



SINNERS' KNOT

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For my Gang. New recruits, and those who've been rocking with me from day one.

Merry Christmas!



Chapter One

Gabe walked into the office with a glass of greenish looking smoothie in one hand and a grin on his face. Angel sat at his desk, headphones on as he punched keys on his laptop and nibbled on the pencil between his lips. His man nodded to whatever music he was listening to, his dark hair falling down to hide the left side of his face. Angel in his zone was a beautiful thing to watch, but Gabe didn't have the time to spend ogling the man. He was on a mission, and he wouldn't leave the house this morning until he got what he wanted.

He crept up to Angel and placed the smoothie at his elbow. Angel didn't look up. Gabe didn't expect him to. Angel shifted away from the computer and pulled the pencil from his mouth, using it to draw some squiggly lines on the wide white paper in front of him. Gabe had no idea how Angel's brain worked when it came to designing the buildings he was hired to, but somehow he did, and they always came out looking amazing.

He pulled the left ear bud out of Angel's ear. Angel glanced at him with a distracted smile. "I brought your smoothie."

Angel went back to drawing, a grimace on his face. "Don't know why you insist on making that shit. I hate it."

"It's your breakfast and your lunch, since you never can make your way to the kitchen to feed yourself." He touched Angel's hair, let a few strands fall between his fingers. "It also keeps you healthy, so you can keep up with me,"

Angel grunted, but Gabe knew he'd lost him to his work again. He didn't mind. He moved to Angel's right side, removing the ear bud before putting his lips to Angel's ear. "We need to talk."

"Uhm." Angel's tongue appeared, sliding across his bottom lip as he punched a button on the computer. A 3D image popped up, the building he was designing. Gabe smiled at the computer before he remembered his mission.

"Angel."

"Huh?" Angel flicked his hair away from his face and touched the computer screen. The image spun around.

“We need to talk, Angel. It’s important.” Gabe held on to his patience by a thread. He’d been attempting to bring up the subject for days now and Angel never seemed open to it. Or available.

“Yeah, sure,” Angel murmured. “We’ll talk later.”

Gabe shook his head. “No. Now. Drink your fucking smoothie,” he said in Angel’s ear, the words harsh as he let go of his temper. “You have thirty fucking seconds to meet me in the living room.” Angel tensed. “We’re setting a date for our wedding. Today. If you aren’t there, you wouldn’t want to imagine how I’ll make you pay.”

He straightened and walked to the door, counting each step with a smirk. One. Two. The sound of a chair scraping against the floor. Three. Four. A force knocked him into the closed door.

“Umph.” Shit.

Rough fingers grabbed his shoulder, turned him. He schooled his features and met Angel’s angry gaze.

“Did you just threaten me, cop?”

Gabe shrugged. The door knob bit into the small of his back, but that didn’t matter. Angel’s eyes were wild, his nostrils flared as he stared at Gabe.

“You gonna do something about it?” Gabe lifted an eyebrow, held his breath, and waited.

Angel’s right hand moved from where it was fisted at Gabe’s left hip and around to his middle. He dipped a finger under Gabe’s waistband then looked down. Gabe followed Angel’s gaze. His man’s fingers were on the button of his jeans and as Gabe looked on, Angel undid that button. Angel scraped his nails across Gabe’s skin, below his navel, above his pubes.

Gabe’s belly quivered, stomach contracted, but he held still. He didn’t have to wait long. Angel looked up at him, gold eyes flashing *danger! danger!*

“Am I going to do something about it?” Angel repeated idly. His breath, mint and coffee-flavored, swept across Gabe’s face. He held Gabe’s gaze as he pulled on his zipper, tugging it down over Gabe’s hard-on with infinite slowness. “Know what I’m gonna do?” Angel asked in a conspiratorial whisper. “I’m gonna touch you. Make you scream.”

Cool air hit Gabe’s crotch as Angel exposed him. Warm fingers grazed him. He lifted his lips into the fleeting touch and swallowed a moan. “Do your worst.”

Angel's lips quirked. He swiped his thumb over Gabe's cock head then licked off the moisture. When he finished, he pushed two fingers into Gabe's mouth and winked. "Oh, I will."

Angel dropped to his knees before Gabe, tugging down his jeans. With Gabe's jeans around his ankles, Angel sucked him into his mouth.

Gabe bucked, his knees collapsed, and he grabbed a fistful of Angel's hair, using that to keep him upright. Angel's face was a grimace of pain, but he didn't pause for a second. He sucked Gabe to the back of his throat with a groan. The hot furnace of his mouth short-circuited Gabe's brain. His toes curled against the wood floors as he fucked Angel's throat, fucked himself deep as Angel cupped his balls then traced his taint and circled his hole. Gabe parted his thighs, trying to give Angel more access to his ass. A finger, slicked with his precum and Angel's saliva, pushed into his ass.

No quarter. No mercy. Sound gurgled in his throat as the lone finger turned into two then three. He yanked on Angel's hair, slamming down his throat. But despite how hard and rough Gab handled him, Angel didn't relent, didn't let up. He wormed those fingers deep into Gabe's channel and pressed at Gabe's knot.

"Argh!" Gabe's entire body lurched forward. "Angel."

Angel moved off him and Gabe slid down to the floor, naked ass on the exposed wood, back against the door as he sat sprawled in front of Angel. His lover remained inside him, the fingers working Gabe's prostate. His legs jerked as Angel circled Gabe's purpling cock and stroked him, rough and fast. Three fingers attacking his prostate and a rough fist jerking him. He fucked Angel's fist, panting, fingernails scraping against the floor. His chest burned with every labored breath.

Angel's eyes were liquid heat as he stared at Gabe. "Ride my fingers," Angel rasped.

Gabe couldn't fucking move, how was he supposed to ride any damn thing? He squeezed Angel's fingers instead, contracted around them, and watched as Angel's lashes fluttered.

"Shit." Angel gritted his teeth. "You better come. Right fucking now." He jammed the fingers deeper into Gabe who winced at the pain. The tight knot at the base of his spine exploded and Gabe came. Angel's fingers pressed against his prostate as Angel milked every drop of cum from Gabe's cock.

He fucked Angel's fist, hips flying, hoarse screams filling the room. "Fuck!" His body jerked. "Fuck!"

His eyes were closed so Gabe didn't see Angel move, but he screamed again when Angel's mouth closed around his spent cock, licking him up. Gabe's eyes flew open. He tangled his fingers in Angel's hair. The wet spot in the front of Angel's sweats caught his eye and Gabe pushed Angel off him. His lover tumbled backward and Gabe yanked Angel's pants down with one hand, burying his face in Angel's wet pubes, licking up the seed Angel spilled.

"God." Angel shuddered under him, fingers at Gabe's nape.

Gabe licked him clean, moaning as he clicked the length of Angel's cock for the last time. He rested his face on Angel's left hip bone, clutching his lover as he fought to breathe. Damn.

"December 16th."

"Mm?"

"Wedding date," Angel said. "December 16th."

Gabe lifted his head, gaping. "But...that's a month away."

Angel shrugged. "Then you'd better get the ball rolling if you want to make an honest man outta me."

"A month!" Syren Rua's incredulous expression was almost comical. "Are you serious? How am I supposed to plan a wedding in a month?"

Rafe smothered a smile. "Kay, here's a newsflash. It's not your wedding. You don't have to plan it."

Syren gaped. "I know you're not saying you or that man you're with, God forbid, will be planning it."

"I didn't tell you this so you can plan anything." Rafe sighed. "I just want you to be there. That's all. As our guest, not our wedding planner."

Syren's weird eyes narrowed. "Where is there?"

Rafe shrugged. "Boston. We'll go to their version of City Hall, I guess."

"What?" Syren looked wounded. "What kind of wedding is that?"

Rafe shook his head. He patted the space next to him on the bench he'd built on the far corner of his porch. "Sit."

Syren pouted but did anyway, his arms crossed. He smelled expensive, and looked the same. Dressed in a dark tailored suit, Syren looked like a model. He was a beautiful man, but looks were definitely deceiving.

“Listen, Gabe and I aren’t the big party type. You know this. We’ll only have his mother, you, and Gabe’s brother there.” A shadow crossed Syren’s face and Rafe frowned. “What?”

“The Marshal will be there?”

“Of course, he’s Gabe’s brother.”

Syren pressed a finger to his temple. “Of course.”

He looked weird. “Are you okay?”

“Fine.” Syren waved a hand. “I’m fine.” He took a breath. “So City Hall in Boston. Small. Private. Yeah?”

Rafe nodded. “That’s what we want.”

Syren stared at him. “Are you sure about this, marrying the cop?” he asked. “I mean, I know you love him, but...marriage?” He shook his head.

Rafe grabbed his chin, held him still. “Don’t do that,” he said softly. “Don’t pretend you don’t know he’s why I walked away from my former life. Don’t pretend you don’t know I built his house and this life for him, for us.”

Syren jerked a nod, his mouth set in a stubborn line and Rafe released him.

“I know you love him,” Syren said. “I just...marriage. The word is so permanent.”

Rafe grinned. “I want permanent.”

“I guess I’m wondering how someone like him could make you want something like that.” Syren tugged on his suit. “I remember your past, even if you choose to forget, and I remember Angelo Pagan.”

Rafe stared off into the distance. “You never really knew Angelo Pagan, Faro.” He spoke the name Syren used when dealing with drug dealers and gun runners. “After my uncle snatched me off the streets and his people violated me, I knew I’d never be able to make myself clean enough, inside and out, to ever want to be with anyone else in that kind of way.” Those memories didn’t come forward with the overwhelming pain they once did, but they still hurt. “When I took over the gang after my father died I knew there was no way I could be me, the real me who was attracted to men. There was no way I’d get to have a boyfriend or a partner, let alone a family with kids and all that shit people took for granted.”

Syren opened his mouth, but Rafe continued. "I knew as Angelo Pagan, gang leader and gun runner, there was nothing for me, but loneliness. I was fine with that, because there was no one out there I wanted. I had no one."

"Until you did."

Rafe nodded. "And when I found him, it was fucking easy to walk way. To chuck it all and start over because it was what I wanted. He was all I wanted, so I'll do the marriage thing. I'll do the kids and the white picket fence thing, and it will be easy, because it's what I always wanted, even before I had a name for that want."

Syren smiled. "I get it. I really do." He sighed and looked out over the front yard. "I can't imagine what that must be like, having someone in your corner the way you have Gabe." He sounded wistful, jealous, and Rafe touched his shoulder.

"You know you can have whatever you want. You can have it, but you have to be ready and open." He doubted Syren would ever be ready to have someone one his life. He was so bottled up, his emotions and his secrets locked up tight.

"Forget about me." Syren wave a hand. "Wedding in Boston. What about the honeymoon?" He waggled his eyebrows. "Tropical island somewhere so you two can fuck on a sandy beach all day, all night?"

Rafe chuckled. "Hell no, no sand in my naughty bits. I do think we're gonna need your plane."

Syren leaned back and crossed his arms. "When are you going to buy your own plane?" he asked. "It's not like you can't afford one a lot nice than mine."

Rafe coughed. "I can't."

"What?" Syren lifted an eyebrow. "Why?"

Rafe's lips twitched. "Gabe said I can't."

"Really? And you listened to him?" Syren got to his feet. "If you wanna buy a plane, buy one. He can't tell you what to do."

"Actually he can." Rafe shrugged. Gabe didn't want them to spend money on a plane, and they didn't really go anywhere so Rafe could deal with that.

"Come on. Buy a plane. I know a guy," Syren said as Gabe walked out onto the porch.

"What? No one's buying a plane." Gabe glared at Syren then turned to Rafe. "You're not buying a plane."

“He can do whatever he wants,” Syren shot back.

“Shut up, Tiny.” Gabe fisted his hands.

“Gabe, I’m not buying a plane.” Rafe caught Gabe’s hand and tugged him down until his lover sat beside him. “We’re cool.”

“For now,” Syren said with a wink. “Because if he wants to buy one you can’t stop him.”

“Don’t you have somewhere to be?” Gabe scowled at Syren. “Prissy son of a bitch.”

Syren grinned then walked into the house. Gabe turned to Rafe. “Why do we keep him around again?”

“Because we like him.” Rafe chuckled when Gabe cursed.

“Because *you* like him. I only tolerate him because of you.”

Rafe hugged him and pulled him closer. “I know that and I thank you.” He kissed Gabe’s temple then said, “He’ll be at the wedding.”

“Fuck.”

Chapter Two

“Did you tell him he’s not the one planning this wedding?” Gabe looked from the phone in Angel’s hand to his lover’s face.

Angel grimaced. “I did.”

But Syren ignored him. Of course. “I’m going to kill him.” Gabe paced their bedroom. “I’m going to wrap my hands around his scrawny fucking neck, and I’m going to choke the life out of him.”

Wincing, Angel threw clothes in a suitcase atop the bed. “He means well.”

“It’s our fucking wedding,” Gabe yelled. “Not his. He had no right.” Syren had texted Angel that he’d already hired on a photographer and video crew for the wedding. How dare that tiny fucker insinuate himself into their shit?

“Gabe, come on.” Angel threw a shirt into the suitcase then sighed. “We hadn’t even thought about that. About photographs. It’s his wedding gift to us.”

“We agreed just a Justice of the Peace at the City Hall, and a small dinner with your mother and Kane then our honeymoon.” Gabe liked that idea, they didn’t need anything big and extravagant. The important thing was to say their vows, to get that piece of paper that said they were married. He didn’t need fucking pictures and expensive suits, but Syren thought otherwise, because he’d also hinted that he’d gotten their wedding suits as well.

That guy was itching for a beat down.

“Our plans aren’t going to change just because Syren got us a photographer and a pair of suits.” Angel grabbed Gabe’s hand. “That doesn’t affect us and our plans in any way.” He flipped his hair out of his eyes. “We’re getting married, in three days. It doesn’t matter what we wear or who takes our pictures.” He pressed his forehead against Gabe’s. “All that matters is us.”

He was right and Gabe knew it. He nodded with a sigh. “I just...I feel as if he took something away from me, from us.” Which was stupid.

“Like what?” Angel pulled back slightly, a frown playing between his eyes. “What did he take away?”

Gabe rolled his eyes. Just saying the words made him feel like an idiot. “We should decide on things like that, what we wear. The photographer. The cake.” He gasped. “We didn’t think about cake.” Jesus. Some kinda groom he was. A cake was a freaking wedding necessity.

Angel's lips twitched. "You want a cake?"

"We have to cut a cake, don't we?" Isn't that how weddings worked?

"*Mami's* in charge of the cake."

"What? Since when?"

"Since you've been running around here the past few weeks like a chicken with its head cut off." Angel sank onto the bed, taking Gabe with him. "Everyone has a task. *Mami*. Kane. Even Syren."

God. He had been a fucking wreck the past few weeks. And he couldn't even say why. Gabe straddled Angel and circled his neck, bringing their faces together, he brushed his nose over Angel's. "What's your task?"

Angel smiled. "To get hitched. And the honeymoon."

Gab frowned. "But...I thought we agreed on Cabo?"

Angel shook his head. "Our honeymoon is my wedding gift to you." He smoothed a palm over Gabe's nape. "We're not going to Cabo."

Gabe squinted. "Then where?"

Angel leaned forward and flicked his tongue over Gabe's ear. He nipped his lobe then whispered, "It's a surprise."

Gabe groaned. "Aw, c'mon. You can't do that. What if I hate the damn place?"

"You won't," Angel said with confidence. "I promise. I got this." He peered at Gabe under his lashes. "What are you getting me for a wedding gift?"

Gabe barked a laugh. "Yeah, right. It's a surprise." He pressed his lips to Angel's, and they kissed, close-mouthed. Soft pecks as Angel's arms tightened around Gabe.

"We're getting married," Angel said against his lips.

Gabe nodded. "Yep."

"In three days."

"Correct."

"For real this time."

"Damn right." Despite the butterflies crashing in his stomach, a testament to the momentous occasion, Gabe was too fucking happy to let anything, and Syren, ruin his buzz.

Angel breathed hard in his ear. "We 'bout to make this shit legal, cop."

Gabe plunged his fingers into the dark richness of Angel's hair and held on as he looked his man in the eye. "About time, don't you think?"

Angel's eyes were suspiciously shiny when he said, "Fuck yes."

"Why are we here?" Rafe stood with his hands in his pockets, staring up at the neon sign. Piercings and Tattoos. He looked at Gabe. "Gabe."

"We're getting you a new pair of shiny for your nips."

Rafe gaped at him. "What? Why?"

Gabe's shrug was nonchalant. But his gaze smoldered in the cold Boston air. "Because I want you to wear something just for me under your clothes tomorrow." He put his hand on the door knob and winked at Angel. "Call it part one of my wedding gift."

Rafe followed him into the place with a small grin on his face. New piercings. The tatted up guy behind the counter didn't blink when Gabe told him what they wanted. Rafe stood by and watched as Gabe looked at all the different styles they had on display. He didn't bother to look or give his opinion, because this was Gabe's show. His lover would pick out whatever he wanted and Rafe would wear it. He had no problems with it.

He felt some stares on him as Gabe spoke, his voice carrying, telling the guy behind the counter that he needed something for their wedding tomorrow. In twenty-four hours he would be a married man. It was fucked how much he looked forward to it, how much he looked forward to hearing the words that pronounced them married.

That was all he wanted. He didn't even know why it took them this long to get shit moving, to finally pick their lazy asses up and pick a date. They'd gotten comfortable in their ways already. He had to remind himself that even though they'd exchanged vows six months after they moved into their home, those words weren't legal. They weren't recognized. Those they'd exchange tomorrow would be. He wiped his sweaty palms on his jean-clad thighs. He couldn't fucking wait.

"Angel."

Gabe called him over and Rafe went to him. Gabe held up a barbell with what looked like wings at each end.

"Titanium," Gabe muttered. "With folded angel wings."

Rafe grinned. "Angel wings, huh?"

Gabe nodded. “Yep.” He jerked his chin at the guy behind the counter. “We’re taking it.” He paid the guy.

“You already pierced?” the guy asked. “You want my guy to put it in?”

Rafe looked at his lover. “Gabe?”

Gabe chewed his bottom lip. “Yeah, he’s pierced, but I guess your guy can put it in.”

Rafe was okay with whatever Gabe wanted. They sat in the waiting area until the guy called them into a back room, separated by heavy, black drapes. A different kid, he looked like a kid, skinny, pierced every fucking where, motioned for Rafe to sit then he pulled on gloves.

Rafe shrugged off his jacket and yanked up his sweater, exposing his front, then glanced at Gabe who stood over by the door, his gaze narrowed. A shadow passed over Gabe’s face as the tattooed kid touched Rafe’s skin. Rafe kept his eyes on Gabe, whose own stare was on the kid’s hands as he removed the old hoops and disinfected Rafe’s nipples and the new barbells before putting them on. Rafe winced at the slight discomfort that was gone before he grew accustomed to it.

What he couldn’t get accustomed to, or even decipher, was that dark look on Gabe’s face.

“Done.” Tattooed kid stood back and pulled off his gloves then smiled at Rafe. “All set.” He looked over at Gabe then quickly away.

Rafe looked at his lover. Gabe was glowering at the kid. What was that about? He hurriedly got dressed and followed Gabe out the place. Two steps out into the cold and Gabe pushed him up against the building, grabbing Rafe’s face in his hands as he kissed him, tongue fucking deep into his mouth without giving Rafe a chance to do anything but answer back in kind.

They kissed until Rafe’s lungs threatened to explode then Gabe broke away, panting in Rafe’s ear.

“What was that?”

Gabe made a sound, like a hoarse laugh. “His hands were on you.” He pulled back, eyes filled with anguish. “I fucking hated it.” He slid a hand down Rafe’s chest with a heavy sigh.

“Wanted to punch him.”

“Cop.”

Gabe rolled his eyes. “I know.” He lurched forward and nuzzled Rafe’s throat. “No one should touch you except me. Ever.”

Rafe chuckled and hauled Gabe into his arms. “Yeah. Love you, too.”

They made their way back to the hotel and found Kane and Rafe’s mother in their room. No one raised an eyebrow when Gabe explained where they’d been. Rafe figured his mother and Kane were well used to their crap by now. They found the tuxes Syren sent over. Gabe’s name on the black, Rafe’s on the gray. Gabe’s jaw tightened, but he didn’t say a word. Rafe knew he disliked Syren’s involvement in this part of their lives, but Rafe also understood that this was Syren’s way of making sure they didn’t have anything to worry about.

He appreciated it, and he was sure once Gabe got over it, he would to. It didn’t matter to Rafe who picked out the clothes or the photographer. He only cared about standing in front of the Justice of the Peace with Gabe. He’d do it naked if he could. The little things didn’t matter to him. Not at all.

The night before their wedding would be spent eating takeout with Rafe’s mother and Kane. They planned that, since they’d be on a plane to their honeymoon hours after speaking their vows. So they ordered burgers from the hotel restaurant and sat around watching TV, while his mother told stories about Rafe as a child. Sure, it embarrassed the shit out of him, but it made everyone laugh. He sat back on the couch with Gabe next to him, Kane on the floor at their feet, and his mother on the chair opposite.

Contentment washed over him. Simple shit. That’s what he wanted. The people he cared about was there with him. He allowed himself a minute to think about the life he’d walked away from, the people he’d walked out on. Pablo and the rest of the gang. He worried about Pablo, about the path his friend would choose. He worried that Pablo would never allow himself the opportunity to find someone.

Rafe hugged Gabe close, kissed his temple. He wished he could have Pablo here with him, sharing in Rafe’s joy. He wished his friend was there so Rafe could show him that it could be done. They could have a life and happiness outside of the gang, if they wanted it bad enough. It didn’t matter what he told Pablo, the fact of the matter was, Pablo had to experience it himself to fully grasp it. Until he did, Rafe didn’t think Pablo would understand why Rafe left.

His phone vibrated in his lap and he picked it up. A message from Syren.

In a room 1 flr below. Talk tmrw.

Rafe texted him back. *Cool. Tnx 4 suits.*

Np.

If ever there was a man who needed to find someone to love, it was Syren. Rafe worried about him sometimes. He worried Syren's plans would hurt more than help. He worried Syren would never climb out of the dark pit he'd thrown himself in intentionally. He wanted love, Rafe saw that on Syren's face when the small man looked at Rafe and Gabe when he didn't think they were looking. He saw the need on his face. Rafe wished he knew how to help Syren.

Maybe he could hook him up with someone, but who would be able to deal with who Syren really was?

Pablo.

Rafe grinned. Now there was an idea.

Chapter Three

Gabe came awake with his face buried in Angel's stomach. The room was silent, save for his husband-to-be's soft snores. He lifted his head and looked around. They were alone in the bedroom, but he didn't remember Kane or Liliana leaving last night. They must be in the other room.

He crawled up Angel's body and hugged him close. In just a few short hours they'd be married. He grinned to himself. He looked forward to that. They'd kept everything simple. No muss. No fuss. He felt sorry for the brides who ran around planning huge, extravagant weddings that they never got to enjoy. He liked that they did it like this. And he was even grateful for that meddling son of a bitch Syren. Of course he wouldn't tell the little pipsqueak that.

He nuzzled Angel's throat, inhaled the smell of his skin, warm in sleep. He'd never get tired of it, waking up with Angel next to him. He nosed Angel's neck, placed soft kisses on his chest. He couldn't wait for the honeymoon. They hadn't had sex since they left their home days ago. It wasn't a conscious decision. They'd spent all their time with Kane and Liliana since they'd arrived at the hotel. Gabe didn't mind. He'd have Angel all to himself on their honeymoon. A full week to get nasty, although he still had no idea where Angel was taking them.

He gave a mental shrug. It didn't really matter. As long as they were alone.

He tweaked Angel's nipple, played with the new barbell he'd picked out last night. His skin flushed hot when he remembered that fucking tattooed kid touching Angel there. Gabe had wanted to kick him in the face.

Angel rustle under Gabe's touch. As Gabe peered down at him, Angel's lashes lifted. He lifted a hand, touched Gabe's hair.

"Hm. Hey."

Gabe grinned at him. "Hey." He put his chin on Angel's chest. "We're getting married in three hours."

"Yeah." Angel's voice was rough and smoky with sleep. Gabe loved it.

He climbed fully on top of Angel and kissed his forehead. Angel's arms went around him, held him tight. They lay silently, heart beat steady.

"I love you," Gabe murmured against Angel's cheek.

“Yeah?”

“Uh huh.” He kissed Angel’s nose, moved lower.

“Then prove it.” Angel tilted his chin and their lips met.

Gabe kissed him as he fisted his hands in the mess of Angel’s hair spread out on the pillow. He rocked on the hard shaft pressed into his belly and sucked on Angel’s tongue. Angel moaned for him, rocked with him, hips rolling as he rubbed against Gabe. As though through mutual agreement, they didn’t move beyond the deep wet kisses. Nothing beyond the sweet rub, that delicious bump and grind they had going where he rubbed his cock on Angel and his man reciprocated. Their hands didn’t wander farther than where they were, his in Angel’s hair, Angel’s clamped tight on Gabe’s waist.

Simple. It was the simple shit that he loved. Just him and the man he loved. The man he’d be marrying in just a few hours. It didn’t get better than where Gabe was at. Right then, he had everything he wanted, everything he loved, in his arms, melting on his tongue. And they just kissed, until someone knocked on the door.

“Pull those pants up, boys,” Kane spoke from the other side of the door. “Let’s get cracking.”

Angel growled. Gabe chuckled.

“We should get up,” Gabe murmured. “Time flies fast.” He placed a hard kiss on Angel’s mouth then sat up. “Besides, we have the honeymoon to look forward to. In which I will fuck that ass like I own it.”

Angel’s eyes rolled, an accompaniment to his hips as he thrust his cock up against Gabe’s ass. “Shit. Like you don’t already do that.”

“Yeah, but this time I’ll have papers saying I do.” Gabe winked, sliding a hand over the top of Angel’s thighs. “And I can’t wait.”

They managed to brush their teeth and gulp coffee before Liliana showed up, a small army in tow. Two guys with cameras. A male and female duo with video cameras. Hired to immortalize their big day by the meddlesome Syren. Angel gave him that look, the puppy dog eyes all pleading and shit, so Gabe had to nod and do his best to ignore the fucking intrusive troop as he and Angel tried to talk.

They had a cake, one Liliana had went out of her way to see they had. They had a date at 11:00 in room 601 at the City Clerk’s office. They had their suits, and as the room got louder,

people jostling for place inside the hotel suite, Gabe pulled Angel into the bathroom and locked the door behind them.

His lover simply gazed at him with a raised eyebrow while Gabe did his best to calm his breathing. He shook his head at Angel's silent query and pushed him into the door, buried his face in Angel's throat and stayed like that. He didn't relax until Angel's arms circled him, held him.

"Everything is better," Gabe murmured. "In your arms, everything is better." Angel didn't speak, his only response was a kiss to the top of Gabe's head, a tightening of his hold. His home. Those arms were everything. His home, his anchor, his safety.

Someone knocked on the door.

"Time to get dressed, boys." Liliana paused. "Angel, let Gabe get dressed."

Angel chuckled, his chest shaking. "See how she blames me for your shit?" He buried his fingers in Gabe's hair, tipped his head up. Gabe blinked at him. "You good?"

Gabe stared up at him, at his gold eyes, clear and bright. At his face, so gorgeous, those lips. So his. "Better than good," he rasped. He cupped Angel's face, swiped his thumb over Angel's bottom lip. "Better than good." And the emotion clogged his throat just then, thickened his voice and Angel caught it, because he kissed Gabe, pressed their lips together. Nothing more, just a moment of contact. Gabe clutched Angel's t-shirt, fisted the material and leaned into Angel, letting the other man take his weight.

And he did. Effortlessly. Beautifully. Willingly, Angel held him. Gabe didn't want to let go, but he did and he didn't let it register because he knew soon enough he'd be back there. Back home in Angel's arms. He moved. Angel caught his left hand as Gabe turned away. He looked back as Angel kissed him, kissed his knuckles. Gabe smiled, and for a moment in time they stood like that, his hand outstretched, Angel's lips to his knuckles. Gabe didn't blink, committing the image to memory.

Then the knock came on the door again and he pulled away. They had people waiting on them, they had a union to complete. He walked away from Angel and through the suite, over to where the suits were and took the one with his name on it. The photographers clicked away, at what Gabe had no idea, and the chick with the video camera had it trained on him. Then she swung away which such speed Gabe had to look to see what was so important.

Angel stood in the bathroom doorway, his eyes bright, gaze so naked as he watched Gabe. Jesus. He breathed through the tightness as Kane touched him on the shoulder.

“We gotta go, bro.”

They’d agreed last night that Gabe would dress in Kane’s room and leave for City Hall with him, while Angel did the same with his mother. So this right here was a goodbye of sorts, not really a big deal, but he didn’t know why he couldn’t get his feet to move toward the door. Then Angel flashed a grin and a nod.

Gabe’s limbs loosened enough for movement as he shuffled to the door.

“Cop.”

He paused with his hand on the knob.

“See you there.”

Gabe manage a smile, a small one, but he gave Angel one last look over his shoulder then left with Kane.

He kept silent, entrenched in his own frenzied mind, while he took a shower and got dressed. One of the photographers tailed him wherever he went, and he gave up trying to beg for privacy. He saw himself shooting one of them and decided to just deal with instead of ruining his wedding day.

Wedding day. His fingers trembled as he pulled on his pants. He stared at himself in the floor length mirror. He was getting married. He couldn’t get over the craziness of it, and he still had no idea what he’d say once they got in front of the Justice of the Peace. They’d agreed to go with their own vows, but fuck if Gabe could string a full sentence together right then.

Kane appeared next to him, dressed in a dark suit as well. He stared at Gabe in the mirror until he frowned.

“What?”

Kane had a serious expression on his face, but his eyes were sorrow-filled. “I’m not going to ask if you’re sure about this.”

Gabe narrowed his eyes.

“You’re my brother. You’re my best friend, and I know you, so if you doing this then I’m with you, beside you.” Kane took a loud shuddering breath. “All I wanted was for you to be happy.” The corners of his mouth quirked. “You don’t have to tell me you’re happy, you don’t

have to tell me he makes you happy. I've seen it. It defies logic, and most peoples' understanding, but I see it." He looked away and Gabe went to him, hugged him.

He didn't have to ask how Kane was feeling. He didn't have to guess what was on his brother's mind. They didn't speak of it. Kane allowed Gabe to hold him, kiss his cheek. And Gabe's heart broke a little when he saw the sadness in his brother's eyes.

"I'm sorry." The words escaped him before he could call them back.

Kane shook his head, and extricated himself from Gabe's hold. "Don't be sorry." His eyes were red rimmed, and his smile was more of a grimace than anything else, but he tried. "It's your wedding day. It's about you, not me." He sniffed. "Let's get you dressed."

They got him dressed and half an hour later, Gabe was in the limo his brother had rented, without Gabe's consent, headed to the beginning of the rest of his life.

Angel was waiting for him inside Room 601. He stood with one hand inside the pocket of his dark gray suit offset by a white shirt and matching skinny tie. The suit fit him to perfection, and he kept his dark and dangerous edge with the leather details on the notched lapel and welt pocket on his chest. His hair was pulled away from his face, a face that lit up as Gabe stepped into the place where they were to wed.

They met in the middle of the room, Angel pulling him close with one hand.

"Fuck," Angel breathed. "You look good, cop."

Gabe laughed. "I'd better." He eyed Angel from head to toe. "And you, fuck if you don't clean up nice."

Angel secured the lone button on his jacket and winked. "Haven't you heard? It's my wedding day."

Someone clapped their hands, throats cleared. He looked away.

"Gentlemen." The Justice of the Peace, a gentleman in his sixties with a head full of snow white hair and wearing a black robe, motioned to Angel and Gabe

That meant they were up. Hand in hand they stood, Liliana next to Angel, Kane next to Gabe. As the JP began his introduction, a movement near the door caught his eye and he nudged Angel. Syren peeked at them, sunglasses covering his face. He nodded at them and disappeared in the next instant.

Gabe mentally rolled his eyes.

“Rafe and Gabe have elected to speak their own vows to each other,” John, the JP said, “so I’ll let them have at it.” He looked at Gabe. “Gabe?”

Vows. He had to speak vows and he was tongue-tied as he stared at the man opposite him. Angel’s gaze was steady on his face, never failing, never flinching. Gabe brushed a lock of hair away from Angel’s forehead.

“I thought so hard about what I should say,” Gabe started. “Words about love and family, pledges of fidelity and all that.” He wave a hand. “But I don’t have to tell you any of it, do I? Because you already know how much I love you. You already know I’m in this for life.”

Angel didn’t blink.

“Here we are,” Gabe said not too steadily. “In this crazy, dangerous, beautiful love that has no boundaries and no conditions. It just is. It’s us, who we are. The messiness, the pain and the pleasure, the hurt and the happy.”

He smiled. Angel smiled. Next to him, Liliana sniffed.

“I can’t believe I get to feel your arms around me very night, or any time I want. I can’t believe you love me the way you love me.” His eyes burned so he stopped, took a breath and Angel’s fingers crept over is, held him tight, anchored him, and he couldn’t hide the tear that rolled down his cheek. “I like this love, I love this love. I love the fights and the making up. The arguments and the lovemaking. I love our family, the way we just haphazardly threw them together.”

Angel grinned, the tip of his nose red.

“I’ve never felt so out of control,” Gabe said. “I’ve never felt so safe.” He put his free hand over his heart. “I can’t breathe without you near. I go to bed thinking of you and I wake up the same.” His lips quivered and he paused. “It’s crazy, but I want crazy. With you. You’re my favorite place.” He was fucking sobbing, so he had to stop. Sniff. Wipe his eyes and Angel was there, knuckles brushing his cheek. “You’re my favorite place. Home is you, your lips on my temple, your arms around me.” He looked Angel in the eye. “The way you make me feel. From that very first kiss when you kissed me so hungrily. You kissed me as though you were in love, like you’d already fallen in love with me. I want to make you feel like you make me feel.”

“You do.” Angel touched his face, stroked him with a shaking hand. “You do.”

“What you do to me. I want to make you as happy as you make me, and that’s my promise. I don’t want you to ever doubt that this heart, my heart, beats only for you. Because I’m

yours. I will always be yours. I want our future, I want to always look across the room and see you looking at me the way you do. I want to grow old with you. Old and gray, and still in love, still melting from the fire we make.” Gabe held Angel’s palm against his cheek. “I’ll be your cop if you’ll be my angel. Forever. That’s my promise.”

Chapter Four

The JP cleared his throat and Rafe realized it was his turn. He swallowed and kept his hand where it was, palm cupping Gabe's cheek.

"I never knew I wanted this," he said softly, as if speaking only to Gabe. Because he was. "I never thought to want this, a family, a life like this, until I saw you. Until you let me kiss you. And after that night, it was all I could think about, all I wanted. You made it so easy for me to want something new. You made it okay to be me."

Gabe licked his lips. His eyes were wet, lashes all clumped together. Rafe wanted to kiss him, taste his lips, swallow the tremors running through him. Instead he continued speaking.

"You know me, who I am. You see me, every single dark part of me and you accept it." His voice shook, emotions roiling up, taking over. He wasn't ready. He still had too much to say. "I love the man you are, so strong in your convictions, so trustworthy. I trusted you from the very beginning with my heart and you have made it so I never have to worry about you, about us."

Gabe pressed his cheek against Rafe's palm, lashes fluttering.

"I'm addicted to you, to your smell, your touch, your sounds. All this time later, and I'm still so greedy for you." He took Gabe's hands in his, tugged him closer until Gabe's breath mingle with his. "I can never get enough. I can't get enough of your lips pressed to my neck, the feel of your heart beat against my chest. You hold me and I never want to leave that embrace. It's one I fought so hard to get, to keep. I'll never regret the choices I made that brought me here, to this moment. Because this, this is what I dreamt of before I allowed myself the permission dream."

Fat tears rolled down his cheek and Gabe leaned in, kissed them away.

"You were who I needed even when I thought I didn't need anything or anyone. This moment is what I lived for even when I didn't think my life had any purpose or meaning." The words shook so badly, but he had to finish had to get them out. "Thank you for leaping over the edge with me. For giving me a chance. For having faith in me and in us. For saying yes. For the first kiss. The first touch. For you."

He heard his mother sobbing next to him, saw the JP wipe his eyes in his periphery, but Rafe's main focus was on Gabe. On the way his cop wiped at his eyes. Despite the tears, nothing hid the happiness and Rafe captured that mental picture as the JP asked Kane for the rings.

He placed the gold ring on Gabe's finger, recited the words that reverberated in his bones. Gabe did the same, fingers tight on Rafe's as they pledged their love, fidelity, and devotion. And when the JP finally spoke the magic words, pronouncing them husbands, Rafe hauled Gabe into his arms and kissed him. Gabe hung on to him, clawing at Rafe's shoulders in a death grip as his body trembled against Rafe's. Rafe swallowed Gabe's sobs, kissed them away and Gabe did the same, licking at the tears that dripped onto Rafe's lips.

They were official. They were married and they had the paperwork to prove it.

Back at the hotel they cut the cake, took the obligatory pictures, all while Syren played peekaboo on the periphery of the room. There really was no need for the cat and mouse games, but Syren ignored Rafe's words and disappeared again.

His business. Rafe had better things to occupy his time. He made sure Kane and his mother would be okay. Kane would take Liliana back home before heading off to an assignment. Rafe and Gabe would hop on Syren's private jet to the honeymoon he'd kept top secret, and they'd check in on Liliana, as would Kane and Syren. Liliana was in charge of making sure their wedding cake was preserved, Rafe didn't get a chance to fully enjoy the two-tiered chocolate ganache and red velvet cake.

"Time to go." He grabbed Gabe's hand and led him away from his brother.

"Take care of him," Kane ordered and Rafe grinned.

"I got this, Marshal." He hugged his mother, she hugged Gabe and then they were off. Gabe waited until they were inside the plane, in their seats, to ask.

"Where exactly are you taking me?" He threw off the dark suit jacket and rolled up the sleeves. "Don't you think it's time you told me?"

"Not really." Rafe held up the bottle of champagne he found chilling in a bucket of ice. Had to be Syren's doing, of course. "I've got a drink here with your name on it."

"Well pour already." Gabe yanked on his black bow tie. "Damn."

Rafe did and offered a glass to Gabe before he poured one for himself and sat down next to his husband. He held up the glass. "A toast. To forever."

“Sappy bastard.” Gabe clinked his glass against Rafe’s with a smile. “To our forever.”

They drank the expensive champagne with Gabe’s head on Angel’s chest, and Angel’s fingers scraping his scalp. With one last mouthful left in the bottle, Gabe’s soft snores registered. Rafe grinned and repositioned them until they were lying alongside the couch. Face buried in Gabe’s nape, a self-satisfied smile curving his mouth, he drifted to sleep.

Gabe came awake with a grunt.

“Wake up, we’re here?”

He frowned up at Angel. Their honeymoon. “Here where?” He sat up and rolled his shoulders to get rid of the kinks. “Where the fuck are we, Angel?”

Angel sat in the seat opposite, hands between his knees as he grinned. “Bend, Oregon.”

Gabe cocked his head and squinted. “I’m sorry, did you say Bend, Oregon?”

Angel nodded. “Yup. You said you wanted to ski. I booked us our own cabin, tricked out, of course and as much or as little snowbound activities as you want.”

Gabe stared at him, mouth hanging open.

“Gabe, you’re not talking.”

“Oh trust me, you don’t want me talking.” He pushed his fingers through his hair. “If I talked you’d hear me asking for a fucking divorce.”

His new husband didn’t bat an eye. “Aw, c’mon. You said you’ve never skied, and I’ve never skied.”

“So you thought our honeymoon was the time to try new things?”

“I’m sure we’ll love it.” Angel got up and peered out the window nearest them. “The car service is on its way to take us there.”

“Fine, but I want it on record that I’m picking the place we go on our next vacation.”

“Deal.”

Gabe peeked out the plane window and swore at the snow on the ground. Ski. He would be skiing on his honeymoon. “I’m gonna fucking kill you.”

He had to admit, grudgingly, that the Sunriver Resort cabin was the fanciest shit he’d seen in a minute. And that was saying something since he was married to man who designed and oversaw the building of fancy shit. They called it a cabin, but it was a house, a 3, 250 square

foot, three bedroom, two bath house. The place came complete with its own walk-in closet, a private master bath and boasted a meadow and stream, frozen, visible through the living room windows and from the back deck. It was beautiful, more so with all the snow on the ground.

Gabe allowed his husband his *I told you sos*. He'd still be planning the next trip, but he couldn't deny that Angel did good.

He stripped down to his pants in the master bedroom upstairs while Angel checked in on Liliana. His stomach growled and he chowed down on the sandwiches they'd gotten in their complimentary welcome basket. Sandwiches, some pastries, wine, cheeses and fruit. He walked back downstairs with the wine bottle in one hand and a chunk of cheese in the other, entering the living room as Angel ended his call.

"How is she?"

Angel smiled and flipped his hair away from his neck. "Tired, but happy."

"Good." Gabe took a bite of his cheese then offered it to Angel. "Cheese?"

"Not hungry."

"Hm. More for me." Though he did watch, cheese forgotten, as Angel pulled off his jacket and tossed it aside. Then he undid his tie, but left it around his neck as he sank on to the couch in front of the fireplace. He looked dangerous in the flickering light, his hair in disarray, clothes the same, the first few buttons of his shirt undone. As Gabe looked, Angel pulled his shirttails out of his pants and finished unbuttoning the shirt. Before long his chest was on display. All the tattoos, all the pretty colorful pictures and words, telling a story Gabe was all too familiar with.

He put down the cheese and walked over to Angel. He knelt between Angel's legs and patted the floor. "Come down here with me."

Angel did, sitting on the floor with his back braced against the couch, legs stretched out. Gabe straddled him, tipping the bottle of wine until the dark red liquid splashed onto Angel's torso and trailed lower. Then he put down the bottle and dipped his head.

He licked at the red trail before looking up to meet Angel's hot gaze. "You're wet, Angel. Let me lick you dry."

Angel's lips parte as Gabe sucked the wine of his skin, licking at his belly, slurping his torso. "You remembered."

“The first time you gave me head?” He dipped a finger under Angel’s waistband. “The first time you finger-fucked me?” Unzipping the pants, he reached inside and stroked a finger down Angel’s hard length. “The first time you had your tongue up my ass? How could I ever forget?”

Angel lifted his hips off the floor, and Gabe pulled his pants down his thighs and off.

“I was so scared,” Angel said. “I expected you to push me away that night. My hands shook so badly when I touched you.”

Gabe sat back on his haunches and stroked a palm over Angel’s torso.

“I couldn’t believe you were letting me touch you the way I wanted. I couldn’t believe you let me touch you at all.”

Gabe bent and licked Angel’s thigh. “I have no will power where you’re concerned. You know this.”

Angel parted his thighs, hard cock resting atop his lower belly, already dripping. “I know.” He met Gabe’s gaze with heavy lidded eyes. “I also know it’s our wedding night.”

Gabe grinned. “That it is.” He pulled the tube of slick from his pocket. “Lucky for you I came prepared to pillage.” He licked Angel’s cock, one long, wet lick, from balls to tip. Angel grabbed Gabe’s hair. He licked him again, a hard drag of his tongue that took him from Angel’s balls to his slippery crown.

Angel rocked under him, thighs trembling.

Gabe picked up the wine bottle and climbed back up Angel’s body. Sitting on Angel’s cock, Gabe pinched his cheeks, opening his mouth, and poured the wine. Angel drank, until the red spilled out, and Gabe brought their lips together, drinking from Angel. Sipping slow. When the wine was all gone, Gabe did it again. And again.

Until the bottle was empty. He put it to the side and kissed his way down Angel’s body. He settled himself between his husband’s thighs and went to work, sucking Angel to the back of his throat while sliding slick fingers into his ass. His head was beginning to spin from the wine and all the wedding stuff. He moaned around Angel, loving when Angel found his groove and thrust up into him, fucking his mouth and clenching around the fingers inside him.

Gabe worked his tight hole, pressing four fingers inside. Angel swore and writhed under him, thighs widening to allow him more room to work. Gabe glanced up at him. He loved the way Angel’s stomach contracted, how his muscles rippled when he undulated for Gabe.

“God. Gabe.” Angel palmed the back of his head, pulling Gabe down onto his cock until he nudged the back of his throat. Gabe swallowed.

Angel bucked and yelled. His precum flowed even more, so fucking sweet.

He pushed Angel’s legs back against his chest, exposing his hole then grabbed the lube. He squirted the contents of the tube directly onto Angel’s ass and worked the four fingers back in. Angel’s cries filled the room, muscles clenching around Gabe. When he felt Angel was ready Gabe picked up the wine bottle. Held it up.

“This.” It hurt to talk, but he managed to say, “Gonna fuck you with it.” Angel shuddered, a full body shake.

“Oh fuck.”

“Yes.” And Gabe put the narrow end of the bottle to Angel’s ass and pushed it in. So slowly, he might well combust before he got where he wanted to go. Angel held himself still under him, taking the bottle with a grimace and a still hard cock. Gabe licked him again as he fed the bottle into his hole, licked his balls, mouthed them then flicked his tongue over the cock head.

Angel flinched and cried out. “Oh God. Oh fuck.” His muscles bunched, bottom lip caught between his teeth.

“More?” Sweat dripped into Gabe’s eyes. “Tell me if you want it.”

Angel grunted, his chest rising and falling rapidly. “Yes.” He grasped his cock, yanked on it. “Fucking take me.”

Gabe twisted his wrist, rotated the bottle. Angel’s hips jerked. “Then take it,” Gabe grunted. “Keep those pretty eyes open, watch me fuck you the way you like.”

Angel did. He kept his gold gaze on Gabe’s hand and the bottle as he rolled his hips. Gabe ground his cock against the floor, hissing at the sweet burn. He pushed the wine bottle deep, gaze drifting down to keep track of Angel’s hole as it stretched to accommodate the intrusion.

Angel made low rough sounds in the back of his throat as his hips lifted. Gabe pushed the bottle in to the last inch of the narrow end, then he pulled it out slowly and thrust back in with a little bit more pressure.

“Fuck. Fuck.” Angel’s hips worked faster as he rode the bottle in his ass.

“You like that?” Gabe pulled on the barbell in Angel’s nipple. “Fuck yourself on it.” He leaned forward, licking off a bead of sweat on Angel’s hipbone. “It’s so fucking hot watching you take it, stretching your hole.”

Angel grunted and pulled on his cock harder.

Gabe twisted his wrist, thrust in harder. Angel lost his coherency.

“Ah God. Shit, Gabe.” He worked harder on the bottle. “Harder. Oh God. Please.” He sobbed. His cock head was an angry purple red, swollen and drooling slippery precum on his belly. “Gabe, please. Fuck me harder.”

“Like this?” Gabe thrust in. “This what you want?” He pushed in again.

“Yes. Oh fuck.” Angel’s shouts grew louder and louder. “Fuck me.”

Gabe obliged. “I love it, the way you move, baby. The sounds you make, and it’s mine. All mine.”

Angel’s body shook. “Fucking me...make me— Oh God!” Angel arched. “Yes. Coming. Making me come for you.” His movements, hand jerking his cock and his hips sped up. He lifted off the bottle and slammed down. “Fuck!” Seed sprayed all over Angel, and all over Gabe, and the sight triggered his own climax. He came with a gasp, pouring his cum out on the floor.

He removed the bottle gently, putting it off to the side before licked the cum off Angel’s chest and torso. When he was finished, he kissed him, pushed his tongues into his mouth so Angel could taste himself. Then they held each other. Gabe’s favorite thing.

So simple. No fuss, though Angel did make a mess.

“So we’re married.”

Rafe cracked an eyelid open. Gabe was looking down at him with the goofiest smile on his face. “Looks that way.”

“Did you like your wedding?”

“I did.”

Gabe snickered. “Me too, despite that fucker Syren.”

Rafe laughed softly. “I think you liked that he came in and took over.”

His husband pouted. “I love you.”

“You sure?”

Gabe paused. “I think so.”

“Hm. Well, it’s too late to back out now.”

Gabe chuckled, low, and war, and happy in his ear. “Damn.” He kissed Rafe then moved away.

Rafe didn’t budge. He didn’t think his limbs were in a condition to do hard tasks like shift so he stayed where he was, back against the couch. The only thing that moved were his eyes as he tracked Gabe’s movements across the room. Soon Gabe was back, kneeling beside him, straddling him with a serious expression on his face.

“I have your wedding gift, husband.” He went still at the word, that word, and Rafe did too.

“Husband,” Rafe repeated. Of all the things he’d been called in his life, he loved this one the most. “I like the way that word sounds on your lips, cop.” He brushed their noses together. “Husband.”

“Me too.” Gabe melted against him. “I like it.” He cleared his throat. “Your wedding gift, part two.” He held up a business card.

Rafe took it with a frown. *Edward Kennar, The Kennar Clinic*. He flipped over the card and noticed it had an appointment for a few weeks away. He looked at Gabe. “What’s this?”

Gabe cupped his jaw. “I promised us a family.” He jerked his chin at the card. “He’s the leading doctor in surrogacy in our area. We have an appointment.”

Rafe shook his head. “Wha-what? What does this mean?” He looked from Gabe to the card. He didn’t understand.

“I’m saying we have an appointment with a surrogacy clinic,” Gabe said softly. “Our first step toward getting what we want.”

“What do we want?”

A smile curved Gabe’s mouth. “Children. A child. We’re doing it and that appointment is the first step to me making you my baby daddy.”

Rafe gazed at Gabe, marveling at the love on his face, in his eyes, shining clear in his voice. “And it’s my wedding gift?”

“It is.”

Rafe yanked him into his arm, holding him tight. He buried his face in Gabe’s neck. “Best gift I’ve ever received,” he said against Gabe’s skin.

Gabe cupped his nape, brought his head back. “I know.”

He did. He did know. Rafe kissed him, kissed him deep, letting his lips and his tongue speak of his gratitude and his love. This man, this man who'd stolen his heart never failed to amaze him, never failed to enthrall him. He deepened the kiss, sliding his hands down Gabe's naked back, grabbing his ass.

He let his body talk, let his body convey what his lips could never adequately relay. Even when Gabe lifted up and lubed Angel's cock before sinking down on it, Rafe held the kiss. Through the grunts and moans, the thrusts and the hip rolls, he held the kiss, breathing for Gabe as his husband breathed for him. Only when Gabe reached between them to grab him by the throat, squeezing him the way he liked, only then did Rafe break the kiss to shout out his release. Yet, even as the cum shot from him and flooded Gabe, and even as his husband left his own mark, pearls of cream, on Rafe's stomach, he was once again sealing their lips together.

Kissing his husband. Because he could. He had the papers to prove it.

The End