"Be careful, you two. Whoever did this is going to want Heaven back. This procedure is a medical miracle, and I'm sure they're not going to just walk away because Heaven is gone." The doctor warned.

"Let them try." Murdock growled.

"I'm going to go work on Heaven's blood samples. Let him rest."

Heaven watched as Murdock closed the door behind the doctor. It felt like he was looking through someone else's eyes. None of this was real. Why had they done this to him? Why would they do it? It made absolutely no sense to him.

"Do you need anything?"

Heaven shook his head at Murdock, but his mind was screaming that he needed his own body back the way it was before. Murdock lay down next to him, and Heaven scooted into his arms. What he needed right now was an anchor to reality, and Murdock gave him that sense of security. "I'm scared."

"I know, baby. We'll get through this." Murdock ran his hand through Heaven's hair. "You still owe me a haircut."

"I do?"

Murdock chuckled. "Yes, you do."

Heaven snuggled closer, racking his brain to try and remember this caring man. It was frustrating to reach into the fog and come up blank.

Heaven sighed as he nestled his face in the crook of Murdock's neck. He may not remember the man, but he was grateful to have him.

Murdock began to hum as Heaven's eyes grew heavy. His mate rocked him gently as sleep tugged at him to succumb to it. Murdock stopped humming.

"I would have sacrificed my beating heart to have you back in my arms," he confessed in to Heaven's hair. Murdock began to hum again.

* * * *

"I agree he's an arrogant asshole, but would it hurt to have the added protection with everything happening lately?" Murdock argued his point to Maverick.

"While I agree with you that having extra Timber wolves around would help, if he opens his mouth one more time, my size sixteen boot is going straight up his ass," Maverick warned.

Murdock knew exactly how Maverick felt. Tryck was one cocky, egotistical, unfeeling bastard. "I owe him Heaven's life."

Maverick sighed. "I am all for paying a debt you owe, but can't you pay it to his brothers while I kill him?"

Murdock chuckled. "That bad?"

"The guy tracked mud all through the kitchen, purposely sneezed near Nero, sat a box of kitty litter outside of Keata's bedroom door, *and* the icing on the cake is that the bastard ate my last damn Fudgsicle!" Maverick yelled.

Murdock bit the inside of his mouth to stop the laughter. He had to turn around and run his hand over his mouth as the smile threatened to emerge.

“I swear to God, Murdock. If you laugh, you’ll be the one getting the size sixteen boot.” Maverick stormed around his desk and dropped into his chair. “Fine, they can stay, but if he doesn’t tone it down, I’m going to take that bandana off of his head and wrap it around his throat. Debt or no debt.”

“Thanks.” Murdock got the hell out of there before Maverick made good on his promise because the laughter was coming whether he wanted it to or not.

Chapter Eight

Murdock moaned as he woke to the feeling of sweet lips on his chest. His hands glided through soft hair as the lips suckled a nipple. His arm he had lying under Heaven pulled until their groins touched, electricity shot through him.

Reality came crashing into the moment. “Heaven, what are you doing?”

“Trying to get laid.”

“That feels good, but you have to stop.” Why he was trying to talk his mate *out* of sex was beyond him. His brain was at half operation with the lust coursing through him, but he knew there was a reason they should stop.

“The doctor said I can’t, you know.”

Now his brain was fully functional with the remembrance of the night before. What if he got his mate pregnant? No one knew what would happen. The wolf doctor did say he was pretty sure it couldn’t happen, but was Murdock willing to risk his mate on a guess? “We shouldn’t risk it.”

“Tell that to Mr. Happy.”

Murdock sat up quickly. “What did you say?”

“I said to tell that to Mr. Happy. Why?”

Murdock laughed. “Because that’s how you referred to your cock before. I think your memory is starting to come back.”

“Then fuck me so the floodgates will open.” Heaven humped Murdock’s hip with enthusiasm.

“But—”

"No. I don't want to hear any protests. I'm so damn horny right now that I'm willing to hump your leg."

"Still so graphic," Murdock whispered into Heaven's mouth as he kissed him. He groaned as his mate's hand wrapped around his neck, his thumb caressing behind Heaven's ear.

"My love," Murdock moaned as he kissed Heaven's chin, his neck, and then his collarbone.

Murdock rolled, placing Heaven under him. His left hand kneaded Heaven's hip as he ground into him. "I want you."

"Then you can have me." Heaven arched his back, and Murdock's groin was on fire from his mate's touch. Murdock slid his right hand under Heaven's head, lifting it slightly and kissing him tenderly.

"I missed you." Murdock ran his tongue over Heaven's lips then pulled at the bottom one with his teeth. Murdock shifted, his cock now rubbing up and down Heaven's crease. He sawed up and down while burying his face in Heaven's neck, nipping at his skin. Murdock lifted Heaven's leg, placing it on his back.

His hand pushed behind Heaven's ass, his fingers running over his hole. It flexed at the touch. "Please," Heaven begged.

* * * *

Heaven's head rolled as Murdock kissed and nipped his way around to the other side of his neck. Murdock's hips swiveled around. Heaven could feel pre-cum sliding up his crease.

"You're the beat to my heart, the oxygen in my lungs, and the whisper to my soul," Murdock recited as he stared Heaven in his eyes.

Heaven held back the tears. He wasn't going to cry. Murdock was everything a man could want, even if he couldn't remember him.

"I love you, Heaven," Murdock declared then kissed him, never giving Heaven a chance to reply. What would he have said anyway? His thoughts scattered when a finger breached him. Heaven's head

rolled back, his lips parted, and breathing became nearly impossible as Murdock showed him how much he really did love him.

His hand stayed on Heaven's neck as he kissed a trail down Heaven's chest. A second finger joined the first. Murdock licked and nipped over his skin until he reached Heaven's incision.

Murdock looked up into Heaven's eyes, pain filling his as he lowered his head and kissed the long line running from navel to pelvis. This time Heaven allowed the tears to run over quietly. Why couldn't he remember this beautiful man?

"Hush, baby," Murdock murmured before taking the head of Heaven's cock into his mouth.

Heaven cried out, his chest constricting. His skin caught fire as Murdock unleashed the most powerful feelings inside of him. He reached above his head and wrapped his fingers around the headboard. His hips gyrated as Murdock slid his mouth up and down Heaven's shaft.

A third finger pushed inside of him and Heaven pulled his legs back to his chest, pushing down on the fullness stretching him.

"Please," Heaven begged again.

Murdock swirled his tongue around Heaven's cock, pushing his fingers deeper. The hand on his neck flexed, the fingers digging into Heaven's skin.

Heaven bucked, bowed his back, and shouted as he came. He pulled at the headboard as Murdock sucked him all the way down his throat. His brain had scattered to the four corners as Murdock released his cock, pulled his fingers free, and entered Heaven.

"Mine." Murdock locked eyes with him as his hands skated up Heaven's arms that were still clinging to the headboard and grabbed his wrists. His thighs pushed Heaven's legs up, snapping his hips seductively as his cock made love to Heaven's body. Heaven tried to lower his eyes. The intensity was too much.

"Don't."

Heaven looked once again into Murdock's gray eyes, seeing his very existence in them. A sense of euphoric utopia settled inside of him as Heaven cried out, coming again.

Murdock's hands tightened on Heaven's wrists as he started to slam his cock harder. "My love, my soul, my forever." Murdock threw his head back and called to the gods as he came. He knocked Heaven into the headboard with such force that Heaven's neck crooked.

"Sorry." Murdock pulled Heaven away and laid him gently onto the pillows. Heaven didn't have the energy to even care.

* * * *

"I have a surprise for you."

Heaven smiled as Murdock entered their bedroom. "And what would it be?"

"It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you."

Heaven watched as Murdock went over to the dresser drawer and pulled a scarf out. "Turn around."

"Bondage. You kinky bastard," Heaven teased.

"Good idea, but that's not what this is for." Murdock tied it over Heaven's eyes then led him carefully down the stairs and outside. His curiosity was making him excited when Murdock placed him in the truck. After about fifteen minutes the truck came to a stop and the motor cut off.

"No peeking."

"I won't, promise." Heaven felt around until he grabbed the handle to the door. It came open and Murdock pulled him out.

"Be careful, baby." Murdock held both of his hands as he led him. "Step up."

Heaven did. "I can't take the suspense anymore. Show me already." Heaven was dying to rip the scarf from his eyes. What kind of surprise was this far from home?

"I guess I've tortured you enough."

Heaven stumbled at the words. An image of Murdock screeching the strangest sound came to mind.

"What's wrong, baby?"

Heaven pulled the scarf from his eyes. "You. I remember those words. I also have an image of you holding my head and making the weirdest sound."

Murdock smiled and kissed Heaven. "I do not make weird sex sounds, and I remember that night very clearly. It was the best blow job of my life."

Heaven blushed. "Really?"

"A guy remembers something like that." Murdock grabbed Heaven's shoulders and spun him around. "Surprise."

Heaven tilted his head sideways. "It's a barber shop." He stared at the boarded-up building with curiosity. Why would Murdock show him a barber shop?

"I'm aware it's a barber shop. But the surprise is that it's yours." Murdock wrapped his arms around Heaven's waist, his chin resting on Heaven's shoulder.

"Uh, thanks?" Heaven didn't know what to think.

"Okay. I can see your enthusiasm here, so let me explain. You're a cosmetologist. You cut hair, my hair needs cutting. The pack could use some, too. Anything jumping out at you?"

Heaven searched his memory. *A cosmetologist?* "Not at the moment. Sorry."

"Don't be. Until you regain your memory, we can work on fixing the place up. But just to let you know, I will be with you the whole time. I'm not letting you out of my sight again."

"Okay. I really do appreciate this." He owned his own business? How cool was that? He turned in Murdock's arms and hugged the wolf for his thoughtfulness. Heaven was sure once he regained his memory he would be excited.

"Come on. I have the key."

"Don't you mean *crowbar*?" Heaven pointed to the boards on the windows.

"Very funny." Murdock pulled him in for a kiss before releasing him and extracting a key from his pocket. Heaven followed him in.

The place needed a major scrub job and some new paint. The plus side was the mirrors were intact and the chairs weren't in bad shape. With a lot of elbow grease and fresh paint, the place had great potential.

"I know it isn't a pretty sight right now, but—"

Heaven kissed him silly. "It's perfect." What do you say to a guy that buys you a business? Thank you just didn't seem to fit. He wished he could feel more excitement about it, but the memory just wasn't forthcoming.

"Aw geez, you're making me blush." His mate actually did blush, and what a sight that made. Heaven was getting turned on, his cock waking up and taking notice. Too bad the place was too filthy to roll around in. Maybe Murdock could fuck him against the wall?

"Now who's being a smart-ass?" Heaven teased. His hand shot out and grabbed the back of one of the chairs as a wave of dizziness seized him.

"What is it, Heaven?" Murdock grabbed Heaven around his waist, a look of concern in his eyes.

"I just need to sit down." The chairs were dusty, but they would do. Heaven felt bile rise to the back of his throat. What the hell was wrong with him?

"Come on, let's get you home." Murdock helped him stand and walked him out.

"The place really is nice. Thank you."

"You can thank me later." Murdock smiled evilly at him.

"Perv." Heaven smiled as he climbed into the truck.

"Are you hungry? We could stop at the diner." His mate held the door open as Heaven buckled himself in.

“No. I’m fine. Just a little dizzy.” Heaven scrambled to release the belt in time to jump from the truck and vomit. With an unsteady hand, he wiped his mouth, feeling the need to scrub it.

“That’s it. I’m calling the doc.” Murdock gently pulled Heaven up and sat him back in the truck.

* * * *

Murdock paced back and forth in the bedroom as the doctor examined Heaven. “Shifters don’t get sick, so what’s wrong with him?”

“I took blood samples. Right now, I would say he needs rest and nourishment. Until I run his blood work, I won’t know.”

“Thanks.” Murdock shook the doctor’s hand.

“I’ll let you know my results as soon as I get them.” The doctor grabbed his black bag and left the room.

“How are you feeling, baby?”

“Like roadkill. Feel like scraping me up?” Heaven smiled weakly.

Murdock crawled into bed next to his mate. “You look beautiful.”

“You’re just saying that because you want some booty.” Heaven laughed then began to cry.

“Why are you crying?” Murdock asked in a panicked voice.

“I don’t know.” Heaven wailed.

“Should I go get doc before he leaves?” His mate got up and started to cross the room.

“No, I’m fine.” Heaven sniffed then laughed. “I think I’m losing my mind.” A rollercoaster of emotions were barraging him. He couldn’t tell if he was happy or sad. It was like having a psychotic moment.

“Normally I would disagree, but you do seem...off.”

“Well, fuck you very much,” Heaven snapped at him. He slapped a hand over his mouth and stared wide-eyed at his mate.

“Uh, okay. I’m going to go downstairs and get you some juice and a sedative.”

“I don’t need a sedative. I swear I’m fine.”

“The sedative is for me.”

Heaven watched as his mate left. He curled up in bed and wondered what the hell could be wrong with him.

* * * *

Murdock poured a large glass of orange juice for Heaven. He was worried about his mate. No one knew exactly what those sick bastards had done to him, so this illness was more worrisome to him than he let on.

“How is he?”

“I’m not sure,” Murdock answered Maverick as he made Heaven a sandwich. Maybe some fruit would help.

“Come see me once you’re done taking care of him. I want to get that fucking lab closed down and Heaven’s files. We need to know what they did to him.” Maverick snarled.

“They fucking turned him into a freak,” Murdock snapped. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “I’m sorry, Alpha.”

“Apology accepted. You haven’t dealt with any of this, have you?”

He shook his head. “I don’t have time to. Heaven needs me, so falling apart isn’t an option.”

“If you don’t deal with it soon, you will take it out on your mate. Go for a run. We’ll watch over him.”

“All right. Let me take him his juice.”

“I’ll do that. Go.”

Murdock handed the glass to Maverick and walked out of the kitchen door. His mind rebelled against the idea of leaving his mate upstairs, but he knew his Alpha was right. He hadn’t dealt with what happened.

Instead of shifting, he walked to the barn. The horses weren't in there, so Tank and George must be out riding. What he did find was Lewis sitting in there.

"Do you mind some company?"

Lewis leaned back against one of the stalls. "Nope."

Murdock shoved his hands in his pockets, looking around at the barn Tank and Jason had constructed. For wolves, they did a damn good job. He took a seat on the bench by the back wall.

"How's Heaven?" Lewis asked.

"Fucked up." Murdock blew out a breath and leaned back. "I keep thinking that if we don't talk about it, then it never happened."

"Fool's way of thinking." Lewis sat down next to him. "It's called denial. Believe me when I tell you I know what I'm talking about."

"You were an alcoholic. This is different." How could the mate even compare the two? Having a drinking problem was a far cry from being kidnapped and experimented on.

"I still am. It'll never go away. I deal with it one day at a time."

Murdock scrubbed his hands over his face. "I'm just so damn angry. I failed my mate, and that's inexcusable."

"I do recall you being shot twice. Just the fact that you lived through that, and then went on a two-week hunt seems pretty incredible to me. You brought him home. Be thankful."

Murdock shot up. "I failed him! He's lying in our bed upstairs with a fucking womb sewn inside of him. How the hell am I supposed to be thankful for that? Do you know the guilt that's eating away at me for not stopping those bastards from taking him?" Murdock slammed his fist into the wall. "I wake up in the middle of the night with nightmares of Heaven dying from what they did to him. I feel so goddamned helpless. I don't know what to do for him." Murdock shouted.

"You're doing the only thing you can, being there for him," Lewis offered. "At least you got him back. Worse things could have

happened to him. You could be burying him. So, yeah, be fucking thankful.”

Murdock’s heart clenched at the image of standing at Heaven’s grave. His brain was splitting in half at the horrific things his mate must have gone through. “Fuck!” Murdock screamed. “He was given to me by fate, and I couldn’t protect him!” He punched the wall repeatedly, screaming out his rage. “I didn’t fucking protect him.”

“Can you hold him in your arms? Make love to him? Tell him you love him? Then you’re one lucky bastard,” Lewis shouted back.

Murdock collapsed to the floor, his tears flowing unchecked. He pressed the palms of his hands against his forehead as he openly cried. His Heaven had gone through hell, and Murdock couldn’t protect him.

“If you keep laying the blame on your shoulders, then you’ll be of no help to Heaven. Let it go. Focus on what you still have.” Lewis gave his advice then left Murdock to his self-pity. He put his elbows on his knees and rested his face in his hands. The primal need to make the people pay for what they did to his mate rose up inside of him. If it took until the last breath he took, he was going to see all of them die.

Chapter Nine

Heaven stared out of his bedroom window as Murdock walked out of the barn. He knew he was a freak now. His mate was probably regretting bringing him home. With the lost memories, he wasn't sure how their relationship was before, but he could feel the tension building between them.

Murdock may not admit it, but Heaven knew. His mate was slowly unraveling, and it was all Heaven's fault. Heaven punched the wall with the side of his fist. Why was he feeling this way? Murdock loved him. There was no doubt about that. So what was with the glum feelings?

Heaven turned to look over at the corner of his room. Maverick sat there quietly watching him. "There has to be a way to get it out of me." He wanted to be normal again.

Maverick shrugged. "Doc says he doesn't want to chance it."

"Yeah, well, he's not the one with something in him nature didn't give me at birth."

"At least it's not an alien trying to burst out of your chest."

The skin between Heaven's eyes crinkled as he stared at the six nine lunatic. "I mean no disrespect, but has anyone ever told you you're nuts?"

Maverick waved his hand at Heaven. "Cecil tells me I'm nuts all the time, but normalcy is overrated. Come, join the dark side."

Heaven began to laugh. Things were just too damn bizarre. If he was going to lose his mind, why not have the company of a giant? The Alpha seemed to have fun with it.

"Do I bring my ruby red slippers?"

Maverick chuckled. "And your little dog, too."

Heaven shook his head. "You're pretty cool for an Alpha."

"Don't let that get out. I have an image of a badass to maintain."

"Believe me. No one can forget that." Heaven turned around as Murdock came in. He studied his mate, scented the blood then saw it on his hands. What exactly had he been doing out there?

"I think my mate needs to tag along as well," Heaven said to Maverick but kept watching Murdock.

"And where am I going?" Murdock asked as he pulled Heaven into his arms.

"Crazy."

"Sounds fun. I'll go pack."

"Snuggle later. We need to talk," Maverick said to Murdock as he got up and walked out.

"Cock blocker," Murdock mumbled as he kissed Heaven then followed Maverick.

Heaven smiled at his mate before padding into the bathroom. He disrobed for a shower but stopped when he caught his reflection in the mirror. His hand eased down and across his stomach. Even the scar was gone now thanks to his ability to heal. He cupped his balls and lifted them. Heaven looked down at this flaccid cock and sac. He was still a man, regardless to what they had done. Thank fuck they didn't neuter him.

"To hell with it. I'm not going to worry about it." Heaven turned the shower on and got under the spray. He stood there enjoying the water raining down over him. The heat relaxed his muscles.

"Now that is one delicious looking sight."

Heaven smiled at the deep, sexy, and jack off-worthy voice. He moved aside as Murdock climbed in behind him. Hands roamed up and down his back, making his skin tingle. Heaven palmed the wall as his mate explored him. His body felt like the great expedition as Murdock's hands traced every line, touched every ridge, and kissed every nook and cranny.

His breath hitched when Murdock spread his cheeks apart and sucked at his skin. Heaven's head rolled on his shoulders at the feel of his mate's tongue licking his hole.

He whimpered when Murdock stood, but it was short-lived as a thick cock entered him. Heaven's nails scraped against the wall as Murdock took him from behind.

Pieces of him shattered and ran down the drain as Murdock thrust harder. He caught a chill on his skin as his mate dug his fingers in and lifted him from the floor. His skin pimpled at the erotic act. All Heaven could do was palm the wall and enjoy the ride.

"Come for me, baby." Murdock growled behind him, his thrusts turning into slams. His mate bit his shoulder and Heaven shouted as his seed painted the wall. His cheek hit the tile as he turned to putty.

Murdock wrapped his arms around Heaven and pulled him away. Heaven reached behind his mate's neck and held on. Murdock hitched his hips a few more times before grunting his release. He walked them both out just as they were. He laid Heaven on his hands and knees on the bed. Oh, God, his mate was still hard.

Murdock pushed his knees apart while he stood behind Heaven and hammered into his hole. Heaven clawed at the sheets. He mewled and hissed his pleasure as Murdock took him back to heaven.

"Fuck, I can't seem to get enough of you." Murdock reached under Heaven and grabbed his shaft that had come back to life. Heaven bit the sheets as his mate pumped his hand to the rhythm his hips were setting. He growled when he felt the tingle shooting up his spine.

"Holy shit, you can screw." Heaven fell forward as memories assailed him. He had said that before. He said it when they first mated. Murdock! "I remember," Heaven cried out.

"Shit," Murdock shouted as he came in Heaven's ass. "Hell of a time to get your memory back."

Heaven bucked as Murdock's hand squeezed his cock. He came all over the sheets then fell forward. "Hell of a time." He panted.

* * * *

Heaven and Tangee set the desserts on the table as Murdock, and the others that had joined them from the Den, ran around with the smaller children at the rec center.

"Damn, these are good," Tangee said as he bit into a cupcake.

"You're not supposed to eat them. They're for the bake sale." Heaven rolled his eyes as he walked back outside to get another platter of cookies.

He stopped at the back of the SUV, tilting his head back and enjoying the warmth of the sun on his face. It was a little chilly out, but not enough to run Heaven back inside without appreciating the life he had now. He may have been kidnapped, experimented on, and forgot who everyone was for a moment, but he was alive and back with his mate. That's all that mattered to Heaven.

He shoved his hands into his back pockets and closed his eyes. Heaven took a deep breath and felt the peacefulness wash over him.

"Is everything okay?" Thomas asked as he walked out of the center and jogged down the steps, joining Heaven at the back of the truck.

"Yes." Heaven sighed. His peaceful reprieve was over, but that was okay. He grabbed a platter and handed it to Thomas as he grabbed the last boxes of cakes. "It looks like we baked enough for an army." He chuckled.

"It's all for a good cause." Thomas joined him in laughter as they made their way back inside.

Heaven felt a little queasy but didn't mention it. Murdock would only insist he go home and lie down. Heaven was tired of lying down.

He looked over at Murdock helping the little ones draw pictures, a wide smile on his face. Heaven studied his mate for a moment, feeling all the love he held for his man tightening in his chest. If he had lost

Murdock or if he hadn't been found, Heaven wasn't sure he would have wanted to go on.

"You look so sad," Caden said as he approached the table. "Are you in pain?"

"No." He smiled at Caden. "I was just lost in thought." Heaven arranged the baked goods and then joined his mate over at the craft table.

"Hey, beautiful." Murdock leaned up and kissed Heaven on the cheek. He knew his mate was holding back because of the children. He smiled. Murdock may be holding back on his kiss, but the lustful glances he was giving Heaven weren't something he could hide. "Are you feeling okay?"

If Murdock asked him that one more time, he was going to duct tape the man and shove him in a closet somewhere. Heaven knew Murdock cared, but the question only served to remind him continuously of what he had gone through. "I'm fine."

Heaven ran his hand over Murdock's beautiful head of hair before walking back over to the baked goods table.

* * * *

"Yes, Murdock, Yes," Heaven cried out as Murdock lined his cock up and pushed the head past his ring of muscle. He chuckled when Heaven growled at him. "You better give me all of that."

He rocked his hips, letting the head rock in an inch and then slide back out. "And what are you going to do if I don't?"

Heaven pointed to his mouth. "You see these lips? They won't be going anywhere near your cock if you don't fuck me properly."

Murdock slammed forward, stretching Heaven's legs apart as he watched his cock being sucked in by Heaven's body. It was a wondrous sight. He reached down and cupped Heaven's balls, rolling them in his hands as he pulled back and then thrust forward repeatedly.

"Now you're cooking with grease," Heaven shouted as he kicked his legs back and forth, his ass rising and dropping as he became unglued. Fuck if his mate wasn't hot.

He ran his hands over Heaven's smooth pelvis bone and then grabbed his mate's cock. Murdock loved the feel of the silky skin as he stroked it to his rhythm.

"That's right, get me off," Heaven shouted as he thrust his hips forward, helping Murdock jack his cock off. Murdock growled, thrusting harder as Heaven cried out and filled his hand with warm seed.

Murdock grabbed Heaven's hips and pounded his tight little ass. He could feel his release coming as he stiffened and then shouted to the ceiling. His body jerked a few times with mini aftershocks and then he pulled free, rolling to his side and pulling Heaven into his arms.

"Oh, crap." Heaven bolted from the bed, running into the bathroom with Murdock hot on his heels.

Murdock grabbed a towel and wet it, wiping Heaven's face when he finished tossing his cookies. "Are you okay, baby?"

"Yes!" Heaven snapped and then began to cry. "No," he wailed.

Murdock knelt beside him, pulling Heaven into his arms as he closed the toilet seat and then flushed it. "It'll be okay."

"How? We don't even know what's wrong with me." Heaven sobbed into Murdock's chest.

"I don't know. It has to be okay, right? I mean, we have each other, everything else we can work out," he said softly as he rested his cheek on Heaven's head. "Everything else we can work out," he repeated.

* * * *

Heaven sat in Maverick's office feeling like his world was crashing down around him. He knew he had bad luck. All the events

leading up to this had proven it, but pregnant? His brain felt like a broken clock that ticked away on the same number, never getting anywhere and stuck on stupid.

“How?” Murdock asked the doctor. His mate’s complexion had paled. Was that a good thing? Heaven wasn’t sure of anything anymore. Was he going to be a mother or a father? God, their child was going to be so screwed up over that unclear fact.

Their child.

Heaven’s hand went to his flat abdomen in a protective gesture. Could he carry?

“Without exploratory surgery, I can’t tell you.”

Murdock growled. “No one is opening Heaven up. Never again.”

“I’m afraid I’ll have to. If he carries, then the pup will be delivered Cesarean section. There will be no other way.”

“Yeah, because I sure as hell ain’t shitting him out,” Heaven blurted out then smacked a hand over his mouth. His brain was misfiring again. This just could not be happening to him. Was he a monster in a former life to be dealt such an unlucky hand this time around?

“What’s going to happen to him?” Murdock asked the doctor. Heaven looked over at the physician for an answer to the very question he was just thinking.

“Hell if I know,” the doctor admitted exasperatedly. “He’s a man. A man that was experimented on. The pregnancy could go many ways. I can’t even guarantee a gestational period. It’s going to be a wait and see game unfortunately.”

“Well, that’s reassuring,” Murdock snapped.

Heaven shot up and out of Maverick’s office to Nero’s office across the hall. He made it to the bathroom just in time to donate his cookies to the porcelain god. A wet washcloth wiped his face as the toilet flushed.

"Come here, baby." Heaven cried as Murdock pulled him into the shelter of his arms. "Shush, we'll work this out." His mate rocked him back and forth on the bathroom floor.

"Am I going to be a mother or a father, Murdock, because my brain is still out on that decision?"

"You're going to be his or her parent. Now, come on, let's get you to bed." Murdock pulled Heaven to his feet.

Heaven walked numbly beside his mate, allowing Murdock to guide him wherever. His brain had shut down, unable to cope with what was happening to him. A pup? He was going to have a pup? Murdock's pup. Heaven fell to his knees on the steps as the thought occurred to him that he and his mate had made a baby. A little being that was going to share in both their traits.

"I have you, baby." Murdock picked him up in his arms and carried him to their bedroom.

* * * *

Okay, I'm not going to panic.

People had babies all the time, right? It wasn't anything new.

Hell if it wasn't.

Murdock paced the barn in a maniacal way. He was going to be a father.

A father.

Crap, what did he know about raising a pup? Heaven was still one himself.

Okay, no need to panic.

The doctor would make sure Heaven was taken care of medically. Fuck, Doc was just as baffled as he was. What good was the old coot to them?

Murdock bit his thumbnail as he paced around haphazardly. The horses snorted and backed away. Was it going to be a boy or a girl? Would the babe be healthy? How the fuck was Heaven going to

breast-feed? Murdock slapped a hand to his face as he pulled it down.
Fuck!

Okay, no need to panic.

It was just a babe, right? A harmless little babe. A babe that pooped and peed, upchucked, and slobbered all over everything.

No need to panic.

Murdock grunted as he ran into the wall. Heaven was pregnant, and he was going to be a father.

Okay, panic.

* * * *

Maverick laid the blueprints on the hood of the SUV. “Okay, team one is going to infiltrate the basement and work their way through the duct system. Team two will come in from the north side of the building and secure the perimeters. Team three will take out communications. Are we all clear on the objective?”

“Late night James Bond movies?” Tryck asked. “I thought we were just going to kick the front door down and start kicking ass.”

“I’ve had about enough of your smart-ass mouth. Are you challenging me for the Alpha position?”

Tryck snorted. “Hell no. Do I *look* like I want to shepherd over a bunch of misfits with midgets as mates?”

“You’re about five seconds away from getting your ass kicked. I still owe you one for eating my Fudgsicle.” Maverick snarled.

“Your name wasn’t on it,” Tryck snapped back.

“Can we get this over with? I have a nauseous, crying, and bloated mate to get back to,” Murdock snapped.

“Fine,” Maverick growled.

“Fine,” Tryck snarled.

“Let’s move,” Tryck snapped.

“Five seconds away,” Maverick warned.

“Okay, fine.” Tryck stopped in his tracks.

"Let's move." Maverick stormed away.

Murdock rolled his eyes as he followed the men through the woods and to the lab where his mate had been held and experimented on.

The sight of the building boiled his blood. The promise to make everyone pay came surfacing back the closer they came to it. The need to obtain Heaven's medical records was bouncing around somewhere in his mind, but he wasn't concentrating on that.

Murdock stalked toward the front of the building and shot the guard with his gun mounted with a silencer, not even breaking stride.

He was a shifter, used to dealing with the enemy with teeth and claws, but he was too enraged. The gun in his hand was going to deliver their deaths. He pulled the door open and shot the two men in the reception area, still not breaking stride as he made his way down the hall.

The place wasn't too secure. They were probably convinced nobody knew about them therefore they were lax in normal protocol. The building resembled a vet clinic more than a lab, and the comparison pissed Murdock off.

He held the gun in front of him, his arms held out straight ahead and locked in place as he turned the corner. He opened the first door he came to.

It was an exam room from the look of it. It had a steel table in the center, lab equipment, and a centrifuge machine with a cold storage refrigerator on the side of the counter. Murdock noticed a cage in one of the corners.

Fucking bastards.

Heaven told him he was held in a cage.

He raised his gun and shot the man coming through the back door. Murdock quickly crossed the room and started opening cabinets and drawers, looking for his mate's files.

When the first cabinet yielded no results, he knocked it over and started on the second one. Where were his mate's records?

“Who are you?”

Murdock spun around and dropped to one knee, firing right into the human’s chest. He felt absolutely no remorse. They had none when they took his reason for living from him and reconstructed his anatomy. There was no thought to Heaven’s well-being, his mental state, or if they even had a right to play God.

They called it a breakthrough in science. He called it egotistical and self-serving. No one stopped to ask Heaven what he wanted. So, no, Murdock held no remorse in his heart for the heartless.

He cursed when the second cabinet gave him nothing. He shot it out of pure frustration.

Murdock picked the cage up and threw it across the room as the pain once again surfaced. He wasn’t able to protect what was his and the guilt ate at him night and day. His hands fisted and slammed against his temples with such rage coursing within him that he thought he was going to shoot the whole damn world as a whole.

He stormed from the room and headed to the next one, raising his gun as he entered. Maverick stood in the center with three dead bodies lying at his feet. “No records in here.”

Murdock nodded and turned around. There was only one more room to check. His arm swung to his right as he shot the guard who had his gun aimed at Murdock.

Not today.

The third room had the Santiago brothers in it. Tryck and Law were emptying drawer after drawer, tossing files to the floor. “All useless. His files aren’t in here,” Tryck informed Murdock.

Fuck!

“Burn it to the ground.” Murdock snarled as he left the room and joined Maverick in the lobby. “Nothing. Whoever did this has run with Heaven’s records. He’s still out there.”

Maverick nodded. “He’ll show his hand sooner or later. We’ll find him.”

Murdock would be there when they did. He went outside and pulled his cell phone out, dialing the only person who could bring him out of this rage. "Hey, baby. How are you feeling?"

"Tired. I miss you. When are you coming home?" Heaven pouted.

Murdock smiled at his mate's voice. Lewis had been right, he still had his baby. Everything else would work itself out. "Soon, love. Real soon."

"Will you bring me some ice cream?"

"Anything for you, love." Murdock looked around then made kissy noises into the phone. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Come home."

"I'm on my way." Murdock hung up and slipped the phone back into his pocket.

He smelled smoke and knew the Santiago brothers had set the fire. Law had told him that they scouted the building out because someone from their old pack had gone missing and was tracked to this building. Unfortunately, that shifter wasn't found. What they did with him was anyone's guess.

When the brothers broke in to rescue him, they found Heaven instead. Maybe the missing pack member was going to be subject number two? Murdock wondered if the experiment had gone wrong and the body was dumped somewhere. He said a silent prayer for the family of the shifter. They would never have closure. No, no remorse at all.

"Ready?" Maverick asked as he walked up to Murdock.

"Yes. We have to stop to pick up ice cream for Heaven on our way home."

"Cravings already?" Maverick chuckled. "Good, Tryck can buy me a new box of Fudgsicles."

"Your name wasn't on it," Tryck snapped as he and his brothers emerged from the building.

"As fun as it is to watch you guys, I need to get home." Murdock climbed into the SUV.

* * * *

Heaven squirmed around as Murdock licked his balls. “Oh, God, M&M. So good.” His hands fisted the sheets as he tilted his ass higher, wanting his hole played with. His mate knew him well, and he felt a finger push in. “Yes, right there. So good.”

Murdock sucked Heaven’s balls into his mouth. Heaven pumped his cock, wanting the release. His hole clenched around Murdock’s fingers.

“Fuck me, Murdock,” Heaven whined as he pumped harder. Murdock rose above him then entered him. Heaven’s mouth fell open in small pants, his orgasm coming closer.

Murdock didn’t fuck Heaven into the mattress like Heaven wanted. His mate was making slow love to him. He knew it was because of the baby, and it was frustrating as hell. “Harder.”

“Nope, the doc says you’re too far along for rambunctious sex.”

“How the hell does he know? He’s stumbling through this blindly. Now fuck me harder.”

“Nope.” Murdock thrust so gently that Heaven wanted to claw his own eyes out. “If you ever want your cock sucked again, you better go faster than the gentle cycle.”

Murdock growled and thrust harder. “If I hurt you, I’m going to be pissed.”

“I’m going to be pissed if you don’t move faster.” Heaven threw his head back as Murdock slammed into him. Hell yeah, that was more like it. Murdock grabbed Heaven’s legs and pulled them up onto his shoulders. Heaven arched his back for deeper penetration as Murdock laid it on him.

“Close.” Heaven groaned.

Murdock knocked Heaven’s hand away and stroked his cock at full speed. Heaven shouted to the ceiling as his balls emptied into Murdock’s fist.

“Heaven.” Murdock bit his bottom lip as he came, whining and moaning.

“I still say you make weird sex noises,” Heaven teased.

“Hush.” Murdock kissed him then pulled Heaven into his arms. His hand ran over Heaven’s rounded belly as his mate kissed the side of his neck. “Love you.”

“You’re only saying that because you got some tail.”

His mate nipped his ear then snuggled close. “Get some rest.”

Heaven entwined his fingers with his mate’s, wondering what else life was going to throw at him. The experiment had yielded a blessing in disguise. Heaven was now looking forward to being a parent.

He still wasn’t sure if he was a mother or a father, and the thought of being responsible for a tiny life scared him half to death. But with Murdock by his side, he knew he could handle it.

THE END

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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.

Also by Lynn Hagen

Everlasting Classic ManLove: Brac Pack 1: *Maverick's Mate*
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