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# JOSHUA'S LAW

LYNN HAGEN



BRAC PACK 18

## Brac Pack 18

### Joshua's Law

Joshua Tate has always sashayed through life, just having fun and taking care of his little brother, Taylor. He enjoyed who he was until he talked to his Mom, his own personal critic, who is happy to remind him off all of his shortcomings.

Law Santiago loves his brothers. The only problem is the fact that they tease him to no end about his preference for playing bottom. It's a sore subject—and one he wishes they would forget.

Law finally finds his mate, and he's perfect in every way. Unfortunately, Law and Joshua are both full of self-doubt from their families' ridicule. Can these two help each other accept who they are, or will the constant interruptions—from family, vampires, and elves who have it out for Law's mate—keep them from the perfect life?

*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:** 27,270 words

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MANLOVE**



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*Brac Pack 18*

**LYNN HAGEN**

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## **Chapter One**

Joshua danced around as he cleaned the living room. How he loved warm summer mornings. The music was funky, he was wearing Daisy Duke shorts, and his nail polish had finally dried with the last coat he had applied.

“How the hell can you be so perky in the morning?” Taylor zombie-walked from his bedroom to the kitchen.

“It’s a beautiful day. You should be enjoying it, sleepyhead.” His younger brother waved him away as Josh tried to kiss his cheek. “We should get out today. Go for a picnic in the park.”

“When I wake up.” Taylor yawned. He scratched his bare chest and walked sleepily back to his room after grabbing a bottle of juice.

Joshua shook his head. The man was impossible to wake up before noon. The day was half over by then. He sashayed around, collecting his brother’s empty soda cans, bowls of half eaten cereal, and a plate with something fuzzy and green stuck to it. The man was a complete slob, but he loved him.

He dumped the dishes into the sink then readjusted his thong that had somehow slipped to one side, humming happily as he filled the sink with soapy water. “These should soak for awhile.” Joshua tossed

the plate in the trash that had the science experiment growing on it. Even clean, he would cringe if he ate off of it.

He danced over to the radio and turned it down before answering his cell phone. "Hey, Mom."

"Hi, Joshua. I was wondering if you could stop at the house before your day began," his mother said.

"Too late. My day began hours ago. You should know by now I wake up at the crack of dawn. Growing up a farm boy tends to make you that way." Joshua shook his hips from side to side, anxious to get back to cleaning.

Somehow he knew this wasn't going to happen. Whenever he spoke with his mother, his plans *always* changed.

His mother snorted. *How very unladylike*, he thought. But that was his mom. "Since when were you a farm boy? You cried the whole time you would break a nail. The house stayed spotless, but outside, work was never done."

Joshua sighed, same old song and dance. His mother had been a broken record ever since he came out of the closet. He wasn't sure why he was expecting her to be any different now.

"So what do you need?" He changed the subject before she droned on and on about how he should have been her daughter.

That may be true in her eyes, but it still hurt like hell when she said it.

Josh interpreted it as having been a mistake when baking in the oven.

He wasn't a mistake.

Josh liked who he was and wouldn't change it for the world. He didn't want to be no stinking girl.

"I have errands to run, but your brother can't come over to take me."

Oh, God, an afternoon with his mom. What had he done wrong lately to deserve this?



It wasn't that he didn't love her, far from the truth. It was the fact that she would go on and on about all his imperfections. It was like chauffeuring around your own personal critic.

"I can't. I have plans."

"I want to see you in an hour. No excuses." His mother hung up.

Damn his older brother Brian. He knew what he was doing. *Can't make it, my ass*. His brother always found a way out of things and left Joshua to deal with Mommy Weirdest.

"Damn, damn, and double damn." Well, he needed to change out of his shorts for one. His mother would have a fit if he showed up in the shortest of shorts and a halter top. She would just have to deal with his nail polish. It had taken him hours to get the three coats on and the designs perfect, and he wasn't about to remove it.

"I'm taking Mom out on errands." Joshua stuck his head in Taylor's room.

"Better you than me." His younger brother groaned as he covered his head with his sheet. "Have fun. I'll have a sedative waiting for you when you get back."

"Brat." Joshua swung around, sashaying across the hall to his own bedroom. He chose his low-rider jeans and sleeveless button-down. He showered and then grabbed his man purse, locking the door on his way out.

He prayed it didn't take his mother long. He could only take so much of her before he wanted to drive nails into his skull.

Josh pulled up in front of the home he grew up in, honking the horn for his mom. She came out complaining about him rushing her and then started in on him about his nail polish, his sexual preference, his hair, his jeans, his sexual preference, his shirt, his sexual preference, and his job.

"I don't see why you can't find a good girl and settle down. It's all in your head. Just change the way you think and you'll feel a whole lot better. Trust me."

Josh was ready to drive to the nearest hardware store and find long spiked nails and it had only been five minutes with her in the car. He gritted his teeth as he always did.

Arguing with her was useless.

She would never change her way of thinking, but it ticked him off to no end that she couldn't accept him the way he was.

There was nothing wrong with being gay, no matter what she said.

Taylor and Brad were her golden sons. Little did she know how gay Taylor really was. The man hid it better than a Christmas present. It was a shame, too. His brother was very good-looking. Why Taylor constantly denied it was beyond Josh.

"I like men, Mom. Sorry to disappoint you," Josh said for what felt like the millionth time. He was becoming a broken record around her. When would she get it? He wasn't going to change for her or anyone else.

"You should take a page from Brad and Taylor's book. They're a prime example of what a man should be." She sniffed.

*Yeah right!* Josh wanted to laugh at her misguided perception. Brad was the only straight one, and he kept finding the worst females in the world.

Yet, his mother never said anything when Brad was accused of being the "baby daddy" to *another* pregnant female knocking on his door. Oh no, Brad was perfect.

Josh clenched his jaw as he drove to the city, taking his Mom to the shopping mall. He hated coming here. It was too crowded and, although he feigned indifference, it bothered him when everyone stared at him. He felt like the freak his mom thought him to be.

"Don't you dare carry that purse in with us. I won't have gossiping tongues." His mom clutched her purse to her bosom, glaring at Josh.

"It's a man purse, and it's perfectly fine for me to carry it. I'm not leaving it in the car." Josh slammed the driver's door, ready to pull his hair out, and their day hadn't even begun yet.

"Fine, but don't walk too close. I don't want people to think I'm with you." His mom walked off.

"Just stab me in the heart. It would hurt less," Josh mumbled. He ignored the men sneering at him as he walked by, grabbing the door and walking in. Well, he could use some new cologne and hair spritz while he was here.

After an hour, Josh sat down on a bench by a small fountain, wishing his mom would hurry up. He twisted the bag in his hand of the small items he had purchased, wishing people could accept him for who he was and stop staring at him as if he were on exhibit at the zoo.

Josh knew his butt was too big, his manner too feminine, and his walk too girly. He tried his best to accept who he was regardless what people thought of him, but it was hard.

He was born this way. It was not something he chose. Why his mom couldn't see that was baffling. He loved her, even though she was snippy, irritating, and downright ornery. Josh accepted her for who she was. Why couldn't he get the same consideration?

"I'm ready," she whispered as she kept walking by, pretending she didn't know him. Josh stood, following her out to the car.

"I swear, I heard more people commenting on you than I cared to. I told you not to bring that purse in with you. And that nail polish, could you have chosen a brighter color?"

"Yes, Mom. Whatever you want, Mom." Josh opened his door.

"Don't get smart with me, young *man*. You are a man, no matter how much you'd like to forget it."

He didn't want to forget he was a man. He loved being one. If only she could understand. He ignored her the rest of the way back to her house as she went on and on about his slights.

By the time he dropped her off, his self-esteem was at an all-time low. His happy mood from this morning was gone, replaced by a sour disposition.

He wanted to kick something as he drove home. He was angry and resentful of the way she acted toward him. A mom was supposed to love you no matter what.

Josh readied for work and left without talking to Taylor. His brother would only shake his head and tell Josh how sorry he was that he had to go through it.

That wouldn't help him right now. He jogged down the stairs of the apartment building, running to his car. If he was late again, his boss would have a fit.

Having one person tear into him today was enough.

Josh made it to work on time, clocked in, and cleaned the counters down. He wore gloves so he wouldn't mess up his nail polish. *Why bother? You're never gonna find Mr. Right.* Maybe his mom was right. Maybe he should try to find a nice girl and settle down.

Josh shuddered at the thought. He had absolutely nothing against females, but...he shuddered again.

Maybe he needed that sedative after all. He was depressed as hell right about now. It didn't seem like anything was going right in his life. It did this morning, until his trip with his personal critic.

Josh's jaw dropped when the fast food restaurant he worked at filled to capacity with the largest men he had ever seen, and some of the shortest. Was that guy really wearing blue latex gloves?

He stared wide-eyed at the bantering the men were engaged in. It dawned on him that there wasn't one single female with them. Were they some kind of club or gang? They looked like a biker gang.

The larger ones anyway.

"I'll have five burgers, four fries, four fried mushrooms, two desserts, and a diet Coke." The most hypnotic man in the world stood in front of Josh's counter. The man leaned across the counter, and Josh couldn't breathe. His mouth hung open because his dumb ass was stuck on stupid. His whole being seemed to be filled with an overwhelming urge to crawl across the counter and wrap his body around the man standing in front of him. Josh blinked.

“Did you get that?” Oh, that voice, so rich, so deep. The dark-haired man had a Spanish accent. Josh was growing rock hard just listening to the magical sound of it.

This had to be a dream. There was no way someone as good looking as this guy was standing right in front of him. After spending the day with his mom, there was no way his luck had changed like this.

Josh had an urge to wipe the drool from his chin as the man stared at him. He prayed like hell he wasn't actually drooling. Josh would be mortified if he was.

“I think we fried his brain.” The tallest man Josh had ever seen smiled. “Lean in a little closer, Law.”

The dark-haired man rolled his eyes at the tall man. Josh wanted to crawl across the counter and climb up the dark-haired man's body.

Josh's breath caught in his throat and his heartbeat crashed behind his ribs as the guy leaned in closer, waving his hand in front of Josh, growling a deep and sexy sound. “*Mine*.”

“God, I love my dreams.” The tall man chuckled.

“I...” Josh's mouth refused to form words. His vocal cords froze after that one word managed to escape.

He threw a hand over his mouth and ran to the office, locking the door behind him. He had just made a complete ass of himself in front of the most gorgeous man he had ever seen, probably blowing any chance he might have had. He pulled his gloves off and tossed them to the floor, putting a hand over his mouth as he tried to steady his breathing.

“Open up.” Brian, one of his coworkers, knocked. Josh quickly unlocked the door and twisted the knob, pulling Brian into the office, and then slammed the door closed again.

“Oh. My. Fucking. God! I just made an ass out of myself in front of the dreamiest man.” Josh fisted the front of Brian's shirt, shaking his friend.

Brian smacked his hands away. "I don't know about that man-love crap, but I'm sure it's the same as a girl. Just go back out there and pretend you didn't. It works for me."

Josh fanned his hands in front of his face. "I can't. He's the hottest thing on two legs, and I just stood there with my mouth hanging open. Besides, look at me." Josh pointed to his uniform. "I look like dork of the year in this getup."

"Here, let me help you. Which one was it?"

"He has beautiful wavy black hair to his shoulders, dreamy grey eyes, and he is about six five. He has a Spanish accent also."

Josh watched curiously as Brian opened the office door. "Who speaks Spanish? Okay, which one of you has grey eyes? Fine, come here."

"Oh, hell, what the fuck are you doing?" Josh pulled on Brian's shirt, trying to pull him back into the office. "Have you lost your mind?"

"Yes?" a deep voice said right outside the office.

Josh ran around the desk and hid under it. He was going to murder Brian. He looked like a greasy fry cook right now and Brian had called the man of his dreams to witness it. God, he was really going to kill him, not quickly either.

"The guy hiding under the desk thinks you're dreamy." He heard Brian repeat his words. Yeah, he was going to hang the traitor.

A deep chuckle echoed through the office. Josh closed his eyes at the sound. Had he ever heard a voice as musical as his dream guy?

*Hell no.*

He squeaked when a hand reached under the desk. "Hi, I'm Law."

Josh sat under the desk with his mouth hanging open, his brain dying on him again. What the hell was wrong with him? He'd never acted this way before. Of course, he'd never met someone as rugged and stunning as Law.

*Law, god he even had a sexy name.*

"Would you like to come out and talk? Or I could crawl under there, your choice."

"I..."

"Fine, I can come to you, *pájaro*." The man got to his knees and crawled under the desk, making Josh smash his small frame in the corner of it. There was literally no room left.

"I..."

"Do you have a different language? That's okay with me, *pájaro*."

The man reached out and ran a knuckle down the side of Josh's face. "I have looked for you for a very long time. I am Law Santiago."

Josh must have taken that sedative already. Only it was having some kind of adverse side effect, like hallucination. There was no way this man was under a desk with him and flirting.

"I...I'm Joshua."

"Joshua. *Sí*, I like that name." Law smiled and nodded. "Do you speak fluently in English? If not, I can learn your language."

Joshua's brows pulled together in a deep frown. "I don't understand what you're talking about."

"Ah, so you speak English. I thought for a minute I would have to learn another language."

Joshua started laughing. "No, just tongue-tied. You're very handsome." Okay, so his brain was working again, thank God. "Why are you under here?"

"Because you are my mate."

"What does that mean in Spanish?" Josh asked.

"No, *pájaro*, it's not Spanish. You were chosen for me by fate to be only mine."

"Is that your way of asking me out? I'm going to say yes. Only a blind fool would say no." And wasn't that the truth. The man dripped sensuality.

Law scratched his chin. "Okay then, I guess I'm asking you out."

Joshua blushed, feeling like a silly teenager again. “But I haven’t a thing to wear,” he teased. He smiled when Law grabbed his hand, studying his nail polish.

Thank goodness he had worn the gloves. They were still in pristine condition.

“Do you paint your nails all of the time?” Law’s brows pulled down as he ran his thumb over the polished nails.

Josh pulled his hand away. He didn’t want another lecture like the one he had gotten earlier from his mom. “Yes,” he snipped.

“I didn’t mean any offense. I like it.” Law shifted around, pulling Josh close and sniffing him. What a weird fetish.

Josh allowed it, the man smelled delicious just being near him. He eyed Law, taking in his massive size. He’d never been with a man this large before, he liked it.

“I’m getting a cramp. Can we get from under here?” Law asked.

“I’m sorry, yes.” Josh was nearly crushed as Law wiggled free. The man leaned down and pulled him up and out. Wow, he was really strong. Well, he was, but Josh only weighed a buck twenty soaking wet.

“You are very feminine. I like that.”

“I’m not a girl, don’t want to be a girl, and never wished to be one.” Josh placed his hands on his hips and glared at Law. He’d gotten enough of that already. He didn’t need anyone one else telling him that.

“No, that’s not what I meant. You’re very delicate, fragile, and small. Hell, I’m screwing this up, aren’t I?”

Josh chuckled. “I know what you’re saying.” And it was a relief to see that Law was just as nervous as he was. It made the large man seem more reachable.

“I’m glad for both of you. Now would you mind getting your ass back out there and helping them with that mob?” his boss asked from the doorway. Shit, Josh had forgotten the world existed outside the room.



Law growled low, and Josh looked up at him curiously.

"Mine," he growled at Josh's boss.

"Whatever. Just let him get back to work." His boss left them alone. Josh turned to Law and smiled.

"No, you're not screwing it up. Will you pick me up after work?" Josh reached out his hand, sliding it into Law's, a feeling of home washing over him. He didn't want to let the large hand go.

Josh was a little surprised when Law enveloped him in those big strong arms. He couldn't figure out for the life of him why he wasn't protesting it. "I can stay until you are ready to leave, *pájaro*."

Josh bit his bottom lip, excitement bubbling through him that this hot man was really interested in him. He forgot about any reason he might have a protest as he stared into those grey eyes. "No, I would get into trouble if you did that. Six is fine."

"Six it is then." Josh moaned when Law picked him up and planted his succulent lips on his. Boy, the man could kiss. He wrapped his legs around Law's waist, his arms around Law's thick neck.

"*Pájaro*, please do not tempt me like this." Law's mouth covered his hungrily, kissing him with a passion that had Josh's head spinning, and then Law pulled away.

He felt like such a slut, making out with a stranger in his boss's office, but he couldn't muster enough caring to stop.

"Six," Law repeated before leaving Josh in the trance he was in earlier. The man was *sooo* dreamy.

Josh walked out of the office and back over to the counter, not really hearing anything anyone was saying. His eyes searched until they locked onto smoky grey ones. Law winked as he smiled at him.

Josh's heart picked up an extra beat at such a sexy smile, and it was aimed at him! Could he hold out until six?

"Hello?" Fingers snapped in front of his face. "I said I want a cheeseburger and French fries." The man smiled at Josh and then over at Law. Who was this man?

“Anything else?” Josh snapped out of it, hating that his ogling session was being interrupted.

“Yeah, see you at dinner.” He chuckled. “My cooking is better than yours.”

Josh stared at the man with the cowboy hat. Was he serious? “It’s fast food. We don’t cook it. We reheat it.”

Another man with long, black hair to his waist laughed. “I’ll have what George is having. And I look forward to dinner.”

Did Josh miss something? The whole room was watching him, and he felt out of the loop on their little secret. He spent the next forty-five minutes getting their orders to them.

Finally he was able to take a breath. The dining area cleared out, and Josh went to work cleaning it.

He rolled his eyes when his side buzzed. Josh unclipped his cell phone and checked the caller ID. Just who he didn’t want to talk to right now. “Hi, Mom.”

“I made dinner for Taylor. I need you to come by after work and pick it up.” *Hello, what about him?*

“I can’t. I have a date.”

“Nonsense, the young woman can wait. I’ll be expecting you. Don’t let it go to waste.”

“I’m not making *him* wait. Have Brad take it.”

“Joshua Michael Tate. Don’t you dare take that tone with your widowed mother.” Josh mouthed the exact same words at the same moment she said them. Lord knows she’d said them enough.

“Fine, I’ll pick it up. I wouldn’t want to disturb Brad making another baby.”

His mother’s voice reeked with nastiness. “At least he’s making them.” She hung up.

Josh stared at his phone in utter disbelief. His mom couldn’t win the Mother of the Year award, but she’d never been vicious before. He could feel the stinging in his eyes of tears threatening to overflow.

What was wrong with her lately? She was getting worse every time he had contact with her.

Josh shoved the phone back into its case, wiping at his eyes as he swept the dining area. Guess the dinner everyone was hinting at wouldn't take place. Josh glanced up at the clock. He still had a little while to go. Maybe Law would give him another chance, give him a rain check.

Josh was hoping he was lucky enough to keep someone like Law's attention. He wasn't ugly, but living with his mom had torn his self-esteem apart.

He knew this, yet he couldn't help but feel that way. Josh thought of those big grey eyes, those chiseled muscles, and that perfect head of hair.

Just one more chance, that's all he wanted.

## Chapter Two

Law sat on his motorcycle, watching Josh sweep the floor. Yeah, it was a stalker move, but he couldn't bring himself to leave his mate. He sat forward when he saw the pain on his mate's face after he hung his phone up.

What was wrong with his little birdie?

Law was tempted to go to him but didn't want to get Joshua into trouble. He could take care of his mate financially, but he didn't want to scare the short man by demanding he quit and come home with him.

Law had to take this slow. His mate was human after all. Joshua knew nothing about the shifters...or the vampires...or the Elves. Would his gorgeous little mate run away screaming?

"You know they have laws against stalking people," his brother Dagon teased him.

"Were you watching me watch him?" Law asked as his eyes followed his mate around the dining area. He couldn't seem to get enough of him.

"And you know it."

Law smiled at his younger brother. He loved Tryck and Dagon, but they never understood him.

He was teased a lot for letting men fuck him. They said it with love, but it still hurt. He knew Tryck and Dagon didn't mean any harm, but they had no idea of the harm they were really doing to him.

The two made him feel less of a man for it. Something he never bothered to tell them. Why go through the trouble? Tryck hated to talk

about weak feelings, and Dagon always just shrugged. So again, what was the use?

"He's a nice-looking guy," Dagon complimented his mate.

"Thanks." Law agreed one hundred percent. His mate was one fine-looking man. He had sandy blond hair that was cut short, shaggy-looking, with brown mixed in. His mate had the deepest green eyes he had ever seen, simply magnificent. Joshua only stood about five four, one hundred and ten, maybe twenty pounds.

He smiled as he watched his mate sashay across the room. Law had called that right, *very* feminine. But it was a big turn-on to him. He loved the nail polish, and hoped to have many nights watching him paint them.

Law mentally groaned at the image.

"He walks like a girl." Dagon chuckled.

Law growled as he snapped around to his brother. "Don't you dare talk about him." It was one thing to tease him, a whole other ballgame when it came to his mate. Brothers be damned if he had to choose.

He would not allow anyone to insult what was his. A protective instinct kicked in and Law was ready to knock Dagon on his ass for his words.

"Hey, Law, I was only teasing. He really does seem like a nice enough guy."

Law didn't want to hear it. He saw his mate coming out of work and was glad for the excuse to get away from his brother. Dagon had pissed him off, and he didn't want to talk to him right now.

Law started his bike, ignoring Dagon as he pulled away, parking next to the car his mate was opening. "Did you forget about our date?" He smiled when he saw the purse on his mate's shoulder. It was a very nice touch.

He watched Joshua's face light up when he spotted Law and then it fell. It must be about that phone call he'd gotten earlier.

"I can't go. I have to go to my mom's house and pick up dinner for my little brother."

"Is that all? I can go with you." Law chuckled at the trivialness of the problem. His little man had him worried for a moment. He had feared for a second that Joshua had changed his mind. That wouldn't have boded well for Law.

Panic set in on his mate's face, his hands coming up and waving in front of him. "No, you can't go."

Another thought occurred to Law and he became angry. He got off of his bike and stood his full six-foot-five height. "Are you ashamed of me?"

"Hell no! I'd parade you around shouting to everyone you were mine if given the chance. I'm afraid to let you meet my mom." His mate sat down in the car sideways, staring up at Law with pleading eyes as his fingers fidgeted with his purse.

"Is she ill? Invalid? I can handle her. You should never be ashamed of your *madre*."

"You haven't met my mom," Joshua mumbled.

"Then let's go meet her. Come, ride with me."

Joshua smiled up at him, and Law's heart skipped a beat. That gorgeous smile only added to his mate's beauty. "And how am I supposed to carry dinner home to Taylor? Strap it to my back?"

"Good point. All right then, I'll follow you." He wasn't giving up. She couldn't be as bad as he was making her out to be. Law knew how to lay on the charm, especially considering she was his mate's mother.

"It was nice knowing you," Joshua said as he turned around and closed the car door. Okay, now Law was curious as hell.

The drive took fifteen minutes, getting off at the next exit from where they began. Law enjoyed the ride, watching his mate swerve a little had concerned him though. Didn't the guy know how to drive?

Law pulled onto a dirt road, following his mate to a small farm house. He parked behind Joshua, taking in the sight. Man, was his mate one fine piece of ass.

Joshua got out of his car, and his whole demeanor changed. His face became masked, his walk was stiff and straight, and he barely looked at Law.

Law made it to Joshua's side just as his mate knocked on the front door. The smaller man fidgeted with his god-awful uniform, and then stiffened once again when an older woman answered the door. "Come on in, Joshua."

Law followed his mate in, taking in the massive amounts of dollies and bric-a-brac. The house smelled like mothballs. Law smiled as Joshua's mother turned toward her son with a casserole dish. "Now tell Taylor to heat this at three-fifty for one hour. Keep an eye on it. You know your brother will forget the oven is on and let it burn."

"Mom, this is Law." Joshua stepped beside Law and grabbed his hand.

"And don't forget to return my dish."

"Mom, this is Law, my new boyfriend." Joshua tried again.

"Make sure you wash it first. There's nothing worse than returning a dirty dish to someone."

"Hello." Law stepped forward and held his hand out. His mate's mother looked at it and then up at Law, as if seeing him for the first time. She blinked, and then looked back at Joshua.

"Now go. I don't want it to sit too long before baking."

Joshua let Law's hand go and grabbed the Pyrex, turning on his heel and walking out. "I told you," his mate said through clenched teeth.

"Does she always treat your boyfriends like that?" Law hated to ask the question. The thought of Joshua with anyone else made him insane, but he needed to know a little about his mate's home life so he would know better how to handle things.

Joshua dropped the dish onto the front seat and turned around, his eyes full of moisture. Law wanted to pull the smaller man into his arms but allowed his mate to vent instead.

“She thinks I chose to be gay, that I’m doing it out of spite. My mom thinks if I found the right girl, I would forget about being gay and be happy. She hates the way I dress, the way I walk, the way I talk, and the way I polish my nails. She says I should have been born her daughter instead.” Joshua’s breath hitched as he climbed into his car and slammed the door.

Law could see his mate wiping the tears away. He wasn’t sure if he should let Joshua drive, but his mate pulled around before Law could voice his opinion. He quickly started his motorcycle and followed his little man to his apartment.

“I’ll only be a minute. Would you like to come up?” Joshua asked as if the scene back at his mother’s house hadn’t even taken place.

Talk about denial.

“I need to shower, though, and get a change of clothes. I can’t very well go to dinner at your house looking like this.” Joshua splayed his hands at his work uniform and smiled. “Come on.”

Law followed his mate up the steps, holding the dish while the smaller man inserted his key into the door. His little birdie pointed to the kitchen, instructing Law to set the dish on the stove. “It’s a good thing I’m eating at your house. Mom only made that for Taylor.”

“But it’s enough to feed both of you for two days,” Law pointed out.

“But she only made it for her very *straight* son. Who by the way isn’t straight at all.” Joshua snorted and then left Law to fend for himself while he heard the shower cut on. How fucked-up was that?

How do you forget about one son while doting on another? Law took a seat on the sofa and then jumped up, peeling a slice of pizza from the back of his thigh. He looked around, found the trash can, and disposed of it, wiping his jeans off with paper towels he found in the kitchen. Was his mate this messy? He didn’t seem the type.



"I'm almost ready if you want to come in here," Joshua shouted from down the hall. Law's cock came to life with images of Joshua standing there naked and glorious. The image had him rushing toward the voice and into the bedroom. He came to a skidding halt when he spotted his mate standing by his bed.

Damn, he was dressed.

His little man laughed. "Don't look so disappointed. I don't put out on the first date. Mainly, mostly, well, sorta." He giggled.

Law crossed the room and pulled Joshua into his arms. "You don't put out anymore except for me."

"Is that right?" Joshua teased him, a sparkle of merriment in his eyes. "And what if I did?"

"I'd have to kill the guy stupid enough to sleep with my mate." Law lifted Joshua up into his arms, inhaling his scent once again. Peaches and morning dew. "Never play dangerous games with me. I take my bond seriously."

"Okay, big fella. You're a tad clingy and claiming for just meeting me." Joshua leaned back and locked eyes with Law. "Do I need to worry?"

He wanted to smile. If Joshua only knew how safe he really was. "Never worry when you are with me." Law tucked a knuckle under Joshua's chin, lifting it for a blazing kiss. His little birdie wrapped his legs around his waist, tugging at Law's hair as he opened for Law's exploring tongue. He tasted even better than he smelled.

Joshua broke the kiss. "I changed my mind. I'll put out," he panted.

Law was all for that. His cock grew even harder as his hands skimmed down his mate's back, cupping his nicely rounded ass. The thought of sinking into his mate had his gums itching, his canines threatening to show themselves.

He fought the shift, knowing how much it would scare his mate right now.

"Hey, Josh."

His mate groaned. "Law, this is my little brother Taylor. Taylor, this is Law." Law turned to see a man much taller than his mate. *Little brother?*

"Hello." Law extended his hand, waiting to see if he was going to get the same cold reception.

"Sup." Taylor tapped knuckles with him. Okay, Law decided he liked him. Taylor eyed him and then laughed. "You have a growth on your chest, man." He pointed to his brother.

"A very sexy one." Law smiled down at his mate.

"I stuck the casserole in the oven, should be ready soon." Taylor watched the two. Law wondered at his mate's words earlier. Was Joshua's brother in the closet?

"Sorry, I was invited to dinner at Law's. Can he come?" Joshua asked Law.

Law's hands moved from Joshua's ass as he rubbed his back, loving that he finally had his mate in his arms. Nothing in the world felt better. "He's always welcome."

"Nah, I don't play third wheel. You two have fun." Taylor walked out of the room and left them alone.

Law ran his hands down his little birdie's back, feeling a slight disappointment. "I guess you won't be putting out now."

"Nope, can't have Taylor listening in." His mate spoke the words, but he was grinding into Law's stomach, driving him absolutely mad. He was dying to throw his mate on the bed and have his wicked way with him. His mouth watered at the thought of sucking his mate off. He bet that Joshua had a nice, fat cock.

Law's hole quivered at the thought. Would Joshua play top? As feminine as his mate was, he didn't think so. It didn't matter, just being with his mate was enough for him.

He did have a nice ass after all.

"Is he gay?" Law asked as he kissed Joshua down his neck. They weren't going to make it out of this room, not anytime soon anyway.

"He is. He just won't ever admit it," Joshua answered as he leaned his head back and to the side.

Law cupped his mate's ass, kneading it with the pads of his fingers. It was so soft that he was dying to sink into it. "Then how do you know?"

"A brother knows."

"I guess."

"Let me down so I can finish getting ready." Joshua squirmed around, Law feeling and now seeing the evidence of his mate's erection. He was very impressed with the size of his little birdie's bulge. It wasn't so little.

"You look good enough to eat already, *pájaro*." He stepped away before he gave in to the urge to reach out and grab his mate, tossing him on the bed and having his way with him. Law pressed the palm of his hand into his hard-on. It didn't help. Luckily his mate hadn't seen the move or else they wouldn't be getting out of here at all.

"Why do you keep calling me a bird? I do remember some things from high school Spanish class."

"Because you are so small, so fragile, and you are very flighty."

"I'm not a girl." Joshua pouted as he grabbed his purse. He ran his hand through his hair, giving Law a very haughty look.

He was going to enjoy getting to know his mate. The man seemed to have many layers of personality he was going to have fun peeling back to discover.

His eyes raked up and down his mate, appreciating everything he was seeing. The hard-on that was ready to burst from Josh's tight little jeans had him ready to drop to his knees. "No, you are not, *pájaro*."

Joshua turned, applying something shiny to his lips. He started digging through his dresser drawer. The small man fascinated Law. "I can feel you watching me, or are you staring at my butt?"

"That's because I am. And I'm staring at all of it." Law chuckled.

"I'm ready," his mate declared, spinning around to smile adoringly up at Law.

They stepped from the room, Law watching Joshua's ass wiggle back and forth as he walked. It was drawing his eyes in hypnotically. It reminded him of a bowl of Jell-O, jiggling back and forth when it shook. He wasn't going to make it out of here sane if he kept watching it dance for him.

Joshua popped his head into another bedroom. Taylor was sitting on his bed. "We're heading out. Are you sure you don't want to come?"

"No, but if the food is good, can you bring me something back?"

"Which reminds me, don't forget about the casserole."

"I won't." Taylor got up and headed into the kitchen. "I'll sit in here and watch it."

"Okay, love you, little guy." Joshua kissed his brother's cheek, Taylor blushing and turning away when Law smiled. He liked to see family close like that. Although he and his brothers didn't show affection, they were still tight. Law still couldn't see how Taylor was a *little* guy.

"Don't wait up." Law winked at Taylor before they left.

He followed the smaller man down the steps, dragging his eyes away from that tempting dessert on Joshua's backside. "You can ride with me." Law climbed onto his bike, pulling a helmet free he had attached to the backseat.

"I've never ridden a bike before. This should be fun."

Law groaned when his mate climbed behind him and settled, apparently he still had a hard-on because Law could feel it against his ass, and he had an urge to whimper. From the looks of his mate, his days of being an occasional bottom were over.

He'd sacrifice that for his little man, but he would miss it. Law drove to the Den, keeping his speed at the limit, careful of his little birdie on the back of his bike. He pulled onto the gravel drive, helping Joshua down when he parked it.

"Don't be frightened by the men here. They're your everyday kinda guys." At least he hoped they acted that way. *And please don't let anyone shift in front of my mate.*

"I'm sure I'll be okay." Joshua beamed up at him. Law watched as his mate took a small compact mirror from his purse and reapplied the clear, shiny stuff on his lips, fussed over his hair, and then snapped the compact closed, putting it back into his purse.

Once again, he found himself fascinated as hell. "Ready?"

"Yep, let's go." His mate snaked his hand into Law's.

He led Joshua into total chaos. Law groaned. Why did they have to pick tonight for this?

Kyoshi, Mark, Lewis, George, Drew, and Tangee were running around shooting each other with water guns. The big-barreled kind.

The foyer was soaking wet. Law reached down and grabbed one of Heaven's twins as the little guy tried to run with them and almost got run over.

"Thanks." Murdock grabbed the giggling guy from his arms. "Matthew thinks he is an escape artist."

Law smiled at the little one. The twins were a delight to have around the house. Heaven and Murdock seemed to spend more time chasing them down. The little guy squealed and patted his father's face with wet hands.

Matthew laughed as Murdock blew raspberries on his tummy. The sound filled the foyer and made this place really feel like a home. "Come on, champ. Let's go find your brother," Murdock said as he walked away with the toddler safe in his arms.

"I like it here." Joshua had a wide grin on his face. "Is it always this lively?"

"Always." Law was relieved his mate wasn't trying to run away. Including himself and the children, there were thirty-nine people who lived here. It was always *lively*.

"Hi, I'm Lewis." A soaking wet mate introduced himself.

Joshua giggled, “Nice to meet you. I’m Josh,” he said as he shook Lewis’s hand.

Law turned to his mate, his brows pulling together. “I thought you said Joshua?”

“It is, but everyone calls me Josh.”

“Which do you prefer?”

“I don’t know. I like either one.”

Law nodded. He liked both of them as well. “Okay, Josh. Let’s get you fed.”

“Later.” Mark ran up and shoved a water gun into Josh’s hand, shooting Law and running away. His mate handed him his purse and ran after Mark.

“You can’t shoot my boyfriend.” Josh giggled, disappearing down the hall. Law like how his mate acclimated with no problem. Maybe explaining the whole shifter thing wasn’t going to be so hard after all.

Josh came barreling back down the hallway, shooting behind him as he ran to Law. “I assume he doesn’t bite since he’s roaming around free,” Josh said from behind him.

Law looked up to see Keata chasing behind his mate...in his tiger form. “Uh, no, he won’t hurt you.” Could he have picked a worse time to bring his mate home to meet the family? No time would have been good, but it seemed that tonight, they had all lost their minds.

“Good.” Josh shot Keata in the face with the water gun and then ran in the opposite direction. Law bent down, rubbing Keata behind his ears.

“Play nice with my mate, don’t scare him.”

Keata’s head nodded, and then he took off after Josh.

“He jumped right in, didn’t he?”

Law looked around to see Alpha Maverick leaning against the archway to the den. “You love pulling that *surprise it’s your mate* bullshit, don’t you?”

“Every minute of it. Nice purse.”

Law looked at the black purse in his hand with sequins all over it. "It's Josh's." Law tucked it under his arm, not wanting to lose his mate's things. "Are you making fun of him?"

"Not in the least, we all can be ourselves here. Remember that." Maverick disappeared down the hall.

Josh appeared and ran to him. "That was fun." The smile was from ear to ear. Water clung to his shirt, revealing two very peaked, brown nipples. Maybe his mate shouldn't have worn a white shirt.

"You need to dry off." Law didn't want anyone seeing his little man, any part that wasn't covered by clothing. Dry clothing.

"Someone sounds jealous." Josh giggled as he balanced his water gun on his shoulder. "I promise not to put out."

Law growled as he led his mate to his bedroom. "You can dry off in here."

"I think you planned this all along. You wanting some booty?" Josh turned around and wiggled his Jell-O shaking ass.

Law tossed the purse on his bed and grabbed two handfuls of soft and pliable mounds. "Only if you're willing, *pájaro*."

"I've been willing since I first laid eyes on you." Josh purred, stripping his wet shirt off and draping it over the back of the chair that was sitting beside one long window that ran from ceiling to floor.

"You like?" Josh ran his fingertips around his two small, brown discs. Law nodded, licking his lips as he stared at the fingers tracing around the two delights.

"I do." Law reached out but Josh sidestepped him.

"Wait." He held his hands up and tilted his head to the side. "You'll still want to be with me even if I put out, right?"

"You have no idea. I won't let you go." Law caught his mate's hands in his, tugging the smaller man to him. He reached behind Josh, kneading the soft flesh. His mate's ass just fascinated the hell out of him.

"Kay, I'm gonna hold you to that," Josh moaned.

Law picked his mate up, taking him to his bed. He tossed the purse at the chair, watching it land on the seat. Law stared down at God's most perfect creation. "You are such wonderment, *pájaro*."

"Say that again after I give it up and I'll believe you mean it," Josh teased. His mate may say the words jokingly, but he could see in Josh's eyes that he was afraid Law would do just that.

Law bent over, sucking at the tempting circles, lapping them to even higher peaks, the skin pebbled under his tongue. He pinched the neglected one, rolling it around in his fingers. His mate tasted blissfully delicious.

Josh ran his hands through Law's hair, moaning and undulating around. Law released the nipple, kissing across a hairless sternum and latching onto the other one. His thumb rubbed the moistened one he had just abandoned, tweaking and rolling it.

He teased the nipple in his mouth with his teeth, slightly biting it, and then lapping away the sting of the puckered nub. He blew a tuft of air against the wet skin, watching it shrink and peak.

Josh wrapped his legs around Law's back, grinding his cock into his stomach. Law was anxious to see what looked to be a very promising dick, but he wanted to take his time, make love to his mate's body. No rushing was needed.

Law skimmed his hands down his mate's sides, feeling the smaller man shiver at his touch. He loved the response his mate was giving him. It stroked his ego knowing Josh welcomed it.

Law reached down, unsnapping his little birdie's jeans, sliding his hands into the waistband and tugging them free. To hell with waiting. Josh's cock was demanding an audience.

He let the nipple go, looking down at the largest cock he had ever seen. The length lay *past* his mate's navel. "Holy shit."



## Chapter Three

Josh bit his bottom lip. He knew he was abnormally large. Most guys were intimidated by his cock. He prayed Law didn't use him and then toss him aside. Some men couldn't handle being out-lengthened and out-girthed.

"Something wrong?" he asked nervously. Josh was terrified Law was going to change his mind, tell him it wasn't going to work out. It wouldn't be the first time he heard it. But for some, the thought of Law tossing him aside bothered him more than it normally did.

Law looked up at him, his eyes wide and lips slightly parted. Was that a good sign? Josh thought he was going to lose his mind as he waited for Law to say something, anything. He started to feel self-conscious, wanting desperately to put his clothes back on.

"Not a damn thing, *pájaro*."

Josh let out a relieved breath. He should have known Law wasn't like most guys. The intense interest and the way he just watched him was a sign that Law was different.

He scooted back when Law crawled up on the bed and between his legs. The sight before him made his cock jerk. The man was so damn hot.

"Do that again."

"What?" Josh was clueless to what Law was asking of him. He was too busy concentrating on how good Law looked perched above him.

"Make it bounce." Law licked his lips and Josh's cock jerked again. The thought of this large man sucking him had him ready to come. Anticipation built as he watched Law wrap his hand around

Josh's cock, staring at it with lust and need. He was transfixed on Law's face. He looked savaged, and God help him, Law was on the hunt with those big, grey eyes.

Josh hissed when Law sucked his cock into his mouth. He clenched his ass, trying his best to drive deeper. No one had ever taken him all the way, and he was dying for Law to do just that.

"Please," Josh begged, wanting Law to swallow him whole.

The large man pushed down further, almost unhinging his own jaw as Josh gaped at him. Law had done it, had taken Josh to the hilt. *Oh fuck.* Josh's head fell back, gasping at the ceiling as new sensations shot through him.

His thoughts ventured down new avenues, avenues of Josh fucking Law. Would this large, biker behemoth allow him to sink into that tight and tempting, nicely rounded ass?

Somehow he doubted it, but remained hopeful as Law's throat muscles stole any other coherent thought he may have.

The muscles worked his cock, massaging and stroking his flesh. Josh reared up, shouting out as he came. His hands pulled at Law's silky waves, trying to find anchor in the turbulent storm raging through him. His thigh muscles locked, the strain of his orgasm pulling at every cell in his body.

He dropped to the mattress, trying to focus his scattered brain. Law pulled back, releasing his cock and smiling. "That was one hell of a scene you just made." He chuckled.

"That was one hell of a blow job you just gave." Josh rolled over, desperate to be fucked and desperate to fuck. He wasn't sure which thought turned him on more.

"I love this ass." Law squeezed Josh's ass cheeks. He liked that Law was happy with it. This man was turning out to be a keeper, more so than he originally thought.

His cock and his ass ached, wanting both to be used at the same time. He'd never wanted to fuck someone as bad as he did Law. But

at the same time, he wanted to be fucked until his legs gave out and he cried uncle.

"C-Condom," Josh panted. He was thankful he remembered before Law made him forget his own name.

"We don't need one, *pájaro*."

"As good as you look, I'm still not chancing it." Josh rolled over, aggravated that Law wasn't buried deep inside of him already. He thought that someone like Law would take precautions with his health.

Guess looks didn't say it all about a man's intelligence.

"I've *never* gone bareback in my life and buddy, I'm not starting now." Fuck, his erection was starting to flag. What a damn buzzkill. Josh wanted to throw a fit at the whole situation.

"There is something that you need to know, little birdie."

Josh watched Law pull back, uncertainty on his face. *Oh god, he was married*. Why did he always manage to find those kinds of men? Either that or they were so buried in the closet that he had to sneak in there with them to get fucked. Just once he'd like to find an unattached, out-of-the-closet man willing to be with him.

He should have known after the day he had that this was too good to be true. What a good waste of a beautiful body. Josh wanted to whack him over the head with his purse, that's just how pissed he was.

"Hand me my pants, please." Josh wasn't going to listen to this naked. The man was just too damn tempting, and he didn't condone cheating, so he was out of here.

"Wait, hear me out first." Law placed a hand on Josh's chest.

"You're married. I get it, but you won't. Go back to the missus, or find someone willing to help you break your vows. You know, I really thought you might be the one. I guess you are...the *one* who proved all men are assholes." Josh struggled to move Law's hand from him, but the guy wouldn't let up.

The prospect of using his purse was looking better and better. He stared down at Law's hand, his eyebrow lifting.

Law pulled his hand back, but pleaded with his big, grey eyes. Damn it, Josh was falling for those eyes. He had to get out of here. "I'm not married. Please, listen to me."

Josh grabbed Law's hand, looking for an indent or tan line of some sort where a ring would have been if he were indeed married. There wasn't one. Okay, that's twice he made an ass of himself. It was becoming a bad habit around this man. One he wanted to break in the worst way.

"I'm not as I appear."

"You're a woman?" Josh gaped at him. If Law was, damn he was one ugly woman. Hot as fuck as a man, though. All right, his thoughts were going somewhere he'd like to stay away from. He tossed his pants on the bed, feeling like he was going to burst if Law didn't start talking soon.

"Do I look like a woman to you, *pájaro*? And if you say yes, then we have other problems."

Josh sat down, looking Law in his beautiful, grey eyes. "Please tell me. My mind is coming up with all kinds of scenarios, and I would just assume not to go there."

"I'm afraid to tell you. I don't want to lose you." Law stood, pacing by the bed.

"As long as you're a guy, not married, not in the closet, and not wanted for murder, we can deal with anything else." Josh added one more on, "And can totally ignore my mom."

"This is a house full of gay couples. Being in the closet isn't an issue. I can deal with your *madre*. I'll just remember I'm invisible around her." Fuck, those words stung Josh. He didn't want Law to be invisible to anyone.

He wanted to wrap the man in a big pink ribbon and put him on a pedestal, have a neon sign above his head stating that he belonged to

Josh, and declare how happy he was about it. No, Law shouldn't be invisible to anyone.

"Tell me." Josh blushed. "Without you gawking at my cock, I can't concentrate when you look like that."

"I can't help it, *pájaro*, you are just so damn...fuck." Law shook his head and looked away. "Do you believe in the supernatural?"

"Like ghosts?"

"No, like werewolves and vampires, and fairies, too."

Okay, the guy was a hot nut. He never had crazy dick before. This should be interesting, and fun. "Nooo, I can't say that I believe in them. So can we get back to screwing, or should I take care of this raging hard-on by myself?" Josh palmed his cock, falling back onto the mattress as he began to stroke himself.

*"Me estás volviendo loco, pájaro."*

"How much am I driving you crazy? This much?" Josh cupped his balls, moaning and licking his lips.

Law's eyes latched onto Josh's hand, and they moved with every stroke. "Fuck me," Law blurted out. His eyes darted up to Josh's then back down at his cock, his Adam's apple swallowing repeatedly.

Josh's hand faltered. Oh, hell, please let him have heard correctly. "You'd really let me?"

Law nodded, his eyes still locked onto Josh's cock. He could tell Law was avoiding his eyes, but little did he know, Josh absolutely loved the idea of fucking Law. There was nothing to be embarrassed about.

"Get the condom out of my man purse." He watched Law jump off of the bed and run over to the chair, dumping his entire bag onto the chair, grabbing the foil wrapper as he undressed. Damn, Law had such an impressive body, hairy, too.

He lucked out with this one.

Josh slid back, allowing Law to climb onto the bed and get into position. This was a dream come true. He wanted Law on his back, but those massive thighs would crush him like a boa constrictor if he

applied pressure, which he was positive would happen when the big man came. Law looked just as good on all fours.

“Lube?”

Law reached under his pillow and extracted a bottle. Josh quirked a brow. How often did the man bring another to his bed? He brushed the thought aside, slicking his shaky fingers, thinking this couldn’t be real. It was too perfect.

Josh groaned when Law’s hole swallowed his fingers, inviting them in. He used his other hand to play with Law’s nuts, rolling them around.

Fascination encompassed him as he watched two, then three fingers sink deep into Law’s ass. Josh maneuvered his fingers around, stretching him, preparing him for what he had planned. Finally, he slid a fourth finger in, panting as the anticipation built in him.

“You ready?”

Law nodded. Josh sheathed his cock in latex, holding it as his crown kissed Law’s puckered opening, slowly working it in.

“You’re so big,” Law moaned.

“Let me know if it’s too much.” He’d pull out, and lose his damn mind in the process, but he wouldn’t hurt the man that was giving so much of himself right now.

He probably kept it quiet about being a bottom. With the size of the men in this house, he wouldn’t doubt it.

“It’s not too much. More.”

Josh worked his cock in inch by inch until he was seated. His hands grabbed onto Law’s hips, vibrating from the sheer pleasure of being buried balls deep in this man.

“Move, *pájaro*.”

Josh pulled his cock back, leaving just the head in, and then slammed forward.

“Yes, fuck me,” Law pleaded. “Hard, very hard.”

Josh spread his knees further apart and started pounding into Law's tight ass. His eyes rolled back, the sense of perfection elevating him to paradise and beyond, to an outside world void of any reality.

Josh reached up, pulling at Law's hair, using the strands as reins as he powered into his lover.

"Josh," Law hissed out.

"Come for me, baby." Josh was almost there and didn't want to leave his pretty behind. Law's ass clamped down hard on his cock as his lover shouted out his name, Josh plummeting over the edge with him. He shouted, keened, cried, and made other strange noises as his seed vacated his balls.

Josh fell onto Law's back. Just stick a *step over me* sign on his back—he was wasted. Law collapsed, locking Josh's cock within his channel. "Don't pull out yet."

"I have to dispose of this condom." Josh tried to move, but Law shot a hand behind him and placed it on Josh's back.

"Just a few more minutes."

Josh relaxed against Law, allowing a few more minutes of utter bliss to buzz through him.

\* \* \* \*

Law was sore as hell. His mate screwed better than the tales of Eros. He wondered what Josh would think of him for letting his little birdie fuck him.

His arms automatically circled around the little man when Josh stirred, burrowing deeper under Law's chest.

Would he try and treat Law like his bitch now? That wasn't happening, not in this lifetime. He wasn't going to get worked up about it though. He would play the wait and see game. If Josh tried, Law would set his little queeny-self straight. Until then, he was going to enjoy the feeling of having his mate in his arms.

Josh was such an enigma to him. He was very feminine outside of the bedroom, a take-control kind of man inside of it. Law liked that. Just because he was six five and two hundred and ninety pounds, it didn't make him an automatic top.

"Morning, baby." Josh stretched and yawned.

Serenity washed over Law as Josh opened his eyes. The deep green pupils sparkled when his mate smiled up at him.

"How can you be so beautiful when you first wake?" he asked, smiling and running his hands over Josh's sleep-ruffled hair.

"One of my many secrets." Josh giggled. "But I do need a shower and please tell me you have an extra toothbrush."

"In the drawer under the sink."

Law rolled over, watching his mate's bare ass jiggle as he walked to the bathroom. It was his turn next. He *had* to get some of that. Josh emerged from a steamy bathroom twenty minutes later, a towel wrapped around his waist. Law thought of how big his little birdie's cock was lying underneath that towel. His hole clenched at the remembrance of feeling the long and thick shaft pounding into him.

"Stop staring at my towel-covered cock."

"But then where would I stare that was more beautiful than you?" Law chuckled.

He lay there watching while Josh applied lotion to his legs from a travel-sized bottle that was in his purse. The colorful nails glided up and down his legs, and then over his smooth chest. Law wanted to lick it right off.

His cock hardened when Josh dropped the towel and began to apply lotion to his soft-looking ass.

Law closed his eyes. It was too torturous, and his mate needed to eat first considering they missed dinner last night. He got out of bed and headed into the bathroom, shutting the door between them, closing off the tempting sight.

\* \* \* \*



Josh chewed his cereal at the enormous kitchen table. A man had come in and sat a few chairs down, watching him eat. Josh chewed slowly, noticing how loud the crunch was in the quiet kitchen.

He lifted his spoon up, the man's eyes following it. Josh lowered it without taking a bite, and the man's eyes followed it again.

"You smell like my mate." The man broke the silence.

Josh wasn't entirely sure he got that whole mate thing, but he knew this man saying it made him uncomfortable. "Sorry, I promised Law I wouldn't put out. I could give you a few phone numbers of some slutty friends of mine. They'd put out in a heartbeat," Josh joked.

The man stood, inching his way closer. Josh shot out of his chair and hauled ass down the hallway. "Law!" he shouted as he ran, the man not too far behind him.

"What the hell is going on?" The very tall dude that had come to his job with the other behemoths came out of an office, pulling Josh behind him and snarling at the man chasing him.

"He's my mate. Get the fuck out of my way, Maverick." The chaser growled.

Maverick shoved Josh into the office, slamming the door as Josh hit the floor. He heard what sounded like animals fighting out in the hallway.

"You will not touch another's mate!" he heard Maverick shout. "I don't care if Law is your brother. I won't tolerate it."

Huh? That was Law's brother trying to run him into the ground and fuck him? What kind of family did he just meet? He wasn't into being passed around. All joking aside, he was very picky when it came to men and sex.

The door flew open, and Josh crab-crawled backward, unsure if the crazy brother had won the fight and was coming after him. He fell on his back when he saw that it was Law standing in the doorway. "Did he touch you?" Law asked with rage.

Josh shook his head, freaking out that Law's eyes were now red, no longer the beautiful grey he was growing so fond of. His teeth had grown longer, too. What the hell was going on in this madhouse?

"Take me home, now." Josh got to his feet, ran past Law, and down the hallway to the front entrance. He slung the front door open and shot out, running to Law's motorcycle.

Josh was shaking like a leaf. Law's question from the night before came back to him. He wasn't so sure now that he didn't believe in werewolves, vampires, and fairies. If he had walked into a supernatural world, he wanted to run as far away as possible.

"Please, let me explain," Law said as he approached.

Josh took a step back, his eyes darting around for an escape if Law decided to attack. "No, just take me home."

Law's head hung. He nodded, and started his bike. Josh climbed on, trying his best to put space between his body and Law's.

He climbed off when Law pulled in front of his apartment building, running up the stairs without a backward glance and slamming his door shut.

Josh leaned against it, the feeling of utter despair washing over him as he heard the motorcycle drive away.

"What wrong?" Taylor asked as he came from the kitchen.

"I think my new ex-boyfriend is a werewolf, or vampire, or maybe a fairy, whatever that is."

"Cool." Taylor grinned.

"No, it is not cool. It's...weird, scary, bizarre, but not cool." Josh pushed himself from the door, dropping onto the couch.

"Lighten up, I thought you were a free spirit and all that crap." Taylor sat down next to him. "If he is, can I hang out with him?"

"Taylor James Tate, have you lost your damn mind?"

"You sound like mom." Taylor soured his face.

"Oh, hell, I do." Josh groaned. He rolled over, hugging his midsection, missing Law already.

\* \* \* \*

Law was going to find Dagon and kill him. Not only did he chase his mate down, scaring the shit out of his little birdie, but he had run Josh off. His brother was dead meat.

He pulled his bike to the front door and left it idling as he stormed through the door. "Dagon!"

"I want my mate. Where is he?" Dagon growled from the den.

"Mine!" Law lunged, taking Dagon down. There was no way in hell Josh was his. No fucking way. He would kill his brother before he allowed Dagon to touch one hair on Josh's head.

They both threw punches, beating the crap out of each other until Maverick and Tryck pulled them apart.

"We are Santiagos. We do not fight each other," Tryck snapped.

"We do when one of them tries to steal the other's mate," Law argued.

"Dagon?" Tryck looked at their youngest brother.

"I smell him. He's my mate."

"Could fate have given them the same mate?" Tryck asked the Alpha.

"Hell if I know, maybe." Maverick shrugged.

Law's world tilted. There was no way he was sharing Josh with Dagon. No damn way. He'd take Josh and leave first. It didn't matter that Timber wolves had the best tracking skills. He'd make them untrackable.

"Stay the hell away from him," Law warned before exiting the house. He had to see Josh and try to talk to him. Maybe enough time had passed and his mate had calmed down. Something had to give. He couldn't go without his *pájaro*.

Law drove like a madman, parking his bike in the small lot next to the building. He climbed the stairs, banging on Josh's door.

“Cool, the werewolf.” Taylor smiled when he answered the door. “Come on in, would you like a bowl of water, a treat? You don’t have fleas, do you?”

Law stared at Taylor. The man was enjoying this a little too much. “Is Josh here?”

“Yeah, the big baby is balling his eyes out in his room. You must have laid the pipe down good. I’ve never seen him cry over lost dick before.” Taylor closed the door behind Law.

“Are you always this...crass?”

“Yep, why do you think my mom let me live with the flaming faggot when I’m only seventeen?”

Law growled. “Don’t call him that!”

“Not my words, my mom’s. I couldn’t care less. As a matter of fact, I’m grateful. It got me out of her house. She also wanted me to try and straighten him out.” Taylor laughed. “As if.”

Law ignored the strange human and walked to Josh’s room. His mate was sprawled out on his bed crying. Law sat down on the edge, running his hand over Josh’s back. “Please don’t cry, *pájaro*.”

Josh sniffled and turned over. “I–I’m not c–crying.” His mate began to wail.

Law pulled his little man into his arms, rocking him back and forth. “It will work out. I promise.”

“I’m scared,” Josh confessed into Law’s chest.

“Would it help if I told you that you never have to be afraid? That you are the safest person in the world with me, and that no one at the Den would lay a hand on you?”

“What about your loony brother?”

Law growled. “He’s not coming near you.”

Taylor knocked on the bedroom door. Law was getting very irritated with Josh’s little brother.

“Hey, there’s some guy glaring into the peephole. He looks just like you, Law.”

## Chapter Four

Law was going to kill Dagon for sure now. How dare he follow him to his mate's home. "Stay with Josh."

He didn't want them to witness a shift if it occurred. His mate was handling this hard enough as it was.

Law closed the bedroom door behind him. He laid his hand on the wall for a moment, resting his forehead as well, trying his best to gain some kind of composure. It wasn't working. It really, really wasn't working.

He had to work something out with Dagon because he wasn't sharing. Not in this lifetime, or the next. Law couldn't share the most beautiful man he had ever seen.

He took a deep breath and stood, calmly going to the front door. Calm was good. He could murder his brother calmly.

Law grabbed the handle, turning it and flinging it open, matching Dagon glare for glare.

"I want my mate." Dagon pushed past, his head snapping as he searched the room.

"He's not your mate. Now take your ass out of here before I do something Tryck will regret, because I won't regret a fucking thing." Law pointed toward the door, his glare demanding Dagon follow it.

"Law?" Taylor came out of Josh's room, his eyes darting from Law to Dagon.

Law cursed. He didn't have time for this. Could anyone listen to a damn word he said today?

He had to get Josh, oh hell, Taylor as well, out of here. Since the little brother was underage, he was now Law's responsibility. Law looked between Taylor and Dagon, seeing the connection spark.

Oh man, it wasn't Josh Dagon was after.

It was Taylor's scent that clung to Josh that made Dagon lose his mind.

He shook his head, feeling a migraine coming on. This was going to be extremely hard to explain to his mate. *Hey, my little brother is going to mate your little brother so sit back, relax, and pop some popcorn.* Not.

"Mine." Dagon advanced, grabbing Taylor around the waist and hauling the guy to his chest.

"Get your paws off of him." Josh came running from down the hall, pulling at Taylor with all his might. "Get off of him," he repeated as he yanked and pulled.

"Mine." Dagon was stuck on the monosyllable.

"He's seventeen. Are you a pervert?" Josh and Taylor both fell on their asses when Dagon abruptly let go.

Law reached down and helped them both to their feet. He wouldn't admit it out loud, but he was relieved it was Taylor and not Josh that Dagon wanted.

He wouldn't admit it out loud because Josh was going to flip over this and he wasn't looking forward to that.

"No, I'm not a pervert," Dagon defended himself. "But...he's mine," he added on with a whimper and a pout.

"He's not yours, so keep your hands off of him." Josh glared at Dagon, shoving Taylor behind him. Taylor just stuck his head around Josh's body, staring wide-eyed at Dagon.

Law watched his brother and his mate stare each other down. Yeah, he was going to have a migraine from this.

Dagon turned to Law. "I'm sorry for scaring your mate. I honestly had no idea. All I could think about was that scent."

Since Josh was no longer on Dagon's radar, he forgave him. "Let's get these two to the Den."

Josh threw his hands in front of himself, waving them around as he looked between the two brothers. "I'm not going anywhere until someone explains to me what's going on." Josh pushed Taylor over to the couch, taking a stance in front of his baby brother.

Law thought his mate was hot in his protective mode. His little nostrils flared and his cheeks were a delightful shade of pink.

"I told you, stop freaking out." Taylor shoved at Josh, but his mate wasn't budging. Josh batted at Taylor's hands as he turned back to them.

Law heard a low whine in Dagon's throat, his eyes locked on Taylor. This was going to be a very long day. Maybe Maverick would share his big-ass bottle of aspirin with Law. The bottle he keeps perched on his desk from dealing with that crazy-ass pack of his.

He would explain things to his mate, but he wanted to do it while at home. "Will you and Taylor pack a few things? I promise to explain everything when we get back to my place."

Josh eyed him warily but nodded, grabbing Taylor's hand and dragging him along. Taylor stared behind him as he walked, never taking his eyes off of Dagon.

Law was relieved his mate wasn't going to argue with him on this.

"Fuck, please tell me he's going to be eighteen soon." Dagon paced back and forth in front of the door. His brother's frustration was present on his face.

Law didn't know what to tell him. Hell if he knew Taylor's birth date.

Law lost the train of thought he was on when Josh and Taylor came back into the room, holding two backpacks. Josh once again shoved Taylor behind him, glaring at Dagon. "We're ready."

Law held back the chuckle at Josh's protectiveness. It was unnecessary. Dagon wouldn't touch Taylor until he was of age. He let Josh's attitude go, though. Letting Josh feel he was doing his job as a

big brother was more important right now. It took his mate's mind off of the why's of things, for the moment.

They all filed down the stairs, heading outside.

Law watched as Dagon mounted his bike, Taylor immediately going to him. It was actually adorable to watch the scene. Law could see that Dagon was going to protect the man with his life, and spoil the hell out of him as well.

"I thought your brother was in the closet?" he asked as he watched Taylor staring in wide-eyed wonderment at Dagon.

Josh twisted his lips up in disapproval. "Apparently the door fell off of its hinges."

Law mounted his own bike, handing Josh a helmet. "Come on, *pájaro*, I promised you a dinner."

Josh took the offered helmet, still glaring at Dagon. "And how is Taylor supposed to get there?"

Law groaned, a very long day indeed. "He'll ride with Dagon, but don't worry, Dagon won't try anything funny. The only thing he will do is protect your brother with his life."

"Why?" Josh stopped glaring at Dagon and looked to him for an answer.

And here was the part he was dreading. "Because they are mates."

Josh's eyes grew big and round. "It's that wolf thing, isn't it? Please tell me wolf, I don't think I can handle the vampire thing, or the fairy thing."

Law chuckled. His mate was cute when he was babbling. He was also relieved Josh wasn't marching over to his brother trying to kill him. "Yes, wolf."

Josh swallowed visibly, nodded, and then climbed behind Law. He moaned, wanting nothing more than to be fucked by this gorgeous man again, or be able to fuck Josh. He didn't care which because that ass was still as tempting as ever.

Law allowed Dagon to take the lead so Josh could watch them, witnessing that no funny business was taking place. Taylor was



bouncing on the seat, obviously enjoying the ride. Dagon was going so damn slow that Law thought the speed limit was changed to ten. He had to put his feet down a few times to prevent himself from tipping...that's how slow they were going.

After what felt like years, they pulled onto the gravel driveway, parking next to one another. He instantly missed the heat on his back when Josh climbed off.

"Wow, you live here?" Taylor didn't ask Law. He was staring curiously at Dagon, clutching the helmet to his chest as he tilted his head.

"Yep, along with a whole crew of misfits." Dagon chuckled as he threw his leg over his bike and dismounted.

Law shook his head, he had a feeling the two were going to be fine. Dagon was in protective mode and wouldn't be coming out of it anytime soon.

"This way, little birdie." Law took Josh's bag, leading his mate through the front door. This time the house was quiet, thank goodness.

\* \* \* \*

Josh inspected the room given to Taylor. It was on the second floor, so his brother couldn't slip out. He was more worried of who may slip in though.

Josh didn't like the fact that Dagon was Taylor's mate. He was going to have to find out exactly what that entailed. For now, he would trust Law that his brother was safe.

Law took his hand after Josh gave an approving nod at Taylor's accommodations, leading him back to the bedroom they had mind-blowing sex in the night before.

"Have a seat, love. Let me explain everything." Law set his backpack by the chair. Josh clutched his man purse. He had a feeling he would need something to hold on to once Law was finished.

“I’m a were-shifter. I can change into a wolf. Fate has chosen one mate for me to have for the next seven hundred and five years. You are my mate.”

Josh’s eye twitched.

“There is a ritual performed that will bind us together, and with your permission, I would love to perform it.”

Josh’s lips parted, but nothing came out.

“I am two hundred and ninety-five years old, will live to be one thousand. You will live just as long, as my mate.”

Josh’s brain went into overload, and then he passed out.

\* \* \* \*

Josh came back from the darkness that had pulled him under. He noticed a man examining him as his eyes fluttered open.

“Ah, there you are.”

Law came into view, concern etched on his face. Josh laid there for a moment, absorbing what Law had confessed to him.

A wolf? An actual four-legged wolf? He searched Law’s face, trying to find any hint of an animal’s features. There was none. “I’m okay,” he told the man with the stethoscope, assuming him to be a doctor.

“Just lay back, relax.” The man placed his hand on Josh’s shoulder, stilling him.

“Josh, this is Nicholas, the resident doctor.” Law cleared up Josh’s confusion.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Josh.” Wait, didn’t Law already tell the man his name? Josh placed his hands on the mattress, pushing himself up and into a sitting position, ignoring the slight dizziness.

“Taylor?”

“He’s fine,” Law reassured him. “Dagon is giving him the full tour.”

Josh was being bombarded with too much at once. He should be angry, but he wasn't...just confused as hell. His brain finally caught up with his mouth. "Thanks. I feel fine, honestly," he said to the doctor.

"Call me if you need anything else," the doctor said as he stood.

*Like a head shrink?* Josh thought. His eyes followed Law as the man closed the door behind Nicholas and came over to the bed, shoving his hands in his front pockets and staring down at him.

"Are you mad at me?"

Was he? He couldn't muster up the negative feeling. All Josh wanted was for Law to hold him. How crazy was that?

He pulled the cover back, giving Law permission to come to him. Law pulled his hands from his pocket and moved slowly across the mattress, watching Josh warily.

"I'm not going to freak out, I think." He snuggled up to the large man, taking comfort in the familiar scent.

"I'm sorry I laid everything out. I just didn't want to hide anything from you." Law ran his fingers over Josh's face, giving him a sense of security in that gentle touch.

"I just need time to take it all in." Josh didn't want to talk about wolves and old, old, old age. He wanted Law inside of him, giving him something he was familiar with.

He pulled away, ripping his shirt over his head and wiggling out of his jeans. He kicked his shoes off and pulled his pants the rest of the way off.

"Turn over," Law commanded.

Josh knew what Law wanted, to look at his rear end. He gladly did so, happy his lover liked looking at it. Josh rocked his hips from side to side quickly, making his butt do the jiggle thing.

Law stood, stripping down to his skin, and then knelt between Josh's legs, shoving his tongue straight into Josh's hole. He pushed Josh's legs in, giving him the best rim job he'd ever had in his life. Oh

yeah, he was a keeper. Josh wanting to kick his feet up and down because it felt *sooo* damn good.

Instead, Josh pushed down, trying to impale himself on Law's stiffened tongue. His lover licked and sucked Josh's brain right out of him. He whimpered when he finally couldn't take it anymore. "Fuck me."

Law nipped a few more times and then granted Josh's wish, sinking in until Josh's whole body buzzed from the thick cock thrusting in and out of him.

Josh's mind was fragmenting as Law pounded flesh against flesh. He bit his bottom lip, his cock bobbing freely as he clawed the sheets.

"Can I claim you?" Law asked from behind him.

"Okay." Josh wasn't sure what that meant. All he knew was that he never wanted to let Law go. His on-again boyfriend accepted him for who he was, man purse and all, large cock and all. He wasn't going to let him go.

Law understood him like no one else had. He got him, and that's what made Josh never want to let him go.

Josh's arms threatened to give out. Sweat poured down his chest and temple. Law was thrusting deep, pegging his prostate every time he pulled back. He liked out, out was very good. Josh bit into the pillow, afraid the whole house would hear him shout that Law was a fucking god.

"Do you accept me as your mate, Joshua?" Law thrust hard.

"Oh, hell." Josh bit the heel of his hand, whimpering at the onslaught of vibrations pulsing through him. "Yes, Law. Now fuck me."

Josh's shoulder was on fire, and then the top of his head slammed into the headboard, his cock exploding as his orgasm tore through him. Law's teeth that were embedded in his shoulder ignited a thousand fireworks inside of him, threatening to make him black out.

Law whimpered around Josh's flesh, pushing Josh further into the mattress, making him submit.

Josh was too far gone to care. He pulled his knees under him, raising his ass higher as his shoulders lowered, his fists pounding into the pillows. He slapped his right hand over his face, unable to think, speak, or hear anything except Law's balls hitting his ass.

His fingertips pressed into his face. He was unable to deal with the primal pleasure Law was assaulting him with.

"Law," Josh wailed, unable to focus.

"Don't fight it, *pájaro*. Concentrate on me, only me." Law thrust deeper, lifting Josh's lower half off of the bed, jetting into him.

Josh's entire being splintered, shards of his self rained down on him as he came for a second time. Law grabbed Josh, pulling him up to Law's back, holding onto him as Josh melted.

Law cried out behind him, Josh could feel his lover's seed pumping into him. He closed his eyes, drained and so tired he fell asleep before Law even finished.

\* \* \* \*

Law blinked his eyes open and then smiled. Josh was standing by the dresser singing quietly with the shortest of shorts on and a halter top. His mate was waving his hands around, as if drying his nails.

What a sight he made.

"Do you like this color?"

Law nodded as he closed his eyes, turned over onto his back, and stretched. Josh was claimed, his for a very long time. He threw the covers back, sat up, and planted his feet on the floor. "Come here, *pájaro*." Law wanted to feel that ass in his hands again. Sinking into it earlier was everything he thought it would be and more.

"Okay, but no more booty for now. That's the second time I was promised dinner, and I'm downright starving. My stomach is trying to claw its way out and find its own food."

"You're not wearing those shorts, are you? I don't want anyone seeing my mate's luscious-looking ass but me." He'd claw anyone's

eyes out who looked, too. Law pulled Josh into his arms, massaging the exposed lower half of those beautiful globes.

“No. I’m not slutty. Well, for you I am.” Josh giggled, pushed away, and then pulled a pair of spandex pants from his bag. Law wasn’t too sure those were any better. His mate changed into them and every mouth-watering curve was visible. He growled when Josh turned around and his extra large bulge was showing.

“Josh,” he warned.

“I’m changing my shirt, too.” His mate pulled a sleeveless button-down out and put it on. Law felt better. It covered all of Josh’s tempting body parts.

“Happy?”

“Very.”

Josh danced across the room, smiling at Law as he answered his cell phone. “Hi, Mom.” His mate’s face immediately fell. He hated that his mother had that effect on him.

“That’s because Taylor is with me.” His mate stuck his left hip out, resting it against the dresser. “Yes, I’m at Law’s...what do you mean get him home? There’s nothing going on here.” Josh glanced over at Law and then turned around.

Law crossed the room, circling his arms around his mate and pulling his back to Law’s chest, with his superior hearing he could hear Josh’s mother. He wasn’t trying to eavesdrop, well, sort of.

“I won’t have my son witnessing immoral behavior. Now get Taylor home,” his mother said on the other end.

“What do you think, I’ve got him kicked back with a bag of popcorn and 3D glasses?” Josh ground his teeth.

“I told you, find a nice young girl. You’re not gay, so stop pretending to be. It’s all in your head. I swear you’re doing this to get back at me for making you work outside growing up.”

“I’m hanging up now.”

“Get him home or I’m making him move back here with me.” Josh’s mother was the one to disconnect the phone call.

Law could feel the rigidness in his mate. What was wrong with her? He'd never run across someone so unmoving and close-minded before.

"I have to go." Josh cleared his throat, pulling out of Law's embrace. His mate grabbed his backpack, shoving things inside of it. Law watched as Josh wiped at the tears. His movements were terse, telling Law exactly how much this was affecting him.

"You don't have to go, *pájaro*."

Josh turned around. The anger on his face was enough to make the hairs on Law's neck stand up. He didn't like that look on such an angelic face.

"Yes, I do. If I don't get Taylor home, she'll make him move back in with her. I won't do that to him. I'm sorry." Josh slung the backpack over his shoulder, grabbed his purse, and walked to the bedroom door. "Please find Taylor for me." His mate's breath hitched.

Law nodded, taking his mate down to the foyer. "Do you know where Dagon is?" he asked the warrior Evan.

"He's in the kitchen with his mate."

Law headed in that direction, waving for Dagon to come into the hallway. He smiled at the way Taylor was sitting at the table looking up at his mate with such awe in his eyes. Fuck, this sucked big time.

"What's up?" Dagon asked after smiling at his mate and telling him would be right back, Taylor nodded, watching Dagon's every move.

"His mother called. She wants Josh to take Taylor home, now."

"Is something wrong?"

Law rolled his eyes. Dagon hadn't met her. He didn't know how against all of this she was. Wait until she found out Taylor was mated to a man. Things were going to get very ugly once that news hit the stands.

"I'll explain later. We need to get them home before she blows a gasket and takes Taylor from Josh."

Dagon growled. "I don't want my mate out of my sight."

Law's eyes softened. "I know, I felt the same way, but we're up against a wall here. Until he turns eighteen, she has the say-so."

His brother sighed, "That bad?"

"You have no idea."

They both looked into the kitchen, Dagon smiling as he watched his mate chatter away with the other mates of the house. It was killing Law to do this to that young man and his brother. Hell, he didn't want Josh to go. He was planning a nice long weekend with nothing but "get to know you" time and a hell of a lot of sex. Never before had he wanted to throttle a woman, but their mother was becoming an exception to the rule.

"Hey, Taylor, can you come here?" Dagon called to his mate.

Taylor came out of the kitchen, smiling up at Dagon in a daze. Taylor obviously felt the pull. It must confuse the young man, but he was sure Dagon would explain everything to Taylor.

"I have to take you home," Dagon told Taylor.

Law watched the smile turn into a frown, Taylor's brows pulled together as he looked from Dagon to Law. "Why?"

"Your mother called," Law said.

Taylor's face pulled back with rage. "What did she say?"

"Ask Josh." Law was *not* going to repeat her words. He liked Taylor and didn't want the young man hating him for being the bearer of bad news. He watched as Taylor stomped off in the direction of the foyer.

"Am I going to have problems with his mother?" Dagon asked.

"And then some."

\* \* \* \*

Josh had never been this angry with his mom before. It wasn't like he was having sex right in front of Taylor. He didn't hide who he was,



but he monitored his behavior. He even refused to have sex with Law knowing Taylor was in the same apartment as they were.

"I'm not going," his younger brother stated as he stomped toward Josh. Just what he didn't need, Taylor finally taking a stance on something. It was the wrong time for his brother to start caring about something.

"You have to. Mom said if we don't get out of here, she's going to make you move back in with her." Josh gripped the straps on his backpack, hating with every fiber in his being that he had to do this to both of them. Josh was finally happy, and from the looks of it, so was Taylor.

"I'll be eighteen in five weeks. Can't we avoid her until then?"

"I wish it was that easy. We have to placate her until then. I'm sorry, Taylor." Not as sorry as he was for him and Law. Maybe he could talk his mate into turning into a wolf and gobbling her up. Josh felt immediately contrite for thinking those thoughts. It was his mom after all.

"Hi, I'm Melonee." The cutest little girl skipped up to them. "Who are you?"

Josh looked down, tilting his head. He thought there was nothing but men here. Guess he was finding out differently. It was better than the tiger trying to meet him again. That was some scary shit.

"I'm Josh, and this is my brother Taylor." Josh pointed to his brother.

"Where are you going?" She looked at Josh's backpack and then back up at him. "Don't you like it here?"

"I do, but my mommy said we have to go home." Why was he trying to explain things to a small child? She looked to be around nine or ten, too young to be exposed to the ugliness of prejudice.

"I can talk to her, tell her how fun it is to be here. Will she talk to me?"

Oh, how adorable was she? Just the thought of this little girl going up against Mommy Weirdest made him cringe. He liked her though.

She was willing to try and keep them here, and that spoke volumes to Josh about the character of the people in this house.

“Or we could go.”

Josh jumped back when a blue man, fuck, he was blue, and a woman just appeared out of thin air. The look on their faces wasn't promising. Josh grabbed for Melonee, Taylor grabbing onto Josh, and then things got real funky.

## Chapter Five

Law came around the corner seconds too late. He watched in horror as a Shadow Elf and some crazy-looking bitch shimmered away with his mate, Taylor, and Melonee.

“Maverick!” he shouted. Panic was overtaking him. His canines descended, his claws shot out, and his eyes shifted to crimson.

Maverick came running from the direction of his office. Law pointed to the spot where the three had just disappeared. “Some fucking fairy and a crazy bitch just shimmered away with mine and Dagon’s mates, Melonee in tow.”

Maverick roared. He looked enraged, but not as much as Law was. Josh and his brother were human, never before witnessing the paranormal, and they were probably scared out of their minds. He wanted to kill the blue bastard and his sidekick.

“Carter!” Maverick yelled to the ceiling.

An ethereal-looking man appeared, beautiful in every sense of the word. Too bad the elf was mated to Law’s brother Tryck. That knowledge killed any awe-inspiring moment one might have looking at Carter.

That and the man’s mouth. He was the biggest smart-ass around.

“You rang, your highness?”

Maverick growled at the Wood Elf. Law knew how the Alpha felt, but unfortunately you weren’t allowed to kill a mate. “Papa Smurf just stole away with two human mates and Melonee. Find them!”

Carter’s whole demeanor changed. He visibly gulped as he nodded and then shimmered out.

“Don’t *ever* talk to my mate like that again!” Tryck shouted as he raced down the stairs.

Maverick threw his very large hand up. It was the size of a damn dinner plate. “I don’t want to hear your shit. Your brothers’ mates and Melonee were just kidnapped. Your fucking attitude can wait.”

Tryck’s head snapped over to Law and Dagon, a low growl vibrating in his chest. “I’ve had it with those fucking blue fairies. Ahm swore the war was over.”

Law shook his head. “It wasn’t the same blue guy. This one was someone else.” He was ready to tear something apart. He wanted Josh back and could care less about the ongoing friction between his brother and the Alpha. Law’s only concern was finding the three and killing the blue bastard.

Maverick threw his head back once again and shouted. “Ahm!”

Law was impressed. The blue elf scared the crap out of him, but not Maverick. He was shouting as if he and Ahm were long-time acquaintances.

“I told you never to call me.” The blue elf shimmered in, seething at Maverick.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t have if one of your Smurfettes hadn’t stolen three of mine.” To be honest, if the fairy wasn’t so damn mean, he was quite beautiful. The long, flowing white hair was a breathtaking contrast to his blue skin.

Of course, no one was as breathtaking as his mate, but Law gave Ahm props on his looks.

Law was not comforted when Ahm looked at Maverick puzzled. “I’ve called an end to the war. None of my tribesmen should be involved in anything that has to do with you or the *Wood Elves*.” Ahm sneered the last part.

“I guess not everyone got the memo. I want them back, or the war you just ceased will be child’s play compared to my wrath.”

“I want my fucking mate, now!” Law shouted at Ahm. He didn’t care how scary the man was. Josh was gone, and he wanted him back.

Fuck anybody and anything right now. He was seething with anger. His mate must be cringing in fear right now and that thought alone made him want to kill the blue man in front of him.

Every protective instinct in him was rearing its ugly head and his wolf was going ballistic. It almost felt like he was head-butting Law.

"If Taylor is harmed, all you blue bastards will die," Dagon added with rage in his voice.

"I don't owe any of you a damn thing after what happened to my sister, but I'll look into it." Ahm shimmered out.

Law felt helpless. There wasn't a thing he could do right now. For all he knew, his mate and the others could have been shimmered anywhere on the planet.

\* \* \* \*

Josh pulled Taylor and Melonee close, watching the little girl pull at the bracelet on her wrist that the blue man had placed on her.

He was trying his best not to freak out or faint. The other two needed him to keep his wits about him.

"Okay, Melonee, can you tell Uncle Josh what the heck is going on?" Josh pulled the backpack and man purse higher up onto his shoulder, wishing he had dropped it in the foyer. It was an added burden that he didn't want right now.

The little kitten pinched the bridge of her nose, exhaling loudly. "I'm ten years old. Please talk to me like an adult, and not like I'm nine."

Josh really like her. "Sorry. So what's up with all this crazy time traveling?"

"It's not time traveling. We elves have to ability to shimmer in and out of places."

Josh's hopes renewed. They were actually going to get out of this mess. Thank god. He cleared his throat and spoke calmly to Melonee,

belying any fear that was coursing through him. “Then can you shimmer us out of here?”

Melonee held up her dainty wrist. “Duh, I’ve been trying to since we got here.”

“Real smart aleck, aren’t you?” Taylor narrowed his eyes at her. “How would you like if Uncle Taylor stuck you in time-out for a year?”

Melonee stuck her tongue out at his brother. “Try it. Maverick won’t let you.” Taylor crossed his arms over his chest, acting just as childish as Melonee.

“What is he, your father?”

“Yep, so don’t try to bully me. I have a bigger bully to back me up. I have two dads by the way, Maverick and Cecil, so don’t try anything or they’ll squash you like a teeny tiny bug.”

“Are they really your fathers?” Josh was confused as hell. Maverick and Cecil were a gay couple. How did all of this fit together?

“I think they are, and that’s all that matters. They raised me as their daughter, so why shouldn’t they get the credit of being my dads?”

She had a good point. Josh guessed that it didn’t matter who the father sperm donor was. It was the man, or men in this case, who stuck by and took care of the child that made them a dad.

“But what about your brother Tangee?” Josh asked.

“He’s a great brother, but he can’t be my dad. *Duh.*”

“Time-out, I’m warning you.” Taylor narrowed his eyes at her.

Too bad his and Taylor’s dad died several years ago. He had accepted Josh for who he was, never complained about a fairy acting son—as his mom so eloquently put it. His dad had stuck up for him when his mom went on one of her tirades. He really missed him.

“Where’s your mom?” Taylor asked with no concern of Melonee’s privacy for her own personal matters.

"I'm Fey. My real parents were killed and I was kidnapped. Olivia adopted me and raised me. When she was hurt, my adopted brother Tangee took me to the Den. Maverick and Cecil has raised me since. They said I could call them dad when I asked."

Melonee took a breath and then continued. "I begged my mom to let me stay here, and after *forever*, she agreed. My dads take me to see her a lot, and I talk to her *all* the time on the phone. My brother Tangee lives here, so I think that's what helped her to decide." Melonee pinched the bridge of her nose once again and then sighed as she looked up at both of them. "Okay, people, enough about me, we need to figure a way out." Melonee placed her hand on her hips, staring up at them as if they had the answer all along.

"I thought you had all the answers." Taylor pouted at her.

"I watch cartoons and have tea parties with stuffed animals. What do I know about bad guys and escaping?"

"Make that two years, smarty-pants."

Josh ignored the two. They were acting more like brother and sister than just having met. He didn't care about their bantering, it was taking their minds off of the situation.

Josh looked around, scanning the haphazardly made room they were in. He couldn't see any way out except the door. It reminded Josh of a shed. There were no windows to look out of, so he wasn't sure who was outside, or *what* was outside.

He tried his best not to think of werewolves, vampires, or fucking fairies. If he did, his fear would keep him inside this shed, and they needed to get away.

He pushed at the door, testing it, but knew before he did it that it would be a futile attempt. No bad guy was that inept to leave a door unlocked that they stuck their prisoners behind.

One could hope though.

He chewed on his bottom lip, scanning the room once more. There were tools on shelves in there, so it had to be some kind of toolshed, but Josh couldn't spot anything that would help them get out of this

mess. He was becoming frustrated. The responsibility of keeping these two safe rested on his shoulders. *Think damn it.*

"If I could get this bracelet off, we could shimmer out, but the dang thing is stuck on me." Melonee tried once again to remove the small circular trinket.

Josh could see that the bracelet was snugly on her wrist. They weren't getting that thing off. He had to think of another way out of this.

"Shh." Taylor held his hand up, Josh and Melonee moving closer to him. They heard a lock rattling on the other side of the door, and then it swung open.

This was not good. There only hope of escape was getting around the two. And from the looks of the two kidnappers, that was going to be a tough thing to do.

"I finally got you." The crazy bitch cackled as she and the blue man stepped into the shed. "Maverick thought he could outsmart me."

"A flea could outsmart you," Taylor snapped at her.

Josh jumped in front of his brother as the blue man's fist flew, connecting to Josh's temple. "You'll show Maribel some respect."

"When she finds all her screws," Melonee shouted. "My stuffed animals look smarter than her."

"It took me a very long time to obtain you, brat. The doctor will be pleased." She stepped toward Melonee, but Josh once again blocked any advance toward the younger captures.

"I thought they killed that crazy quack," Melonee shot from behind Josh.

What was wrong with these two? Taylor and Melonee just had to egg these two psychos on. He was going to kick both of their butts if they didn't shut up.

"Did you think Dr. Washington was the only one? Nope, there's still Dr. Rawlings." She made a grab for Melonee again, but Josh and Taylor shoved her behind them as they took a few steps back.



Josh wasn't sure what he was going to do, but taking Melonee away for some crazy doctor wasn't going to happen. They'd have to kill him first. He shifted slightly, placing his brother behind him as well. If anything jumped off, he was going to take the brunt of it.

"Do you think two humans can stop me?" Maribel asked angrily. "I could shift and tear the two of you apart in minutes."

Okay, Josh was *so* not wanting to die here. Even with her threat, he wasn't going to allow any harm to come to Melonee or Taylor. He'd fight a wolf, a blue man, or even the Gods themselves to save the two smart mouths behind him.

"Enough." Maribel leapt, changing into a wolf right in front of him.

*Holy shit!*

Josh didn't think. He grabbed a pair of shears sitting on a table to his right and plunged them into the wolf that was in midair, throwing his scrawny weight into the thrust.

She whimpered as both of them fell to the ground. Josh quickly got to his feet, all three were screaming their heads off, backing away from the blue man advancing on them.

This was it. Josh couldn't think of a way to defend them against this large blue man. He'd have to fight him in order for the other two to have their escape. Josh wasn't looking forward to this, but he was the strongest of the three.

Josh's jaw dropped open further when another blue man shimmered in, grabbing the one coming at them, and then tossed a key at Josh, shimmering out before Josh could even blink.

This shit was getting more bizarre by the second.

He grabbed the key from the floor where it fell, turning to Melonee and praying it was for her bracelet. The trinket snapped open and fell. Melonee reached down and grabbed it, shoving it in her jeans pocket. "Grab hands," she instructed.

"Wait, I think we need to take that back with us." Josh pointed to Maribel's limp body on the ground.

“But she’s dead,” Taylor whined.

“No, she isn’t.” Melonee confirmed Josh’s fears. “She’s a shifter, and will heal in a matter of moments, so we need to get moving.”

Josh really didn’t want to touch the beast. So instead, he stuck his foot out and smashed her face with it.

Hey, as long as it was touching.

The three and the wolf shimmered directly into some sort of office. The tall man, Maverick, came racing around his desk, Law and Dagon grabbing him and Taylor before they completed their shimmer.

“What the hell happened?” Law asked as he checked over Josh’s body.

Josh smacked at his hands, embarrassed that his shirt was lifted up and his spandex-covered, round butt was exposed to everyone.

“The crazy woman took us.” Melonee pointed down at the still limp wolf. “But Josh saved us.”

Josh blushed at all the eyes that shifted from the wolf to him.

He looked up at Law when his mate growled. “Who hit you?” Law turned his chin this way and that, his eyes narrowing as he stared at Josh’s face.

Josh had forgotten about the blue man striking him with all the chaos taking place. His blush deepened when Law kissed his bruise a few times. He loved the fact that Law didn’t care who was around, he made sure he showed Josh how he felt.

“The blue man,” Melonee volunteered from Maverick’s arms. Her dad was hugging her and petting her hair, a look of utter relief on his face.

Maverick set her down and then grabbed the scruff of Maribel’s pelt, dragging her from the office. Josh had a good idea what was about to happen to her.

“That’s right, Dad, kick her butt!” Melonee yelled into the hallway. “That will teach her to mess with Maverick.” Melonee sniffed and then stomped from the office. “I’m going to watch cartoons,” she said from over her shoulder before she disappeared.

Man, that little girl was resilient. She was acting as though the event hadn't fazed her. How often did this stuff go on that she was used to it? "He's going to do more than kick her butt, isn't he?" Josh asked Law.

"You don't want to know. She's been nothing but trouble, and I think the Alpha is about to end her reign of terror, permanently."

Josh grabbed Law around his neck. Now that it was over, his adrenaline waning, he shook apart in Law's arms.

"I have you, *pájaro*." Law's arms circled around Josh, lifting him off of his feet and cradling him in those massive arms. Josh tucked his head into Law's chest as his mate carried him up to his bedroom.

He whimpered when Law sat down in the bedroom, caressing his back and shushing him. "It's okay, I have you."

"We shimmered, a woman changed into a wolf, and a man was blue. How is it going to be okay?" Josh cried.

"You will get used to all the craziness around here, I promise. It will be second nature for you to see it after awhile." Law ran his hands over Josh's hair, kissing his forehead and rocking him.

"Where's Taylor?" Josh tried to sit up, but Law's strong arms prevented him.

"Dagon has him. He will make sure Taylor is okay."

Josh relaxed into Law, knowing somehow that Dagon would help Taylor through this just as Law was attempting to do for him. After everything that went on, he was glad his brother had someone to comfort him. Josh wasn't in a state to help his brother mentally or emotionally right now.

\* \* \* \*

Law rubbed his mate's back, watching as Josh fell asleep. He couldn't even begin to describe the relief that flooded him when they shimmered into Maverick's office.

He was proud of his little birdie for saving them, extremely impressed would be a better description. Law had worried that his mate would fall apart, but Josh had proved to be a warrior instead. Pride seized his chest as he stared down at his little birdie.

He snarled when Josh's hip vibrated. Law pulled the cell phone from its case, checking the caller ID. *Mommy Weirdest* was displayed. He smiled, and then wondered why she couldn't accept the fact that Josh was gay and leave him alone about it. What was with the insistent nagging and belittlements?

His mate preferred men, so what? It's not like he was out robbing banks and living a criminal life. Josh was a good person, and Law hated the way he was being treated by the person who gave birth to him and raised him,

He debated on whether or not to answer it, but decided not to. He didn't want more heat to come down on his mate or his brother. They were pawns in her plan to kill Josh's self-esteem. Law wasn't going to allow that to happen. He knew what it was like to feel different, to have everyone look at you as if you were a freak.

Granted, Dagon and Tryck didn't look at him like that, but he couldn't help but feel they did inwardly, with all their joking about him being a bottom boy.

He felt a kinship with Josh, more than just their mated bond. They both struggled with who they were, trying but failing to accept themselves.

It was hard, and he understood where Josh was coming from. When you heard the teasing and belittlement for so long, it stuck, whether you truly believed them or not.

He raised up, carrying his mate to his bed, tucking his little birdie in. Law answered the door when a soft knock sounded.

"Is he okay?" Cecil and Blair stood on the other side, concern on their faces.

It was good to see that the mates accepted Josh. But the mates were like that. It didn't matter who you were or where you came

from, if you were a mate, you were golden in their book. "He will be. Thank you for asking."

They both nodded. "You know, he can come hang out with us when he's up to it," Blair said.

Law smiled, glad that Josh was being accepted here. His mother may think he was an abomination, but the Den would take him in, love him, and help him in any way they could. Tryck may have scoffed at the idea of needing a pack, but moments like this proved to Law that he and Dagon had made the right choice when they wanted to join this one.

A pack was there for you no matter what, through thick and thin. Some packs weren't like that, like the one he grew up in, and it was a shame. Packs like those could take a page from the Brac pack. They may be all gay, but no one messed with one of theirs.

Maybe his mate's wounded self-esteem would heal here. Law closed the door, walked back to the bed, disrobed, and crawled under the blanket, pulling his mate into his arms, happy that no harm had come to him. Except the bruise on the side of his head. That pissed Law off. He wanted to find the fucker who had put it there and have an up close and personal conversation with him.

"Law?"

Law looked down at his mate. "Yes, *pájaro*?"

"Thank you." Josh cuddled closer. Law wrapped his mate in his arms, inhaling that wonderful and unique scent. Law groaned when Josh started massaging his cock.

"I want to fuck you, Law."

Law's entire aura shivered at those words. Fate had given him a mate that took care of all his needs. The pairing was perfect in every way.

He twisted his upper body, reached in the drawer, and grabbed the lube. He placed it in Josh's hand before turning over.

"No, on your back, just don't try to break me in half with those thighs of yours."

Law smiled. "I make no such promises, birdie."

Josh shook his head as he grabbed a pillow, tapping Law's hip. Law lifted up, Josh shoving the pillow under his ass. His hole clenched at the thought of having that extra large cock in his ass once more. "Birdie?"

"Huh?" Josh looked up at Law, setting the lube down.

"Do you think any less of me for wanting to be fucked?"

Josh tilted his head and studied him for a moment. "No. Imagine your whole life guys using you for your cock. Either you bottomed because they were too intimidated or you topped and never heard from them again." Josh ran his hand over Law's legs, smiling down at him. "I found a guy that will let me top and will stick around. I wouldn't trade that for the world. You're sexy as hell lying under me."

Law relaxed, seeing the truth in his mate's deep green eyes. He felt like he could be himself around Josh and not be judged. It was refreshing. "Then fuck me."

"With pleasure, Mr. Behemoth."

Law watched as Josh prepared him, using loving strokes to stretch him. He may be the Alpha of the two, but in the bedroom, he gladly submitted to his little birdie.

He groaned as Josh's fingers worked in and out of him. He may be teased for being a bottom, but Tryck and Dagon had no clue what they were missing out on.

Law closed his eyes as Josh slowly entered him. The feeling of being full didn't even begin to describe the experience. His legs quivered to wrap themselves around Josh, but he was too afraid of hurting his mate. "Josh."

Josh dropped down onto his chest, his palms flat on Law's chest as he pulled back and then slammed back in. His mate bit his bottom lip, a look of uncertainty in his eyes. "It's good, *pájaro*. Your cock is very good."

Josh's face lit up, his eyes sparkling as he thrust harder. Law could see the praise had a very positive effect on Josh. "Love me harder, birdie."

Josh's jaw set, a look of determination on his face as sweat dripped down his body. Law pulled his legs back to his chest, crying for Josh to fuck him harder. That triple X dick pounded into him, stroking his prostate and making him come unglued.

"You like me fucking you?" Josh asked.

Oh hell, dirty talk. Law wasn't going to last. "Yes, *pájaro*, shove your cock into my ass."

"Whose ass is this?"

Law wanted to laugh but figured the timing would be really bad. "Yours, *pájaro*, only yours."

"You got that right." Law yelped when Josh reached down and smacked his ass. "Only mine."

Oh fuck, Josh was being dominant. It was turning Law on more than it should. How could a man as large as he enjoy a smaller man dominating him in the bed? Law tossed the thought out, enjoying the sensation of his mate's cock jetting into him. "I'm going to come, *pájaro*."

"No, you aren't allowed to come yet."

Law grabbed the base, squeezing it tight to prevent it from exploding.

What Josh commanded, he got. "Please let me come." Law went along with it, giving his mate some sense of control back in his life. It wouldn't hurt his ego to give the reins to Josh sexually.

After what his mate had been through, Josh needed it.

Josh swiveled his hips, making his cock rim around Law's hole like a straw in a cup. He would have to disobey soon. His cock was too heavy with need to hold back. "Can't hold out," he warned.

"Come."

Law erupted at Josh's command, his seed hitting his chest and chin. Law spurted again when Josh leaned forward and licked his seed from his neck. "You taste good."

Josh righted himself, stiffened, and then powered into Law's hole. He cried out Law's name as he shook.

Law reached up and grabbed his mate, pulling him down into his arms. "I love you, pájaro."

"I love you, too." Josh snaked his hands behind Law's neck and held on.

They were two people who understood each other, needed each other, and Law couldn't love Josh more for that.

\* \* \* \*

Josh skipped across the room, happy at Law's declaration as he grabbed his cell phone. The thing had been beeping nonstop, indicating that he had a missed call. He wasn't ashamed of his body in front of Law. The man seemed to absolutely love it.

Big butt and all.

He giggled when Law chased him, grabbing handfuls of his ass. "You just want me for my bodacious booty and large cock."

"And there's something wrong with that?" Law chuckled in his ear.

Josh giggled again before going into his voicemail. His heart beat out of his chest when he heard his mom's voice.

*"I took a cab to your apartment and neither of you are here. I want Taylor brought home right this instant. My home. I'm taking a cab back. I expect his arrival no later than seven. Apparently you are not a good influence for him to be around. Seven, no later or I'm calling the police."*

Josh hung up the phone and then looked at the time displayed on it. Six fifteen. Shit. "I have to go. My mom's going to call the cops if



I don't take Taylor to her house by seven." Josh tossed the phone aside, grabbing whatever he could find to put on.

"We'll get him there in time." Law quickly dressed.

"No, you can't go." Josh saw the hurt look on Law's face, but he knew there was no way around this. "If I show up with you, she may ban me from seeing him until he's eighteen."

"When is that?"

"In five weeks. Can you take me to my apartment to get my car?" Josh grabbed his man purse and backpack, swinging the door open, and running down the stairs. "Taylor!"

## Chapter Six

Josh was panicking when Taylor didn't show. He yelled again, biting his polished nails. That's all he needed, to bring trouble to this house.

As strange as everything was around here, it felt more like home to him than he ever thought it would. He hated to leave, but despised the thought even more knowing he was taking Taylor away from a family that apparently accepted and cared about him.

"What?" Taylor asked as he and a bunch of other guys came out of the den. The other men were staring at him curiously, but Josh didn't have time for explanations. He knew he looked frantic, but the situation called for it.

"We have to go. Mom wants you at her house by seven or she's calling the cops." Oh god, he knew that look. Taylor was about to have a fit. *Not now.*

"I'm not going. I haven't done anything wrong, and neither have you." This was true, but try telling his mom that.

"Please, Taylor," Josh begged. They had less than thirty minutes now, and he wasn't going to waste it arguing. Josh knew his mom, she would make good on her threat.

"Listen to your brother," Dagon told Taylor.

"But I don't want to go," Taylor pleaded with Dagon. Josh could see the hurt look on Taylor's face at Dagon's words. Dagon pulled a cell phone out, handing it to Taylor.

"This is mine. Everyone's number is programmed into it. Call me, or anyone of us if you need us." Dagon leaned in closer. "Or just want to talk."

"Why bother?" Taylor shoved the phone back into Dagon's hand and ran out of the front door. Dagon's face was pained, and then he took off after Taylor. This was so fucked up all the way around.

"We have to go." Josh hurried Law.

"Josh?"

Josh turned, Maverick standing right behind him. "If there is anything the two of you need, all you have to do is call. One of us will be there in a matter of minutes."

Josh nodded his thanks and then took off after Taylor.

\* \* \* \*

"What's our plan?" Kyoshi asked, his voice filled with anger.

Cecil shook his head as he watched the brothers run from the house. "Nothing, he's seventeen. We can't do anything until he comes of age."

"Well, that sucks," Oliver said. "I came here when I was seventeen."

"But your situation was different." Cecil reminded him. "Their mother is only acting like an ass. There's no law against it, although there should be."

"We have to be able to do something," Drew added.

"He is one of us," Keata stated.

"I know, but what can we do?" Cecil asked them.

"We can talk some sense into his mom. Taylor seems like a really nice guy." Blair gave his two cents. "I really like him."

"I don't think she will listen. She is already being selfish by ripping him away." Tangee shook his head.

"We could kidnap him and leave a ransom note." Everyone turned and stared at Johnny. "What? Don't look at me like that. You guys were thinking it, too. I was just the first to say it."

"We could put a dummy in his bed so she thinks it's him," Nero suggested. "It could work, it could."

“Or I could show up tonight,” Gabby offered. “A pregnant male vampire should scare some sense into her.” Gabby shook his head. “It could also give her a heart attack, never mind.”

“Especially if you go into labor on her front porch.” Lewis chuckled as he squeezed Gabby’s shoulder. “But it was a damn good idea, buddy.”

George grinned. “Fake it.”

“And have Montana go nuts? I don’t want a rocket launcher aimed at Taylor’s house.” Caden rolled his eyes.

“I could give the big man a sedative,” Nicholas offered.

“Or I could plant drugs in her house and arrest her.” Lewis interjected again.

The whole room turned and looked at him.

“What? It was better than the ransom note.”

Johnny huffed. “I don’t think so.”

“I could shimmer him out when she goes to sleep every night.” Carter smiled devilishly. “And then have him back by morning. She’d never know.” He winked at them.

“Or we could just wait until he turns eighteen.” Murphy stated the obvious and most levelheaded solution. “It’s not really that long away.”

Cecil knew being away from your mate was torturous. Dagon and Taylor were about to suffer for it, but even with all the ludicrous suggestions, he knew Murphy’s was the best one.

This was the one time where their hands were tied and they couldn’t go running off to rescue a mate.

This really and truly sucked.

\* \* \* \*

Josh caught up with his brother by the motorcycles, Taylor and Dagon in a heated discussion. He wanted to give them their privacy,

but they didn't have time. Dagon held both of Taylor's hands in his, a pained look on his face.

Taylor's face pulled back in anger as he ripped his hands out of Dagon's.

"We have to go," Taylor snarled at Dagon. Mate or not mate, this was his little brother. He was already pissed the hell off as it was.

Dagon nodded, mounting his bike and starting it, Taylor reluctantly climbing on the back.

Law started his, Josh doing the same. If only he could tell his mom they were delayed by a shifter and a fucking fairy, and of course some hot ass sex.

But she wouldn't listen, never had before.

Josh held on tight as Law rode them back to his apartment. Once again depression settled in, and seeing the hurt and anger on Taylor's face only made it worse.

Not only was he leaving the Den, he was moving Taylor out, sending him back to the place he so desperately fought to get away from. Even though the delay hadn't been his fault, Josh still felt guilty as hell about Taylor having to go back to her.

They made it back to his apartment, Taylor jumping off of the bike and running upstairs, Dagon close on his heels. Josh felt like the world's biggest fuck-up for Taylor's misery.

Dagon must have gone upstairs to help Taylor pack. Josh couldn't bear to watch the pained expression on Dagon face or the anger on Taylor's.

"It'll all work out in the end, *pájaro*." Law tried to comfort him as they sat outside.

It wasn't working. Josh looked over at the police station, wondering if someone was going to come out and arrest him. They were cutting it close. He stood up, clearing his throat from the lump that had formed when Taylor came down, Dagon close behind and carrying his brother's things.

Josh pointed to his car where Dagon stored it all. Taylor ignored Dagon and slammed the passenger door after he climbed in. "I'll call you." Josh kissed Law, feeling torn.

"Remember to, or I will come find you." Law's expression conveyed how Josh was feeling—sad and lost.

Josh smiled weakly and then climbed into the driver's side. Josh pulled away, looking in his rearview mirror, seeing the crushed look on Dagon's face. He would see Law soon enough, but the other two would have to wait five long weeks.

This really did suck. As much as he didn't like the idea of Dagon and Taylor being together, no one should look that way. It wasn't that he didn't like Dagon, but Taylor was his brother. No one would be good enough for him.

He exited the highway, pulling onto the dirt road of his mom's farmhouse, his brother not speaking a word the entire ride. "Taylor, you know this isn't what I want."

Taylor sighed. "I know. I'm just very angry right now."

"I'll try and talk her out of this. Maybe she'll finally listen to me."

"I won't hold my breath." Taylor looked out of the passenger window, sadness written all over his face.

"You miss him?"

His brother shrugged.

"You'll see him again. He'll be waiting for you." Josh squeezed Taylor's shoulder, getting out of the car and walking to the front steps. He never hated his mom before, even when she was at her worst, but right now, he was very close to writing her off and never speaking to her again.

The door swung open. "It's about time," she snapped.

"Be reasonable. We didn't do anything wrong. Why are you punishing Taylor?" Josh stepped back when his mom took a step toward him, rage pulling her features back.

"You degenerate. You have him hanging around a bunch of fags, and I'm supposed to sit back and watch you turn his head? It's bad

enough you indulge in the homosexual acts. Now you want to drag my baby into it!" Josh jumped out of the way when his mom grabbed for him. "I'll keep him away from you for as long as I can. *My child* won't be gay, not matter how much you wish it so."

"He'll be eighteen in five weeks. You can't keep him under your prejudiced thumb forever."

"We'll see about that." She yelled for Taylor to get his things and get inside, his brother pulling his stuff from the trunk, a murderous glare on his face.

Josh walked off the porch, helping Taylor get his things out. "Call me. I mean it. If she gets unbearable, I'll hide you until you come of age."

"I won't have you getting into trouble. I'll be fine. Tell Dagon..." Taylor grabbed his bags and started to walk away.

Josh grabbed his arm. "Tell him what?"

"I don't know. I'm confused right now. I feel funny when I'm around him, almost like he's..." Taylor shrugged and walked away. Josh wished his brother had finished his thoughts. He could have relayed the message to Dagon, given the man something to hang onto.

He closed the trunk, watching until his brother disappeared behind the door and then climbed into his car. All Josh wanted to do was go home, burrow under his covers, and not come out until Taylor was eighteen.

He missed him already.

\* \* \* \*

Josh pulled into the lot next to his building, feeling the blues to his toes. He slammed his car door angrily and headed upstairs.

He couldn't believe his mom had gone and pulled Taylor from his life like that. Was she really that much of a bitch? Neither of them had down anything wrong to warrant her wrath.

It had hurt like hell when she claimed Taylor as her child but said nothing about him. She had never been this bad before, and Josh couldn't figure out for the life of him why she was getting worse.

So he was gay, big fucking deal. He was happy with Law, that should be the only thing that mattered.

Josh climbed the steps to his apartment, feeling lonely as hell knowing Taylor wouldn't be there to greet him. Five weeks may not be a long time to some people, but it felt like forever when separated from the one you loved.

Josh entered his apartment. All the lights were out, leaving him to roam around in the darkness. He didn't need them. He knew exactly where everything was.

Josh stopped, scanning the interior of his apartment. Something felt off. It wasn't the fact that Taylor wasn't here, no, it was something different. He just couldn't put his finger on it.

He reached for his cell phone, not liking the vibes he was getting. Josh dialed his phone, his eyes darting around. "Law?"

"Is something wrong, *pájaro*?" Law must have picked up on the slight panic in his voice. After what happened today, Josh wasn't sure what to expect.

Josh scanned the living room, not seeing anything. Maybe it was the emotional turmoil of the day that had him spooked. "It's probably nothing. I'm going to bed. I have to be up early for work."

"Do you need me to come over?"

Josh opened his mouth to say no when his neck felt like it was on fire. He cried out and dropped the phone, his arm was being twisted behind his back and his shoulder was being torn apart. "You smell just like her," someone snarled in his ear.

He twisted around and fought, but whoever had him had a very tight grip on him. His only thoughts were of Law and Taylor, hoping he would survive this and see them again.

\* \* \* \*



“Josh!” Law yelled into the phone. He raced down the steps, seeing Tryck by the den with Carter.

“Carter, I need you.”

Tryck started to growl until he saw the panicked look on Law's face. “What's wrong?”

“It's Josh. I need Carter to shimmer to his apartment and get him for me, please,” Law begged as tears gathered in his eyes. He had heard the fight, his mate crying out. Law was going crazy to get to him.

“You go with him. I won't have my mate going alone.” Law nodded. For some reason Carter couldn't shimmer with Tryck, something about mates canceling each other out. Luckily Tryck could still shift. Although Tryck told him they had done it once or twice.

“Ready?” Carter asked as he grabbed Law's shoulder.

“Hurry.” Law thought of Josh's apartment, and then they were there. He ran around until he tripped over a lump on the floor. Law pulled himself up and then knelt in front of his bloodied mate. Josh was unconscious and lying in a large pool of blood.

“Oh god,” he sobbed as he fell on his ass. It looked like someone had literally tried to tear his neck apart.

“Touch him,” Carter said in a hurried voice, “We have to get him to Nicholas.”

Law crawled through his mate's blood that was surrounding him, reaching out to take his mate into his arms. Carter touched Law's shoulder and then they were back in the foyer. All the warriors and mates gathered.

“I didn't shimmer to the clinic because I wasn't sure if someone was already in there,” Carter said, but Law wasn't listening.

He lifted Josh's limp body up and raced upstairs. All he could see was Josh's precious smile every time he teased Law, but all he could feel was his little birdie lying limp in his arms.

Law laid him on the operating table in the makeshift rooms Maverick had spared no expense at having made. He raced over to the sink, grabbing towels and wetting them.

Law tried his best to wipe away the blood. "Please, *pájaro*, don't leave me here alone." He pressed the towels into Josh's neck, trying his best to staunch the bleeding. He wiped a bloody hand across his face, clearing the tears from his vision. "You're the only one who truly understands me," he whispered as a sob broke from his chest. "I can't be without you."

"Move." Nicholas pushed him aside, getting busy on his mate. Law stepped back, covering his face with his hands and crying. He couldn't live in a world without his Josh. The man made his heart beat, his lungs breathe, and every day worth living since he met him.

"Fuck," Nicholas shouted.

Law didn't take comfort in that word. He crumbled to the floor, crying out for his mate. Oliver and Tryck came in, scrubbed and ready to help.

"I can't get the bleeding to stop," Nicholas yelled at them. "He's losing too much."

Law crawled across the floor, grabbing the shirt Nicholas had cut off of Josh's body, holding it to his face as his whole body went numb. He rocked back and forth, holding onto that shirt as if it were his mate, inhaling the scent and remembering the gorgeous smile his mate gave him every time he looked at Law.

He watched in detachment as Carter shimmered in with Prince Christian, the vampire moving Nicholas aside. Law saw everything in frames, Christian appearing, Christian moving the doctor aside, Christian pulling the gauzes from Josh's neck, and Christian biting into his mate's neck.

Law's vision turned red. He shifted in the operating room, Maverick coming in at the last second and grabbing him. Law's nails dug into the cold, linoleum floor, trying to find purchase as he snapped and snarled at the vampire. Maverick had him around his

neck, holding him back. Law fought to get to his mate, twisted around in Maverick's arms as he tried to gain his freedom.

"Let him work on Josh," Maverick yelled.

Law couldn't find reason or rhyme. All he saw was another biting into his mate. Something only he had the privilege of doing. He snapped and snarled more viciously, saliva dripping from his muzzle as he tried to get at the vampire and tear him in half.

Christian stood, bowed to Law, and then Carter shimmered him out. Law whined, shifting in Maverick's arms. "Fucking let me go!"

Maverick released him, Law running over to his pale mate. "What did he do to him?" His hands hovered over Josh's body, his eyes locking in on the fresh bite mark placed higher than the original wound.

"Saved him," Maverick informed Law. "He explained to me what he had to do, and I gave my permission."

Law got up in Maverick's face. Rage like nothing he ever felt before consumed him. "And what about Josh's permission, my permission? What the hell did he do to him?"

"You aren't in the right frame of mind to make decisions right now. I had to make a call. I made the one I felt was in your mate's best interest."

"What. Did. He. Do. To. Him?"

"Turned him."

Law roared. He knocked everything off of the counter and turned over a few machines, seething at the Alpha. "You had no right!"

"If he hadn't, Josh would be dead right now!" Maverick shouted in Law's face. "Get over it, it's done. Help your mate adjust to his new life instead of blaming everyone."

Law's head was reeling, his body tight with tension as he went back to his mate. Josh looked so peaceful lying there. Suddenly Josh shot up, latching onto Law's neck and biting into him. Law fell back, wrapping his arms around his mate as Josh drank deeply from him.

“He’ll need to drink more than usual his first time,” Maverick informed him.

Law allowed his mate to take what he needed. After a moment, he became light-headed. Maverick pinched Josh’s nose and pulled his mate back, Tryck coming up and offering his wrist.

“What are you doing?” Law howled.

“He’s taking too much from you. Would you rather he quench his thirst with your brothers or one of us?” Maverick asked him.

Law hated the fact that Josh was latched onto Tryck, but would rather it be his brothers than any of the other warriors in this house. He held onto his mate as Josh drank deeply from Tryck. Maverick pinched his nose again, and Dagon stepped up.

His baby brother looked at Law apologetically, offering his wrist to Josh. His mate whimpered, grinding into Law as he drank. Dagon had the decency to turn his head. The others cleared from the room when Josh’s arousal became too apparent. The only ones left were Maverick and Dagon.

Josh released Dagon, his brother quickly exiting. “Good luck.” Maverick said as he closed the door behind him.

Josh tore Law’s jeans off with strength beyond human capacity, pushing Law’s legs back and sinking into him.

“Fuck, lube, man.”

Josh shook his head as if to clear it. Law reached around until he found something he could use and lubed his own hole, Josh too lost to hear him. The pain eased into pleasure, and Law became lost in the sex act. Law gasped when Josh bit into his neck again, erotic lust exploded as he came.

“Josh,” Law panted. His mate was driving into him, taking Law’s orgasm higher.

His mate gave a low growl as he came, finally releasing Law’s neck. Josh dropped down onto Law’s chest. “What’s wrong with me?”

“Soon, I’ll have everything explained to you soon, *pájaro*.”

\* \* \* \*

Josh looked around as he lay on Law's chest. He was trying to remember how he had gotten here. The last thing remembered was being in his apartment, calling Law. Flashes of someone attacking him came crashing through, and Josh gasped, grabbing onto his mate in frenzy. Someone was trying to tear his throat out!

"I have you, *pájaro*." Law rubbed his back. Josh held on as one memory after another came flooding back. He crinkled his nose, thinking of drinking blood from Tryck and Dagon. Gross.

"I'm a vampire now, aren't I?"

"Yes, *pájaro*." His mate wrapped his big and strong arms around him, holding him close. "I still love you."

Josh cuddled closer, not understanding everything that was happening to him. He clung to Law, the only thing in his upside-down world that made sense to him at the moment. "I'm scared."

"I know. We'll figure this out together." Josh closed his eyes, grateful that Law had come into his life.

Of course his life hadn't been this exciting or bizarre before meeting the guy. "There is another vampire who lives here. I will ask him to help you with any questions you have."

"Okay." Talk about taking a trip into another realm. Josh wouldn't be surprised if Dorothy and Toto came running in at any moment. Hell, he would follow the scarecrow to find another brain because his was apparently malfunctioning. "I'm sorry for being so rough."

Law gave him that deep and seductive chuckle. "No problem, I enjoyed it." Josh lay there, not knowing what to say. How was he going to work now? Didn't vampires go up in flames if out in the sun? It was summer after all.

He became angry at what was done to him. He pushed up from Law's chest as he looked around the room. "Who did this to me?"

"Prince Christian. Maverick made the call, had you converted."

“He had no right!” Josh yelled as his head swam.

Law nodded, “I said the same thing, birdie.”

Josh looked down to see the tears swimming in his mate’s eyes. How could he be angry when he still had Law? It was done, now he had to adjust to what being a vampire entailed. He still had Law.

“Thank you.” Josh leaned down and hugged Law, thankful for the man he had in his arms. Angry or not, he still had Law.

“Come on, *pájaro*. Let’s go talk to the Alpha and get some answers.”

Josh pushed up from Law’s chest, panic setting in. “But what about the sun?”

“It’s dark out, you’re safe.”

Josh cringed when he saw Law’s pants on the floor in pieces. “I’m sorry.”

Law caught his chin, lifting it up so Josh could look into his beautiful, grey eyes. “Don’t.”

Josh swallowed a few times, fighting back the tears as he nodded. He pulled his pants up, crossing his arms over his bare chest.

“I will get you something to wear.” Law peeked out the door, waving Josh to follow him. They ran to Law’s room, Josh actually laughing as his mate streaked down the hallway.

“We made it.” Law chuckled.

“Woo-hoo,” Josh cheered, jumping up and down. He felt strong, invigorated. Walking over to the mirror, he half expected not to see his reflection, but there he was. “I don’t look any different.”

“No, you still have a very nice ass.”

Josh rolled his eyes. “I meant my face.”

“That, too.” Law smiled.

Josh accepted the extra large shirt Law handed him, pulling it on as Law grabbed a pair of jeans. “If you are going to be tearing my clothes from me often, we need to shop.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Didn’t I tell you it was okay? I was only kidding, maybe. Hopefully you do that again.” Law wiggled his brows and Josh laughed.

“If it turns you on, then I will.”

“Just being around you turns me on, *pájaro*.” Ah hell, what more could a guy ask for? Josh felt ten feet tall around his mate. The man constantly rubbed his ego.

“You’re just saying that because I tear that ass of yours up so well.”

Wow, Law was actually blushing. Cool. “That you do.” Josh wanted to run around doing the happy dance. He had a man who was comfortable being with him. How fucking awesome was that? He’d have to adjust to the new him, but things still seemed to be the same between him and the man he loved.

“I want you to move in here with me. Your apartment isn’t safe now.”

Josh agreed with his mate one hundred percent, although he didn’t like the choice being taken out of his hands. “Why did the vampire say I smelled like her? Who is her?”

“Melonee. She is Fey, her scent and Carter’s drives vampires crazy.” Law sat down on the chair and motioned for Josh to sit on his lap. “When the half vampire mated Montana, he went nuts around her, tried to bite her. Apparently an elf’s scent is sweet to them, and since you were around her...”

“I smelled like her,” Josh finished, and Law nodded. Josh’s eyes grew wide. “Taylor was around her, too.”

“Fuck.” Law grabbed his phone. “Dagon, you need to check on Taylor. He was around Melonee...” Law looked at his phone.

“What’s wrong?”

“He hung up.”

## Chapter Seven

Law sat there listening to Prince Christian on speaker phone. “Normally a vampire can’t be made, but being who I am, I have the power to do it.”

“So what happens to me now?” Josh asked.

“Well, you’re basically my son, in theory. You need to drink once a week, stay away from the sun. You won’t go up in flames, but it hurts like a bitch, and...” Christian cleared his throat. “Uh, ask Gabby about the other gift.” Christian hung up.

“What gift?” Josh turned to Law whose mouth was hanging wide open.

“You can get pregnant.” Maverick smirked.

“Oh hell no! I’m not a fucking girl.”

Law was stunned. Josh was now the third person in this house that could conceive. What the hell was wrong with this world? All he knew about growing up were shifters. Now there were vampires, fairies, pregnant men, and crazy doctors turning perfectly good men into baby-making machines. What the fuck?

He felt on the verge of a nervous breakdown. This was just too much. His birdie, pregnant? Oh, God, he needed a drink, and the ability to get drunk. He started breathing too heavily, becoming light-headed.

“Breathe, damn it.” Josh grabbed the front of his shirt and shook him. “I’m the one that’s supposed to be having a panic attack, not you.”

“I can’t...I can’t...” Law pushed Josh off of him and stuck his head between his legs, gulping down massive amounts of air. He



wasn't ready to be a father, was he? Oh crap. Law fell forward out of the chair, darkness washing over him.

\* \* \* \*

Josh stood there with his mouth hanging open. Law actually fainted.

"Well, I'll be damned." Maverick laughed.

"He fainted." Josh pointed at his mate out cold on the floor.

"I knew bottom boy was a wuss." Tryck chuckled.

Josh spun around, charging right up to Tryck and stabbing him in the chest with his finger. "If you *ever* call my mate any of those names again, I'll cut your balls off. How dare you talk about your brother like that."

"It doesn't bother him," Tryck tried to defend himself, Carter snickering and backing away.

"Yes, it does. Just because he doesn't show it or say anything about it to you doesn't mean that you aren't hurting him. I should know, my mom annihilates my self-esteem every chance she gets. Words. Hurt!"

"You tell him," Maverick cheered Josh on.

Tryck glared over at the Alpha. "I didn't realize it bothered him." He turned back to Josh. "I won't do it anymore. There's nothing in this world I wouldn't do for him, I'm sorry."

"Pussy." Maverick chuckled.

"Fuck you," Tryck snapped at Maverick.

Josh didn't understand what was going on between the two, and didn't care. His only concern was making sure *no one* hurt Law. "It would do him good to hear you say those words to him."

"I heard."

Josh looked down at Law, seeing that his mate had come around. Okay, awkward moment here. He back-stepped, reaching down to help his mate up. "Thank you." Law circled his arms around Josh.

“You’re mine. I told you I would parade you around and shout it to anyone who would listen. To hell with anyone who thinks less of you. I don’t.”

“And that’s all that matters.”

Tryck made a gesture of sticking his finger down his throat a barfing. Josh shot a murderous glare at him.

“I’ll give you cash if you want to kill him,” Maverick teased.

“How much?”

“Hey, he may be barbaric, but he’s my barbarian.” Carter grabbed Tryck and pulled him from the office.

“Pussy!” Maverick shouted after them.

“One of these days he’s going to bump you off in your sleep.” Law laughed.

Maverick snorted. “He wishes he was that good.”

“Who?” Cecil asked as he entered the office and climbed into Maverick’s lap.

“Tryck.”

Cecil rolled his eyes. “You two at it again?”

“He started it.” Maverick pouted.

Josh stood there watching them, amazed that the big man was pouting like a five-year-old. The other men from the den piled into the room.

“Hi, I’m Drew.”

Josh shook his hand.

“And I’m Murphy.”

He stood there for the next half an hour being introduced to everyone in the house. How was he going to remember everyone’s name? Thinking his head was too full already, the bigger men came in and started introducing themselves. This was too much.

“Can everyone wear a name tag until I can remember?” Josh asked.

“You’ll remember,” Remi teased. “If not, just say *hey asshole*, and any one of us warriors will turn our heads.”

"Speak for yourself." Hawk chuckled. Josh stared at the menacing-looking man. Holy shit, the man was fierce-looking.

"Are all of you wolves?"

"Nah," Cecil waved his hand. "Most of us mates are human."

Josh looked down at a pregnant man. He swallowed, not wanting to ever look like that.

"I'm Gabby. They call me Gabby because my name is Gabriel, but of course it can refer to me talking too much. I'm half vampire, so if you have any questions, feel free to come find me and ask away. Of course, as I mentioned, I'm only half. So if it's something I can't answer, you'll have to call Christian. By the way, he's my dad. Your dad now, I guess. So that makes us brothers, cool."

"There he goes." Maverick chuckled.

Josh's eye twitched.

"I know how you feel." Kyoshi giggled.

"Come on, it's dark out. Let's get Josh into the den, game time." Cecil clapped his hands together.

Josh looked up at Law, pleading for some help. His mate only laughed, waving him on. Bastard.

A controller was shoved into his hands as soon as he made it into the den. "What are we playing?"

"You'll see." Lewis winked at him and started the game. Josh struggled to make his man shoot his gun, failing miserably and getting shot. By the third round, he was finally catching on. It wasn't so bad here. They accepted him for who he was, nail polish, big booty, sashaying, and spandex. It was nice.

"Oh crap, I forgot my man purse at home."

"I can shimmer Law to go get it," Carter volunteered.

Josh waited for someone to laugh, but no one did. "Thanks." He smiled at the fucking fairy. Why did they call him that? He would have to ask Law later.

"We're going to pack your apartment. Are you okay with that?"

Josh turned, Law standing in the archway smiling at him. He gave his controller to Keata, sashaying over to his mate and kissing him soundly. “No problem at all.”

“No sex in the den.” Keata wiggled his finger and smiled.

“Yeah, only Nicholas and Jason are allowed to give free shows.” Blair smirked.

“Perverts,” Jason said from over by the pool table.

“Oh, didn’t see you there.” Blair blushed and wiggled his fingers at the Grey wolf. Jason rolled his eyes and went back to his game with Gunnar.

Josh remembered their names better than he thought he would. Was it because he was a vampire now?

“We’ll be back. My brothers and a few other warriors are going to help.” Law leaned in. “Is there anything you don’t want them to see?”

Josh bit his bottom lip and looked around, leaning into Law and whispering. “I have a dildo under my mattress. Please don’t let anyone else see it.”

Law growled, “We can use it later.”

Josh felt the tips of his ears burn. “Okay.”

Law and the others left, Josh skipping back to his game. He stopped when he saw Nero staring behind him. “What?”

Nero straightened, his mouth closing and his eyes darting around. “Nothing,” he said quickly.

“Are you staring at my butt?” Josh narrowed his eyes at the little man.

“It...jiggles.” Nero turned a deep red.

The mates fell out laughing. Josh wasn’t sure if he should be offended. He didn’t like anyone pointing his shortcomings to him.

“Sorry.” Drew snickered. “We’re not making fun of you. Nero is hilarious.”

Josh pulled at his shirt, trying to make sure his butt was covered.

“Knock it off, we don’t care about that.” Cecil smacked at Josh’s hand. “We all have our quirks. Yours is no different.”

Josh looked around at everyone, trying to figure out if they were really making fun of him or being honest.

"I'm pregnant. That's more bizarre than a wiggly butt." Gabby pointed to his belly.

"I wear blue gloves." Nero held his hands up.

"I'm a half wolf." Drew opened his mouth to show Josh.

"Me, too." Murphy did the same.

"We believe anything anybody tells us." Johnny pointed his finger between him and Keata.

"I like to get bit." Blair blushed. Wow, that was TMI if he ever heard it, Josh thought.

"I pick my toenails in bed," George volunteered. Josh shuddered. He was just like Taylor. He started missing his brother as soon as he thought of him.

"Tryck snores to wake the dead, and I have pointy ears." Josh looked at Carter, wondering how he got such a perfect braid down the back of his head.

"I turn into a cat in a house full of dogs," Kyoshi offered.

"Me, too." Keata beamed.

"I'm a warrior and a mate. How screwed up is that?" Caden huffed.

Josh was feeling a lot better. Maybe his big booty wasn't so freakish. There was no way in hell he was mentioning the size of his cock. Law would kill him. Josh giggled inwardly at the thought. "Okay, okay, I get it. My butt is no big deal."

"Well, it is big." Tangee laughed.

"But perfect for you," Heaven added as he strolled in with his twins. Josh knelt down, smiling at the pair.

"They're adorable."

"Thank you."

"Oh crap," Gabby squealed. "I think it's time."

All the mates started running around screaming. Josh was one of them. He had no clue what to do for a pregnant man.

“Nicholas!” Nero ran out of the den screaming.

“Calm down,” Heaven yelled at them. “You are only going to make Gabby panic. Okay, more than he is already.”

Montana came barreling into the den, a look of pure terror on his face. He grabbed his mate and hauled ass upstairs.

“That was close.” Johnny wiped his brow. “Holy moly, I’m gonna be a godfather now!”

Josh blinked, feeling like he had fallen down the rabbit hole. This was so fucking weird. Yeah, okay, being gay, wearing a man purse, having a big butt, and sashaying around wasn’t shit compared to these guys.

“Uh, Josh, can I see you a minute?” Maverick asked from the archway. Oh hell, Josh so didn’t like how the man sounded. He followed Maverick to his office, fidgeting with his shirt nervously.

“Is Law okay?”

“He’s fine. They’re on their way back. It’s about Taylor.”

Josh ran over to the desk, leaning in toward the Alpha. “What is it?”

“He’s run away. Lewis got a call a minute ago. He’s a detective at the police station.”

Josh’s fingernails dug into the mahogany desk. “We have to find him. It isn’t safe for him out there. Look what happened to me!”

“Calm down, Dagon and Tryck are tracking him down now.”

If anything happened to Taylor, Josh would never forgive himself. He knew his brother didn’t want to go, and he was the one who took him. What had he been thinking?

“Please find him,” Josh begged.

“We will. Dagon won’t rest until he finds his mate.” Maverick smiled at him kindly.

“Thank you for telling me.” Josh turned around and walked out, feeling like a heel for forcing Taylor to go. He could have stood up to his mom, or even hidden his brother until he was of age. God, why was he such a coward when it came to her?

He followed Law and the others upstairs as they brought his things in. "Taylor is missing."

"I know, *pájaro*. Dagon will find him. Timber wolves have the best tracking skills."

Josh felt a little better knowing that, but he wouldn't be fine until Taylor was safe. He slid the phone off of his hip, dialing his mom's number. Josh sat down on the steps, biting his nails at the anticipated conversation. "Mom?"

"Do you have him?" she barked.

"No. I was wondering what you said to make him leave."

"Me? How dare you. You are the one who filled his head with cockamamie ideas about being gay. Who is this Dagon he keeps talking about?"

Josh knew there was more to the story than she was telling him. He also knew she wasn't going to tell him either. "Bye, Mom."

"Joshua Michael..." He hung up. It wasn't his place to tell her Taylor was gay. She'd find out soon enough.

"Come on, *pájaro*, sitting on the steps won't help find Taylor." Law pulled him to his feet, leading him to their room. He looked at all the unpacking he needed to do. How had he accumulated so much? "Don't worry, I'll help you unpack."

"Can we have sex?" Josh blurted out.

"Anytime you want, little birdie. But what about, you know." Law pointed at his stomach.

"I can't get pregnant if I fuck you." He smiled mischievously.

"True."

"Bend over, baby."

Law growled. "Should I be offended?"

"Nope, gonna love you good," Josh teased and then turned around, wiggling his butt at his mate. Law's eyes instantly turned to lust. His mate started panting. Josh thought it funny.

Law went to the door, closing and locking it, stripping right where he stood. The front of Josh's spandex became instantly wet, pre-cum leaking out, looking at Law's ass as his mate crawled onto the bed.

"Come, *pájaro*, show me how good you can love me."

Josh blinked. He couldn't believe how lucky he had gotten. Law was everything you could want in a partner and lover. He stalked toward the bed. "It's time to lay down Joshua's Law." He grabbed his cock, showing Law just what he meant.

His mate chuckled. "Yes, sir."

\* \* \* \*

Josh sat in the doctor's office, staring at the needle filled with white liquid. "So, you're saying that if you inject me with that, I'm safe for the next five years?"

"Yup. That's what the prince tells me." Nicholas answered.

Josh and Law had both agreed that neither of them wanted kids. It was nice to play with Heaven's boys, but taking on a responsibility like that was something neither of them wanted. There was no debate, no what-ifs, they both ran to Nicholas's office as soon as Gabby informed them that a contraception was available.

"I'm ready, shoot me."

Nicholas chuckled as he ran an alcohol pad over Josh's upper arm. "Now you are aware that this will be the first time I've administered this, right?"

"Compared to a baby, I don't care if I grow fur."

"Hey." Law pouted beside him.

"You know what I mean."

"Are you two sure?" Nicholas looked from Josh to Law.

"Shoot him." Law agreed.

They both watched as Nicholas gave the injection. Josh breathed a sigh of relief. "That's it? I'm good to go now?"

"Yep. I'm told it works right away."



Josh hopped down from the exam table, skipping his happy ass from the clinic. Law was right behind him, looking just as relieved.

“About this Joshua’s Law.” His mate chuckled as his wiggled his brows.

\* \* \* \*

Dagon and Tryck cut the motors to their bikes, pushing them behind a tree, stripping down, and then shifted.

Dagon padded up the dirt road, trying to catch his mate’s scent. His nostrils filled with the smell of mothballs. What the hell?

Tryck gave a short bark, telling Dagon to follow him. Dagon walked over, seeing a shirt on the ground behind the house. He growled, sniffing at the scent of his mate lingering on it. It was Taylor’s, but where had his mate taken off to, and why was he shirtless?

Dagon scanned the area, wondering if his mate was safe, if he was wounded, or how much of a punishment the runaway was going to get when he found him, because there was no question of if. It was a question of when.

## THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lynn Hagen loves writing about the somewhat flawed, but lovable. She also loves a hero who can see past all the rough edges to find the shining diamond of a beautiful heart.

You can find her on any given day curled up with her laptop and a cup of hot java, letting the next set of characters tell their story.

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