



# With the Stars

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**Category:** Romance, M-m Romance, Paranormal, Vampires

**Description:** Unable to tear a family apart, Minho watched his soul mate, Peter, from afar. He vowed to keep him safe, even if it meant enduring a life of loneliness.

Peter loved his wife from the moment they met. He watched as she slowly succumbed to cancer, her loss devastating him and their sons. He was convinced he'd never love again.

Then Minho appeared, changing everything.

Can Peter move on from losing the only person he ever loved and accept his vampire mate?

**Total Pages (Source):** 41

# Page 1

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## Chapter One

Standing outside the cafe, Minhoo Lee watched his mate, Peter Cushins, wave goodbye to the last of the customers, then begin cleaning the tables. Minhoo had stood in that exact spot many times over the years, but this was the first time he stood there with the intention of walking inside the cafe and introducing himself.

Watching Peter move, singing to the music that played over the speakers made Minhoo smile. His mate always had a smile on his face, was always ready to talk to a customer. When other places had struggled during hard times, Peter's had flourished, and Minhoo knew it was because of his mate.

Checking his watch, Minhoo noted the time. By now Peter's wife, Diane, would have arrived to help him tidy. They would have talked, laughed, teased each other before locking up and going home. Those days were no more, and Minhoo did feel a twinge of pain that his mate had endured the loss of someone he'd loved deeply.

The day Minhoo had seen Peter and realized who he was to him was etched in his memory. His mate. The one person meant to be by his side always. Catching his scent had made Minhoo pause, and search the area until he'd found Peter. He'd smiled, happiness radiating through him, then spotted something when Peter had lifted his hand.

A ring.

Slowing, Minhoo had kept pace until Peter had found the person he'd been searching for when he'd moved through the crowd of people around him. His wife. Diane.

Minho had seen the way they'd looked at each other and knew he would never come between them, no matter how much it hurt. And it did hurt.

Finding a location away from prying eyes, Minho had sagged against a wall, tears flowing down his cheeks. His mate was in love and promised to another. He'd made those vows, and Minho wasn't the type of man to come between them, even if Peter was his mate. He couldn't do that to his wife. She loved him, and Minho wouldn't have been able to live with the pain he'd cause them by breaking up their marriage.

He'd followed them home, vowing to keep them safe in any way he could, and he had over the years. He'd watched their family grow. First one son, then another. Their anniversaries, their birthdays, and Minho had stayed away, out of sight, but there in case anything should happen, and one day it did.

A storm blew in, and as they were driving home, a car had gone through a red light, hitting several others including the one Peter had been in with his youngest son, Rex. They'd been slammed up against a wall, the engine smoking, flames licking under the hood.

The door had jammed, and Minho had known he had to do something, so he had. He'd run over, yanking the door until it broke free from the car, and threw it away. He'd stared into Peter's eyes, had seen the look of shock and fear on his face. "Grab Rex and get out."

No sooner had he said those words than he turned and left the area. He couldn't be seen. He'd already risked too much by saving Peter and his son, but he couldn't let either of them perish. A word to Gray had the other vampire causing problems with the city's CCTV system, and what Minho had done had been erased.

When questioned why, Minho had kept as close to the truth as possible without revealing he had a mate.

The day Diane had died was also etched in Minho's memory. The devastated look on Peter's face, the boys falling apart. Watching him pick up the pieces, support his children, try to run a business. Slowly, life returned to as close to normal as it could be—a new normal, and Minho had still waited. He wasn't going to appear when they all needed time to recover.

That time had come now, though. Two years had passed, and Minho wanted to talk to his mate face to face. Peter was nearing fifty, his dark hair sprinkled with silver, the lines around his eyes showing how often he smiled. Minho wanted him, loved him, and now he was ready to go and claim his mate.

Walking across the road, Minho paused before opening the door. Uncharacteristically for him, he was nervous, his palms clammy, his heart racing. This moment right now was one he'd waited years for, and now that it was here, he hesitated. What if Peter refused him? Could Minho walk away if Peter told him no? And he might. Peter could still be mourning the loss of Diane. Minho may not have waited long enough.

Licking his dry lips, Minho moved to one side, smiled, nodding his head when people passed by him on the sidewalk. He'd waited years for this moment and now that it was here he was... scared. Yes, he was scared.

Peter carried a tray of dirty items into the back and Minho opened the door and walked inside. He found the light switch and turned some off, the place not as overall bright as usual. Peter came back inside and paused before walking over to him with an easy smile on his face.

The time had come and Minho was ready.

## Chapter Two

Peter wiped the table down after the last customer had left and checked the clock on

the wall. Ten more minutes and he would close. He'd had a good day today, customer wise. A couple of busy spells at the usual times. Breakfast, lunchtime, and after people had finished work.

The ladies had been in as well, a group of older women who came in most days, which always made the day go faster. Today he had the pleasure of listening to Pam tell the other ladies about her husband and how she gave him a good rummage. Rummage as in a hand job. That was an image he didn't need, but now had.

Taking the dirty cups to the back, he placed them in the dishwasher as the door opened at the front. Glancing at the clock, he already had a smile on his face when he walked through to the front. The customer wasn't by the till where Peter expected them to be. He sat at one of the empty tables, and Peter noticed the place was darker than normal. Light filtered in from the lights on the sidewalk, enough that Peter could see the man, but it made him briefly hesitate before walking over to him.

Smiling, Peter said, "I'm sorry. We're about to close. I can make you some takeout, if you want."

"I don't want a drink, Peter. I came to see you."

Peter furrowed his brow. He looked the man up and down, not recognizing him. "Do we know each other?" He was fairly certain he'd never met the man before, and he would have remembered. The man sitting in front of him was attractive. Dark hair, tanned skin, hazel eyes.

"You don't know me, Peter, but I know you. I've watched you for years." The man paused before adding, "I'm sorry for the loss of your wife."

Peter sucked in a breath. Losing Diane to cancer two years previously had devastated him and their boys but they were slowly recovering. How this man knew concerned

Peter. “Who are you?”

“My name is Minh. But the question you should be asking is what are you?”

Peter took a step back, glanced at the front door then back at the stranger. Minh.  
“What are you?” Two questions in one. What are you as in why that particular question and as an actual question.

## Page 2

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“I am a vampire and you are my mate.”

“And you are off your meds.” Minhó chuckled, the sounds dancing over Peter’s skin. He sucked in another breath, startled at his reaction. He wasn’t sure he liked his reaction. “Maybe you should leave.”

“Maybe I should stay and you should sit. We need to talk.”

“Nope. Can’t think of anything I want to say to you.”

“Fine. Then sit and listen to me talk. I’ve waited years to have this opportunity. What’s five minutes of your time compared to that?”

“This conversation makes no sense. You look thirty. How could you have been waiting years for me?”

“I first saw you when you were twenty. You’d married Diane a few months earlier. It was a carnival. You were both laughing at the clowns. I knew who you were to me but I stayed away. You were in love and with someone else, had made a promise to her, and I wasn’t going to get in the way. Instead I spent my time watching over you, keeping you safe. How do you think you survived that car accident? You and your son, Rex. I dealt with the door and pulled you away before the fire took hold. I saved both of you.”

Peter remembered that day well. It wasn’t one he was ever going to forget. He’d known they would die. The door had jammed shut and they couldn’t get out. The fire coming closer, the car next to them already blazing, the engine on theirs smoking as

flames took hold. He'd known they were going to die, and his only thought was somehow trying to save Rex. As long as his son was safe, he didn't care about himself.

The door wouldn't budge, the metal twisted in the crash and heat, and Rex was screaming. Peter had been reaching for him when suddenly the door was gone and he'd stared up into hazel eyes... "You."

"Yes." Minho pointed to the chair on the other side of the table. "Please sit with me. I've waited a long time. Five minutes is all I ask."

Peter pulled the chair out, ignoring it scraping along the floor, and dropped into it. He was sitting across from the man who had saved him and Rex. Now he knew him. Now he remembered him. Rubbing a hand across his mouth, Peter shook his head slowly. "Why now?"

"I would never have interfered in your marriage. You were in love and I wasn't going to do anything to jeopardize that. It wouldn't have been fair to either of you. I expected to watch you grow older, and eventually die and then keep your sons safe. I made that promise, but then Diane passed unexpectedly. I stayed away to give you time to grieve but now the time is right for me to speak to you."

"What's a mate?"

"A mate is someone who is your other half. It's like marriage but more intense. We rarely separate. Why would we when we're with the one person who completely understands us? Even me describing it to you is nowhere near enough to explain what a mate is. How important mates are. Mates are everything to a vampire, and you are mine."

"Vampire," Peter scoffed.



Minho made a sound at the back of his throat, then opened his mouth. Peter watched the fangs descend and scrambled back, almost falling out of his chair with his need to create distance between them. How had he done that? He had seen them, right? He wasn't hallucinating. He had seen them. Minho closed his mouth, his eyes tracking every move Peter made. "I've surprised you."

Yes, of course Peter would be surprised. He'd seen something happen that shouldn't have. "How are they real?"

"Because I'm a vampire. They're part of the species." A flash of a smile then Minho held his hand open. "Please sit with me."

Peter remained where he was. "I think I'll stay here."

"If you wish." Minho glanced outside. "It's getting darker earlier now. Winter is coming."

"Yes." Peter never took his eyes from Minho. His once orderly world was being tipped on its head.

"I'd like to take you out one night. A meal. Just the two of us so we can get to know each other."

"Why?"

"Why? You're my mate, my other half. I want to get to know you."

"I don't think that would be wise. I have children and I'm not into men."

"Hmm. I see." Minho stood, ran his hand along the edge of the table, then suddenly appeared in front of him. One second he stood by the table, the next in front of Peter.

Peter cried out, startled, staggered back a step, then Minho had him in his arms and kissed him. The second his warm, soft lips touched Peter's, he reacted, but not in the way he thought he would have. Instead of pushing Minho away, his hands gripped Minho's arms and pulled him close. Opening his lips to Minho's tongue, Peter moaned into the kiss at the same time as he moved closer to Minho's body so they touched everywhere.

Minho tilted his head, deepening the kiss, and Peter gasped when a fang nicked his lip. It didn't frighten him. No, it made him hot, made him burn, and he growled as he kissed Minho back. Minho reacted, his hands sliding around Peter's body, gripping his ass, moving them until Peter's back hit the wall. He spread his legs, pushing up against Minho, surprised at how hard his dick had become. How much it ached for Minho's touch.

Minho moved his hand, cupping Peter's bulge, and Peter bucked, pushing into Minho's palm. They moved again until Peter felt a table on the back of his legs, and Minho pushed him back. He lay on the table, Minho covering him, letting him tug his jeans open.

"Kick your shoes off."

## Page 3

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Peter arched up, rubbing against Minhó, trying to push his shoes off. When they hit the floor, Minhó pulled back, shoving Peter's jeans and underwear down his legs and dropping them on the floor. Sliding his hands up Peter's legs, Minhó ran his fingers over Peter's long rigid shaft, then leaned over and captured Peter's lips in a demanding kiss. Peter surrendered to it, his body coming alive in a way he'd never experienced before. He knew where this was heading and he was a little unsure, but not enough to tell Minhó to stop. He wanted this as much as Minhó.

His reaction surprised him, but Peter was old enough to know that he wouldn't be this aroused if there wasn't something between him and Minhó. He may not have been with a man before, but this burning need to have Minhó had him throwing caution to the wind.

Minhó dropped to his knees in front of Peter, caught his eyes, then licked up his dick. Peter curled up, his fingers treading through Minhó's hair. "Minhó."

"Let me do this. Let me make you feel good."

Minhó scraped his fangs on the inside of Peter's thigh, making Peter shiver. He saw Minhó's eyes glow, a light ring around the edge. It didn't frighten him. No, it heightened his awareness of the man and made him want more. "Yes."

Minhó kissed his thigh, then mouthed Peter's balls. Peter groaned, watching Minhó watch him. It was erotic, salacious, made Peter's heart race in his chest, but he couldn't look away. Minhó had captured his attention in less than ten minutes, and in that moment, Peter strangely had no problem with that.

Minho licked his balls, tugged on the wrinkled skin, sucking it into his mouth. Peter quivered, goosebumps breaking out over his skin. When Minho sucked one into his mouth, both men moaned at the same time. It felt good, so good, and Peter had no intention of telling Minho to stop. He might have never been with a man before but what was happening between them he wanted one hundred percent.

Minho laved his balls with his tongue, licking and sucking and mouthing them until Peter trembled with need. When he moved away from them, Peter held his breath, watching Minho's warm, wet tongue slide up his dick then circle the head.

The spongy head of his dick swelled under Minho's touch, pre-come dribbling from the slit, and Minho swept it up with his tongue, swallowing as his eyes bored into Peter's. Peter opened his mouth, panting softly, watching Minho circle the head again then suck it into his mouth. Tight heat had Peter tensing, pleasure building, and he lay back on the table, both hands holding Minho's head in place.

Minho kissed the head of his dick, licked the spongy surface, suckled it, mouthed it. Peter groaned when Minho took him deep, swallowed around him, humming as he pulled up, keeping his lips tight around the hard shaft before dropping down again until his nose was buried in Peter's short pubes. Peter gasped, groaned, his hands gripping Minho's head. Thrusting up into warm wet heaven, Peter growled.

Minho pulled up, slid off, and kissed Peter's shaft. He moved his hands to the back of Peter's thighs and pushed them up, spreading them wide. Peter grabbed them and held them, held his breath at the same time then released it in a whoosh when Minho flicked his tongue over his asshole.

"So good," Minho murmured.

"Minho..." Peter arched and moaned when Minho licked his ass, the flat of his tongue running over it repeatedly. Having never had this done before he hadn't

anticipated how amazing it would feel. “More,” he begged, needing to feel Minhó’s tongue on his ass again.

Minho grunted, continued licking his ass, sweeping his tongue over it before sliding it inside. Peter tensed at the unfamiliar stretch, then relaxed when Minhó’s tongue wriggled before disappearing. Peter held his breath then groaned when Minhó slowly fucked his ass with his tongue. His body trembled, tensing and relaxing then tensing again, riding the waves of pleasure Minhó was creating in him.

In and out, making Peter’s mind scramble, his body bow. Sweat broke out over his heated skin, his hands scrambling on the table as Minhó pushed him higher and higher. A finger pushed inside, causing Peter to hold his breath then cry out when it found something inside him that made his body shake. “Minho...”

“Prostate. Just wait. It gets better.”

Two fingers pushed in deep and rubbed his prostate, and Peter shuddered, his body burning up. It hurt, but that soon disappeared under the onslaught of sensation he hadn’t felt before, and when a third finger pushed inside, Peter panted, waiting for the burn to disappear.

Minho used his fingers, stretching him, fucking him, and when they pulled free, Peter whined in displeasure. He heard movement, felt something cold on his ass that made him gulp, then there was more pushing. Something thicker pushed inside and Peter cried out, his ass feeling like it was being stretched too far, arching up off the table to push Minhó away, then Minhó’s lips were there, taking Peter’s own in a hot, dirty, kiss.

Peter sank back on the table, his hands grabbing Minhó’s arms. “Minho.”

“I’ve got you. I’m going to make you feel so good, Peter. Going to make you mine.”

Peter closed his eyes and pulled Minho's lips back to his own and surrendered to Minho's touch. "Yes. Do it. Make me yours."

### Chapter Three

So hot. So hot and tight, and Peter's body shook beneath him. His ragged breathing reached Minho's ears and he held still, conscious that this was Peter's first time. Their mouths ate each other's, licking and biting, each dominating the kiss.

When Peter's ass loosened, Minho pulled out then slid back inside, setting up a slow steady pace. This was his mate's first time and Minho didn't want to hurt him. He knew there would be some pain but he wasn't going to cause Peter any more.

Peter's arms wrapped around his shoulders, keeping him close, their mouths fused together. Minho moaned, his breathing ragged, his hips moving faster, harder, even when he tried to go slow. Being with his mate after all these years made his control threadbare, and he knew it wouldn't be long before it snapped.

The sounds Peter made urged Minho on, and his threadbare control slipped away. He plunged into Peter's ass time and time again, Peter arching up, moving with him, their bodies moving in sync. Peter's hands scrambled on his skin, reaching up and tugging Minho's hair so he could kiss him deeper. Minho let him, let his mate touch and squeeze, scratch his back.

The sounds he made, the way his body moved, had Minho going up in flames. Pushing a hand between their straining bodies, he grabbed Peter's dick, tugging it, sliding the soft skin over the hard flesh, feeling Peter's body shake. Peter bit Minho's lip, making it bleed, and Minho growled in response.

Dick hard, balls tight, Minho fucked Peter, pushing them both closer to their orgasm. Peter wailed, his body bowing, and wet heat covered Minho's hand. Peter's ass

clenched around Minho's dick and he groaned, body shaking, his own orgasm flowing over him. The world disappeared around the edges. The only thing existing was the unbelievable pleasure consuming him until everything vanished in ecstasy.

Opening his eyes, Minho lifted his head and looked down at Peter. He lay still, limp, his breathing ragged, his skin damp and flushed with heat. Minho kissed him softly, pleased when he heard a soft moan escape Peter's lips. When Peter opened his eyes, Minho stared into them, swept away by the intensity in their depths. The blue so deep and strong, and Minho couldn't look away.

"Minho." His name murmured so softly Minho couldn't help but kiss Peter's wet plump lips. Peter returned his kiss, sighing softly as their lips touched. Minho licked his way into Peter's mouth, twining their tongues together, sharing air between them.

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Eventually, Minho lifted his head and moved back, tucked his dick back in his jeans and grabbed some napkins. Cleaning Peter, he noticed him tense. “Tender?”

“A little. It wasn’t on my bingo card to have anal sex with a man today. Didn’t think it was something that would ever happen.”

Minho reached a hand out and helped Peter sit up, then steadied him when he stood. Watching him pull his clothing up and fasten his jeans, Minho ran a hand along Peter’s arm. Peter wet his lips and lifted his eyes to Minho’s before searching the floor for his shoes. Pushing his feet in them, Peter shook his head once then faced Minho.

“I wanted to wait.” Minho half smiled. “I wanted to talk with you more, hear about your life. Diane, Sammy, and Rex.” His own intense reaction surprised Minho, and he wasn’t a man to be easily surprised, but that night had been nothing but surprises.

“You know so much about me, and I literally only know a couple of things about you. Your name, your species, and that we’re mates. Are we mates now?”

“We haven’t mated, no. I need to bite you and drink your blood while having sex.”

“That’s... interesting to know.” Peter straightened his clothes. “I need to tidy and lock up for the night.”

“I can help you, if that’s okay with you. I’d like to help you.”

Peter side-eyed him, sucked his lips in, then nodded. “Thank you. I appreciate the



offer.”

Minho wanted to ask what Peter was thinking about, but he knew to give the man time and space. Picking up the few odd items left on the tables, Minho carried them to the back area and placed them next to the sink. Peter picked up the spray and cloth and cleaned the tables as Minho walked in with a broom and did the floors.

Once the floors were mopped and the till dealt with, Minho followed Peter out of the shop, pulling his hood up to cover his face. It was dark, but there was a camera nearby, and he wasn't ready for Gray or Key's questions, because he knew one of them would spot him with Peter.

Stepping onto the sidewalk, Peter shuffled his feet, then exhaled. “What now?”

“Want to get something to eat? We should talk.”

“We should have talked before we had sex.” Peter smiled then stared up the street. “There's a Greek place not far from here.”

“Sounds good. Will the kids be okay?” He didn't want to take Peter away from his children. The love he had for them was evident. Minho had watched them grow, mature, seen Peter with them, and knew they'd formed a tight bond after Diane's death. They'd been close before as a family, but now there was nothing they wouldn't do to help the other.

“I'll message them and let them know. Sammy isn't coming home from college this weekend, so it's just me and Rex.”

“Rex is in his final year of high school. Is he planning on going to college as well?” Minho pushed his hands into his pockets, walking alongside Peter.

“Surprised you don’t know.” Peter flashed a smile at him. “He’s undecided. He isn’t quite himself at the moment and he won’t talk to me about it.”

“I thought you were all close.”

“We are, but for some reason, he’s behaving like this. I’m not sure why, either. He isn’t telling me, but he’s eighteen now, so entitled to his privacy.”

“I’m sure when he’s ready, he will talk to you. Not that I know all about it. I don’t have children.”

“You don’t want them?”

Minho didn’t immediately answer. He’d considered children at one point. He’d been with a female vampire for over fifty years, but it hadn’t happened for them. When she’d met her mate, Minho had willingly stepped aside, and she now had a child of her own, one Minho saw regularly. “I was involved for a long time, but it never happened for us.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Being a parent is a wonderful experience. It has its challenges but I wouldn’t want a life without them in it. They give me more than I give them.”

“I’m sure they don’t think that way. I’ve seen you together.”

“How long have you been watching me?”

“Since the moment I saw you.”

Peter slowed to a stop and grabbed Minho’s arm. “That’s almost thirty years. I remember the carnival. We’d just married, like you said, and you don’t look old enough to have known me for thirty years. I’m almost fifty and you’re what? Early

thirties, if that.”

“I’m almost three hundred.” Minho shrugged. “We age slower.”

“How old?” Peter stepped back and looked him up and down. “Are you kidding me?”

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“I have no reason to lie to you. You’re my mate. I will always be honest with you. I’m almost three hundred years old. I was in a relationship with a female for over fifty years, until she met her mate. I stepped aside because mates are sacred. I would never stop mates from being together.”

“But you look...I look older...” Peter rubbed his hands over his face. “You knew thirty years ago but did nothing. I could have died and you would have let me.”

“You were happy, in love. Both of you were. Your happiness was more important to me than my own.”

“That’s...” Peter paused, seemingly lost for words. “That’s...I don’t know what to say.”

“I’m here now and so are you. Let’s have our meal and talk.”

“Did you see the first cars and planes?” Peter asked as he walked on. He pointed ahead. “The place is just up there.”

Minho nodded. He knew where it was. It had become a favorite place for Peter after Diane’s death. “It’s midweek, so we shouldn’t have trouble getting a table.”

“You probably know I like to eat here.”

“I may have noticed it.”

Peter glanced at him, then scuffed his shoe on the floor. “Tell me about you. You

know so much about me, so tell me something.”

“I once met the Wright brothers, along with another vampire.” Peter spun around and stared at him, his mouth falling open. Minho grinned. “I saw the first plane fly. I was covered head to toe, but I had to be there. Human ingenuity is amazing. I had a bit of a sunburn after.”

“So the whole no sun thing is true?” Minho nodded. “What about food? No, that’s a stupid question. We’re going to a restaurant to eat, unless you’re planning to watch me eat.”

“I love food, so I will be eating as well.”

“Mirrors! Can you see your reflection in a mirror.”

“I can, and I try to avoid them when I get up. Bedhead.”

“Pfft. If you can see your reflection, then you know how attractive you are.”

“Thank you. I find you sexy as hell.”

Peter laughed and shook his head. “I’m almost fifty. My sexy days are behind me. Sorry, but you’re getting a middle-aged man.”

“I would have had you old and gray with wrinkles and saggy skin. You’re my mate. That’s all that matters to me.”

“At least I can still get it up, as we both know now.” Peter’s skin flushed, and he smiled ruefully. “Been a long time since I did something like that.”

“Have sex?” Minho watched, waiting for his answer. He knew Peter hadn’t slept with

anyone else since Diane's death.

"Have sex within ten minutes of meeting someone, and with a man. No, I'm not homophobic. It was never something I saw myself doing, so this has been an eye-opening evening for me."

"I'm hoping to open your eyes more, if you'll let me."

Peter rolled his eyes. "Kiss me and it seems I'm yours." Peter flushed again. "I'm this novice compared to you. I've slept with two people my entire life."

"I like that about you. You're faithful."

"Doesn't seem to be too much of that around nowadays."

"I will never cheat or leave you. You are the one for me." Minho pulled Peter close and put his hand on his chest. "Mates are forever. No one else. Me and you, if you'll have me."

"I barely know you. This has all come out of the blue, so I need some time, which goes against the fact we had sex on the table in my cafe." Peter mumbled something, then caught Minho's quizzical look. "Glad no one walked past. Can you imagine it plastered all over social media?"

Minho snorted then chuckled. "I've been on plenty."

"How?"

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“There is some website trying to expose my kind. I like to pose for them. You know the whole ‘mix enough lies and truths together’. You know, prevaricating.”

“Not a word I use in everyday conversation, but yes, I know what you mean. So you take pictures with them and they post them on their website.”

“Yes, because why would a vampire pose for pictures with vampire hunters?” Minh walked on, nudging Peter, who quickly caught up. “It amuses me and it keeps them busy.”

“What do you do?”

“I help to protect our people. Just like there are bad humans, there are bad vampires. We had a civil war and split into two factions. One wants to make all humans slaves or kill them off and take over the planet. We want to live peacefully and just carry on living our lives the way we want to. It’s been tense recently because the leader of the other group has made a reappearance after several decades of nothing. We’re preparing.”

“Hmm. Can I take that question back?”

“Too honest?”

“We’re still in the getting to know each other stage, or I am, so maybe a little. It’s good to know, though. I can be prepared just in case.” Peter pointed to the building in front. “We’re here now.”

Minho opened the door. “After you.” Peter walked past, and Minho inhaled his scent. He was here at last with his mate, after all the years he’d stood in the shadows. At last he didn’t have to hide.

## Chapter Four

Peter found an empty table and sat, watching Minho sit opposite. With better lighting, Peter could see Minho properly, and if he thought he was attractive before, it paled into what he faced now. Minho was gorgeous. His tanned skin glowed, his hazel eyes shined, and being virtually the same height as well meant neither had to look down or up, which Peter found he liked. It was clear Minho worked out, Peter knew that already, having touched and held Minho when they’d had sex.

On the table. In his cafe.

He hadn’t done anything like that...ever. He’d met Diane, dated her, fell in love and married. He’d been certain she would be the only woman in his life, and when she’d passed, devastated didn’t even begin to cover how he’d felt. The person he loved more than anything had gone, leaving him and the two boys feeling rudderless. Now Minho was here, and even though Peter had never had any inclination where men were concerned, he couldn’t deny the attraction he felt to Minho. They’d had sex, so it was clear there was a sexual attraction.

Moving on the chair, Peter was reminded of the fact that they’d slept together by the dull ache in his ass. He’d never had anything in his ass, and had expected it to remain that way until the necessary colonoscopy he had scheduled soon. Something he was trying to avoid thinking about.

Minho held the menu and Peter stared at his hands. Strong and capable, with long fingers and short trimmed nails. They’d touched him, caressed him, and made him feel fantastic. His eyes moved from Minho’s hands and up his arms, seeing the flex of



muscle as he moved, and now he knew he wasn't as straight as he'd thought. Not like the sex hadn't already clued him in to that.

Clearing his throat, he asked, "Seeing anything you'd like?"

"You can't go wrong with moussaka, can you? I'll also have the keftedes. I missed dinner earlier."

"I think I'll have the stifado with beef. Maybe some olives and some cured meats as well."

"Wine or beer?" Minhó picked up the wine menu and scanned the list. "Beer for me."

"Me too. Not much of a wine drinker. Diane liked..." Peter winced. He shouldn't talk about Diane with Minhó. It didn't seem appropriate. "Sorry."

"No, don't. Please talk about her. She was your wife, the mother of your children, and you loved her. She seemed like a warm, genuine person whenever I saw you together."

"We were happy. Sure, we had our arguments like all couples do, but for the most part, we were very happy together."

"You miss her."

Peter nodded. "I do. She was a huge part of my life, the mother of my children." Peter paused when a waiter came over and took their order. "I don't want to make you feel—"

"I want you to talk about her. She was a huge part of your life. I saw how you both were together. I was happy for you to have someone like Diane in your life. All I

wanted was for you to be happy and loved. You had that with her.”

“If we’re... what you say we are,” Peter changed what he was going to say, conscious of where they were. “It must have caused you some pain to see us together.”

Minho stared at the table, then lifted his head. “It did, yes, but I would never have forced my way between the two of you. I made my decision when I saw you both together and it has hurt at times, but it isn’t a decision I regret. I wanted you to be happy, and you were.”

“I feel like I should apologize.” Peter fiddled with his cutlery; his chest tight. Breathing deeply, he watched the staff move between the tables. It didn’t sit right with him knowing this man or vampire had been hurt, even if Peter hadn’t known he existed. “Where does this leave us now?”

“I want to get to know you.”

“I think we did some of that earlier.” Peter chuckled softly, shaking his head. He’d never done anything like that before and it still surprised him how one kiss had led to him having sex with a man he barely knew, on a table in his cafe. Vampire, not man. He had to remember that.

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“As I said, that wasn’t part of my plan when I came in to see you. I wanted us to talk and date, then maybe go from there.”

“Do you date?” Peter tilted his head, watching Minho. Minho snorted, then shook his head. “No?”

“When it’s two of us,” Minho pointed to his chest, “we know. We feel the connection between us, so things tend to move at a faster pace.”

“You have to be slower because of me.”

“You seem to like this to go at a slower pace.” You, as in humans.

“We can’t feel this connection the same as you. I can sense something. A knowing? I don’t think that’s the right word.” Peter closed his eyes and went inside himself. Yes, there was something there, something he couldn’t quite put his finger on. Opening his eyes, he placed his hand on his chest. “I feel something, but I don’t know how to describe it.”

Nodding, Minho smiled at the waiter when he placed their beers in front of them. “It is hard to describe.” He shifted, the shirt pulling taut across his chest, and Peter wanted them both naked. Blinking, he shook his head, a small move that Minho picked up. “What?”

“I’ve never been attracted to a man before. I can find a man attractive, acknowledge he is, but not want to act on it because I’ve never had that desire. With you... it’s strange.” Straightening in his chair, Peter looked Minho in the eyes. “I want you

again. We could leave here right now and I'd go where you wanted as long as we both knew what was going to happen when we arrived."

Minho's nostrils flared, his eyes glowed briefly until he looked away. "Peter," his name sounded more like a caress, whispered over his skin. "Keep that thought until after we've eaten. What kind of partner would I be if I didn't feed you?"

"An aroused one," Peter murmured. "Like me."

The food arrived and Peter considered asking it to be bagged up to go so he and Minho could be somewhere more private. Minho licked his lips and began to eat, but he made it obvious he wanted to be gone as much as Peter, by the frequent hot looks he sent Peter's way.

"Eat up, Peter. We have somewhere to go after this."

"Rex is staying at a friend's tonight and Sammy is at college."

Minho inhaled, then released it slowly. "Good to know." After eating a few mouthfuls of food, Minho told him, "I came to the opening of your cafe."

"I never saw you." Peter was certain he would have remembered seeing Minho there. He wasn't a man you forgot unless you'd been in a car crash.

"I stayed outside. I was proud of you. Proud of you both. I know you saved as much as you could so you could open your own place."

"Diane's parents gave us something toward it before they passed." Diane's parents had had her later in life so had given them help when starting the cafe. "Then what they left us in the will helped as well."

“You’re doing well.”

“We hit a rough patch at one point, but things are good now.” There was a time when Peter had been certain the cafe would have to close, but they’d survived and were in a much better place now.

“Ever thought about expanding?”

“God no. One place is enough for me. I’m happy running it, and I know Sammy wants to be more involved once he’s completed his business degree.”

“Is that why he decided on that degree?”

“Yes. He’s always been interested in business and I let him see how the cafe operates, showed him how to do accounts, and stock taking and place orders. He has a head for it. As for Rex...” Peter pursed his lips. “Just when I think I have him figured out, he throws me off by behaving in a way I would have never expected.”

“He’s still young. Just eighteen. Sammy is older so has his head screwed on better.”

“I forget you know them. You probably watched them grow up.”

“They’re your children. You’re important to me, so they are as well. If things go the way I want them to, I’ll technically be their stepfather.”

Peter snorted then laughed. “Oh, that’s—that’s funny. I can see their faces as I sit them down and introduce you.”

“I’ll wait until you tell me it’s safe.” Minho grinned, his white teeth flashing. The skin glowed under the light, and Peter felt his body tighten in response. Minho inhaled, his eyes hooding. “Tell me we can leave.”

Peter leaned back, a sly grin on his face. “Not just yet.”

Minho groaned then carried on eating. “Tease.”

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“Not really. We both know I’m going to put out later, but you can explain the dynamics of this to me.”

“How so?”

“Will you be the...what do you call it? Top?”

Minho’s eyes widened. “I hope not.”

“You prefer to, er, bottom?” Here he was, a man who was almost fifty, and he had no idea what terminology to use. He needed to catch up.

“I switch, so I like to both bottom and top.”

“We’ll do both, then.” Peter fidgeted in his chair and tried to remember the last time he’d felt this level of arousal. Probably when he and Diane first met. They’d had a lot of sex back then. They still had, right up until she became too ill, but it had changed over the course of the years. Familiarity and love had changed the burning passion to something long lasting. Smiling softly, he remembered their last anniversary before the cancer took over, Diane in her red dress. That had been a good night.

“You seem distracted.”

“Not distracted as such. Just memories.”

Minho leaned forward, his eyes focused on Peter. “Will you tell me?”

“I was thinking about my last anniversary with Diane.”

“I wish you’d had more of them.”

“Even though it means we wouldn’t be here now?” How could someone like Minh exist? Wishing Peter happiness, even if it meant he never experienced it with him.

“As long as you were happy and loved, then yes. I made that decision when I first saw you two together, and it isn’t one I regret. There was nothing stopping me from having relationships during your marriage and I have slept with people during that time. I haven’t been celibate, pining away. It hurt, I’ll admit, but I would never break up your marriage.”

“You’re one of those good men.”

“I wouldn’t say that. I’ve done things you may not agree with.”

Peter glanced around the room, seeing the customers either eating or talking. “Like?”

“I’m part of the team that protects our kind. I’ve killed to do that.”

“Were they necessary deaths?” Peter had a strong sense of right and wrong. If Minh had to kill to keep his kind safe...Peter didn’t really know enough about vampires and their politics to know how to react. He only understood the human world.

“They were, in that others would have died if I hadn’t intervened.”

Others. Did he mean humans? Peter pointed to his chest, and Minh nodded. “So you protect us, and you as well.”

“It’s necessary. I know I may be placed in a position that I might have to take lives if



it means keeping others safe. One day we won't be needed, but it seems that day is a long way from here."

"This other group?"

"Yes. As I said, we have a difference of opinion when it comes to how others should be treated." Minho ate the last few bites of his meal and pushed his plate away. "I can talk more about this in an area better suited for the discussion."

"More private."

"Yes." Minho sipped his beer and sighed. "This is good beer."

"It is." Peter leaned back and patted his belly. Not flat like it had been when he was younger, but still solid. He worked hard at the cafe and still went to the gym, so he hadn't let his body go like some his age had. He would never look as good as Minho, and he exhaled softly. He might not be older, but he certainly looked and felt it.

"I'll pay then I'll take us to your place. Is that okay with you?"

Peter nodded his body reacting to the thought of being alone with Minho. "Yeah, it is."

Chapter Five

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They appeared in Peter's living room and Minho held on to his mate as he stumbled. The first few times of teleporting tended to scramble one's senses. Peter paled, held his breath, then exhaled slowly. "That's some way to travel."

"Takes some getting used to as well." Minho slowly released Peter and stepped back, watching him closely. Color slowly returned to his skin, and he waved Minho away when he went to hold his arm. "You're sure you're fine?"

"Yes, I'm good." Inhaling then exhaling, Peter closed his eyes then reopened them. "I'm fine."

Minho let his hands fall and watched Peter, seeing the man he was when Minho had first set eyes on him. He'd grown, matured, had a strength to him that hadn't been present all those years before. His dark hair had lightened, grayed around the sides, the crinkles deepening around his eyes, but to Minho it heightened his attraction to his mate. The years had added depth to Peter, and Minho wanted to explore everything.

Reaching up, Minho palmed Peter's face, his eyes flickering between Peter's. "I have loved you for so long. I never thought I'd be here with you now."

Peter closed his eyes, sighing softly as he leaned into Minho's touch. "I still feel like I should apologize." He opened his eyes. "But I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything. I made my choice." Minho cupped Peter's face and slid his lips over Peter's. "I have now. We have now."

“I don’t have many years to give you. You got the short end of the stick.”

“You’ll live as long as I do. When we mate our lives become bonded. We have decades left to explore life together.”

“Decades? What about aging? Will I be old and decrepit, dragging you down as I become less able to perform simple tasks?”

“No. You’ll be the same if not better. You will be more resilient to illnesses. You’ll be stronger, your senses improved.”

“Wow.” Peter blinked, his eyes wide. “That’s amazing.”

“So don’t worry about our ages. We have many, many years together in good health.”  
Minho kissed him again. “Bedroom.”

“Yes.”

Minho grinned and held Peter. “Hold your breath.”

“You know—” Peter blinked and sucked in a lungful of air. “We could have just walked, you know, instead of teleporting here.”

“But this was faster and I want us both naked. Why waste time?” Minho kicked his sneakers off and dropped his jacket to the floor. Peter chuckled and stripped too, and when they were both naked, Minho looked at his mate. “Peter,” he murmured, his fingers trailing over the hair on Peter’s chest.

“Not how I used to look.” Peter flushed as he ran a hand over his stomach.

“Stop it. I love you the way you are. I always have. My love for you has only

deepened over time. Now stop talking and kiss me. I have a few things I want to do to you.”

Peter trembled under Minho’s touch. “I’m self-conscious. Look at you all ripped and muscles and tanned and glowing.” Peter waved a hand over his body. “I’m none of those things. Maybe once but not now.”

“Peter. I’m going to become annoyed with you if you continue to put yourself down. I have watched over you for years. I’ve seen you change, seen you mature. I know who you are and nothing about you will ever make me walk away. I love you. All of you. So again, stop talking.” Minho pointed down at his erection. “See? We need to be doing something other than talking.”

Peter opened his mouth to say something then stopped when Minho narrowed his eyes at him. “Fine. Kiss me, then.” Minho grinned and hauled Peter into his arms. Peter squeaked then gasped when Minho kissed him.

Peter’s lips softened under Minho’s, his tongue twining with Minho’s. Minho moved them over to the bed, his hands sliding over Peter’s naked skin, feeling the muscles move under his palms. He had no idea why Peter felt he wasn’t in shape. It had taken all of Minho’s resolve to keep his hands off Peter when they were at the restaurant. The man’s body called to him, and he wanted to spend the night exploring every inch of it.

Peter lay back and Minho stared down at him before crawling over him and kissing him again. Peter moaned, his body arching up, and Minho settled between his thighs, groaning when their dicks slid together. Tongues tangling together, Minho wrapped a hand around Peter’s dick and stroked up, eating up the sounds he made. Peter arched up and thrust into Minho’s hand, mumbling Minho’s name as they kissed.

“I want to do so much to you, but I have to feel you inside. Let me, Peter.”

“Yes,” Peter groaned.

Minho scrambled off the bed and grabbed his jacket, pulling the lube out of the pocket. He poured some into his hand and stroked Peter’s dick, rubbed some on his asshole, then climbed over him, settling above him. Holding Peter’s dick up, Minho bit his lip, closing his eyes as he slid down Peter’s length. The girth made him gasp; the pain fleeting as Peter stretched him wide until Minho was sitting on Peter. He placed his hands on either side of Peter’s head and smiled.

Lifting up, he let himself slowly lower, the pace slow as he adjusted. Peter’s hands gripped his thighs, the nails digging into his skin, and he relished the pain because it was Peter causing it. At last, his mate was with him.

The moment threatened to overwhelm Minho, so he pulled back from it, closed his eyes and rotated his hips, feeling Peter’s rigid length twitch in his ass. He lifted and dropped, picking up the pace, his fangs dropping. Leaning down, he kissed Peter, their tongues dancing erotically, and Minho cried out when Peter’s tongue licked his fang. Peter shuddered beneath him and did it again, causing Minho’s pace to pick up. He moved away from Peter’s lips, trailed his fangs along his jaw and down his neck. He could hear Peter’s heartbeat and he licked over the pulse, feeling Peter tense beneath him.

“I won’t.”

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“What if I want you to?” Peter groaned and moved his hands from Minhó’s thighs to his hips, thrusting up when Minhó dropped down. “What if I want it?”

Groaning, Minhó licked Peter’s neck again. His throat ached, his eyes itched, and he squeezed his eyes shut, hiding his emotions. One of Peter’s hands slid up in back and the fingers curled into his hair. “You’ve waited so long. Make me yours. Don’t wait another day.”

“Peter...” Minhó choked and swallowed, scraping his fangs over Peter’s pulsing vein. Peter thrust up, hard and fast, and Minhó blinked, his tears sliding free. He bit, his teeth slicing Peter’s skin, his blood coating his tongue, and he felt it. Their bond, snapping into place, tying them together, and Minhó lost all control. Crying out, his body shaking, his mind going blank, his orgasm destroying his senses, washing him away.

When he opened his eyes, he licked Peter’s throat and buried his head in the pillow, hiding his tears. Peter ran his hands over Minhó’s back, then tugged on his hair. “Look at me.”

Minhó shook his head and gave a muffled ‘no.’

Peter tugged again, and reluctantly he lifted his head, but couldn’t look into Peter’s eyes. Peter wiped the tears from his cheek, then kissed him. “I can feel you.”

Nodding, Minhó sniffed and carefully moved off Peter to curl into his side. Peter rolled onto his so they faced each other. His fingers moved through Minhó’s hair and Minhó turned his head, nuzzling Peter’s palm. “You know I really like your chest

hair.”

Peter choked then laughed. “You don’t have any.”

“And yours is thick. I can run my fingers through it. I like the salt and pepper look.”

“Feeling better?”

“Ugh. Can’t believe I did that.”

“You’ve waited all these years. It had to be overwhelming for you.” Peter rolled onto his back and pulled Minhó, urging him to lay his head on Peter’s chest. Running his hands through his hair, Peter murmured, “I could feel them. All jumbled up. Happiness, love, amazement. I could barely tell them apart, they were so strong.”

Minhó couldn’t respond. Those same emotions were rising up, choking him, making him shudder. Tears spilled, and he didn’t stop them. He knew Peter would take care of him, and he did. He wrapped his arms around Minhó and held him tight, murmuring soft words that made Minhó smile through his tears.

When he felt more in control, he lifted his head and kissed Peter. He tapped the side of his head. Can you hear me?

Peter blinked, his eyes widening. “Can you hear me?”

Minhó grinned and pecked Peter’s lips. “We can talk to each other like this. It’ll take some getting used to at first, but whenever one of us is working, we can talk like this.”

“I can do it too?”

Nodding, Minho explained how. The furrowed brow on Peter had him smiling.  
“Really. You can do it.”

“I think of you and talk to you. In my head.”

Throwing his head back, Minho laughed, happiness flooding through his body. Yes.  
Try it.

“Hmm.” Minho?

“Yes?”

“Holy shit, I did it.” They both laughed and Minho grabbed Peter’s face, kissing him.  
“That’s...wow. Just wow.”

“Great, huh? We can talk like this all the time.”

Peter side-eyed him then smirked. So if I’m at work and want some fun you can come over?

Minho’s lips parted, his eyelids lowering. Licking Peter’s lips, he bit one as he answered Peter. Make sure there is no sunlight and I’ll come over whenever you want.

Peter arched up and Minho felt his arousal. I can’t believe I’m hard again. That hasn’t happened in a long time.

We’re mated now. “How is your head? Some mates have said it hurt to talk this way at first.”

“There’s a little niggle of pain, but nothing serious. Will I always have it when we talk this way?”



“No. It eases with time and practice, or so I’ve been told.”

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“This is so strange. I can feel you. I can tell they’re your emotions and not mine. I don’t know how to explain it.”

Minho didn’t need Peter to say anything. He felt the same way. “I can feel you too. You’re confused, happy. Maybe a little unsure, but there is an underlying calmness to you.”

“Yes. I never expected to meet someone like you. Never expected to be here with you right now, but I’m not worried about it. This feels right to me. Like being with Diane did.”

Minho smiled. “I met Diane.”

“You did? When?”

“She was at a late evening mass. I spoke to her for a few minutes when she waited outside for you one night. She was kind and sweet, but strong too. I used to go to church but over the years I stopped.”

“Do you still go?”

“Not as much as I should, but when things have settled and there isn’t as much of a threat as there is now, then I’d like to go again. I can only go when the nights grow darker at an earlier time. Autumn and winter, mainly.”

“Do vampires have churches?” Peter’s fingers traced circles on his back and Minho closed his eyes.

“Some of us practice but most don’t. You tend to lose faith over the years when you see what others are capable of. Also when you live as long as we do, it doesn’t seem as important. Watching you two, seeing Diane practicing, made me reconsider, so I went to church.”

“It may sound strange but I’m glad you got to meet her.”

“I can see why you fell in love with her. She was an amazing woman and I’m sorry you lost her.”

Peter’s fingers flattened on his back and held him tight. “I can feel you mean those words.”

“I wouldn’t lie to—”

“Dad! I’m home!” They heard heavy thumping up the stairs, then the bedroom door burst open. “Mike couldn’t...what the fuck?”

## Chapter Six

Peter tried to sit up, but Minho’s naked body got in the way. Pushing him off, Peter pointed to the door. “Outside, now, Rex.”

“You’re naked in bed with a man?” Rex almost squeaked the words out. “Since when have you been gay? Was Mom some beard?”

Minho sat up, not bothering to cover his body. “Bisexual.”

“Do I look like I’m talking to you?” Rex glared at Minho, then looked back at Peter. “At least you have good taste.”

Peter, still pointing at the bedroom door, ground out, “Outside, now, Rex. Do as you’re told.”

“Eww Dad, cover up.”

“I can be naked in my own bedroom, Rex. If you weren’t in here you wouldn’t be seeing it, would you, so leave now. I’ll deal with you when I’m dressed.”

Rex left, mumbling under his breath. Peter grabbed his jeans and shoved his legs in them, hopping as he pulled them up and fastened them. Noticing Minhó not moving or getting dressed, Peter narrowed his eyes at him. “Minhó. Why are you doing very little moving right now?”

Minhó grinned. “I like Rex. He’s funny.”

Peter took several calming breaths. “Get your clothes on and help me deal with Rex. In case you forgot, we’re mated now, so as step-dad you get to be involved.”

Minhó blinked. “Huh? Oh yeah. Damn. So soon. I thought I would have at least a day before I had to do the parenting side of things.”

Peter grunted. “Welcome to my world, Daddy.”

“No. Please don’t say that.”

“Why not?”

“Daddy kink?”

Peter scratched his cheek. “Um, what’s that?”

Minho laughed. “I love that you don’t know what it is. It’s when two people come together and one person is the adult, say, the daddy, and the other is the little. A boy or baby, and needs to be looked after.”

“Please repeat that to me. One pretends to be a dad and the other pretends to be a baby?”

“We can look it up later.” Minho stood and stretched and Peter stopped pulling his T-shirt on so he could admire Minho’s body. Strong calves and thighs that led up to a narrow waist and a penis Peter knew felt good inside. Ripped abs that made him want to cover up and defined pecs he hadn’t touched or tasted nearly enough. No hair either, which was very different from his own wiry chest hair. Minho strutted over with a grin on his face. “Like what you see?”

“You know I do.”

“Still surprised that you could find a man attractive?”

Peter furrowed his brow, and pursed his lips. “Maybe at first, yeah, but not now. I can feel you.” He placed a hand on his chest and then pointed to his head. “I can feel your emotions. I know what you say about us is true. Maybe it isn’t so hard to be with a man, you, because we’re meant to be together.”

Minho kissed his cheek and grabbed his jeans. Bending over meant Peter could see Minho's ass and the remnants of what they'd done. "Rex is waiting. I can hear him talking."

Peter tilted his head, trying to hear what Minho could but picked up nothing. "Your hearing is amazing."

"Yours will improve too."

"Will some of the gray disappear as well?" Pulling a T-shirt on, Peter was surprised to see Minho frowning at him. "What?"

"I love you the way you are. I don't want you to change."

"Maybe a little less gray." Peter walked past Minho to go downstairs but Minho stopped him.

"I don't say the words to make you feel better. I say them because I mean them. Even if you were old and gray and using a cane I would still want you. I would still love you."

Peter opened his mouth then slowly closed it. "Minho," he murmured.

"I've spent years knowing you were my mate. Years watching you grow and mature into the man you are now. Years watching you and Diane raise a family. You've only had hours of knowing I exist. My feelings are going to be stronger than yours. Give it time and you'll understand." Minho released Peter and finished dressing. "Someone said I had to step-dad, here. Rex is waiting for us."

"I'm not looking forward to this." Peter chuckled but there was no humor. No, he wasn't looking forward to this conversation at all. Walking past Minho, he jogged

down the stairs and found Rex pacing in the kitchen. “Rex.”

“How long has this been going on?”

“First, I’m still your father, so you’ll speak to me with respect. Second, it’s new.”

Rex’s eyes moved past Peter and narrowed as they stared at something, or more accurately, someone behind him. “Who are you?”

“Minho.”

“Where are you from?”

“Jesus,” Peter whispered, rubbing his forehead.

“I’m Asian and it’s nice to meet you.”

“Huh. Yeah. Bet it is.” Rex looked Minho up and down, sniffed, then asked, “When did you start sucking dick, Dad?”

Peter stormed over to Rex and pointed at him. “Don’t you speak to me like that. We raised you better than that.”

“You and Mom? The woman you forgot as soon as he came along, or is he the latest one?”

Maybe I should flash my fangs at him?

Peter spun around on the spot, his mouthing gaping open. “What?”

“He didn’t say anything.”

Spinning back, he shook his hand at Rex. “Manners,” he snapped.

Minho snorted, then coughed. Peter looked upwards and silently counted to ten. “Minho is someone I have recently met.” Looking back at Rex, he added, “It’s new, and even though it is none of your business, he is the first person I have been interested in since your mom passed.”

“Yeah, right.”

“He’s telling the truth.”

Rex glared at Minho. “And how the fuck would you know?”

“Don’t swear at him,” Peter snapped before inhaling and slowly releasing it. “You will speak to Minho with respect. He is going to be around for some time.”

“What’s wrong with your neck?” Rex moved to the side, trying to see it. Peter raised his hand, feeling the twin pinpricks from where Minho had bitten him. “Did he bite you?”

“I must have been bitten by a mosquito or something.”

“What are you?” Rex moved closer to Minho, then his eyes widened. “I know where I’ve seen you before. You’re on that website. That ‘vampires are real’ or something one. My friend at high school is a huge fan of yours.”



Peter sighed, dropped his head and closed his eyes. Putting his hands on his hips, he found himself counting to ten again. “Minho. This one’s for you.”

“I am indeed on that website.”

“Are you a vampire?”

Peter opened his eyes and turned just as Minho grinned and nodded. “Why, yes, I am.”

“Minho!” Peter snapped.

“Holy shit!” Rex shouted. “Lemme see ‘em.”

Minho opened his mouth as Peter stormed over and grabbed Rex’s arm. “You can’t ask that.”

“Awesome.” Rex went to touch one, but Minho moved his head out of reach.

“They’re sensitive.”

“You bit my dad with them. Did you drink his blood? Is he going to be a vampire like you? Oh! Does Sammy know? I need to call and tell him. And my friend! She’s gonna shit herself—”

Peter grabbed the phone as soon as Rex had it in his hand. “No one knows. No one is to find out about Minho or vampires.”

Rex’s shoulders sagged. “Why?” he whined.

“Do you hear about us on the news? Are we in any papers?”

“National Enquirer might have done something on you?” Rex leaned closer, trying to peer into Minho’s mouth. “Why don’t you bite your own lips?”

Peter slumped in a chair and let his body droop. “Rex. Please sit at the table so we can talk, and stop trying to see Minho’s fangs.”

Rex sat and practically bounced on his chair. “You guys had sex. Did he bite you while you two were doing it?”

Peter wanted the ground to open up and swallow him whole. This was not how he planned this conversation going. It didn’t help that Minho was enjoying himself. Why are you amused by this?

Is this what having children is like? I should have some of my own.

You want some of your own? You can’t make me pregnant, can you? Horrified. That’s how he felt. He’d watched Diane do it twice, and he thanked whoever was out there that it wasn’t him because he would never have done it a second time.

Minho burst out laughing. “No! Why do you think that?”

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“Because he has a bite mark on his neck, don’t you, Dad?”

Minho glanced between them, then grinned. “I was talking to your dad.”

“He didn’t say anything. I did.” Rex peered at him. “Are you okay?”

“I think your dad might be struggling with this, so I’ll tell you. I am a vampire and Peter is my mate. That means he is the only person for me. I bit him during sex because that deepens our bond. When that happens, we can talk to each other telepathically.”

“Wow,” Rex breathed the word out.

“No one can know about this. No one. I can’t have my kind living in fear.”

“Well, duh. Humans can be right fucking idiots.”

“Rex!” Peter snapped. “Stop swearing.” Peter rubbed the sides of his head. “Can I wake up now?”

“I like your son.”

“Eh, I’m hard to resist. Can you eat food like us? Drink like us? What about sunlight? Are you allergic to it and crosses? What about those?”

“I need a drink.” Peter stood and went into the kitchen, grabbing a beer from the fridge. He opened it and drank half of it before pulling it away from his lips.

“We’re ordering pizza. Meat feast. Should we get two large to share?” Minho asked.

Peter stared at Minho. “We ate earlier. How can you be hungry?”

“Fast metabolism, and we did have some exercise earlier.”

“Exercise? Is that what you’re calling it? So when you both say you’re going to exercise, that’s code for sex?”

Minho grinned, his cheeks puffing out. “I like him.”

“I’m so happy. It fills me with joy.”

“We could be hurling abuse at each other instead.”

Peter opened his mouth then closed it. “You’re right. Pizza it is.”

Minho pulled him into his arms and kissed him. “We’re going to be fine. He’s handling it well. Better, considering the circumstances.”

“What? Seeing us naked in bed together, clearly having had or about to have sex?”

“Both?” Minho kissed Peter again and stopped when they both heard gagging sounds. “Get used to this, Rex. I intend to kiss your dad a lot. I’ve waited a long time for him.”

“How come?”

Do you want him to know?

You’re asking me now after telling him?

I could lie to him but that isn't something I like to do.

“Minho told you how we're mates. It turns out Minho knew years ago and did nothing.” Peter stepped out of the circle of Minho's arms. “He saw me with your mom, so stayed away.”

“Is this mate thing like swans? They mate for life.”

“In a way, yes. I knew Peter was mine, but he was married to Diane, so I stayed away.”

“What about another mate?” Rex leaned against the counter. “Do you get another one?”

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“We only get one. Peter is my only mate.”

“So you did nothing when you knew he was your mate because he was married to Mom? That’s kinda... wow. That’s...” Rex appeared lost for words. “You might never have been with Dad.”

“All that mattered was his happiness, and he was happy with all of you.”

“Mom kept us happy.” Rex whispered the words, his head dropping.

“I’m sorry.”

Rex shrugged. “I’ve ordered the pizza.” He pushed away from the counter and left the kitchen. Peter went to follow but Minho caught his arm and shook his head.

Peter pulled free and shot Minho a hard look. “He’s my son.”

“All I was going to say was give him a minute, then go to him. I didn’t mean to overstep my boundaries.”

Peter closed his eyes and turned away, running his hand through his hair. Blowing out his breath, he apologized. “I didn’t mean that how it sounded.”

“He is your son, Peter, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to be part of the family too. Give it time.”

Peter nodded. He knew all about time. How time healed all wounds. How time gave

people a new chance at happiness. Smiling at Minho, he held his hand out and Minho took it.

## Chapter Seven

He'd had fun with Rex until he'd left to go to another friend's house to do school work. Peter's youngest was witty and smart and made Minho laugh, and he asked the most absurd questions. Toilet abilities had been the funniest, and the look on Peter's face when Rex had asked still made Minho chuckle a week later as he appeared in front of Gray. He'd been fortunate to avoid the office until then. He'd wanted to spend as much time as possible with Peter.

Gray arched an eyebrow when Minho appeared, then his nostrils flared and he laughed. "Damn. Not you, too."

Minho didn't care if they could scent the changes in him. He had his mate after all these years and nothing and no one was going to alter that. "Yes, me too."

"Who is he or she?"

"He is human, as you can tell."

"Congrats!" Key grinned up at him then stuck his tongue out at Gray. "Not all us humans are assholes."

"You lot are the exception to the rule and I've been good. I haven't insulted a single human at all today."

"The day or night is still young." Key went back to his work. "Who is he?"

"Someone I met many years ago."

Lifting his head, Key looked at him. “Was he young like Jerome?”

“I met him almost thirty years ago and he was happily married. I didn’t want to interfere in that, so I waited.”

“What changed?” Gray swung around on his chair. “Why now?”

“Diane passed away a couple of years ago. I wanted to give him time to grieve.”

“I think that’s sweet.”

Gray snorted and threw a pen at Key. “It’s pathetic. Waiting around for a human?”

“Ignore him. Henry refused to suck him off when he demanded it. Do they have kids?”

“Two sons. I met one recently. He’s nice.”

“We’re falling like flies here. One went and now look at us. Soon we’ll all be mated to humans.”



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“If you were nicer to your human mate, maybe he’d be nicer to you.” Key arched an eyebrow at Gray. “Getting all growly and demanding is only going to piss Henry off.”

Gray gritted his teeth and muttered something under his breath. “You’re good to go out?”

“I am. Usual location, please.”

“Ohhh. Now it makes sense. You always wanted the Knight area because he lives there.”

“No, he works there. He owns a cafe.”

“Does he?” Key’s eyes lit up. “Cakes and pastries as well?” Minho nodded. “Can you bring some back? And coffee, too. I’m on the night shift and I need some sugary goodness to get me through with dumb and dumber here.”

“There is only me and I’m neither of those,” Gray growled.

“No, you’re both of them.” Key fluttered his eyes at Minho. “Please?.” When Minho nodded, Key grinned and went back to work.

Gray snorted and shook his head. “Those apple turnover things would be nice.”

“I’ll see what he has left over when he closes.”

“Hang on.” Key swung back around to face him. “If you met him thirty years ago, how old is he?”

“He’s almost fifty.”

Key’s eyes went wide. “Wow. You waited that long for him. What if his wife hadn’t died?”

“Then I would still be waiting. I had no intention of breaking his marriage apart. What kind of vampire would I be to cause them both pain?”

“But he could have died and you would never have mated him.”

“Yes. I was willing to accept that. As long as he was happy, then I was happy for him.”

“What about you, though? Didn’t it hurt you, seeing him and knowing you couldn’t be with him?” Key leaned forward in his chair, his eyes focused on Minh. “Or did you stay away?”

“I made a decision to watch over him and his family. If I couldn’t be with him then I wanted to make sure he had a good life with those he loved.”

“That’s... It must have been painful for you at times.”

Shrugging, Minh gave Key a small smile. “I accepted it. Peter and Diane had a good life together and raised two boys. It hurts to know he went through the loss of his wife, but now we have the chance to build something together. I don’t regret my decision, Key, and if I was faced with the same situation, I’d do the same thing. Being someone’s mate isn’t about putting my wants and needs first. Being a good mate is also making sure he or she is happy and healthy and content. Peter was all of

those with Diane. Why would I take that away from them?”

“But you’re mated now?”

“We are.” Minho nodded.

“He, er, looks, you know, older?” Key fidgeted. “I’m not saying he’s too old, but he’ll look older than you. People will talk.”

“Let them. I don’t care what others think. I only care what Peter thinks. As my mate, he is my priority. Him and his children.”

“You know what? I’m glad you finally have a life with him. It can’t have been easy to step aside and watch him have a family with someone else, yet you did, so yeah. I’m happy for you.” Key turned back to his computer. “You should bring them around one night. I’ll cook.”

“That would be nice. Thank you. This is a new world for them.”

“Oh yeah. Been there, done that.” Key waved his thanks away. “Let me know when you can all make it and we’ll set it up. Usual area, Minho, and don’t forget the coffee and cakes.”

Minho appeared near Peter’s cafe, saw him serving customers, smiling and talking. He took his fill, watching his mate, then began his route of the area. Movement caught his attention and Minho wasn’t sure what it was about the man until he saw him glance to check up and down the street, then disappear into an alley.

Only it wasn’t any man. It was Rex.

Minho moved location and stood by the alley entrance. Glancing around the corner,

he watched Rex jog down the alley, then duck into a doorway. Following, Minho made sure to stay far enough away so Rex wouldn't see him, and when he reached the doorway, he quickly glanced inside, checking the area.

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No one appeared, so he moved inside and paused, listening for sounds of movement. His eyes scoped the room, noticing it looked abandoned. Trash littered the floor, the windows dirty, what little furniture there was in the room was overturned, dirty. A single closed door led from the room. A rat scurried past and Minhó ignored it, eyes focused on the door.

When he heard and saw nothing, he walked inside and went to the closed door. Listening, he heard nothing and carefully cracked the door open, taking a quick peek, then shut it again. Again, nothing stood out, so Minhó entered and paused.

The air had a stale putrid stench, the room empty except for what had to be the rotten corpse of some animal, and if Minhó hadn't seen Rex enter, he would have assumed no one had been inside for months. Walking slowly, he assessed the room, searching it and finding nothing. Maybe it hadn't been Rex, but someone who looked like him. He couldn't pick up on his scent, but he wasn't surprised.

How's work?

Good. Busy. Just the way I like it.

Is Rex home tonight?

No, he's staying at Shep's. They have an assignment due. He messaged me earlier. Why are you asking?

Minhó smiled. I could order us something to eat and we could spend the night in bed.

I like the sound of that. What time will you be home?

Minho closed his eyes. Home. With his mate. At one point he'd believed it would never happen, but now he was here living it. I have six hours to go. I need to bring coffee and pastries to Key if you have any left.

I might just have a couple.

I have to go. I'll see you when you finish.

Minho moved to his next location and stood on the roof, watching the humans below. Time seemed to have slowed to a trickle when he wanted it to rush by like a river. Kelvin appeared and stood next to him, hands in the pockets of his coat. They stood in silence for several minutes, watching the humans and traffic move below them.

"Congratulations."

Minho nodded his head. "Thank you."

"I'm glad you finally have him. I understand why you waited."

"You didn't know the specifics, but thank you for being there for me."

Kelvin chuckled softly. "Not sure if I did much. You hold your cards close to your chest, but I now know why." Kelvin hummed. "A family. Are you ready for that?"

Minho paused, choosing his words carefully. "I've watched them grow up. I feel like an uncle in a way. A member of the family, but they don't know me. Rex is a good kid. Sammy is smart and has his head screwed on straight. They are both a credit to their parents."

“Uncle is a good way of describing you. I know how you rescued them, saved them when they should have died. I would have done the same in your place if it had been Key.”

“I broke the rules. We shouldn’t interfere.” Minho glanced at Kelvin, who shrugged.

“I broke the rules mating Key.” He smiled slightly, his eyes watching the people below. “Some rules are meant to be broken, and how would you live with yourself knowing you had let your mate and his son die?”

The thought didn’t bear thinking about. “I wouldn’t.”

“Exactly. You saved yourself the day you saved them.” Kelvin inhaled then sighed. “I need to go over to St. Nick’s. There have been some disturbances around there.”

“Need a hand?”

“No, but thanks.” Kelvin disappeared, leaving Minho alone. His phone beeped, and he pulled it out, snorting when he saw Key’s message. Coffee and treats!!

Putting it away, he stepped onto the edge of the building then off, landing on his feet and walking down the sidewalk, mingling with the crowd. He had a couple of hours to scope the area out before heading to Peter’s cafe to grab what Key wanted and then deliver them before Key started calling him. Which he would.

The hours became years and by the time Minho walked into Peter’s cafe he was ready for a drink himself. Thankfully, the darker nights meant he could begin his job at an earlier time, meaning he finished at an earlier time as well. Only a couple of hours to go.

Peter smiled at him, but didn’t speak. He was standing at a table with some older

ladies, chuckling at what they were saying.

“Well, Elin’s hubby here had some of that Viagra, but the poor bastard didn’t swallow it quick enough and got a stiff neck!” The women all burst out laughing and Minho smiled.



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“That’s nothing. Last week me and Larry were going at it on the sofa and when we finished he had to peel me off. Don’t have sex on leather sofas.”

“How old are you?” Peter asked, laughing.

“Seventy-two and Larry’s three years older. It still works, so why shouldn’t we have sex?”

“Because you always have a bladder infection.” Mildred picked up her coffee and took a sip. “I do miss my James.”

“He should pull out faster, Sarah, then it won’t happen as much.” Elin winked.

Minho choked back a laugh, and now he knew why Peter loved these women. They discussed anything they wanted and didn’t care what others thought.

“We were at the grandkids’ party and one of them asked me to get on Carl like he was a horse. So he gets down on his hands and knees and I can’t lift my leg up. Almost fell over on my ass! The kids and grandkids are all laughing and Carl’s stuck on the floor and I’m flailing about.”

“He’s not bad.” Mildred eyes Minho over her coffee. “I wouldn’t mind having him in my bed.”

Peter choked then laughed. “He’s a friend.”

“Why have you never introduced us before?” Mildred asked, her eyes all over Minho.

“I didn’t think I had to,” Peter rocked on his feet and Minho wondered if he could discreetly leave. “Minho. Come here.”

And that time had passed if it had ever been there for him in the first place. Standing, he walked over to Peter and smiled at the women sitting around the table. Peter introduced him and he nodded to each one. “Hello.”

“Are you single?” Mildred eyed him up and down. “Anyone special in your life?”

“I’m not single.” Now he knew how some women felt. “I came for Key’s coffee. He reminded me.”

“Coffee and cakes coming up.”

Minho went to follow Peter but Sarah shouted at him and patted to the seat next to her. “Tell us how long you’ve been friends. Oh, and are there more that look like you?”

“Sarah!” Mildred hissed, eyes glaring at her.

“I have an older brother, but he doesn’t live around here. He’s not single.”

“Ah that’s a shame. Two of you to stare at would have made my week.” Mildred sipped her coffee. “You know, Peter needs to have someone.”

“Even a man?”

“Be careful,” Elin warned. “If she thinks you two are involved, she may ask for a tape.”

“What?” Minho furrowed his brow. “A tape?”

“You know. The two of you in the bedroom.”

Minho’s eyes shot to Mildred, who smirked. “My James passed a few years ago now.” Sighing heavily, she gave him another look. “Nothing wrong with having a look.”

“And here’s your order.”

Thank you for saving me. Why did it take you so long?

I was enjoying the look of fear on your face.

Minho stood and smiled at Peter, smiling when the women commented on it. “See you later.” As he left the shop, he heard, “Tell us all about him. Are there more who look like him? Have you seen him with his shirt off? Is he ripped?”

## Chapter Eight

Peter opened the front door, laughing at Rex who was complaining on the phone to him. “Assignments suck, Dad. Why do we have to have them?”

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“So they can make your life hell.” Peter laughed again when Rex groaned. “Sammy’s coming home this weekend. It seems someone told him about his dad having a boyfriend.”

“How was I to know I wasn’t supposed to tell him? You should have said something or told him yourself.”

“I believe I did, but you’re right. I should have said something.” But he’d wanted to get used to the situation himself first.

“Do you need me to come home?”

“No. I’ll see you tomorrow when I get home from work. I might even bring something with me.”

“Carrot cake please! You know I love it.”

Peter rolled his eyes. If Rex could get away with eating nothing but carrot cake and pizza, then he would. “And pizza?”

“Now we’re talking! Later, Dad!”

Peter dropped his phone on the counter in the kitchen and opened the fridge. He heard a sound coming from the front of the house and shouted, “I thought you would be another couple of hours.”

When he heard nothing, he stepped back from the fridge, letting it shut.Minho.

Yeah?

Where are you?

Standing on a roof top watching traffic.

I'm in the kitchen. There is someone in my house.

Minho appeared next to him, pulling his gun out. Stay quiet. Peter nodded, watching Minho creep through the kitchen and dining room, then pausing at the door. He disappeared through it and Peter waited, holding his breath, his heart racing in his chest.

"Peter."

He stood and found Minho coming back into the room. "Was there anyone there?"

"No but there were signs of forced entry at the front of the house. I scented humans, not vampires."

"We've had a few break-ins around here. I'll need to update my security system."

"I'll have Key and Gray look into it for you. They can get their hands on security that isn't exactly official." Minho came over and ran his hands up and down Peter's arms. Peter moved closer, wrapping his arms around Minho.

"Did you think it was those vampires you protect us from?"

"I did. They've taken mates before."

Peter nuzzled Minho's neck. "Go. You can tell me about them when you've

finished.”

Minho lifted Peter’s head and kissed him softly on the lips. “Be careful. I can’t lose you now that I have you.”

“You’re the one who is in more danger. Your job has you out on the streets, keeping us safe. You are at more risk than I am.”

“Please Peter. I waited years for you. I can’t lose you now.”

Peter cuddled close and kissed Minho’s neck. How can being with this man, a man he just met, feel like he was home? He’d had this feeling with Diane, had never expected to experience it again, but here with Minho not only did he feel it, but it seemed to have more depth to it. Could it be because they were mates? Was that why he’d done things with Minho he’d never done before, and so quickly, too?

Within ten minutes of meeting Minho, he’d been laid out on a table and having sex. Thinking about him made his body heat, and Minho growled softly. Peter had no idea how Minho knew, but then he remembered how he could feel Minho’s emotions when they’d first mated.

“Come home safe, Minho. We have things to do.”

“I will, and keep that feeling. I want you hot and ready when I come back.”

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Peter moaned when Minhó's lips touched his, licking and sucking them until he sucked Peter's tongue into his mouth. Peter shuddered and let Minhó plunder his mouth, his tongue fucking it, reminding Peter of how Minhó had dominated him when they'd had sex the first time. His dick hardened, and he grabbed Minhó's hips, rubbing against him. Minhó moaned and kissed him harder until he moved back, muttering harshly under his breath.

"I'll be ready and waiting for you. Don't let anyone keep you late."

Minhó's eyes glowed, his fangs dropping, and he pulled Peter close, running them up his neck. "Need to bite."

Peter turned his head, silently letting Minhó know he could, and Minhó groaned then bit. Peter's body arched up, his bodyfiring up, the pain and pleasure combining in sweet ecstasy. Shuddering, Peter gasped. Let go.

His body surrendered to the bliss building inside, his orgasm erupting, euphoria sweeping him under. He sagged against Minhó, who held him, moaning as he licked Peter's neck. Minhó. Peter opening his eyes and looked up into Minhó's glowing hazel ones. "What about you?"

"I want to wait. I want to keep this feeling with me until I see you later. Expect it to be fast and hard because I'll be tearing our clothes off as soon as I get here."

"I'll be naked, waiting in bed for you."

"Good, because I'll need you when I get here." Minhó let Peter go and tugged at his

jeans, showing the outline of his dick. “Soon.” Minho kissed him quick then let Peter go and disappeared.

“I would love to be able to do that.” Peter moved then grimaced when he felt the drying cooling come in his underwear. A shower and a quick bite to eat and he would be ready for Minho. Just the thought of being with him again had his breathing speeding up. How could one man affect him like this? Their mating. He needed to learn more about it and what it entailed. Should have done that before he’d said yes to mating Minho. Too late now, but he still had to know what being Minho’s mate involved and how that could potentially affect his boys.

“Damn.”

Minho had said his life would be extended. Did that mean as a father he would outlive his sons? That didn’t bear thinking about. A father died before his children, not the other way around, and now he couldn’t undo what he’d done.

Minho. My boys. What will happen to them?

I was wondering when you’d ask me this. Louis’ mate is human and it turns out his sister is mated to Hugo, another vampire. I have a feeling the same thing may happen to you. We can talk more when I finish.

Good. I can’t live without them.

I’d never ask you to. This will all work out. I love you.

Peter closed his eyes and smiled, feeling the love through their connection. Minho’s love.

#



Standing naked, Peter lit the two candles and placed them next to the bed. He took a step back, looked at them, then shook his head. Moving them, he contemplated if he should blow them out and put them away or leave them where they are. Putting them back on the small bedside table, he checked the room, then shook his head. This was a bad idea.

“Candles. I’ve never come home to candles before. I think I like it.” The husky voice behind him caused Peter to jump in surprise. “I should have let you know I was coming.”

Peter tapped the side of his head, then stepped into Minho’s arms. “A little heads up would help.”

“I’ll remember for next time.” Minho kissed him, sighing when their lips touched. “Missed you.”

“I missed you too.” Peter kissed Minho back, his hands skimming over his skin as Minho removed his clothing. “Do you work out?”

“Yes. I need to be in shape for my job, and I wanted to look good for you.” Minho ducked his head and Peter chuckled, raising it so he could look into Minho’s hazel eyes.

“You don’t have to look good for me. Look at me. My better days are behind me.”

“You have always looked amazing to me and I like how you look now. I love the lines around your eyes. They tell me you smile and laugh a lot. Your body is fit and strong and more than enough for me.”

“No muscles like you.”

“Hmm. You can hit the gym with me if you want, but you don’t need to. There is absolutely nothing wrong with you. Stop comparing yourself to teenage gym goers. You have the body of a man and you arouse me like no other person ever has.” Minho took Peter’s hand and wrapped it around his dick. Peter let his fingers slide over the firm, silky flesh, feeling Minho tremble from his touch. “Feel what you do to me. Only you can make me feel this way.”

“Minho, you look like you and I look like me.”

“And I’m far older than you. I also don’t care what people think. Vampires won’t care about your age. They’ll be happy I found my mate.” Minho kissed Peter again, and he sank into it, letting their tongues touch and slide together. When Minho moved them over to the bed, Peter went willingly, still a little surprised at how much he wanted him. Having never been interested in a man before, his strong attraction to Minho startled him, but he accepted it.

“Peter,” Minho whispered as his lips slid over Peter’s jawline. “I’m going to touch every inch of you.”

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Peter shivered, the deep husky words caressing his skin. He slid his hands over Minho's shoulders, feeling them bunch and relax as Minho kissed his way down Peter's body. He nipped at Peter's nipples, licking and sucking them before licking his way to Peter's erect dick.

His tongue swirled around the head, causing Peter to thrust up. Minho moaned and flicked his tongue over the head, then licked it before taking it into his mouth and sucking. Peter groaned, hands fisting the sheet as Minho sucked and licked his dick.

Moving away, he pushed Peter's legs up and mouthed his balls, then dipped lower. Tensing, Peter waited and when Minho sucked his ass, he cried out, his body bowing. Minho's tongue circled and flicked before the tip dipped inside. Peter trembled and gasped, his body thrusting, trying to get more of Minho's tongue. When Minho slid in deep, Peter groaned, riding Minho's tongue as he fucked him with it.

Peter had no idea how long Minho rimmed him, but at some point Peter realized two fingers were inside his ass, sliding in and out, stretching him wide. The pain was there, but it disappeared quickly when Minho rubbed his gland, making Peter see stars.

Three fingers had Peter gasping, then moaning when Minho rubbed and tapped his gland. When Minho pulled free, Peter watched him cover his dick in lube, then move back between his legs. "Peter." His name a soft breath of air as Minho pushed inside. Peter tensed, gasped and tried to relax, the pain radiating through his ass. Minho held still, his soft pants brushing over Peter's neck.

"I'm good."

Minho pushed all the way in then pulled out, then back in again. Peter pulled Minho's face toward him, kissing and licking his lips. Sucking on his tongue, then biting it. He felt Minho's body shudder, heard the gasp, then growl as Minho took Peter's lips in a savage, dominating kiss.

Peter let Minho take control, his fingers sliding into Minho's hair, tugging him closer than they already were. Minho moved over him and in him, and Peter's body was alive with pleasure. He arched up with every thrust, tongue tangling with Minho's, hands tugging on his hair. Minho pushed a hand between them and stroked his dick, and Peter moaned long and loud. His balls were full, tight, and he wanted to come.

Minho's body moved faster, his thrusts deeper, harder, and Peter let him have complete control. Minho's fangs grazed his skin, and he turned his head, crying out when those fangs pierced his skin. His body exploded, ripples of pleasure radiating through him, the world disappearing, leaving him floating in a sea of ecstasy.

When he opened his eyes, he ran his hands over the damp skin covering Minho's back, felt his tongue licking his neck, and sighed at the soft kisses Minho gave him. Minho lifted up and pulled out, then walked naked to the bathroom. Peter heard him move around, then he reappeared with a washcloth and cleaned Peter. When he came back to the bed, he pulled the covers over them and lay his head on Peter's chest, his fingers tunneling through Peter's chest hair.

"Have I told you how much I like these?" Minho gently tugged the hair.

"Not today." Peter chuckled softly, his hand sliding over Minho's head and curling around his shoulder, holding him close.

"I really do like them."

“That’s good to know, because I have no intention of waxing them.”

“I wouldn’t be happy if you did.” Minho kissed Peter’s chest then sighed softly.  
“Love you.”

Peter squeezed Minho’s shoulder but didn’t return the words. His emotions weren’t as easy to define as Minho’s probably were. He’d loved one person for most of his life and he’d only just met Minho. He cared about him and wanted him in his life and he knew those feelings would develop in time. He hoped it didn’t hurt Minho that he didn’t say them back.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ve loved you for years. You’ve only just met me. It’ll come in time. Having you in my life is enough.”

“I do care about you.”

“I know. I can feel it.” Minho yawned and snuggled closer. Peter held him, hearing the change in his breathing as Minho slept. He might not share the depth of Minho’s emotions yet, but he knew he would.

## Chapter Nine

Minho woke and rolled onto his back. He realized Peter wasn’t there and ran his hand over his side of the bed, noticing the sheets were cold. The sunlight shone under the curtains, so he knew it was still light outside. Glancing at Peter’s alarm clock, he saw it was two in the afternoon, so was surprised when he heard Peter’s voice downstairs. Unless today was his day off. Minho knew Peter had one day a week to himself.

Throwing back the covers, Minho stood and stretched and used the bathroom before getting dressed and carefully opening the bedroom door. The hallway was cast in darkness so he knew the curtains and blinds were still drawn. Going downstairs, he

slowly opened the door to the kitchen/dining area, and all conversation stopped. Stepping inside, he saw Peter and his son, Sammy, standing together.

“Hi.”

“Sammy. This is Minho.”

Sammy looked him up and down, then ran a hand over his face. “A man?”

Have you told him?

I was working myself up to it, but it appears Rex has beaten me to it. I’m not sure he’s accepted we’re together.

Will this be an issue for him? Minho came into the room and closed the door behind him. Do you want me to leave?

No. We’re together and he has to get used to it. It’s been me and his mom all his life. He just needs some time.

Minho smiled and approached, holding his hand out to Sammy. Sammy stared at it then shook it. “I’m Minho. It’s nice to meet you.”

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“You and my dad? Together? Like a couple?”

“Will that be a problem?”

“No, no.” Sammy dropped Minho’s hand and stood with his hands on his hips.

“Surprised is all. I never knew Dad was bisexual.”

“When would I have had that conversation with you? Privacy is a thing adults can have as well and I didn’t realize myself until I met Minho.”

“I got a call from Rex telling me you were having sex with a man! A man! Why didn’t you tell me?”

“It’s new and I wanted to get to know Minho better and Rex shouldn’t have said anything to you. I asked him not to so I could speak to you first.”

“Er, he caught you two naked in bed. And it was clear you’d had sex. He was a little freaked out by it.”

“Because I had sex with a man?”

“Because you had sex! It’s only ever been you and Mom and you’ve never said anything about dating.”

“Oh I didn’t know I was supposed to put a notice out for you both and get your permission.”

Sammy flushed. "I didn't mean it like that."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No. You're part of the family now."

"And it's sunny outside. Don't want you all crispy fried." Sammy snorted. "Drop the fangs."

Minho arched an eyebrow as Peter spluttered, "Sammy!"

"Rex said he was a vampire. I don't believe him."

Minho coughed and opened his mouth, revealing his fangs. "Better?"

"Holy shit, the little fucker was right."

"Sammy! Stop swearing."

Sammy waved his hand and pointed at Minho's mouth. "Fangs! Vampire! Like they're right in front of me." Sammy peered at him. "I'm off the menu. I drink and do drugs and have lots of sex. Who knows what I could expose you to?"

"Pardon?" Sammy cringed and turned to Peter. "Drugs? Unprotected sex?"

"No, Dad I didn't mean it like that." Sammy backed away when he saw the angry look on Peter's face. "I just said that to stop him looking at me like I was a blood bank."

Minho burst out laughing, throwing his head back. He couldn't keep it in any longer. "If I need to feed, I have Peter, and our hospital has a donor bank as well."



Sammy's head swiveled between Minho and Peter. "You let him bite you?"

Peter dropped his head into his hands, mumbling something Minho couldn't hear. "He does. I ask and he allows it because it's his body and I would never feed without permission."

"Oh... oh that's okay, I guess." Sammy scratched his head and shuffled on his feet. "Er... yeah, so... how are you?"

Minho laughed again when Peter groaned. "I'm good thanks. How's college?"

"How long have you known Dad, and Rex said something about mates?"

Peter frowned. "I wasn't sure I'd mentioned mates. Maybe I did."

"Rex mentioned it."

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Minho shrugged. You mentioned it after Rex interrupted us. A lot has happened since then.

Do you want me to go into detail just in case Rex left something out?

I would, then Sammy knows everything.

“We’re mates. So for vampires they have a special person that they are attracted to and it’s for life. No separation or divorce.” Peter looked at Minho. “How was that?”

“Good, actually. Yes, vampires have mates and we’re not particularly bothered about the sex of that person, either. Peter is mine. I’ve waited a long time for him.”

“What do you mean?” Sammy pulled out a chair and sat.

Minho glanced at Peter, who nodded. “I first found Peter not long after he’d married Diane. I stayed away because I didn’t want to come between them.”

“Why now, then? Mom passed a couple of years ago.”

“I wanted to give you time to grieve her loss. It didn’t seem right to come here during that time.”

Sammy nodded, his fingers tracing patterns on the table only he could see. “Yeah.”

“I only decided recently to approach Peter. I’m glad he didn’t say no, but we are taking things slow.”

Sammy snorted. “Yeah right. Rex said he saw you two in bed.”

“We have had sex, yes. We’re adults, as are you. You’re not a virgin.”

Sammy coughed, glanced at Peter, who rolled his eyes. “I’m as pure as the snow.”

Peter laughed and shook his head. “I found the condoms, Sammy.”

Blanching, Sammy spluttered, “What? I’m just being careful in case I have sex.”

Sammy glanced between Minho and Peter. “I have a girlfriend.”

“As long as you are careful. I don’t want to be a grandparent just yet.”

“Ha ha! Minho being a grandad at what, thirty? How old are you?”

“Older than your dad.” Sammy laughed outright. “I am close to three hundred years old. We age at a slower rate than humans.”

Sammy snorted. “Don’t lie. You look thirty max. My dad doesn’t have a lot of money. You haven’t gotten yourself a sugar daddy.” Peter shouted at Sammy, but Minho laughed. He laughed so hard he had to wrap an arm around his waist.

“I have millions. I’m a vampire. If I was broke at my age I should just give up.”

“Millions?” Peter blinked then sat. “Wow. Are you my sugar boy?”

Sammy winced. “No, don’t say that! Boy sounds all age play and shit.”

“Language, and what’s age play?”

“As you’re ancient, I’ll let you handle this one.” Sammy stood and practically ran

from the room.

“It’s the whole daddy kink.”

Peter scrunched his face. “Eww. No for me but whatever makes you happy.” Peter leaned closer to Minho. “Have you tried any of that bdsm stuff? Diane and I tried handcuffs but we couldn’t stop laughing.”

“There is very little I haven’t tried and I do like certain aspects of bdsm but both people have to want it.”

“So you’d handcuff me.”

Minho felt his body react and he closed his eyes. Breathing deeply, he opened his eyes letting them glow so Peter could see how it affected him. “I would prefer it to be the other way around.”

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Peter leaned back in his chair, licking his lips. “I think I might have to give it some thought.”

Minho could picture them together. Him naked, cuffed, spread wide for Peter. “I hope you make up your mind soon.”

The back door burst open and Rex came in like a whirlwind, dropping his bag on the floor, kicking the door shut, and going straight to the fridge. “Hey! We got any apple juice?”

“Yes. How did the assignment go?”

Rex grinned. “All done. Now I can relax until the next one is due.” Rex opened the juice and went to drink straight from the bottle. Peter coughed and Rex sighed before getting a glass from the cupboard. “Vampires.” He grinned and came to the table, sitting across from Minho. “Do you get mesmerized by rice?”

“What?” Oh the counting rice myth. It had been a long time since he’d heard that one.

“You know. You see rice and you have to stop and count it.”

“No.”

“Can you go in to a church?”

“I can, yes and I don’t burst into flames.”

“What about sunlight?”

“Burns and it can be painful to recover from. We can tolerate longer periods the older we are.”

“Does this mean Dad won’t be able to go in the sun?”

“I was gardening earlier, and it wasn’t a problem. What did surprise me was being able to do more than I normally can.”

“Increased strength and stamina.” Minho nodded. “I’m going to see what I gain from our mating.”

“So you mated and now you’re better?” Rex peered at Peter. “Huh. There is less gray.” Peter touched his hair, then jumped up to look in a mirror. “The sides, Dad.”

Peter turned his head from side to side and now that Rex had mentioned it, Minho could see it was true. Peter’s had more dark hair now. “Wow. I do!” Peter spun to face Minho. “Have you seen this?”

“I wasn’t expecting that to happen.” It was something he would speak to the council about. Once they got over their shock of him breaking that particular law. The one that they were all breaking recently. “Any other vampire myths you want to ask me about?”

“Can’t think of any right now so I’ll get back to you.”

Rex’s phone pinged and he read the message and put the phone away, glancing at Peter. “Okay if I stay out at friend’s tonight?”

“Who?”

“Jason.”

“Sure. Leave their parent’s number just in case.” Rex stood and watched Peter, then nodded. “Okay.” Rex picked up his bag and left the room and Minho watched him.

“One down, one to go.” Peter sat next to Minho. “Are you working later?”

“In a few minutes. I only have to go in to give a report then I’m free. Want to go somewhere?”

“Yeah I would. It’s been a while since I went out.”

“Meal, then we can catch a movie?”

“Sounds good. Want me to book us a place?”

Minho stood and nodded. Leaning down to kiss Peter, he said, “Whatever you’re in the mood for will be good by me.” Kissing him again, Minho left, appearing next to Key, who jumped then grumbled under his breath. “Key.”

“Minho. Gray’s already in a meeting which you need to be in as well. Maxim’s been spotted again.”

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Minho tensed, his eyes narrowing. “When and where?”

“That information will be given to you in the meeting.”

Minho quickly left Key and walked into their meeting room, seeing most of the security team already there. “Glad you could join us. I’m trying to give you a few days off to enjoy your mating, but with Maxim showing up...” Gray shrugged.

Minho nodded as he sat. “I understand.”

“Congratulations.” Hugo gave him a wide smile. “We’re all mating since Kelvin did it.”

“It’s nice to finally be with him.”

“Finally?”

“Yeah. Minho wanted to torture himself so he found a mate who was already married. He gallantly waited for his mate and now they’re together.” Gray shuffled the papers in front of him. “You know me. I’d have gone straight for it, but I’m a bastard and Minho isn’t.”

“He was worth waiting for, and his wife was a lovely woman. I had no intention of ruining their marriage.”

“I think what you did was right under the circumstances.” Terrance folded his arms over his chest. “One day I will find mine. I’m happy to wait for the right person.”



“Back to work. Maxim has a son. We’ve been able to find some limited proof. Mainly a picture of Maxim and the son when he was young. From what we’ve gathered, he should be in his early twenties by now.”

Minho picked the up the grainy black-and-white photo and stared at it. The quality was poor, but Maxim had his arm around the boy’s shoulders. Could be his son. Could be a friend’s son. “How do we know it’s his child?”

Henry placed another photo in front of him and this one was better quality. Both looking in the same direction and the resemblance was there. “The son looks like Maxim.” Gray handed Minho a folder. “Let’s go over everything we have.”

## Chapter Ten

“Why would I want to share a bed with him? All that farting and drooling and snoring. We have separate bedrooms and I get all the sleep I need. And if we want something more we have options. Just not the leather sofa.”

Peter snorted. He did love this group of women and the fact they talked about everything. There was no subject they wouldn’t discuss. As Mildred had once told him, when you got to their age you had zero fucks to give.

If only he could tell them who Minho was, Peter was certain they would have plenty to talk about. And there would be more questions than Minho had faced from Sammy and Rex.

“Who was that man in here the other night?”

Peter froze then turned slowly to face Breda. After feeling under the weather, today was the first day she’d come in. “What man and what night?” And why was she asking him now?

“It might have been dark but you appeared to be having an interesting conversation.”  
Breda winked. “He has a nice bum.”

Minho!! Breda saw us!

Who and what did she see?

Us in here having sex!

“How do you know he has a nice bum?”

“Because they were fucking on the table. I do hope you disinfected it, dear. People sit there to eat and drink.”

“He had sex on the table? With a man?”

“Could you say it any louder, Pat? I don’t think they heard you in the next state.”

Oh my god.

Do I need to come over? I can stand at the back of the cafe.

Fuck no!

## Page 26

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Did you just swear, Peter?

“Nothing happened.” Peter smiled and picked up an empty cup. “Do you need anything else?”

“I’m happy you had some fun. It’s been a couple of years since Diane died.” Breda patted his hand. “I understand how hard it can be to move on.” Breda smiled at the ladies. “His man was delicious.”

“Thank you.”

Peter almost dropped the cup, but managed to keep hold of it when he heard Minh’s voice by the back of his shop. Why are you here?

I like them, so I thought I should come over and see them again.

“Oh yes! That’s the man I saw.”

“Minh? You made us think you were only friends, Peter.” Mildred patted the empty seat next to her. “Come and sit with us so we can get to know you better.”

“She means interrogate you.” Pat grinned and ignored Mildred, who glared at her. “She’s all bark and no bite.”

“That’s because my James has passed. Though you do look good enough to bite. I can see why Peter let you do what you did on the table.”

Peter watched Minhó take a seat on the table next to them, away from the light. “It was a fun night.”

“I never thought I would see Peter with a man.”

“I guess he needed to meet the right man.”

“How old are you? You’re much younger than Peter.” Mildred narrowed her eyes. “We won’t let you take advantage of him.”

“First, I’m older than I look, and second, I’ve waited a long time for Peter, so I would never take advantage of him.

“How long?”

Minho leaned back in his chair, crossed one leg over the other and smiled. Peter’s heart sank. He knew Minhó was going to say something. “Thirty years, give or take a year.”

The women all burst out laughing. “You’re funny. How old are you?”

“Hmm. Not far off three hundred.”

Pat had her phone in her hand and was busy scrolling. She looked at the screen, then Minhó, then back to the screen. “It is you.” She showed everyone her phone. “You’re a vampire,” she whispered.

“I am.”

“Prove it.” Elin leaned forward, peering at him.

“In here? Now?”

“Do something quick and easy.”

Minho’s eyes glowed and Peter prepared to do something but he had no idea what. The women all stared at him then peppering him with questions. Peter left him to it and went to help London behind the bar when business picked up. At this rate, Minho might as well take an ad out in the local paper. So much for vampires needing to remain a secret.

By the time he’d finished serving, the women were all laughing with Minho, and Peter stood watching. How had he done it? Sarah was staring at him all googly eyed and Mildred looked like she was about to enter her second youth. Pat was laughing, and Elin had a permanent smile on her face, even Breda smiled softly at him.

You are a charmer.

Not really. They’re lovely women. Once they got over the shock, we talked about the past. It’s nice and they don’t care about me being a vampire. They said there had to be more than humans because most humans were as dumb as a rock. The intelligence had to have gone somewhere.

They know not to say anything?

They do.

## Page 27

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Peter came over and stood next to Minh. “I can see why you let him have you on the table.”

“Thanks Mildred.” He wasn’t sure why he was thanking her, but for some reason it sounded like the right thing to do.

“I have a doctor’s appointment. Meet here tomorrow?” Elin stood and put her phone in her handbag.

“As we always do.” Sarah touched Elin’s hand. “Let us know in the group chat how it went.”

“Did you see the new pictures Charlotte posted?”

“How is their vacation going?”

Charlotte?

One of the women has gone to Disney World with her husband.

This isn’t all of them?

Oh no. There are usually eight or nine of them. The table across are the men, their husbands. They have their papers to read. He saw Minh glance over and nod. They come in almost every day.

It’s good to have friends as you age. Being socially active has positive benefits.

Peter looked at Minh, who looked back and smiled. "I have to go, but it was lovely meeting you all."

"We'll see you again?" Sarah looked outside. "You're lucky it's winter and cloudy."

"I am. We have more freedom at this time of year. Summer can be tricky to handle." He waved to the women and walked out to the back. "I have to go. See you at home later."

Peter smiled and then all the women cooed at him. "Look at him all happy and lovey dovey. Got yourself a nice man, er, male." Pat shook her head. "What do we call him?"

"Peter's," Sarah told them.

"I like that."

Peter went back to serving customers and cleaning tables. When the women and their husbands left, he smiled and waved them off. The day passed quickly, a steady stream of customers coming and going, and before long night had fallen and it was time to close up the shop.

As he closed up for the day, Peter heard a sound coming from the alley. Not thinking much of it, Peter finished locking up and walked toward the alley, curious as to what had caused the sound. As he approached, he saw a head peek around the corner, then away.

Furrowing his brow, Peter's walk became a jog. Reaching the entrance to the alley, he stopped and looked around, not seeing anyone. Taking a few steps into the alley, he jumped when someone shot out from behind a dumpster and headed to a doorway farther along the alley.

Giving chase, he followed, hoping to catch whoever it was before they disappeared. When he reached the doorway he found it empty. Checking the door, he realized it was locked. Taking a step back, Peter scanned the area. “What the hell?”

Certain the man had run to this point, Peter checked the door again, pushing and kicking it but it refused to move. “How?”Minho?

Peter. Have you finished for the night?

I have and I saw someone watching me, but they’ve disappeared.

Where are you?

The alley near my place.

“Peter?”

Peter glanced to the left and waved at Minho. “I saw him run here but he’s gone. He can’t have gone through the door because it’s locked.”

Minho kicked the door. “It wasn’t the other day when I was here.”

“Where could he have gone? Could he have moved like you do?”



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“Possibly, which means we need to improve security around your shop.”

“Could they be watching me because of you? Would they even know about us?”

Minho crouched and Peter watched him search the ground. “I don’t think it’s us. I saw someone here before. A young man, teenager. I actually thought he looked like Rex but you told me he was with friends studying. He came down here and disappeared into this building. I tailed him, but he disappeared.” Minho stood and looked around. “I wonder if you saw the same person.”

“Maybe. I wasn’t able to see his face, but the way he moved and ran said it was a man or male.” Shrugging, Peter headed back toward the street. “He didn’t want me to catch him.”

“If it’s the same person I followed, he wouldn’t. He met someone as well.”

“Could be this is a meeting place for a couple of teenagers who shouldn’t be out or are meeting in private? We were all young once.”

“It was a very long time ago for me.”

Peter chuckled. “I forget you’re older than I am. Doesn’t help when you look so young.” Peter looked Minho up and down, remembering how he looked naked and his body reacted. “With a strong and firm ass.”

“And completely yours. Now and always. Never forget that, my mate.” Minho pulled Peter close and Peter looked into Minho’s hazel eyes. “You are my everything, Peter.

I have been yours from the moment I saw you.” Minhó slid his lips over Peter’s, then deepened the kiss.

Peter sighed as they kissed, their tongues dancing together. His hands slid down Minhó’s back to grab his firm ass. Minhó had a body Peter could spend forever exploring and never tire of. Minhó changed their positions and pushed Peter against the wall. Peter pulled Minhó closer, moaning softly when Minhó’s phone rang.

Growling, Minhó pulled away from Peter and wrenched his phone out of his pocket. “Yes, Key.” Peter watched as Minhó’s eyes narrowed. He looked at Peter as he spoke, “Peter’s just chased someone here. Can you pull up CCTV and get an ID?” Minhó nodded. “Sure I’ll come in now.” Ending the call, he kissed Peter, then rested their foreheads together. “Want a lift home?”

“No, unless you have a few minutes?”

Minhó grinned, kissed him again. “I wish, but I don’t. I can take you home then I have to see Key.” Peter kissed Minhó back, enjoying having him close, feeling his hard body on his own. “I’ll be home soon and we can do something with this.” Minhó palmed Peter’s erection, causing him to hiss and pushed up into Minhó’s touch.

“Home,” Peter murmured.

“My home is with you. We haven’t actually discussed it...”

“You want us to live together so soon?” Peter moved back slightly, staring into Minhó’s eyes. “Well, I guess we mated the first night, so it makes sense. I need to think about the boys, though.”

“I understand. I’m going too fast—”

“No, you’re not. I want you with me, so we’ll make this work.” Kissing quickly, Peter murmured, “Go and see Key, then come home to me. I’ll be waiting for you.” Minho returned his kiss and when Peter opened his eyes, he stood in his bedroom. Minho smiled then left, leaving Peter alone. Hearing movement downstairs, he shouted, “Rex?”

“Are you upstairs? Did Minho drop you off?”

Jogging downstairs, which was strangely easier than before his mating, Peter walked into the kitchen and found Rex sitting at the kitchen table. “Homework?”

“More like torture. Why do I go to school, then come home and do work as well?”

“Because that’s what you do. If you go to college like Sammy, you’ll have more of this.”

Rex glanced away. “I haven’t decided.”

“I know, but you’ll have to soon unless you don’t want to go.”

“I have things to deal with.”

“Like what?” Peter sat at the table and waited for Rex to answer, but all he did was gather up his homework and shove it in his bag. “Rex? Are you okay?”

“Just a lot going on with school right now. I’m gonna get an early night.”

Shaking his head, Peter watched Rex leave. “I don’t remember being like this when I was his age.”

Chapter Eleven

Minho appeared next to Key, who screamed, then punched his leg. “A bell or maybe a call to say ‘I’m coming now!’ I’m sick of having half my life scared off me by you guys!”

“Ring ding dong,” Minho murmured dryly.

“What the... What?”

Minho coughed. “Nothing. What did you want me for?”

“I’ve been tracking that kid you saw near your mate’s business.”

“He was there again, or I suspect he was. Peter saw someone watching him, but when he went to investigate where the person ran to, he wasn’t there and there was nowhere he could have gone to.”

“Unless he poofed his ass away.” Minho blinked at the word ‘poofed’ but remained silent as he watched Key’s fingers tap away. “When was this? Around the time I called?”

“Yes. Maybe five to ten minutes earlier just to make sure.”

“Hmm. Give me a sec.” Minho pulled a chair over, then nodded to Gray when he entered the room. Gray winced, then rubbed the back of his head. “You piss Henry off?” Key asked without looking at Gray.

“How do you know it was me?”

Key stopped typing and glanced at Gray, an eyebrow arched. Gray coughed and shrugged, then turned to his monitor. “Thought so.”

“I asked for a blowjob! I’m not going to see him for a couple of days.”

“Again? How did you ask, Gray? Was it all sweet, and you showed him some good loving, or did you drop your jeans and say, ‘suck it.’”

Gray opened his mouth then slowly closed it. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Minho smiled as he focused on the monitor in front of Key. “There he is.”

Key paused the screen and leaned closer, eyes squinting as he focused on the image. “Hmm. Let me see what I can do to clean this up, but he’s good, which we already know. Face is covered and away from the camera. But... does he know about the new one we installed?”

“That’s in already?” Minho leaned closer, tilting his head. The image was too grainy, but as he watched, he could see it begin to come into better focus. “Yes, he keeps his head away from the CCTV he knows is there. What about the new one?”

Key grinned and tapped the keyboard. “There.” A new video appeared, and they sat watching the images flash by until— “Got him.” Key began to clean the image, then muttered, “Shit. Is that Maxim?”

Gray put his hand on Minho’s shoulder as all three of them stared at the image frozen on the screen. “No, but it could be the son.”

“They do look similar.” Key worked his magic and managed to clear the picture. “I’ll print it off now.” A few seconds later, Key passed a sheet of paper to Minho and Gray. “My guess is the son.”

“And around Peter’s business.” Minho stared at the image he held in his hand. The

boy, no, young man, looked like his father and similar to the other photographs they had.

“I doubt he knows about your relationship with Peter, so there has to be another reason for him to be there.” Gray returned to his chair and asked, “Could he have gone to the café and met someone there? A customer, maybe? That would give him a reason to be there. You said you’d seen him before.”

Minho licked his lips, his eyes on Maxim’s son. “I can’t say they are the same person with full confidence, but there are similarities.”

“The kid knows someone in the area or there is another reason why he’s hanging around the place. There could be no connection to Peter at all.” Key tapped away then muttered, “No sign of him leaving, either, so he poofed away, which increases the likelihood he is who we think he is.”

“But we’re not one hundred percent certain.” Minho continued to stare at the picture. “He hasn’t done anything of concern, but I think I’d like to keep a closer eye on the area.”

“It’s yours, plus your mate works there.” Gray sat in front of his computer, tapping away. “I’ll make the changes now. Have you spoken to the council?”

“Alma has requested my presence.”

“When?” Gray glanced up at Minho. “Am I going to take you off rotation?”

“I wasn’t given the impression that would happen. Alma sounded more... I’d say resigned to the situation.”

“You are the fourth, no fifth, vampire to have a human mate.” Key tapped away,

stopping when Gray spoke.

“Fifth? Who?”



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Key sighed heavily. “Kelvin, you, Louis, Hugo and now mister tall, dark, and rarely talks, behind me.”

“I do talk. I don’t like to fill the air with nonsense. We have plenty who can do that.”

Key swung around and folded his arms across his chest. “Hmm. And tell me. Who would they be?”

“Peter is asking to see me. I’ll show him this picture and see if he recognizes him.”

“Scaredy cat!” Key shouted as Minhó teleported away. He appeared outside the council chambers and stared at the closed double doors. He’d kept quiet about the meeting with the council because he didn’t want to worry Peter or Gray, who no doubt would be pissed if he had to move vampires around to cover holes left because the council had decided to move Minhó somewhere else.

One of the doors opened in front of him and Minhó nodded to the vampire as he stepped into the council chambers. “Minhó.” Alma murmured his name as she shook his head.

“Council member Alma.” Minhó bowed then stood waiting.

“You have mated a human without speaking to us first, which appears to be a recurring theme within our security department.”

“I didn’t mate him when I first saw him.”

“You waited like Louis did?”

“He had recently married when I first saw him and I didn’t want to interfere. I waited until his wife passed and I let him grieve, then approached him.”

“An honorable thing to do.”

“The right thing to do.” Minho held the sheet of paper he held up. “We may have a lead as well. Possible sighting of Maxim’s son near my mate’s place of business.”

“Ahh. You think by dangling that in front of us we’ll be lenient?” Alma smiled. “You’re right. Don’t mess up again. Tell us what you know and after that tell us about your mate. I believe he owns a café. Does he sell pastries, by any chance?”

#

Minho appeared in Peter’s bedroom, watching his mate walk around naked, and enjoyed the view. He could see how their mating was changing his mate. Not a great deal but small slight changes. The gray in his hair had lessened, his body tighter, muscles more developed. In a way, Minho wished those changes hadn’t occurred. He loved his mate just the way he was, but he knew if they were to live a long life together, then Peter’s body would become the best version of itself to enable that to happen.

“I know you’re there.”

“You can sense me.” Minho walked over and ran his hand over Peter’s shoulder. “Your hearing has improved.”

“I could hear you breathing.” Shaking his head, Peter turned and looped his arms over Minho’s shoulders. “Any luck finding that kid?”

It had been over a week since Minho had spoken to Key and Gray, and they hadn't managed to locate him. "Not yet. He's good. He doesn't want to be seen or found."

"If this boy is Maxim's son, and he's doing something he shouldn't be..."

"Then he would avoid being seen." Minho sighed softly as his lips touched Peter's. "Have we talked enough?"

"For now. Get naked, Minho. We have an hour before Rex comes home." Minho stripped as they kissed, their tongues dancing together. Peter's hands moved over Minho's skin and Minho went willingly when Peter moved them to the bed. Laying back on the bed, Minho pulled Peter down with him, his arms wrapping around his mate as their kiss deepened. He couldn't get enough. He would never get enough, but now Minho knew they had a lifetime and longer to explore the connection between them.

Peter kissed along Minho's jaw, murmuring, "I want to be in charge."

"You want to be on top?"

"Yes I do."

"Then I'm yours, as always."

Peter smiled, then kissed Minho, and Minho gasped. The kiss was powerful, dominating, and Minho let Peter have complete control over him. They kissed for several minutes before Peter moved down Minho's body and took his hard, leaking cock in his hand. Minho closed his eyes at the first touch of Peter's warm, wet tongue. Peter was still getting used to touching Minho this way, but with the number of times they'd had sex, his hesitancy had begun to vanish.

Sucking the head, Peter stroked Minho's dick, causing Minho to gasp and groan. "So good. Don't stop."

Peter licked and sucked the head, then kissed his way down the length to suckle Minho's balls. Minho patted around the bed until he found the lube and threw it down onto the bed to Peter. Peter picked it up and poured some on his fingers, then ran them over Minho's asshole.

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Minho arched under Peter's touch, then trembled when one of Peter's fingers slid inside his asshole. He squeezed it, then relaxed when Peter pulled out. "Two fingers, Peter. I don't want to wait."

Minho shuddered when two fingers pushed inside, whimpering when Peter moved them in and out. When they found his prostate, Minho gasped, then groaned. Peter played with that spot, causing Minho to jerk and cry out.

When Peter pulled his fingers out, Minho pulled his legs up, spreading them wide. Watching Peter lube up his dick had Minho panting. And when Peter lined up and pushed inside, he whined and arched up, trying to relax. "Peter..."

"You're so tight, Minho. You're squeezing me so hard."

"Don't stop until you're fully inside." Minho closed his eyes, feeling his mate all around him, and when their lips met, he slipped his tongue into Peter's mouth, their tongues dancing together erotically. Peter lay over him and Minho released his legs, wrapping them and his arms around Peter's body.

Peter pulled out, then pushed back inside, and Minho moved with him, their bodies in sync. Minho surrendered to the emotions he felt, letting them flow between their bond. He heard Peter's deep groan, felt Peter's own arousal. The way they fed each other, their emotions amplified them, causing their arousal to build. Peter moved faster, his body damp with sweat, Minho's hand sliding over his warm skin, pulling and tugging as they moved in perfect unison.

"I'm close."

Minho shuddered when Peter hit his prostate. “Me too. I want us to come together.”

Peter trembled in Minho’s arms, and he tightened them around him, moving with him, kissing him. Minho knew when Peter was about to come, felt him approach the edge and he fell over the edge with him, both coming at the same time. Losing track of time and space, Minho let his orgasm wash over, feeling Peter’s too, which caused him to go on for longer.

When he finally blinked open his eyes, he lay staring at the ceiling, his heart rate slowing, his body beginning to cool. Peter carefully eased free from Minho’s body and slid to the side, pulling Minho into his arms and snuggling close. “Wow.”

“It will only get better.”

“It’s pretty good now. Being able to feel you through our connection... just wow.”

Minho rolled his head to the side and kissed Peter’s forehead. “Only with you.”

“Good because I kinda don’t want to think about you sharing what we just did with someone else, which makes no sense as I was married.”

“We can’t always control how we’ll react to a situation and you were happily married and in love. Diane was an amazing woman. You were lucky to have her.” Minho grinned when Peter lifted his head and gave him a mock glare. “Did I say something wrong?”

Peter chuckled softly. “No you didn’t and yes she was an amazing woman. I was lucky to have her.”

“How long before Rex comes home?” Minho asked as he stretched, feeling his muscles twinge a little.

The door slammed downstairs and Peter exhaled. “I think that is the answer to your question.”

“Dad! Where are you?”

“In my bedroom with Minho. Don’t come in.”

“Are you having sex again? Jeez Dad. I need to bleach my eyes and pop my eardrums. I can’t even tell anyone at school because they’d all laugh at me. My old man having more sex than me. So unfair.”

Rex’s voice trailed away and Minho grinned at Peter. “Did I tell you I like him?”

“You won’t be saying that when he pisses you off.”

“Dad! Stop doing whatever you’re doing! I need help with math! I can’t believe I have to tell you not to have sex. What has my life become?”

Minho looked at Peter, who’d sucked his lips in. “Yeah. I like him.”

## Chapter Twelve

Peter arched his back, hands on hips as he stretched. It had been a long day in the cafe but a good day, too. Busy but with enough time between flurries of activity to keep the place tidy and the counter stocked. With the shop now closed, Peter had the chance to clean and tidy up then do a quick check of his inventory so he knew what needed to be purchased the following morning.

Are you finished?

Peter smiled when Minho’s voice drifted through his mind. Just closed now. Need to

do the usual end of day jobs then a stock check.

How long will you be?



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Why are you asking? Peter's smile widened. He knew Minho had the day or night off, so would be at his place waiting. That meant Minho had Rex for company. Oh, to be a fly on the wall to watch Minho and Rex together without Peter present.

Rex is asking me about my grave. Where is it? Do I teleport there when I need to restore my energy? Do I carry a box of my grave dirt around with me? Do I have a box full of dirt under the bed?

Peter chuckled as he shook his head. Of course Rex would ask those types of questions. He wouldn't put it past his son to have been online researching stupid questions to ask to see how Minho would react. Interesting. I never noticed a box of dirt under my bed. Should I check?

Hmm. Why do I think you're enjoying this?

Because you can feel I am. Peter finished mopping the floor then carried the mop and bucket into the back of the shop. What else is my son asking? As he poured the dirty water away, Peter waited for Minho to answer.

If I knew Vlad Tepes?

Peter paused. Who?

A fifteenth-century voivode, which means prince of a place called Wallachia, a part of Transylvania. He was called Dracula or son of the devil because he liked to torture his victims, usually by impaling them.

He sounds like a nice man. Remind me not to invite him around for lunch. Any other questions?

He's been researching. Asked me if I can change into a bat.

Peter burst out laughing. "Rex. You do make me laugh." He's trying.

Not sure what. When are you coming home? Do you need me to come and get you?

You need me to rescue you from your step-son?

No. He's entertaining. Hurry home, Peter. I miss you.

Peter felt his body flood with warmth and closed his eyes absorbing the feeling. Minho. Always making sure he knew how much he loved Peter. The heady feeling of having a man or vampire who looked like Minho love him—

"He knows." The words whispered low next to Peter's ear caused him to jump, his heart race in his chest. He went to turn, but a hand to the center of his back stopped him.

"Who are you?"

"Watch your back. He'll come for you at some point. You don't want him to get his hands on you or your sons."

Peter spun around but no one stood behind him. Impossible... unless you had the ability to teleport, which meant a vampire.

Minho. Get here now.

“Peter?” Peter rushed through to the front of the shop, moving straight into Minhó’s arms. “Hey, you’re shaking. What happened?”

“Someone was in the shop, Minhó. Stood behind me. Warned me. Told me he knew and to watch my back and Sammy and Rex’s too. I turned and he had gone. Just disappeared.”

“Vampire, and one of Maxim’s if we’re to believe the message. What can you tell me? Sex? Age? Height from where the voice came from?”

“You can get all of that from a voice behind you? No, don’t bother.” Peter moved out of Minhó’s arms and paced in front of him. “Man, young, maybe Sammy’s age. Tall. The voice came near my ear, not too short or tall so around my height. I’m six foot, so around that.”

“Good. You couldn’t see any part of him?”

“No. He stood directly behind me, put his hand on my back to stop me turning.”

“Where did he appear? In the back?” Minhó asked as he walked into the back of the shop. Minhó walked slowly around the area, then stopped. “I can’t scent anything. No aftershave or deodorant. Cleaning fluid only.”

“Yeah, I’d been cleaning before I did a stock check.”

“Good time to come. He teleported in, warned you, then left. Why warn you, though? No one else who has mated a human has been given a warning.”

“I don’t know. I don’t know many on your team. You know, who do security. Key and Kelvin and Gray. I’ve heard of them but I haven’t met any yet.”

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“Something I’ll rectify in time but this...” Minho glanced around the room. “No CCTV in here?”

“Yes!” Peter strode into his office and sat behind the desk. Minho came to stand beside him as Peter pulled up the CCTV feed. “Here it is.”

“Go back until he appears.”

Peter nodded and rewound the feed until he appeared then disappeared. “I’ll play it now.”

“I’ll need a copy of this but let’s watch it first.”

Peter pressed play and he watched the feed along with Minho, seeing the man appear directly behind him. He stood for a minute before Peter saw himself jerk. A full minute and he never noticed. Anything could have happened to him in that time. Anything. Pausing it, he rubbed his chest, his breathing fast and shallow. “Shit. He could have killed me. I never knew he was there.”

“He’s good. Been taught well.”

“No that’s not it. I never even felt his presence. Not for one second. I only knew he was there because he spoke. I could be dead, Minho. Dead before I was even aware I was in danger. Shit.”

Minho spun him around and placed a hand on the back of Peter’s head. “Legs spread, head down low. Take deep breaths. Come on, Peter. You can do this.”

Peter closed his eyes, taking long deep breaths until he felt like he had some control again. “Shit.”

“You back with me?” Minhó ran his fingers through Peter’s hair. “I can watch the rest on my own if you don’t want to watch it.”

“I shouldn’t have reacted like that. He did nothing to me, but realizing he could have and I wouldn’t have known until it was too late? That’s overwhelming.” Peter sat up and stared into Minhó’s hazel eyes. “You need to teach me how to be aware of my surroundings.”

“This is a safe place to you, so why would you be on guard here? He came to warn you, not harm you, but I will show you whatever it is you need to know. I won’t have you defenseless either.”

“He knows about me, and he knows about the boys. So they need to know too.”

“I’ll make sure of it.” Minhó leaned down and kissed Peter. “Want to watch the rest?”

“Yes and no, but I will because I have to.” Peter inhaled deeply then slowly released it. “Let’s do this.” Pressing play again, he leaned closer to the monitor and watched the man place his hand on Peter’s back. A few seconds later he was gone. It was another few seconds before Peter left the room. Pressing stop, Peter leaned back in his chair and looked up at Minhó. “What are your thoughts on this?”

“Exactly what he said. He came to warn you and to let you know Maxim knows of your existence. The question I have is why? Why would he risk being exposed to warn you? Maxim isn’t known for showing kindness to anyone under him. This man risked torture and abuse, maybe even death.”

“Maybe my coffee is just that good.”

Minho snorted. “It is very good coffee. Let’s get this place locked up then go home. We can talk more about this there, and we need to give Gray or Key access so they can copy and do their research into this man.”

“Not that we captured his face. Bit like that kid who we’ve seen around here.” Peter looked at Minho. “Could they be one and the same?”

“Gray and Key will do all of that. It’s what they get paid for. What do you have left to do?” Minho asked as he pulled his phone free.

“A little bit of cleaning, then checking the stock.”

“I’ll call Gray now so he can run a search on what you have here. They’ll find details we won’t see.” It took less than a minute for Peter to give Gray what he needed and for Gray to access Peter’s system. Watching the cursor move around without Peter doing it felt a little strange, but he knew it had to be done.

Minho pulled him up from the chair and gently moved him from his office. “Let them deal with this now. Show me what needs doing and I’ll help you.”

Peter shook his head. “I can do this tomorrow. I’ll come in early and finish off. I want to go home now, Minho.”

Minho kissed and softly. “I’ll help. Lock up and I’ll take us home.”

Peter made sure everywhere was secure then took the hand Minho held out to him. A second later he stood in his kitchen and sagged against Minho, who held him tight. He stood and let the other man take his weight, knowing Minho wouldn’t let him fall.

“Can’t you two get a room?”

Peter stiffened in Minho's arms then straightened. "Hello Rex."

"Dad. Like get some privacy? Do I have to see you two mushing faces?"

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Peter slowly turned. “What? Mush faces?”

“You know kissing? In front of me.”

Peter somehow resisted the urge to roll his eyes. You know you want to roll them.

Not helping, Minho. “Rex. Tell me how I’m supposed to know when you’re in the kitchen when I’m at the shop? Should I put a camera in here?”

“No!” Rex practically shouted.

“That’s quite a reaction,” Minho murmured. “Have you been doing something in here you don’t want Peter to know about?”

Rex glared at Minho. “No, but I’m sure you two have. I don’t need to hear you two having sex. My dad having sex at his age. Why don’t you just have it mentally and send those emotions to each other?”

“How do you know how deep the connection can go?”

Peter shot a glance at Minho then looked back at Rex. “You mentioned it?” Rex shrugged, stood and left the kitchen.

“Maybe I did say something.” Peter shrugged. He couldn’t remember what he had and hadn’t said recently. Their life had changed with Minho coming into it and he may have mentioned how deep the connection went. “Do you want something to eat?”



Minho looked at him then dropped his eyes to his neck. “Later.”

Peter sucked in a breath, his body responding to the heated look on Minho’s face. “Actual food, Minho. We can do that later.”

“I’ll hold you to that.”

“With everything happening, you should move in.”

“We have discussed this but we don’t have to rush.”

“We’re mated, and with the situation as it stands, it makes sense. You have the skills to keep us protected.”

Peter realized he’d said something wrong when he saw Minho’s face go blank. All expression leaving it. “Minho—”

“I think I might be insulted.” Minho disappeared without saying another word, leaving Peter staring in shock at the empty space he’d been standing in.

Minho? I didn’t mean to insult you.

I’m sure you didn’t but I’d like some time alone. I’ll contact you soon.

I’m sorry.

I know. I love you, Peter, even when I’m not happy.

Peter closed his eyes and sighed deeply. He hadn’t meant it to come out the way it had but he’d said those words and he couldn’t take them back. Stay safe. I’ll be here waiting for you.

I'll see you soon.

Peter actually felt Minhó's presence leave him, a feeling that left him strangely empty inside. He'd become used to having the warmth Minhó sent him constantly there and now... nothing. Sitting at the table, Peter closed his eyes. He'd made a mistake but he'd make it up to Minhó when he was ready to talk. All he could do now was wait.

## Chapter Thirteen

Minhó watched Peter lock up, laughing at something Sammy said. Sammy had come home for the weekend and Minhó wanted to go and join them, but he had to be honest and admit Peter's words had hurt. He knew they'd been unintentional but the sting was still there.

Sighing softly as he watched the man he loved walking along the sidewalk with his son, Minhó ignored Kelvin for a minute. He concentrated on his mate, ready to step in if anything were to happen. When Peter walked out of sight, Minhó turned to Kelvin, nodding once when their eyes met. "Kelvin."

"Why are you up here and not down there with your mate?" Kelvin spoke softly, his hands in his pockets. "Humans can be unintentionally cruel sometimes. Speak without thinking and not mean what they're saying. Key and I had a few issues at first. It's more cultural between us but we've learned to talk things through and not react."

"You think that's what I should do? Speak to him?"

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“It depends on what he said that has you looking like someone kicked your dog.”

“We’ll be fine. I needed some time to think our conversation through and you’re right. It was unintentional but it... hurt nonetheless.”

“Does he know that?”

“He does and when I asked for time apart he gave it to me.”

Nodding, Kelvin watched the clouds move across the almost dark sky. Dark enough that they could be out but not dark enough that they could linger. “We should move.”

“Yes, we should. I need to make sure he arrives home.”

“So you can go inside and talk. Like adults do.”

Minho smiled and nodded. “Point taken. I’ll leave now. Good hunting.” Minho appeared outside Peter’s home and waited for him to arrive. When he walked up the path with Sammy a few minutes later, both of them paused, then Peter smiled. Nodding to Peter, Minho said, “Hello Sammy.”

“Minho. Dad said you’re moving in.”

You told him?

I never gave a date when. I told him it would be happening. That’s all.

“I am. If you have an issue, please tell me so we can talk.”

Sammy shrugged, glancing away. “I want Dad to be happy.”

“So do I. It’s not my intention to hurt him, but we argue, so occasionally I’m sure I’ll annoy him.”

“Please. You’re like so placid and calm. Nothing would get you pissed.”

“Sammy,” Peter groaned. “Language.”

“Pissed is part of the English language, Dad. You know this.”

“Being smart will lead to you having your phone cut off.”

“Love you, Dad.” Sammy grinned, waggled his eyebrows, then opened the front door, going inside and leaving Minhó alone with Peter.

“I’m sorry about what I said.”

“I know you are. We’re different species with different life experiences. We’re going to say the odd thing here or there that might upset the other person without meaning to. I should have talked with you instead of leaving.”

“Agreed, but I need to be more careful with what I say. I do want you to move in with us. That’s if you want to.”

He would never refuse Peter anything, and living with him was all Minhó had ever wanted since the moment he’d known Peter was his mate. “You’re my mate, Peter. My home is with you.”

“I’ve told both boys, just so you know. Sammy is okay but Rex wasn’t happy. He mentioned Diane.”

“Understandable. She’s his mother and all he’s ever known. My moving in will bring up those painful emotions of her loss. He may feel I’m trying to replace her, or you are.”

“I told him that wasn’t the case but he wouldn’t listen. He left to stay at a friend’s house and I thought he should have some space to get used to the idea.” Peter shrugged then exhaled heavily. “He’ll come around.”

“I should tell him some myths about vampires.”

Peter snorted then walked inside. “He’ll love that. The stupider the better.”

“He asked questions about teleportation like he knew all about it.”

Peter placed his bag on the kitchen table and tilted his head. “Like he knew?”

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Shrugging, Minho shook his head. “Maybe one of us has spoken about it and he wanted to know more.”

“Could be. I’ve spoken about you to him and what I know about vampires.”

“I should tell you everything but we’ve been busy.”

Peter arched an eyebrow. “Busy. Is that what we’re going to call having copious amounts of sex?”

“I can’t help it if I can’t keep my hands to myself when I’m around my mate. Now that I finally have you, I want to be with you always. You’ve only improved with age.” Minho knew his eyes flashed and saw the response from Peter. “We should go to my place for an hour or so unless you want Sammy—”

“Sammy! Going out with Minho. Back soon.” Peter looped his arms over Minho’s shoulders. “Let’s go.”

Minho thought of his bedroom in his small apartment and then they were there. “It isn’t much.”

“It has a bed so that’s a plus. I want you naked, Minho. Now.”

Minho shivered at the commanding tone in Peter’s voice and stepped back, stripping quickly. He stood naked in front of his mate, watching Peter’s eyes travel over his body. “Peter,” he whispered as his body responded to the heated look on Peter’s face.

Peter stripped and Minho moaned. He loved Peter's body even if Peter felt a little insecure about it. There was nothing better than his mate naked and aroused. Minho stepped into Peter's space and kissed him softly. "Minho," Peter murmured.

"On the bed. I want to taste you before I take you." He felt Peter shiver and kissed him again. "I'm going to make you feel good."

Peter trailed his fingers over Minho's forehead. "All the ways you can."

Kissing him again, Minho moved them to the bed and lay Peter on it. Pushing his knee between Peter's legs, he kneeled down and ran his nose along Peter's balls, inhaling his scent. He groaned and did it again then licked up Peter's hard length. Reaching the tip, he licked across it then took it in his mouth, running his tongue around it. Peter groaned and arched up, his fingers tugging Minho's hair.

"Don't take too long. I want to feel you in me."

Minho growled and took Peter down his throat, swallowing around his long, thick cock. Peter cried out, his fingers tightening in Minho's hair. Minho did it again, pulling up slowly, keeping the seal tight before dropping down again.

Grabbing the lube from the side of the bed, he opened it and poured some on his fingers. Sucking Peter's dick, Minho ran his wet fingers over his hole before pushing two inside. Peter whimpered and squeezed around his fingers. "More."

Minho scissored his fingers, then searched for his prostate. He felt the bump and as he sucked Peter's cock, he rubbed his gland. Peter cried out, the sound loud in the quietness of the bedroom. "Now, Minho."

Minho sat up and grabbed the lube again, pouring some on his hand. He dropped it back on the floor and stroked his dick, gasping at how good it felt. Soon he would be

buried deep inside his mate and nothing beat that feeling. He moved between Peter's legs and slowly pushed inside. Peter pulled him down, taking his mouth in a savage kiss, their tongues clashing and dueling as Minhó sank deeper inside his mate. Peter wrapped his legs around Minhó's waist, his fingers pulling Minhó's hair.

"Peter," he whispered.

"Take me, Minhó, then bite me."

Minhó growled. "I won't be gentle."

"I don't want gentle, Minhó. Take me how we both want it."

Minhó grabbed Peter's hair and pulled his head to one side, hissing before sinking his fangs into Peter's neck. Peter jerked, cried out, his body arching up as Minhó slammed into him repeatedly. He fucked Peter hard, making them both grunt as he took long pulls from Peter's neck. Peter shivered, his hands gripping Minhó, his body moving in time with Minhó's.

The emotions Minhó felt from Peter let him know he was doing exactly what Peter wanted. Peter's orgasm rushed closer and Minhó could feel his own building. Their emotions mixed together through their connection, and when Minhó felt Peter go over the edge, he quickly followed, his body trembling as he shot deep inside his mate. He felt Peter's ass grip his dick as warmth flooded between their bodies.

Sagging on top of Peter, Minhó licked the bite mark then kissed it before lifting his head and staring down into his mate's beautiful blue eyes. Peter ran his fingers down the side of Minhó's face. Smiling softly, he murmured, "I think I like you."

Minhó chuckled then winced as he slipped free from Peter's body. "I think I like you too."



Peter opened his mouth to speak when his phone rang. Rolling his eyes, he whispered, “I bet you ten dollars it’s Rex calling to apologize.”

Minho moved to the side. “Go and answer him, then.” Peter sat up and reached for his jeans, pulling his phone free. As he spoke to Rex, Minho stood and stretched, then went into the bathroom to grab a washcloth to clean them up. “Did he apologize?” he asked when he gave Peter the washcloth after Peter had ended the call.

“Yeah and he’s still at home so he wants to talk. We need to talk to both of them about what’s happening.” Peter blew out a breath. “Not looking forward to that conversation.”

“I’ll be right by your side. We’re in this together. Remember I’m the step-father now.”

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Peter chuckled as he passed the washcloth back to Minho. “We need to get dressed and speak to them.”

Once they were both dressed, Minho ‘ported them back to Peter’s and sat next to him at the kitchen table. Sammy and Rex sat with them and both sat stunned after they’d explained everything that had happened. Rex glared at Minho. “This is great. Just great. Couldn’t you just fuck and not mate? You had to drop fang and now we have to deal with this?”

“Rex,” Peter snapped. “Watch your tongue.”

“Can’t, it’s in my mouth. Pretty hard to watch it but I need it to call you both stupid. Can’t have sex without biting?”

“It is hard for a vampire not to bite his or her mate when they’re intimate.”

“Really? You couldn’t control yourself? A vampire of your age struggling to keep control? I don’t believe you.” Rex stood and pointed at Minho. “Lack of self-control and now we’re stuck watching our backs.”

“You need to pack that up, Rex.” Peter stood and pointed at Rex. “Sit down. Now.”

Rex shook his head. “He should have greater control. He knew what would happen—”

“I wanted to mate as well so this isn’t all on him.”

“You couldn’t say no either?” Rex murmured. “You couldn’t think about what you two mating would do to us? The position it would put us in?” Shaking his head, Rex sat back down, placing his hands flat on the table. “I’m used to it.”

“What was that?” Minho asked, not sure he heard what Rex had said. The words were whispered so low he’d struggled to hear them.

“Nothing. I’ll be extra careful from now on. That good enough for you?”

“Thank you Rex. Sammy?” Peter asked, his voice weary.

“I’ll be back at college and I know everyone there. I’ll be careful. How long for?”

“We’re closing in on his location.”

“Are you?” Rex stared at Minho. “You know where he is?”

Minho watched Rex, noticing the way his breathing picked up, the way his eyes met his then danced away. “We’re closing in on him.”

“If you say so.” Rex stood and looked at Peter. “I have work to do.”

“Go. I’ll call you down when the food is ready.”

“I have work to do as well.” Sammy stood, paused and added, “You can’t help who you fall in love with.” He left the room and Minho watched Peter slowly close his eyes and breathe out.

“Want me to go?”

Peter opened his eyes as he shook his head. “Pack the essentials and move in. This is

home now.”

Minho put his hand on top of Peter’s. “I love you.”

Peter smiled. “I can feel it. Go. Do what you have to do and come home.”

## Chapter Fourteen

Peter trudged up the stairs and knocked on Rex’s door. When he heard a grunt, he opened it and stepped inside. Rex lay on his bed, his homework scattered around him. “Can we talk?”

Rex nodded and sat up. “Will you be safe?”

“We should be. Minho’s talking about extra security. You know they put extra cameras around the business?”

Rex started. “They have? So they can see who comes and goes in the alley?”

“Yeah, but don’t tell anyone. There has been someone using the alley and we think he could be related to Maxim.”

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Rex licked his lips. “You got his face?”

“I don’t know about that. Minho will, but I wonder if it was the same person who came to me tonight. Whoever it was wanted me to know I had to watch my back.”

Rex glanced away, his eyes distant. “Maybe this person wanted to make sure you stayed safe.”

“I think so. He could have done anything to me. I didn’t know he was there. I was completely defenseless.” Rex’s eyes snapped to Peter’s. “But he warned me instead. Just... just be careful.”

“I will. So when is Minho moving in?”

“He’s gone to pack some things now.”

“What’s it like?”

Peter furrowed his brow, unsure what Rex wanted to know. “What?”

“Telepathy. What’s it like?”

“I don’t know how to explain it.” Peter stared down at his hands. He held them loosely between his thighs. “He’s there.”

“In your head? Like a presence?”

Peter shot Rex a look, his eyes narrowing. How would Rex know? “How—”

“Like something there but not? I keep trying to figure it out.”

“Did I mention him being there in my head?”

Rex blinked then shrugged. “I think you did when you said something about telepathy.”

“Oh.” Furrowing his brow, Peter tried to remember when he had mentioned it but couldn’t recall. “Maybe I did. A lot has happened the past few days. Are we good?”

“Yeah.” Rex licked his lips. “I’m just worried.” Shrugging, he picked up his pen. “I need to get this finished.”

Peter stood and ruffled Rex’s hair. “I’ll be downstairs if you want me.”

Rex had a distant look on his face and didn’t respond straight away. “I’ll be hungry soon,” he murmured.

“I’ll order something. Pizza?” One of Rex’s favorites, so Peter knew he couldn’t go wrong with that.

“What? Oh, pizza?” Rex was distracted. “I’d love some pizza.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’m fine. I’m thinking about this.” Rex pointed to his homework.

“I’ll let you know when the pizza is here.” As Peter left Rex’s room, he reached out to Minho. I think Rex is hiding how he really feels.

Give him time. A lot has happened recently and we're all adjusting. I'll be in your bedroom.

Peter sighed and walked into his bedroom as Minhó appeared with a couple of bags. "That's it?"

Shrugging, Minhó placed the bags on the floor. "The important items are here. I can bring the rest over in time."

"I should clear out some space for you." Peter looked at his furniture, the ones Diane had chosen.

"Do you want to show me where I can put my things?" Minhó asked softly. "I can keep them in the bags until you're ready."

"What did I do to deserve you?" Peter walked into Minhó's arms, letting him hold him. "Never thought I'd feel this way about seeing you here. Diane picked out the furniture." Peter looked at the pale cream closets and sighed. "She wanted a bright bedroom."

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“She always had good taste. The colors give the room a nice warm feel to it.”

“We should change it.” It was only right when they were starting a new life together but it made Peter’s chest ache at the same time. Like he was removing his wife even though she was no longer with him.

“We don’t have to. I like what’s here so why don’t we keep it? At some point we’ll want to change, but we don’t need to do that yet. I’m in no rush to... remove items.”

Peter leaned back and looked into Minho’s hazel eyes. “You are someone special, you know that? I would think most people would want to remove items like this, to create a new space, one that was theirs, but you’re fine to wait.”

“Diane was a huge part of your life, Peter. She gave you two sons, helped create a home and raised your children in it. I don’t want to wipe her away. I’m happy to be here with you now.”

Kissing Minho, Peter closed his eyes. “Thank you for understanding.”

“I’ve said it before. Diane was an amazing woman. You were lucky to have found each other. Now did I hear Rex mention pizza?”

“He certainly did. If he doesn’t get his weekly pizza he growls.” Exhaling, Peter murmured, “I wish I knew what was going on with him. He’s become distant recently. I feel like he’s hiding something from me”

“Maybe he has a girlfriend.”



“Ugh! I don’t want to think about that. Sammy at college is bad enough. But it does make sense. Maybe he’s not ready to mention her to me yet.”

“Give him time. I’m sure at some point he will.” Minho eased back when his phone rang. “Gray. Now? Give me five.”

Minho hung up and gave Peter an apologetic look. “You have to go.”

“Yeah we might have a lead.” Kissing Peter, he murmured, “Save me a slice of pizza.”

“I’ll order two large. I’ve seen how much you and Rex can eat.”

Minho chuckled as he left, the sound floating on the air after he’d gone. Peter furrowed his brow. He didn’t know the full extent of the situation, but from what Minho had told him, he wanted it to end soon. Leaving the bedroom, Peter went downstairs and ordered the pizza. As he waited for it to arrive, he puttered around, tidying up, thinking how his life had changed in a matter of weeks.

Rex stomped down the stairs and asked, “Where’s Minho? I want to ask him about stakes?”

Peter slowly closed his eyes. “I think a stake to anyone’s heart would kill them.” Opening them, he added, “Don’t you?”

“Yeah, but can he come back to life if the stake is removed?” Rex waggled his eyebrows then glanced away, a small frown on his face that soon disappeared.

“Rex?”

“Huh?”

“Are you okay?”

Nodding, Rex asked, “When’s the pizza coming?”

“Hungry?”

Rex rubbed his stomach. “You bet.” Rex grinned. “So, about Minho...”

Sighing heavily, Peter sat and waited for Rex’s questions. This was going to be fun.

“Yes, Rex. What do you want to know?”

“Does it hurt when he bites your neck?”

Peter could feel his face heating up. “Well, Rex. We’re usually busy when that happens.”

Rex mimed gagging. “So no and eww. Thanks.”

“You asked and I think you knew the answer anyway. Was this a test to see if I would answer?” Peter arched an eyebrow then chuckled when Rex glanced away. “Thought so. Any questions not relating to me having sex with a man or vampire?”

“God no. I don’t need to know about you having sex at all! Bleach, eyes, remember?”

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“You shouldn’t have walked into my bedroom without knocking first, then you wouldn’t have witnessed anything. You only have yourself to blame.” He wasn’t going to be made to feel guilty because Rex had walked in on him and Minho. Yes, at first he’d been shocked, angry, embarrassed, but that had now passed. He had a mate who loved him, let him know verbally and through their connection. He wasn’t ashamed of Minho.

“Gee, okay, Dad. I get it. I should have knocked, but you never let on at all that you were seeing someone.”

“I didn’t know I had to tell you. I literally met Minho the day you walked in on us. I had planned to sit you and Sammy down at some point and then talk about it. I’m still adjusting myself. I loved your mom. I never thought I’d find someone else. Minho is a surprise to me but I don’t regret mating him.”

Rex ran his finger over the table then nodded. “As long as he makes you happy.”

“I am happy. Like I just said after your mom died I didn’t think I would find this happiness again, Rex, but I’ve been very lucky to have been blessed twice. One day it will be you.”

Rex glanced at him, licked his lips then nodded. “One day, but not today.” Standing, Rex stretched. “Call me when the pizza gets here?”

“You know it.”

Rex left the kitchen and Peter exhaled. “Maybe one day we won’t have this

conversation but I guess with my two that's not going to happen anytime soon. They will have far too much fun teasing me." Smiling, Peter stood. He might actually like the teasing too.

## Chapter Fifteen

"We have a name," Gray stated as soon as Minho appeared. "And a possible age."

"How?" Minho stood behind Gray, watching him pull up information on the monitors in front of him. Different screen shots appeared on the screen until one appeared above them all. "He does look like Maxim."

"His name is Max. Named him after himself, the narcissistic bastard."

"Age?"

"We don't have that information exactly but going from this picture I'd say around twenty."

"How did you get this?"

Gray turned in his chair, glanced at Key who nodded and pressed several buttons.

"Locking this place down so this doesn't get out."

Minho inhaled swiftly. "Who provided this information?"

"We don't know." Key rubbed a hand over his face. "We've been trying to track whoever it is down. It was here when I came in earlier, so they have access to our offices."

"Which means we have someone here who knows more than they're telling."

“What information has this person given Maxim?”

Gray hardened his jaw and shook his head. “Unknown at this point.”

“That’s not good but why tell us about his son? What does he gain from giving us this information? Locations, numbers, weapons. That would have been more beneficial to us.”

“Agreed.” Gray looked at Key who shrugged. “We don’t know.”

Minho nodded once. “What has he provided?”

“Name, photographs. One of them looks to have been taken near your mate’s place of work.” Key handed Minho the photo. “To me that suggests they do know about Peter and are watching him, so it’s a good thing we put those extra cameras up.”

“Peter described the man who told him to be careful as young. Could this Max have warned Peter?”

“Maybe the apple fell far away from the tree.” Gray moved back in front of the computer. “We can run what we have and get an approximate height, weight, etcetera, but if he did warn Peter, then he could be our way in. We just need to find him and speak to him.”

“If he goes to Peter’s workplace then we could wait for him. I’ll have to go through all the CCTV to see if I can figure out how often he goes.” Key ran a hand over his face. “Could he be meeting someone...?”

“We have a name, face, and possible age for Maxim’s son. He’s been confirmed and from what we can tell he may have warned Peter. Again, could he be our way in?” Minho looked at the photograph. “There has to be a reason why he keeps going

there.”

“We’ll find it then exploit it, and before you say anything, yes, I know he’s a kid, but he’s Maxim’s son. He could be our way to end all of this. We have to use him if we can.”

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“Agreed.” Not that he liked it, but Minhó understood why they had to do it. “I’ll show this to Peter. Maybe he’ll recognize him.”

“Let us know.” Gray continued to check his monitors as Minhó left, ‘porting into their bedroom.

Their bedroom. For many years he never believed he’d say that, yet now he did. It had been worth the wait. Not the pain Peter and the boys had gone through. Minhó wouldn’t have wanted them to experience that, would have spared them if he could, but he couldn’t. He’d waited for his mate and now he finally had him.

Leaving the printout on their bed, Minhó went downstairs and entered the kitchen to find Peter and Rex sitting at the table, the pizza boxes open in front of them. I have something to show you. Later when we’re alone. Peter arched an eyebrow. That as well.

What is it?

A picture of the man I think warned you. It’s in the bedroom.

Nodding, Peter asked, “All good?”

“Just some questions. Security stuff. Things I could have done when I was next in, but Gray wanted them dealt with now.”

“Eat some pizza before Rex inhales it all.”

“I can’t help if I’m hungry,” Rex grumbled as he shoved more pizza in his mouth.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full.”

Minho grinned when Rex rolled his eyes then stood. Swallowing, he patted his belly, then burped. “That hit the spot.”

“Rex...” Peter shook his head. “I’m sure I taught you some manners when you were younger.”

“You did, but I was hungry, and Minho knows what us men are like.” Rex’s eyes widened. “Do vampires burp and fart?” Before Minho could process the question, Rex burst out laughing and ran out of the room. Even Minho winced when he heard Rex pounding up the stairs.

“I do enjoy this thing called fatherhood.”

Peter grunted then shoved more pizza in his mouth. Once he’d finished, he asked, “Is there anything I need to know?”

“No. He warned you when he could have harmed you. That makes me wonder if he believes the same as Maxim.”

“He had the perfect opportunity to kill me.” Peter exhaled. “We upgrade security. Until something happens we carry on as normal.” Wiping his fingers on a paper towel, Peter murmured, “I think I would like to be in charge tonight. Can you be quiet?”

Minho grinned. “I can be silent if I need to be and I love nothing better than you being in charge. I love you, Peter.”

“I can feel you do. I wasn’t expecting you Minho, but now that I have you, I’m not



letting you go. I love you, too.”

“Let’s clean up then you can show me how much you love me.”

Grinning, Peter kissed Minho, causing him to catch his breath. “Nah. Take us upstairs now. This can wait until later.”

Minho kissed Peter back, their tongues dancing together. “Much later.”

Epilogue

Epilogue

“We have to be careful. Maxim’s planning something but he won’t tell me what.”

“We’re already as careful as we can be. No one knows anything about us. We’re safe.”

“If they did know about you, they’d take you and hurt you to punish me.”

“You would never let that happen to me. I trust you. I know you’ll keep me safe.”

“I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

The End