



R&P

*An
Angelic
Meeting*
Part One

Vicktor Alexander

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

AN ANGELIC MEETING

By Vicktor Alexander

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

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AN ANGELIC MEETING

By Vicktor Alexander

Photo Description

No photo

Story Letter

Dear Author,

I walked into the shower room at the gymnasium to cool down after exercise the other day. Suddenly the door to the steam room opened and a cloud of steam rolled out enveloping one of the most handsome nearly naked men I have ever seen. A strategically draped towel added interest. Was he real or was the steam slowly dissolving wings?

Sincerely,

John

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

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Content warnings: m-preg possibility, conversations with a deity

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AN ANGELIC MEETING

By Vicktor Alexander

CHAPTER ONE

Blake Marks was fat. He knew he was fat and so did everyone else. He stood at only five feet nine inches tall and he was one hundred and eighty-six pounds. He was only “slightly overweight” according to his doctor. But, according to the massively built guy from the club last night who’d face fucked Blake against the wall of the club, he was fat and “should be grateful someone would throw him a pity fuck”. He was tired of being a pity fuck. He wanted to be desired by others. Not just because they saw him as an easy lay, but because they actually enjoyed spending time with him. That would of course mean that he would have to make himself accessible to others, which he just couldn’t see himself doing. Not looking like he did. He needed to make a change. A big change. Maybe he should look into getting liposuction or the lap-band. Maybe losing weight was all he needed to make his life better and once he did that guys would want him, his parents would stop insulting him all the time, he’d have more friends and he’d get a promotion at his job. The only reason those things weren’t happening now was because he was about twenty or thirty pounds overweight, though if he were honest he’d be happy if he lost about fifty, though his doctor said it was dangerous. The man was straight though. What did he know about being gay? You had to be either a twink, a bear, a muscled stud, or a pretty boy in order to find a partner; you couldn’t just be medium height, fat, smart, funny and talented. It wouldn’t work, because if it did there’s no way Blake would be single. He needed to lose weight and fast. Until he could get the surgery done, whichever he finally decided to go with, he would work out at the local Gold’s Gym and tone up as well.

Walking into the gym on Merritt Boulevard in Baltimore, Maryland, Blake almost turned around and walked back out. Everyone in there was good looking and fit. Like really, really fit. Blake looked down at his stomach, the

round, almost flabby piece of flesh that looked as if he'd swallowed a watermelon, and grimaced. What the hell did he think he was doing? He shouldn't be in a gym with all of these hard bodies; he should be at home, gorging on Banana Split ice cream and birthday cake.

At the thought of the large, buttercream birthday sheet cake that he'd made for himself, his parents, and his three best friends, Blake's shoulders straightened. He had to do this. He had to work out and get in shape. With a deep breath of fortitude, Blake walked up to the reception desk.

"Excuse me?" he asked softly of the young lady behind the desk. "I'd like to buy a membership please."

Blake watched the young woman look up at him from the notepad she'd been furiously scribbling in and saw the exact moment that she took in his physical stature. Her eyes widened and her lips turned down slightly. He wondered how grotesque he had to look for her to make that expression and pulled his workout bag in front of his body.

"Of course, sir. My name is Eve. What kind of membership do you want to buy?" she asked nicely and Blake wanted to let her know that she didn't have to pretend to be nice, that he'd already catalogued her true feelings about him.

"I think I need a monthly membership. I've got a lot of work to do," Blake said truthfully.

"Yes sir," Eve responded with a smile.

Blake barely stopped himself from rolling his eyes. He knew what she wanted to say. It was the same thing his father, who had been a professional baseball player for the Baltimore Orioles before Blake had been born, was always saying. "*Blake, you need to do a lot of working out if you want anyone to see you as anything other than the Pillsbury Doughboy.*"

Shoving away thoughts of his father and how he was always disappointing the older man, Blake returned his attention to Eve. He watched as the younger woman pulled out sheets of paper before handing them to him and gesturing him to one of the chairs on the side of the reception desk. He took the papers and walked over to sit down, his eyes straying continuously to the sweaty male

torsos that occupied the gym. Sitting down, he filled out the forms and then stood to his feet. Turning, he found himself facing a very tall, very muscled man with no neck. He swallowed thickly and offered the man a tremulous smile.

“Hey little man, you all done with that?” the stranger asked.

Blake felt himself bristle a little on the inside at the man’s patronizing tone and knew that if he were more assertive he would have put the employee in his place, but instead he just nodded his head and held out the papers.

“Awesome. I’m going to give these to Eve and she’s going to input them in the system. You can pick up your card when we finish the work out. My name’s Michiel, I’m one of the personal trainers here. There are sixteen of us who work here all at different times and if you find that you don’t like working with me, I can get you set up with one of the others,” Michiel said with a smile before gesturing for Blake to follow him.

Blake lifted his gym bag higher up on his shoulder and followed Michiel through the gym to the locker room. He tried to keep his eyes on the man’s broad shoulders, his dark brown hair or his tanned elbows that rocked back and forth as his arms swung with his confident gait, but he found he couldn’t do so. His eyes, the traitors, kept moving of their own accord over the other men in the gym. Now that he was noticing, he saw about eight other hulking men, in the Gold’s Gym employee uniform, the black shirt with the company’s gold circle logo in the center and shorts, all helping out the other patrons. At the door to the locker room Blake found himself frozen as he watched one rather huge employee as he lifted a very large bar, filled with large weights, lift the bar to his chest, balance it for a moment as he turned his hands and then lift it above his head, before lowering it back to his chest and lowering it to the floor. *Holy shit, what I wouldn’t give to be able to lift like that.*

“I see you’re checking out Rapniel’s lifting. He lifts that bar to warm up. He’s probably one of our more accomplished employees,” Michiel stated, pride evident in his tone.

“You seem like you’re very close to him,” Blake pointed out.

Michiel nodded. “I would hope so, he’s my brother.”

Blake smiled up at Michiel. “I would say something about how you sound like a proud parent, but I’m too impressed by him. Are you older or younger than him?”

“Older, but only by a year. He likes to remind me that he’s taller than me and stronger. The little brat,” Michiel stated with a fond smile. “Now, let’s get you changed and out on the floor so you can learn how to lift like that.”

Blake nodded and followed Michiel into the locker room.

Michiel was trying to kill him. Blake knew it with certainty when the other man had told him to “work through the pain.” Work through the pain? Didn’t Michiel know that the burn signifies that it’s time to stop?

Seriously, it does.

At least that’s what he’d always told himself when he’d worked out before. Though, thinking about it now, that hadn’t really served him well in the past since he was overweight, at least according to his doctor, and single, and ate all the time to chase away the loneliness. Which just made him gain more weight and made him more single and—wait—what was the point to his little mind rant?

Oh yeah, Michiel was trying to kill him.

“P-p-please Michiel. Please let me stop,” he wheezed as his legs slowly rose perpendicular to his hanging torso. He’d always seen the bars sticking out from the wall and had thought they were just there for someone to hang their towels on, but when Michiel had told him to stand between the two bars, he’d been confused. When the trainer told him to lift himself using the bars, he’d done so without thought. When the other man proceeded to tell him to bring his legs up to make a right angle with his body, Blake had wanted to cry. And now fifteen minutes later he wanted his mommy. And he hadn’t called her that since he was five.

“One more and then you’re done for the day.” Michiel finally relented and Blake wanted to sob in relief. Gathering the flagging vestiges of his strength, he lifted his legs once more before lowering the shaking limbs until they hung

down, then he dropped to his feet and collapsed onto his knees. When he heard Michiel's laughter Blake wanted to hit the other guy in the throat.

"Forgot to warn you about the weak legs thing," Michiel said chuckling. "Look, I know you hate me right now, I hated my trainer when he first started working with me, but here's the thing, when you start to lose weight, have more energy, get some muscle tone, you're going to be thanking me. So go ahead and hate me right now. I can take it, but just remember this conversation okay?"

Blake hesitated for a moment, letting the bigger man's words roll around in his brain, before nodding his head at the other man. Yes, he did hate Michiel a little right then, but if all of those things did start to happen to him, well he'd probably beg the bigger man to marry him. Which would be a bad idea because he was pretty sure that Michiel was straight. At least he looked like it. Though he wouldn't really bet on his so-called "gaydar". It seemed as if the biological intuition he should have to know who was gay and who was straight was faulty, because if it worked properly wouldn't he have a partner by now? Or even a boyfriend? Hell, even a constant fuck buddy would work out for him right now. It had been six months since he'd last been fucked and he was almost certain that he was becoming a virgin again.

Blake nodded, returning to the conversation he was having with Michiel. "Yeah, I'll remember it."

Michiel smiled and nodded. "Good. Now, go and hit the steam room and then the showers and treat yourself to a fruit smoothie from the juice bar before you go home. Trainer's orders," the bigger man said before grinning widely at Blake and turning to walk away.

"Aye, aye Captain!" Blake said sarcastically, saluting the man's broad back before turning to head towards the steam room. God above, what had he been thinking when he'd decided to come to the gym and get in shape? He could just walk around his neighborhood every day and lose weight. Maybe that's what he would start doing instead, this whole actually working out thing had already lost its appeal.

Giving up already Son? I guess I should have expected it.

His father's voice rang in his head and Blake grimaced. He would stick it out. He would work out and lose the weight and then happily tell his father that he'd actually *stuck* to something this time. Even if his trainer was an evil, sadistic bastard.

With a heavy sigh, Blake opened his locker and peeled off his sweaty clothes, putting them inside of his gym bag and wrapping a towel around his waist. He wanted to put his shirt on, try to hide his soft, round belly from anyone that might see it, but he didn't want to get too hot while in the steam room. Squaring his shoulders even as he wrapped his arms more firmly around his waist, Blake hurried towards the steam room, not making any eye contact with the two males walking around nude in the locker room. Everyone in the gym was trying to kill him. First Michiel with his workout and now the gorgeous men in the locker room were trying to give him heart failure by walking around wet and naked. Blake dropped one of his arms and pressed it into the towel tenting at his groin. It would do nothing but get him in trouble if these hulking men saw him lusting over them.

As he approached the door to the steam room, an unidentified feeling swamped him. Anxiety flooded his system and Blake looked around, wondering why he suddenly felt as if something monumental was about to occur. Had someone noticed him checking out the men in the gym? Had they glanced at him and seen his erection? He really didn't want to have to fight for his life today. He waited for a moment and when nothing happened, he shrugged it off, figuring that he was just wound up over walking around naked with other naked men walking around him as well.

Blake reached out a hand for the steam room door only to have it swing open before him. He stepped back and looked up, through the clouds of steam floating out of the room towards him. His eyes widened as he found himself looking up, up, up the long legs, trunk-like thighs, trim waist, and broad, broad shoulders of some unknown man. It was at the man's shoulders that Blake's eyes felt as if they were going to pop out of his skull. Were those... wings spread out behind the other man? No, no, it wasn't possible. It was just a trick of the light and the steam from the room. When the "wings" folded back, Blake felt his heart speed up and he gasped. His eyes continued traveling up

past the thick neck, chiseled jaw, dimpled chin of the stranger to his full lips, thin aquiline nose, bright, cerulean blue eyes and brown hair before he finally heard the man's voice.

“What?” he asked stupidly, blinking up at the man.

“I asked you if you were going to come in or just stand out there gawking all day,” the man said.

“Oh! Um... I'm coming in,” Blake responded. He smiled shyly at the other man and stepped forward.

“Good. I think I'll join you,” the tall stranger stated.

“But didn't you just finish in there?” Blake questioned the other man.

The giant of a man nodded and leered at Blake. “Yes I did, and I was all relaxed. Then I saw you and one very specific, very big and thick part of me got stiff all over again.”

Blake flushed even as his eyes widened yet again. Was this man flirting with him? Him? Even as fat as he was? Really?

“O-okay,” he said and nodded before stepping past the bigger man into the steam room. He could've sworn he heard the other man inhaling deeply as he stepped past him, as if he were trying to catch Blake's scent, which at that moment was “musk-a-la-Blake”, and lightly touching Blake's hair. He couldn't be sure, but he was almost positive. Looking over his shoulder at the other man as he stepped towards one of the benches in the room, Blake noticed the play of muscles beneath the other man's skin as he closed the door to the steam room and walked to a bench directly across from him.

His eyes traveled over the other man's muscled frame as the stranger sat and stretched his legs out.

“So, how long have you been coming to the gym?” the stranger asked him, lifting a hand and spearing it through his brown locks. Blake swallowed thickly as he felt his cock harden beneath his towel.

“Umm—today's my first day,” Blake answered, his eyes feasting over the man's near naked form.

“I figured it had to be. I definitely would have noticed you if you’d come here at any other time,” the brunet nodded.

Blake looked around the room to see if maybe the gorgeous man was talking to someone else, but realizing they were the only two people in the room, he pointed to himself.

“Me?” he questioned the other man. He shivered when the tall man chuckled, his noise of amusement sounding like crackling fire and Blake felt his body grow warmer than it already was sitting in the steam room.

“Yes, you. There’s no one else in the room I could be talking about,” the man answered.

“But why me?” Blake asked. He shook his head. He had no delusions about his appearance; he knew what he looked like. There was no way this man was talking about him.

“You don’t realize how beautiful you are, do you?” The other man shook his head as if he couldn’t understand that notion. “And apparently no one else does either if you don’t realize how delicious you are.”

Blake’s eyes widened. “Are you like a cannibal or something?”

The loud bark of laughter took Blake by surprise. When the broad-shouldered man doubled over to continue laughing, Blake wondered what he’d said that was so funny. It had to be the only logical conclusion right? This man was talking about him as if he found Blake to be some sexy man that he wanted in his bed. Blake knew that couldn’t be the truth because while he wasn’t a virgin, he’d been told by the men he’d slept with that it was either a pity fuck or they were only sleeping with him on a dare. It hadn’t done much for his already low self-esteem, but that was the reason he was at the gym, to get in shape, so that he would never be considered a pity fuck again.

“What? It’s a perfectly logical question. Why else would you be flirting with me?” Blake asked. He gasped when the other man’s head jerked up and he saw his blue eyes flashing like fire. The stranger stood to his feet and strode over to Blake before crouching in front of him.

“I don’t know who gave you such a low opinion of yourself but they are fucking idiots. You are gorgeous and smell wonderful. I’m a man who knows what he wants and doesn’t stop until he gets it and I want you. Not because I want to eat you, at least not in the literal sense, though my tongue in your ass is definitely something that I want to happen and soon. I want to date you. Get to know you. Take you out to dinner and a movie. Hear you laugh. Find out your likes and dislikes. I’m not crazy or a serial killer. I’m just a man who finds you to be the most beautiful man he’s ever seen in his life,” the other man stated as he looked into Blake’s eyes.

Blake’s breath caught in his throat as he found himself locking eyes with the handsome stranger. No one had ever said anything like that to him before and he couldn’t believe it was being said to him now. The gym was obviously an alternate universe. One where he was attractive and not fat and disgusting. He never wanted to leave.

“Okay?” the stranger asked, a slow smile coming to his lips.

Blake nodded and was mute. He didn’t know what to say in that moment.

“B-Blake,” he stammered. “Blake Marks.”

The other man held out his hand. “Nice to meet you Blake. My name is Sciniel G. Uardian and I’d love to take you out to dinner.”

Blake swallowed and nodded. “I—I’d like that Sciniel.”

“Great,” Sciniel said clapping his hands together in satisfaction. “Once we’re done here and we’ve showered, I’ll get your number and your address from you. What do you think about going to the Charleston? They make the world’s best grilled Colorado lamb tenderloin,” he asked, sounding excited.

Blake nodded. He’d always wanted to go to the Charleston, but with the intimate setting of the restaurant he hadn’t relished the thought of eating there alone. He’d go to dinner with Sciniel, have sex with the other man and then prepare himself to never hear from him again. Sciniel seemed as if he were just intrigued with the thought of sleeping with a fat man, so Blake would indulge his fetish and then try to avoid the other man at the gym.

Why else would the man want him? Regardless of what he said, Blake knew he was not someone that men wanted to date. Something like that would take a miracle and Blake had stopped believing in miracles when he was a young boy.

CHAPTER TWO

Something like that would take a miracle and I stopped believing in miracles when I was a young boy.

Blake's words pierced Sciniel's mind and he felt himself grow angry by his *dusha tovarishchi's* words. How was it that Blake didn't see how amazing he was? Sciniel felt an overwhelming urge to find the people who had caused his future lover to think so badly about himself, and teach them a lesson on how to treat the mate of an angel.

Sciniel had just come back from meeting with the Almighty when the most delicious smell of vanilla, chocolate and clouds had surrounded him. Hastily bowing to the already smiling deity, Sciniel had quickly left the throne room and stepped into the steam room, a towel wrapped around his waist as he went to step out of it. The toga he wore in Heaven would stand out drastically in the human realm, and since he'd been summoned before the Lord while working at the gym, Sciniel had returned to the steam room since he hadn't sensed anyone in the room at that moment. It also happened to be the area where the delicious smell was coming from.

Sciniel had woken up that morning in his condo with butterflies in his stomach, a sign to all angels that something life-changing was about to happen. Thinking that the Principalities were going to launch another attack, Sciniel had explained everything to his brothers, telling them to be on alert. He and his nine brothers, those who were all created and born on the same day he was, shared a building, each of them had a condo which took up an entire floor in the building. Each condo had six rooms, a kitchen, a dining room, a library, a weapons room, and a game room along with five and a half baths. Though they were all currently unmated, they had built the lavish building and condos with their future mates and families in mind. All angels were sent to Earth to live and walk among the humans and demons that inhabited the planet, unless they were archangels, cherubim or seraphim.

Principalities and princes were what humans thought of when they thought of demons. They were evil, cold-hearted, immoral angels, who had been cast out of heaven. They were led by Lucifer and were identified by the black

birthmark of a handprint on their right shoulder blade. It was where Michael, the archangel, had pushed them all out of Heaven when they'd all joined together to try to overthrow the Almighty.

Sciniel had never really understood why they would attempt such a thing. Their Lord was all-knowing, all-seeing and all-powerful. He'd provided everything they could ever hope for, and when he'd created humans and demons he'd given the angels a way to procreate. Princes found the idea of men sleeping together disgusting and slept with human females. Those women gave birth to sons who became known as Principalities. Disgusting, pure-evil creatures who looked like humans but had dark powers and relished the idea of killing, maiming, raping, stealing, betraying, and hurting others.

Demons were the offspring of angels and human males, or angels and other demons. They looked human, but they each had powers that were pure and filled with light. None of them knew what their powers were, wouldn't find out what it was until they'd mated their *dusha tovarishchi*, or soul mate, but they were always impressive. Sciniel knew a demon who had the power to bring someone back to life. It was a very impressive thing to see. The only problem with demons was that they were also easily turned to the dark side. Once they came into their powers they had to constantly be claimed by their mates, constantly had to do good for others or they would slowly become a principality. It wasn't a quick process, it took time, but once it did happen they became the most dangerous and most evil of Principalities out there.

Sciniel looked over at Blake and smiled softly. He'd been unsure at first if Blake was just a human male destined to mate an angel and therefore had the ability to give birth, or if he was a demon who hadn't come into his powers yet. It was as the other man walked past him and Sciniel got a whiff of the clouds on his skin that he'd known. His *dusha tovarishchi* was a demon. Blake probably had no idea what he was, or of the power inside of him, but Sciniel knew. Just as he knew that Blake was destined to be his. He'd take the other man to the Charleston, treat him to a dinner that he'd never forget, and then he would take the other man back to his condo and fuck him through the mattress. And when Blake least expected it, Sciniel would cut the smallest of lines on his inner wrist and lick away the blood, marking him. Then, when Blake slept

peacefully in Sciniel's bed, Sciniel would place the bracelet of the mated *dusha tovarishchi* on his right wrist and bind them together forever.

After he was sure that Blake would be his forever, only then would Sciniel tell him all about angels, demons, princes and Principalities. He would make sure he'd joined them together for all eternity before he told the other man anything that would make him run away from him. Blake Marks had no idea what he was in for, but Sciniel did. He was going to treasure the man created for him by the Almighty and keep him safe for the rest of their lives. Angels didn't die and neither did their *dusha tovarishchi*. There would come a point when the Almighty would call the two of them to Heaven and they would ascend and spend eternity in Paradise.

That was another difference between angels, demons, princes and Principalities. Angels could ascend into the heavens whenever they wanted to. Demons could only go to Heaven with an angel or when they were summoned by the Lord. Princes and Principalities could never enter Heaven. Ever. Sciniel didn't feel bad that the creatures would never be allowed to see the beauty and the wonder of Paradise; they certainly deserved being cast out and kept away for all eternity.

He huffed mentally. His animosity towards princes and Principalities hadn't dissipated at all over the years. The creatures were responsible for killing his closest human friend, Meynaurd, ten years before. Sciniel would never forget that, and he would stop at nothing to kill the ones responsible and send them forever into the Pit.

"Well, I'm going to go and hit the showers." Blake's soft, musical voice washed over Sciniel's senses, chasing away the shadows of the past. He blinked and offered Blake a wide grin.

"Excellent. Let's go," he said and got to his feet, holding out a hand to the smaller man. The feeling of Blake's hand in his own made Sciniel shiver slightly, and his half-hard cock thickened and grew fully erect behind his towel. He saw Blake's eyes lower to his tented towel and gasp. Sciniel's grin widened.

“Yes baby, that’s what you do to me,” he said softly before turning, and still holding Blake’s hand, led him from the room to the showers so that they could both get clean.

Sciniel’s eyes followed Blake as the man slowly pulled away from him, as if he too felt the pull for them to stay together, and turned to walk into the private shower across from the communal showerheads. Sciniel frowned for a moment, wondering why the other man didn’t use the public showers like everyone else, then realized that even though Blake was obviously hiding because he thought his body was unappealing, Sciniel was much more comfortable with Blake’s body being hidden from the gaze of every other man in the general area. He wasn’t usually possessive as a rule, but this was his *dusha tovarishch* and he didn’t want to have to kill anyone because they were looking at his man.

Calm down the beast, Sciniel. He heard the Almighty’s voice in his spirit, and Sciniel’s head lowered a bit in a show of submission.

Forgive me, my Lord, he apologized and turned to twist the hot water handle for the shower.

It is okay, my angel. It is only for the benefit of your dusha tovarishchi that I give you the warning. Blake doesn’t know about the world beyond the human one just yet. He will not understand the possessiveness, nor the love you wish to surround him in. Give him time and keep calm as much as possible.

Sciniel nodded and felt the Almighty’s presence leave his mind. The “Big Guy” didn’t often intrude on the private thoughts of his creation, only stepping in when he felt they really needed him, but Sciniel had to admit that this time he was thankful for the omniscience of his creator.

Washing quickly, giving his hard shaft a passing stroke that still had his knees growing weak as he thought of his *dusha tovarishchi* showering feet away, Sciniel turned off the water and turned to grab a towel from the cabinet against the wall. He froze at the sight of Blake, his hips covered in a white towel, standing across from him, his shoulders and torso wet as he stared at Sciniel’s groin. The pink tongue of his mate, licking across his lower lip, had

Sciniel's cock hardening further and the shaft bobbed slightly as if beckoning Blake forward.

It seemed to work as Blake walked towards him, still staring at Sciniel's dick, as if he were hypnotized. Sciniel stood frozen in place wondering what his mate was going to do, when the door to the locker room slammed open and the sound of male laughter filled the room, shattering the daze the two of them were in. Sciniel watched in disappointment as Blake blinked his eyes and blushed up at him.

"I-I, um, I think I'll go change," Blake squeaked before turning to rush towards his locker.

With a growl of frustration, Sciniel clenched his fist and turned with it raised, prepared to slam it into the tiled wall.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," a voice said behind him. Sciniel let out a breath of laughter. Turning he found himself looking into the green eyes of his closest brother, Justiel.

"Justiel," he breathed, reaching out to clasp the man's inner's elbow as Justiel returned the gesture of welcome.

"Brother," the other man said with a grin. "You seem a little tense. Was it the nice smelling demon that just rushed passed me?"

Sciniel nodded. "He is my *dusha tovarishchi*."

Justiel's eyes widened, his mouth dropping open before he let out a happy whoop of excitement. "Congratulations brother! That is wonderful news!"

Sciniel grinned and nodded. "Yes, but as with most demons, he has no idea about the other world. He doesn't know about angels, demons, princes and Principalities. Has no idea about the war that is still being waged between good and evil." Sciniel looked around and lowered his voice. "He has no idea that when we make love for the first time that it is most likely that he will get pregnant and give birth to a powerful, supernatural being."

Justiel nodded his head. "Yeah, that could pose a problem."

Sciniel snorted. "You think?"

Both men stopped talking when the person they had been discussing shyly stepped back over to the shower area, his eyes fastened on Sciniel's still naked member. Justiel cleared his throat and Blake jerked his eyes up to Sciniel's face. Sciniel felt the smirk on his face and had to stop himself from pounding on his chest with his fists like a caveman and declare that his *dusha tovarishchi* wanted him.

“Um—wasn't sure if you still wanted my number and address. I mean, I completely understand if you don't, but you know if you do want it, then—” Blake stammered.

Sciniel held up a finger to Blake's lips, cutting off the rest of his rambling. “Of course I want your number. I want your number, your address, where you work. I want to know what your favorite color is, your favorite food. I want to know what your dreams are. We've already been over this Blake. I don't just want sex from you. I want *you*,” he stated emphatically, ignoring Justiel who stood watching them with an intense gaze.

Blake let out a shuddering breath. “O-okay.” He offered Sciniel a shy smile. “Do you want me to wait for you to get dressed?”

Sciniel looked down and noticed that he was practically dry from standing and talking to his brother. He nodded at Blake and walked to the wall of lockers that was specific for the employees and owners of the gym, namely him and his brothers. Justiel was a silent partner in the gym; he spent his days as a police officer, keeping the streets of Baltimore safe while simultaneously fighting off princes and Principalities. Justiel was only one of two of Sciniel's brothers who didn't work in the gym in addition to having part ownership of the building. The other one was Zogniel. Zog owned a number of businesses and was currently looking for artists for his new museum. Sciniel didn't understand Zog's incessant need to keep buying and building more and more businesses. They didn't need money, but the one time Sciniel had asked him, Zog had told him that their *dusha tovarishchis* were going to need the businesses. Sciniel hadn't asked any more questions. Zog had the ability to see the future, called the gift of prophecy, and though he wouldn't tell them much

about what he saw, he shared enough that Sciniel and the rest of his brothers knew what to do to prepare themselves.

Sciniel pulled down his black shirt and shoved his cell phone and wallet in his black gym shorts. He turned and found Blake standing five feet away nibbling on his lower lip, looking hesitant.

“Give me your number, baby,” Sciniel stated firmly but gently.

Blake nodded his head. “Yeah—right—okay.” He rattled off his number and Sciniel quickly programmed it in his phone, underneath “Husband” since if anything ever happened, he wanted anyone around him to know who to contact. Granted, he and Blake had only just met each other, but they were going to be together forever and it was best to prepare for that eventuality.

He waited until Blake was looking at him and then dialed the other man. When Blake apologized and pulled out his own cell phone, looking at the number in confusion before answering it, Sciniel chuckled.

“Just wanted you to know that I have your number in my phone and I will be using it,” Sciniel promised, watching as Blake’s cheeks grew ruddy from his blush.

“O-okay,” Blake breathed into the phone and Sciniel felt his cock harden in his shorts. “I—I have to go now. I’ll see you for our date? When are we going out again?”

Sciniel felt his heartbeat speed up at the sound of Blake’s arousal through the phone. Even though they stood feet apart, there was something about hearing Blake’s voice through the phone that made Sciniel want to toss the object away and pull Blake into his arms, before fucking the smaller man against the lockers. Sciniel couldn’t understand it. Shoving the deliciously naughty thoughts out of his mind, Sciniel answered Blake’s question.

“I’ll see you tonight, Blake. Eight o’clock sharp,” Sciniel promised.

The smile that appeared on Blake’s face and reflected in the smaller man’s eyes had Sciniel moaning in his chest. “That’s great! I’ll see you tonight. Good-bye,” Blake said before hanging up the phone. Sciniel smiled back at the

other man. It was a smile that grew tense as Blake walked towards him and, leaning up on his toes, pressed a kiss against his cheek.

“See you tonight, Sciniel,” the young man whispered before turning to walk away.

Sciniel looked up at the clock on the wall and groaned. It was only two o’clock. Six hours to go. Now what? He could go to work, but the thought of helping people get in shape didn’t appeal to him. The only thing he wanted to do was hold Blake in his arms while he fucked the other man silly.

Maybe he could masturbate for six hours.

CHAPTER THREE

Blake was on cloud nine for the rest of the day. When he returned to his job at the restaurant, he smiled at all of his coworkers and every single customer that came in and was seated in his station. His tips were out-of-this-world-huge for the first time ever, and he found himself whistling a little tune as he worked around the restaurant. His coworkers looked at him strangely, because he hardly ever came into work looking as if his world was going well, because it rarely was, but they wouldn't understand if he told them that the most gorgeous man in the world wanted to take him out to dinner that evening. How could they, when they didn't even know that Blake was gay? He'd never had cause to tell them because none of them ever spoke to him unless it was about a table or an order, and now he could see each of them opening their mouths as if they wanted to ask him a question before shutting it quickly when he quirked an eyebrow in their direction. He was more than willing to come out of the closet in that moment just so he could tell them all about Sciniel.

At five o'clock, Blake clocked out of work, folding up his apron, putting away his order pad and gathering the keys to his Miata. With a smile and a wave at his bewildered coworkers, he walked out of the door to the restaurant and headed to his car. Hearing his cell phone ringing in his pocket, Blake answered it without checking to see who it was that was calling.

"I know who you are demon, just as I know that you have found your *dusha tovarishchi*. I will stop at nothing to make sure that you and all of your kind are wiped from the face of the Earth," a disembodied voice said to him. Blake froze next to his car, his hand gripping his phone tightly. Was he seriously getting a homophobic phone call on his cell phone? How did the person even know he was gay? And how did he get Blake's number? This was beyond weird and Blake was scared out of his mind, his wonderful day falling into the crapper quickly.

"Look asshole, I'm not sure who you thought you were calling, but I'm not going to put up with your homophobic slurs," Blake said angrily, hoping the voice couldn't hear the tremble of fear that was coursing through him in his words. "If you call my phone again, I'm going to have you arrested and

charged with stalking and harassment. I have just as much of a right to be here, to live and find love and happiness, as you do. More than you since I'm not harassing anyone. Now, don't call me again."

Blake hung up his phone without giving the other person a chance to say anything. He hated homophobic idiots. Suddenly the words of the asshole on the phone permeated his mind. While it certainly hadn't been the first time that Blake had been called a demon, it was definitely the first time someone had told him that they knew he'd found his *dusha tovarishchi*. He didn't even know what that was. Giving himself a mental shake, and making a mental note to use his fancy translator software at home to figure out what the words meant, Blake climbed into his car and took off for home.

He had a date to get ready for.

Two hours later, Blake was still standing in his bedroom, clothes strewn about the floor, as he stood in front of his standing mirror, observing his naked form. He grimaced and pushed back his light brown hair. He still couldn't see why Sciniel wanted to take him out to dinner, but whatever the reason, the other man would be there soon and Blake still hadn't figured out what he was going to wear. Nothing looked good enough. They either made him look like a young teenager rebelling against his parents by wearing all black, or they made him look like a stuffy, nerdy accountant. He was neither of those things, but besides those clothes and his work uniforms, he didn't really have anything else. Charleston was a very nice restaurant, and Blake knew there was no way he could step into that place in a pair of jeans and a T-shirt.

Glancing down at his wrist, he grimaced. He had about fifteen minutes before Sciniel was supposed to show up. What the hell was he supposed to wear? Growling low in frustration, Blake stomped over to his closet and threw open his closet doors. His eyes moved over the empty hangers, still swinging from when Blake had yanked the clothes from them earlier and was about to turn and pick something from off his floor when his eyes caught sight of a garment bag all the way in the back of the closet. He couldn't wear that, could he? Wasn't it in bad taste?

He stuck his hand out and grabbed the garment bag from where it hung on the closet rod and placed it reverently on his bed. He stared down at it, nibbling his bottom lip before unzipping the bag and opening it to reveal the garment within. It was an all-black Armani suit, with a white button-up shirt to go with it. Blake had worn a black tie to the event, but he didn't want to be confused with a waiter at Charleston, so he'd wear his purple one instead. Running his hand over the lapel, he swallowed back a sob.

He'd worn the suit to his grandmother's funeral six months before. She'd been the one person who'd seemed to understand him. She had told him that she often had dreams about him and "the nice young man" he was going to marry. She'd told him that the other man was big and strong, powerful and had a divine calling on his life. Blake didn't know much about Sciniel—okay, he didn't know anything about the other man—but three out of four wasn't half bad. Sciniel was definitely big, strong and powerful.

Blake debated briefly if he should wear underwear or not, before deciding against it. While it would definitely make his attraction to the gorgeous man more evident, Blake didn't often wear underwear, liking instead to go "commando." He could only hope that Sciniel didn't turn him on too much or Blake would be walking around with a white cum stain on the crotch of his pants. Grinning as an image of Sciniel kneeling before him licking at his cum-stained pants flashed unbidden to his mind, Blake hurriedly pulled on his shirt and the suit, expertly knotting the tie, seconds before his doorbell sounded throughout the apartment.

Looking over at the clock on his wall Blake chuckled.

"Eight o'clock exactly," he said and walked to the door. Pulling open the door, he gasped as a large bouquet of crimson red roses was held out to him. Blake blinked and looked up into Sciniel's smiling face. Reaching out he took the—he counted quickly—yep, that was two dozen red roses, and turned to grab a vase from his kitchen. He froze midstep. He didn't have a vase in his apartment. He'd never had reason for one. He'd just have to buy one on the way home. Turning back to Sciniel, he gasped and placed the hand holding the

roses against his chest. Sciniel stood a few feet away holding out a vase to him, grinning widely.

Blake huffed and took the vase from him. “Thank you,” he said softly. He filled the vase a third of the way with water; after adding a small amount of salt from the counter, he took a can of Sprite out of the refrigerator, popped open the tab, and poured a small amount of that in there too. Grabbing a pair of shears from the drawer in the kitchen, he proceeded to cut the ends of the stems. He was very aware of Sciniel’s presence close to him and his mind raced with something to say.

“What are you doing?” Sciniel’s voice was like a storm brewing in the distance and Blake shivered.

“I’m cutting the end of the stems so that the roses live longer,” Blake stated. He saw Sciniel nod out of the corner of his eye and continued cutting the stems until he was done. Picking up the roses, he placed them in the water, murmuring a word of thanks when Sciniel cleaned up the leaves and stems from the counter and threw them in the trash in the corner. Blake took the vase and walked into his bedroom, placing the vase on the nightstand next to his queen-sized bed.

“That’s not big enough for the two of us.” Sciniel’s voice came directly behind him, and Blake squealed and turned, pressing his hand to his chest once again while his heart pounded furiously as if trying to escape.

“What. The. Hell?” Blake panted out.

Sciniel nodded towards the bed. “Your bed. We’ll either need a bigger one or you’ll need to come to my place, because that bed’s not big enough for the both of us.”

Blake huffed and placed his clenched fists on his hips. “Who said we’ll end up in bed together tonight?”

Sciniel’s raised eyebrow infuriated Blake until the taller man merely shrugged his shoulders. “Whether tonight or two months from now, or even two years from now... nothing will have changed by that point. I’ll still be too big for that bed unless you plan on sleeping on top of me,” he stated matter-of-

factly. He grinned lecherously at Blake. “Which, by the way, I would have absolutely no problem with.”

Blake felt shock course through him. “Who said you’ll still be around two months, much less two years from now?”

His breath caught in his throat when Sciniel leaned forward, the air around him growing thick with sexual tension. Blake felt his cock grow hard behind the slacks of his suit and he swallowed thickly. He wanted to climb Sciniel like a tree. He wanted to wrap his legs around the other man’s waist and beg him to fuck him. He wanted so much and he wanted it all in that moment.

“Didn’t I tell you that you were my *dusha tovarishchi*? You were destined to belong to me and I am never going to let you go.”

Blake stared at Sciniel in surprise. The other man had used the same words as the disembodied voice from the telephone earlier that day. He gave the bigger man a tremulous smile as Sciniel led Blake from his apartment and down to his awaiting Ford Expedition. Blake rolled the words around in his mind and knew that at some point in the evening he was going to have to ask the other man what they meant. He was pretty certain that Sciniel wasn’t crazy or some sort of serial killer, but those words...

What did they mean? If the voice on the phone was to be believed, Sciniel’s claiming Blake to be his *dusha tovarishchi* was going to put him in danger. And knowing that, why wasn’t Blake running for the hills?

CHAPTER FOUR

Sciniel was aware that his future mate's thoughts were jumbled because of his statement. Blake hadn't spoken since they'd left the younger man's apartment. Sciniel knew that he was going to have to explain all about angels, demons, princes, Principalities and what it meant for Blake to be his *dusha tovarishchi*, but the smaller man's possible reaction had him hesitating. Everyone reacted differently to hearing that they were destined to be mated to an angel. Sciniel hoped that his future mate wasn't the type to give in to hysterics. He didn't really relish the thought of having to hunt down the other man and make him bend to the course his life was about to take. He wanted Blake to accept his words and be happy about it, to welcome Sciniel with open arms. But as Blake's thoughts continued to stumble over each other, Sciniel had a feeling that Blake was going to be one of those who had a freak-out.

They pulled up to the Charleston and Sciniel pulled into a parking spot. When he'd first come to Earth he'd been fascinated by the many different ways that humans traveled. Airplanes, cars, trains, buses, boats... they all intrigued him. Having spent millennia flying or walking throughout Heaven, Sciniel was the first of his brothers to learn how to drive. His siblings had all teased him for his desire to be more like the humans, but once they realized that they needed to drive to get around, each of them had approached Sciniel at different times to ask him how to drive. Sciniel had gladly taught each of them, and they had all picked up the ability quite quickly. Angels were quick learners and it only took hours before each of them were expert drivers.

Sciniel glanced at Blake after he pulled into a parking spot and cut off the engine to his large SUV. He knew they should head right in, but he didn't want to have a dinner that was reminiscent of their drive to the restaurant. He wanted to be able to talk to his mate. Get to know the man outside of his rambling thoughts.

“What's a *dusha tovarishchi*?”

Sciniel sighed. He'd hoped that Blake would save his questions for after dinner. He didn't want to evade his mate's inquiry, knew that the man deserved to know everything seeing as how his life was about to drastically

change forever, but Sciniel really wanted the two of them to have dinner before he rocked the other man's world. He tried to think of a way to put the other man off and coming up with nothing he sighed again.

“Can we wait until after dinner? Then you can ask me everything you want to ask me and I swear I'll answer all of your questions. It's just that we have reservations and I'd really like to have a nice meal with you before we get into all of that,” Sciniel asked, wincing at the note of desperation and the hint of whining he detected in his own voice.

Blake turned to look at him and stared at him intently before nodding after a moment. “I'll try not to bring it up over dinner, but just as soon as we get back to my place I want answers because I got this phone call using the exact same words, this *dusha tovarishchi*, and I brushed it off but now I really want to know what it means. Especially because this guy was threatening me,” he stated with annoyance.

Sciniel's eyebrows flew up into his hairline. “What guy? Who threatened you?” His chest rumbled as a growl vibrated up through his mouth.

Blake shook his head and a mischievous grin came to his face. “Nope. If I don't get to ask you about those words then you don't get to ask me about the phone call. You have to wait just like I do,” he said, his eyes twinkling.

Sciniel shook his head, realizing that his cute little mate was going to be trouble. He couldn't find it in himself to care in that moment. He'd found the man he'd come to Earth to find. The man who was his other half. He would deal with whatever he had to as long as he had Blake by his side.

He chuckled and nodded before pulling his key out of the ignition and opening the car door. He heard Blake as the other man opened his door and stepped out, before closing the door behind him. Sciniel straightened the jacket to his own suit and closed his door, pressing the key fob button to lock the car as he walked over to meet Blake at the back of the vehicle. He lowered his hand to take Blake's right with his left, and felt a small smile stretch his face at Blake's gasp. He knew the other man could feel the electric current that was generated when they touched. It made him ecstatic. While he knew he was

attractive, all angels were, it was a totally different thing to have his mate actually attracted to him.

He led Blake into the restaurant, happiness filling his being that not only was he touching his *dusha tovarishchi* but that he was about to have a date with the man. He stopped at the hostess stand and smiled at the blonde woman who stood there. He was aware of the blush that stole across her features and if the soft growl emanating from his mate's throat was anything to go by, Blake had noticed it as well.

“Name?” she asked, giving Sciniel a flirtatious smile.

Sciniel pulled Blake close to his side, wrapping an arm around the smaller man's shoulders and gesturing to the reservation book.

“I have a reservation under Sciniel G. Uardian,” Sciniel stated, chuckling mentally as he thought of the name he and his brothers had chosen as their surname. There were other angels who chose human surnames that were quite common such as Smith, Jones or Anderson, but Sciniel and his brothers had decided to go with a representation of who they were. Guardian angels. So they all had the same middle initial, G, with the same last name Uardian. In all of the centuries they'd been on Earth not one person had figured it out, and Sciniel knew that unless they pointed it out, no one ever would.

“Yes, Mr. Uardian. Your table is ready. Right this way,” the hostess said as she signaled to a waiter. A young man came and stood at the stand while the hostess led them to a semi private table in the back corner of the restaurant. Sciniel held out a chair for Blake and gestured for the smaller man to sit. When Blake was seated and comfortable, Sciniel pushed his chair in before walking around to sit in his own seat. He smiled up at the hostess when she appeared to be hovering, looking between Sciniel and Blake as if she were confused.

“Um—your waiter will be right over to take your order. If you like I can put in an order for wine for you and your—” she hesitated as if unsure that Blake and Sciniel were anything intimate to each other.

“Partner,” Sciniel supplied, ignoring Blake’s shocked look as he kept his focus on the hostess.

Her lips formed the word “partner” silently and she nodded her head. “Your partner,” she repeated in a soft voice.

Sciniel smiled. “I think champagne would be a much better idea. Blake? Baby, is that okay with you?” he asked, looking over at the still stunned young man.

Blake nodded, his eyes still wide. Sciniel chuckled softly before turning back to the hostess. “Champagne please...” He looked at the young woman’s name tag. “Diane.” She nodded and turned to walk away. Sciniel watched as she stopped one of the waiters and spoke with him before returning to the hostess stand. Sciniel shook his head before returning his attention to Blake. He couldn’t understand the brief flicker of disappointment and disbelief that had flashed through the young woman’s mind when Sciniel had claimed Blake as his partner. He knew that she’d found him attractive and had held hopes of flirting with him and having him ask her out, but to dismiss Blake? Was the woman blind? Blake was the most gorgeous man in the world, at least to Sciniel, and really his opinion was the only one that mattered.

“So, why don’t you tell me all about yourself as a little boy,” he stated to Blake, wanting to know everything there was to know about the other man.

Blake took a drink from his water glass before he launched into stories about growing up in his family. Sciniel listened to him in complete fascination. He could tell that his mate thought the stories were dull and boring, but he found them interesting. He was finding out about Blake. How he thought his parents were disappointed in him, especially his father, because of his job as a waiter and the fact that he was a little overweight. Sciniel didn’t see anything wrong with his mate’s body, he found Blake extremely attractive and wanted to do nothing more than to sweep the younger man up in his arms, lay him out on the nearest flat surface and fuck him six ways from Sunday.

Returning his mind back to his mate and their present conversation, Sciniel found himself laughing at a story his mate was telling him about his attempt to have a pet as a kid.

“When my parents kept saying no, I decided to be creative and make my own pet. So, I grabbed my mother’s fluffiest bathrobe and a bag of flour. I then picked up a pair of my dad’s old rollerblades and I glued the fabric of the robe onto the bag of flour with super glue. Damn near glued my fingers together. Then I duct taped the flour bag onto the pair of rollerblades. I used my allowance to buy a leash, and then I cut off the head of my stuffed puppy, glued that onto the top of the flour bag, put the leash around its neck and I dragged it all around the house and the neighborhood. I even took it into school for show and tell,” Blake said with a laugh.

Sciniel laughed heartily, his head thrown back and eyes closed as he saw an image of a young Blake pulling along a flour puppy and taking it to school for show and tell. Though Blake recalled the memory fondly, Sciniel could hear the snickers and the cruel jokes of the other students. Not wanting to meddle too much in his mate’s memory but wanting it to be a happy one, he changed it. He manipulated the images in his mate’s mind and made it seem as if the flour puppy moved and barked and all of the children were enchanted by the creation. Sending out an angelic telepathic link, he asked a favor of every other angel that he knew to ask them to alter the memories of those who were in the classroom and were still alive.

It was a gross misuse of their powers, and Sciniel knew that he would be giving an account for his actions and his request of his fellow angels when he was next called before the Almighty; but as Blake laughed and shared the memory with him, Sciniel reveled in the lack of sadness and hurt in the memory. He sat back and listened as his mate, his *dusha tovarishchi*, regaled him with stories of college and his job, and the whole time Sciniel’s mind swirled with images of his mate’s life. Sciniel found himself falling in love with Blake as they sat there, and knew that those words were something he absolutely could not tell the man seated across from him. Not yet. Blake might be looking for a man to be his forever, but he was still a practical man and he did not believe in love at first sight.

So Sciniel wouldn’t tell him that it had happened.

Three hours after they'd walked into the restaurant, Sciniel and Blake were still talking. Sciniel had shared some humorous stories from the gym and the story of his trying to teach his brothers how to drive. He'd left out the fact that the year had been 1920 and that neither he nor his brothers had aged a day since then, but he didn't think Blake needed to know those things just yet. The waiter came around at some point to offer them dessert and coffee. Sciniel smiled when Blake looked at him first, as if afraid he would judge him for ordering dessert, and then Sciniel watched the wide grin sweep across the other man's face when Sciniel had ordered one of everything and then asked him if he wanted anything.

Sciniel had watched as their waiter's eyes had widened and then darkened as he took in Blake's smile. He could sense the arousal clinging to the man's skin and scent the pre-cum leaking from the tip of his cock as he stared at Blake in fascination. Sciniel growled low in his throat and grinned wickedly at Blake when he turned surprised eyes at him. The waiter rushed away, muttering apologies the entire time and Sciniel huffed out a laugh.

"Well that was kinda rude," Blake grouched. Sciniel merely shrugged.

"I don't care. You belong to me and I won't let anyone encroach on what belongs to me," Sciniel stated matter-of-factly.

"I'm not a piece of property that you can stick a 'No Trespassing' sign on you know," Blake pointed out, his eyes narrowing at Sciniel.

Sciniel grinned broadly at his mate. Glad to see his mate sticking up for himself, even though he was standing up against Sciniel. He reached a hand across the table and clasped Blake's hand within his own. He watched as Blake first looked down at their joined hands and then looked up at him. Once the younger man's eyes were back on him Sciniel spoke.

"I know you're not a piece of property, baby, just like I know that I want to spend eternity with you." Sciniel watched as Blake's eyes grew impossibly wide.

"You can't mean—you don't mean—" Blake stammered.

Sciniel nodded. “Yes I do. I come from a family that very much believes in love at first sight, soul mates and eternity. We believe that when we see our soul mates, our *dusha tovarishchi* for the first time that we’ll instantly know who they are and it won’t take long before we’re in love with them. That’s what I grew up believing and it’s what I still believe today,” he stated, hearing the passion resonating in his words.

Blake was prevented from responding by the arrival of their desserts. The table was covered with sweet treats and Sciniel ate them with relish, watching as Blake barely touched his own. Sciniel sighed after a while and gestured for the waiter to come over. He asked for the check and steeled his nerves for the questions his mate was going to ask. He couldn’t put it off much longer and truthfully he didn’t want to. He wanted Blake to know all about the supernatural world, wanted him to know about angels, demons, princes and Principalities. Wanted the younger man to know about being Sciniel’s *dusha tovarishchi* and then, when it was all over, he wanted to make love to the smaller man over and over and over again.

It was time to get Blake home and get this conversation over with.

CHAPTER FIVE

Blake watched Sciniel as the man wandered around his living room, touching picture frames and the lighthouse figurines he had stashed all over the place. He noticed that Sciniel seemed especially fascinated by the figurines of lighthouses with angels surrounding them or on them. He noticed the smirk on the other man's face and wondered why the man seemed amused by the way the angels were crafted. Sciniel was fascinating to Blake as well as incredibly handsome. Blake didn't know whether he wanted to sit and interrogate Sciniel about the whole *dusha tovarishchi* thing or if he wanted to just beg the man to fuck him.

His decision was made for him when Sciniel turned to look at him and Blake saw the man's blue eyes darken with arousal. Blake's questions could wait, right now he was all about getting laid.

He got to his feet from the couch where he was sitting and sauntered over to Sciniel, watching as the man's eyes followed his every movement. He lifted his hands and ran them over the large, hard pecs of the taller man, delighting in the feeling of the other man's muscled torso. He was aware of Sciniel's harsh breathing and the way his heartbeat sped up.

"What are you doing, baby?" Sciniel asked him, his eyebrow quirked.

Blake shrugged. "I'm suddenly feeling extremely horny," he said. Sciniel chuckled and lifted his hands up to Blake's shoulders and gave them a small squeeze.

"I thought you wanted to ask me some questions," Sciniel said as his hands traveled up to Blake's hair. Blake's eyes slid closed and he moaned as Sciniel began massaging his scalp, running his fingers through the brown tresses.

"I'll ask them later. Right now I really just want for you to fuck me until I pass out," Blake admitted as he lifted his hands and wrapped them around the back of Sciniel's neck. Opening his eyes he gave the older man what he hoped was a seductive smile and pulled Sciniel's lips down to meet his own. "I promise. Just as soon as I recover from the massive orgasm you're going to give me, I'm going to interrogate you and ask every question I can possibly

think of. I might even ask you why the sky is blue. But right now?" Blake shook his head. "Right now all I want is your cock in my ass."

Blake grinned at the groan that sounded from Sciniel's lips, and lifted himself up on his toes to press a kiss against the other man's mouth. He flicked out the tip of his tongue against Sciniel's lips, silently glorying when the other man's mouth opened to accept the muscle. Sciniel's tongue came out to duel with his own and Blake trembled with barely suppressed need. He shoved his hands beneath the lapels of Sciniel's jacket and pushed the fabric from the bigger man's shoulders. He released Sciniel's lips from their passionate kiss and trailed his lips over the other man's chin, to his jaw and down his neck, even as his fingers moved to the buttons of the other man's shirt. He unbuttoned Sciniel's shirt and licked and kissed the tanned flesh as he exposed each delicious inch of the other man's torso.

Blake shivered as one of Sciniel's hands moved from his hair and down his neck while the other began unbuttoning his shirt. Tingles were left in the wake of Sciniel's fingers drifting over Blake's torso. He gasped when one of Sciniel's hands dropped to Blake's groin and rubbed the hardened shaft that pressed against the zipper of Blake's pants. Blake whimpered as Sciniel licked at a spot at the base of his throat before slipping his hands into the back of Blake's pants and palming his ass. Blake shifted slightly and pressed his naked chest against Sciniel's. He lifted his arms around Sciniel's neck.

"Take me to bed, Sci. Please," Blake pleaded.

Sciniel scooped Blake up into his arms and carried him to Blake's bedroom, the only one in the entire apartment. Blake sighed as Sciniel placed him down on the brown and gold coverlet that lay on the bed. He watched Sciniel as the tall man undressed himself and then turned to undress Blake. Sciniel kissed, licked and nibbled on Blake's shoulders, his nipples, and the softness of his belly. Blake wanted to cover his fat, knowing how seeing it turned most men off, but he was prevented from doing so when Sciniel pressed his face into his belly and began kissing it reverently as if he were trying to make out with it. Blake wanted to laugh at how much pleasure Sciniel seemed to be taking from simply kissing and licking his stomach, but then again he

wanted to weep because no one had ever made love to his body the way Sciniel was doing at that moment.

“Sci, please,” Blake pleaded, trembling as Sciniel’s lips traveled down to Blake’s weeping erection which lay on his stomach. Blake watched as Sciniel blew over the head of his engorged cock, causing him to moan and beg for more, before sucking the flared head into his mouth. Blake’s legs shifted on the bed, his hands clenching and unclenching the coverlet and the sheets beneath him.

“Mmm, you taste so good, baby,” Sciniel muttered before sucking Blake’s cock into his mouth fully. Wet heat enveloped Blake’s erection and Blake whined, his hands flying up to sink into Sciniel’s hair. He thrust up into Sciniel’s mouth, pleasure swamping his senses as he pressed his head back into the pillow underneath his head. He felt Sciniel’s fingers alongside his cock inside the man’s mouth as Sciniel swallowed around his shaft.

The spit-slicked fingers of Sciniel’s hand pressed down beneath Blake’s balls to his tightly furled hole. He shivered as Sciniel ran a finger around Blake’s guardian muscle, before pressing the tip of a finger inside Blake’s body. He moaned and arched his back as the finger pressed deeper and deeper inside of him. One finger slowly became two and Blake forced himself to relax in order to take Sciniel’s fingers deeper into his ass.

“Do you have lube?” Sciniel asked as he lifted his mouth from Blake’s penis and Blake groaned as Sciniel pressed in a third finger, the burn aching deliciously in his ass.

“N-nightstand,” Blake stammered out.

Sciniel nodded and slowly withdrew his fingers from Blake’s channel before reaching over to the nightstand and pulling out the lube from the drawer. Blake watched the man intensely as Sciniel flipped open the lid of the bottle and poured the viscous liquid over his fingers. Blake shifted as he waited for the older man to finish lubing his fingers so he could prepare Blake’s chute.

“Sciniel, hurry, please,” Blake whimpered.

He hissed when Sciniel nodded and dropped his fingers to the crease of his ass and pressed three fingers within Blake's ass. Blake lifted and lowered his ass on Sciniel's fingers as the man thrust his fingers in and out of Blake's sphincter. His cock grew impossibly hard and he clenched his fingers in Sciniel's hair.

"Fuck me now, Sci. Now," Blake demanded.

"Gladly," Sciniel said gruffly, before pulling his fingers free of Blake's ass and pouring lube onto his thick erection. Blake looked down and his eyes widened as he took in the length and girth of Sciniel's cock. The muscles in his ass clenched as he thought about being impaled on that thing and he was equal parts afraid and needy. He wanted to run from the very thought of having something that big inside his hole, while at the same time he wanted to beg for Sciniel to give him all of his cock, right then.

Blake let out a deep breath as Sciniel pressed the head of his cock against his ass. He relaxed his sphincter, exhaling deeply as he lifted his hips for the slide of Sciniel's thick member to fully penetrate him. He arched his back as Sciniel bottomed out within him and moaned the bigger man's name. Sciniel slid his cock out of Blake's rectum, pausing for a moment before sliding back in a little quicker. Blake's hands gripped Sciniel's biceps, the muscle too big for Blake's fingers to wrap around. He moaned and whimpered Sciniel's name as the other man began to plow his dick into Blake's ass. He lifted his hips, spreading his legs wider before wrapping them around Sciniel's waist.

He looked up into Sciniel's face as the other man leaned over him, lifting his lips for a kiss. He moaned when Sciniel took his lips in a deeply passionate kiss, nibbling, licking and sucking on Blake's lips and tongue. Blake pressed his heels into Sciniel's back, urging the other man to fuck him harder and faster. Knowing what Blake needed, apparently without him even needing to open his mouth, Sciniel began slamming his cock in and out of Blake's hole and Blake wrapped his arms and legs tighter around the bigger man. Blake tried to get Sciniel as deep inside of him as he could. He thrust his hips up to meet each of Sciniel's thrusts.

He felt the tips of his fingers and his toes starting to go numb, his thighs began to shake and a zing of electricity raced up his spine. He screamed Sciniel's name as his orgasm roared through him. He clutched Sciniel to him as his entire body shook with the force of his orgasm. The wet heat of his seed splashed up between his body and Sciniel's, and Blake felt tears well in his eyes. Never before had he experienced such an amazing orgasm. Never had he expected to feel something so amazing. It was almost as if he could feel Sciniel within him. Not just physically but mentally, emotionally and spiritually. It was as if their souls had merged into one and Blake trembled as he struggled to contain the wonder pulsing through him.

He felt Sciniel stiffen above him even as Sciniel's already large cock grew impossibly larger and wet heat flooded Blake's entrance. The knowledge that they hadn't used a condom should have freaked Blake out, sent him into a tailspin of worry, instead it warmed him with excitement and he was surprised when another orgasm pulled him under. He screamed for Sciniel to hold him tighter and gasped when Sciniel leaned back on his knees, bringing Blake with him as he continued to plunge his cock in and out of Blake's rectum, pumping his seed in and out of Blake's ass until his thrusting and shudders came to a stop.

Blake felt as if his head were floating. He felt as if he were becoming a whole new person. He opened his eyes then and gasped when he saw large white wings behind Sciniel's back, the feathers soft to the touch as they brushed his fingers where they rested on Sciniel's shoulders. He made to jerk back only to feel Sciniel's arms tighten around him. He wanted to fight and pull away, but there was an overwhelming feeling inside of him to crawl inside of Sciniel and never come back out, to stay with him forever.

There was also a tiny spark seemed to tell him that his life was about to change forever.

"You're an angel?" he asked Sciniel quietly. He felt the other man's head nod as he answered Blake's question.

"Holy fuck."

CHAPTER SIX

Sciniel watched as Blake paced the floor of his bedroom, wearing a sheet draped around his body as he muttered to himself. He wanted to go to his mate and reassure him, comfort him, but he knew, in some way, that Blake needed a moment to himself to try and process what he'd seen, felt and heard. The fact that Sciniel hadn't even told him all of it and Blake had reacted in this way just meant that when he conveyed the rest of the information to the younger man he was going to have a major breakdown.

"So—angels are real," Blake said after a moment, coming to a stop in front of Sciniel, close enough to be touched, but far enough to reject the touch if he wanted to.

"Yes, angels are real," Sciniel agreed with a nod.

"What about demons?" Blake asked, a slight tremble to his voice.

"Yes, demons are real, but humans have gotten the definition of demons wrong for millennia. Demons are not evil beings that possess the bodies of humans and make them do things they wouldn't ordinarily do. Demons are merely the offspring of human and angel joinings. Men who can give birth," Sciniel explained. He choked back a laugh when Blake's eyes widened.

"Men who can give birth? Are you fucking kidding me?! That's impossible! That's—that's just wrong and disgusting." Blake's words burst forth and Sciniel felt disappointment and sadness wash over him.

"It's not wrong and disgusting. It is the Almighty's way of giving a couple a way to continue their line. It is one of the greatest expressions of love between an angel and his *dusha tovarishchi*—the demon's ability to bring into this world the physical representation of his mating with an angel is a blessing and an honor. And as it should have always been," Sciniel explained.

"What do you mean?" Blake asked, Sciniel could tell the other man was filled with curiosity and the shock was beginning to wear off. He wanted to give a whoop of joy that his *dusha tovarishchi* knew about him and still stuck around, which didn't happen very often, but he composed himself and decided to explain the truth about history to his mate.

“The story of Cain and Abel has been mistranslated a lot over the years, but the true story about them is that Abel was the *dusha tovarishchi* of an angel. The Almighty allowed the angel to come and claim Abel and because he was overwhelmed with happiness and joy, Abel gave an offering to the Almighty that was filled with love, gratitude, and thanks. He gave a pleasing offering. Now, Cain, who had married his sister, was angry by Abel’s joining. Not only because Abel seemed so happy, but because Abel was a man sleeping with another man, and by the time Cain got angry enough to kill his brother, Abel had given birth to three children. Two boys and a girl. Cain’s offering was filled with bitterness, resentment, and anger. Because he was suffocating in those negative emotions, his attitude upon presenting his offering to the Almighty, made his sacrifice smell like rancid meat to the Heavens,” Sciniel told Blake. He watched as Blake’s eyes widened during the story and knew that he was going to be slammed with questions when the story was over. “When the Almighty rejected Cain’s sacrifice, he grew enraged and killed his brother. Not only because of the sacrificial offering, but because of the fact that Abel was sleeping with another man and giving birth.”

“So Cain was jealous?” Blake asked and Sciniel could hear the fascination in the other man’s voice and feel it as it vibrated through his mind. He shook his head.

“No. You see homophobia has been around since Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden. That was because Lucifer didn’t want any of the angels to be able to mate with their *dusha tovarishchis* and he figured that if he turned the human race against men loving men then it would be easier for him to keep the angels from their mates,” Sciniel explained.

“Boy was he wrong about that,” Blake stated.

Sciniel chuckled, “Exactly. He didn’t understand about the strength of the human spirit. Totally missed the fact that humans will do anything, endure anything, for the person that they truly love.” He looked over at Blake then, his eyes taking in all of the features of his mate’s face as the younger man took in his words.

“But—you don’t—you’re not talking about—” Blake stammered out.

Sciniel shook his head. “I don’t even know you yet, Blake, but I know that you were created for me. I know that we are meant to be together. I know that I was made to love you and take care of you and you were made to love me and care for me. Those are things that I know and even if I have to fight you *for* you, you will be mine.”

Blake licked his lips nervously. “Okay, tell me all about it then. Finish the story.”

Sciniel nodded. “What humans think of as demons are actually Principalities and princes. They are dangerous and evil. They’re the reason that there’s so much darkness, suffering and heartbreak in the world.” He sighed and rubbed at his forehead. “They hunt demons and angels, kill them or send them back into the heavens. They have no emotions, show no remorse. They revel in death and destruction, in pain.” He shook his head. “They are to be feared by those who cannot fight against them and no one but an angel can do so.”

“So there’s some principality or prince who has my number and is going to come after me if we mate?” Blake asked him.

Sciniel cleared his throat nervously. This was going to be an interesting part of the conversation, he could only hope that Blake took it well.

“We—uh—we sort of already mated,” he admitted.

Blake’s eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. He lifted a shaking hand to his mouth and then lowered it. “We—we what? But how can that be? We didn’t have a ceremony or anything like that.”

Sciniel shook his head. “We don’t need to. Matings don’t take place like that with angels and their *dusha tovarishchis*, all we have to do is have sex with our fated one and we are joined with them for all eternity.”

Blake stared at him in surprise. “Eternity? But what—how is that even possible? I’ll be lucky if I live to see ninety, much less an eternity.”

Sciniel looked down at his hands. He’d never had to have this talk with anyone before. He usually left it up to Michiel or Lovstiel, they were much

better at explaining things, but he couldn't call his brothers and ask them to explain things to his mate. He'd have to do it himself.

“Angels don't die, baby. There comes a time when we're called back to Heaven and are prevented from returning to Earth, but we can't die. Once we mate with our *dusha tovarishchi* their lifeline becomes attached to ours, and when we ascend to Heaven, they return with us,” Sciniel explained.

“So I'll never die? I'll just get older and older until it's time for me to go to Heaven with you? And then what?” Blake questioned him.

“You'll forever be the age you are now,” Sciniel told him. “And when we return to Heaven there will be jobs, tasks that you can do, but it's Paradise and you'll enjoy spending eternity there... with me.”

Blake stood to his feet and began pacing the room slowly, his steps growing quicker and his hands moving in an agitated manner. “I don't—I mean, I can't—I just don't get it Sciniel. Why me? How is all of this true?” He shook his head and came to an abrupt halt right in front of Sciniel, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides. “My parents, my friends, my coworkers... they'll never understand the fact that I'll never age. How am I supposed to explain that to them? And since I'm your *dusha tovarishchi* does that mean that I can get pregnant?” Sciniel nodded, swallowing thickly when Blake tossed his hands into the air. “How do I explain *that* to them as well? This is ridiculous! It's crazy. It's absolutely impossible. If I hadn't seen your wings, touched them myself I wouldn't believe this half-cocked story you just told me. But I know it's real, I know you're an angel. I just don't know why you chose me!”

Sciniel nodded as he sat at the end of the bed and reached out to grab onto Blake's hips. He brought the younger man close to him and pressed his face into Blake's abdomen. “You were created for me. You complete me. My weaknesses are your strengths and vice versa. You are the only one who will keep me sane, keep me grounded. The Almighty saw fit to make my perfect counterpart and place it inside of you. I didn't have to choose you, you were made for me.” He sighed and looked up into Blake's eyes. “I know it sounds

crazy and it's scary, but believe me when I tell you that it has been happening for millennia. We'll figure something out."

He pulled Blake down until they were eye to eye, and he bared his soul to him. "And no one ever created, no one who was ever born or ever will be born, will love you as much as I will. No one." He took Blake's lips in a deeply passionate kiss and it was only a few seconds before Blake relaxed and began to kiss him back, just as passionately, just as hungrily. He knew that things weren't perfect, but for the moment they were settled. He could only hope that what he'd told Blake wasn't a lie and that he had time to prove it to the younger man, because someone was after his mate and Sciniel would stop at nothing to keep his mate safe.

CHAPTER SEVEN

When Blake went back to work the next day, his mind was a hazy mixture of confusion and sexual satisfaction. He and Sciniel had stopped talking about the supernatural after the angel's big reveal the night before and had instead moved on to talk about Blake's family and his job. They'd made love once more and Blake had been happy to wake up that morning with the bigger man's muscled forearm resting against his stomach, Sciniel's face buried in the back of his neck. He'd been a little surprised when the angel had told him that angels slept, but had been happy to know that meant he wasn't going to be alone ever again. He was mated, which was apparently the equivalent of a human marriage that didn't have the option of a divorce, to the most gorgeous man, angel, ever created. He should be on cloud nine, walking around with a perpetual smile on his face, but he found himself on a roller coaster of emotions. Happy, then scared, then completely freaked out, then happy again. It was exhausting him, and while he still smiled brighter than he ever had before, he began wondering if maybe he'd imagined the whole thing.

When his lunch break rolled around, he stepped outside of the restaurant and briefly considered driving the five miles back to his home to see if Sciniel was still there, or if the other man had at least left him a note, only to gasp when he saw the man in question leaning against the wall of the restaurant. Was Sciniel waiting for him? And if he was, why did it fill Blake with happiness and relief?

With a wordless cry, Blake launched himself at Sciniel, wrapping his arms and legs around the bigger man like an octopus when the bigger man lifted him up. He lowered his lips down to Sciniel's and moaned when the other man opened his mouth for Blake's tongue. He lost himself in the haze of lust and passion as their tongues dueled for dominance, and he ground his hardened cock against Sciniel's stomach as the bigger man's hands gripped the globes of his ass. He'd never felt such fire or such desire for someone before, and he didn't know how to handle it, or what to do.

His thoughts came to a shattering halt when Sciniel growled and turned, pressing him against the wall of the restaurant, shielding his body just as the

glass at the front of the restaurant exploded. Blake started to tremble, struggling against Sciniel, trying to see what was going on when he heard his mate growl at him.

“Close your damn eyes, Blake!” Sciniel yelled, and hearing the tone of his mate’s words, Blake slammed his eyes shut.

Even with his eyes closed he could sense the bright light shining in front of him. The air was still, frighteningly so, and then slowly, sound returned and he felt the soft touch of Sciniel’s hand on his face.

“Open your eyes, love,” Sciniel’s deep voice sounded above him and Blake slowly opened his eyes to look up at the other man.

“What happened?” Blake asked quietly, noting the distinct absence of sirens, screaming or running feet.

“My brothers and I cleaned up the area, erased the minds of everyone in the vicinity, and Michiel went after the principality that shot at you,” Sciniel told him.

Blake began to tremble and heard Sciniel shushing him in an attempt to comfort him. “They know where you work. Know that we’ve mated. They’ll be coming after you now. I think it’s best that you come to live with me, Blake. For your own safety.”

Blake shook his head. “No. I’m not going to run away from this—this person or thing. You’re just going to have to protect me, but I’m not giving up my place, Sci.”

Sciniel sighed in frustration and closed his eyes. Blake looked around at the other men standing behind Sciniel. They were all tall and muscular, with very broad shoulders and grim looks on their faces. Blake knew they didn’t agree with his decision, but he didn’t care. His life had already been turned upside down because of Sciniel’s appearance in it, he’d be damned if anything else was put out of whack.

“Fine,” Sciniel acquiesced and Blake turned his gaze back to his mate. “You can stay at your place, but I’m moving in to protect you.” He opened his eyes and looked down at Blake with a lascivious grin on his face. “Besides,

we're mated now, and I don't want to spend another night sleeping without you."

Blake grinned broadly up at the other man. "Thank you, Sci."

The taller man nodded and lowered Blake down to his feet. "Shall we go to lunch?"

Blake nodded and took Sciniel's outstretched hand. There was so much more he didn't know about his new status as Sciniel's *dusha tovarishchi*, but he did know that their chance meeting in the steam room at the gym was the greatest thing that ever happened to him. No matter how many attempts were made on his life, he'd found an amazing man who wanted to spend the rest of his life with him. He couldn't have asked for anything more than what he already had.

His life was finally starting to look up.

THE END

Author Bio

Hi all! I'm Vicktor Alexander but everyone calls me "Vic." Southern gentleman by day, completely displaced and living in Florida, and a writer and purveyor of steamy, sticky, hot man on man (sometimes on man on man on man on man on man) sex. I wrote my first story at the tender age of ten about my youngest biological sister and her destruction of the world... with her breath. I now enjoy writing about shifters, humanoids, cowboys, firemen, rent boys, fairies, elves, dancers, doctors, Doms, Subs, and anything else that catches my fancy, all sexy men falling in love with each other and having lots of naughty, dirty, man-on-man sex. I am the author of the best-selling series, The Tate Pack (which still blows my mind), and am a huge fan of the "happily-ever-after" ending. But while all my characters all ride off into the proverbial sunset, all sexually satisfied and in love (because it's the least I can do), they all bear the scars of fighting for that love, just like in real life. Out and proud, I don't believe that love only comes in one form, one race, one gender and that not only is gender fluid, but sexuality as well. I love to make people laugh (and guys hot) and when I'm not writing, or rather, procrastinating in writing, I'm reading, playing the Sims 3, hanging out with my very supportive friends, my somewhat supportive family, talking to my adopted daughter whom I call Chipmunk, seeking the man or men who can handle my crazy, stressful, soap opera-esque life and being distracted from said writing by listening to videos of John Barrowman, Scott Hoying, Charlie David and Shemar Moore. All interested men may apply, interviews for my partner (or partners) are being held every night... multiple times.

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