

Chapter 30

Luke

"Let's go guys! What am I doing out here, wasting my time?! Let's go!" I hollered to the group. Two of the ten looked ready to puke, and I could only hope they pulled through.

Nick led another group on the far side of the field, looking worn out and utterly unhappy. Training potential warriors was always a daunting task. They either had it, or they didn't, and judging by the look of Neds group, most of them didn't have it.

"Gamma, can we take a break? Please?" A fairly chunky boy named Greg was standing before me, hands on knees and sweating profusely.

"Finished your laps?"

The look on his face gave me my answer.

"Then no. Get going." I waved him off.

I groaned out loud when, five minutes later, he stopped mid-run and vomited on the track.

"It looks like you're having so much fun out here."

Sparks shot through me as my mates' arms snared around my waist, his chin resting on my shoulder.

"It just got more fun, now that you're here."

Miguel chuckled and kissed my neck. I caught Ned scowling at us and I shot him the bird. Out of everyone, he was the only one who wasn't at all surprised when my mate turned out to be a guy. I guess it was because

he'd walked in on me and Dimitris cousin once, though I swore him to secrecy.

"What are you doing out here?" I asked Miguel.

"I just missed you. And I was a little curious. Your pack trains differently than mine did."

His eyes held a hint of sadness whenever he mentioned his old pack. I knew he missed them a lot, and I was forever grateful that Dimitri had accepted him so easily into Blood Moon. It had been a tense meeting at first, but once Miguel recounted how his pack was all but decimated by rogues, Dimitri and Ben welcomed him with open arms. Dimitri exchanged the traditional oaths and blood that morning, officially making Miguel a Blood Moon member.

"We train hard. But these guys aren't warriors yet." I eyed Greg, sitting on the edge of the track, green faced.

"Are you close to finishing?"

"Almost. Why? You wanted to train together?"

He ran one hand down my spine, making me shiver. "I had a different type of training in mine actually."

This man could get going me in in seconds. I gazed at his face, struck anew by how lucky I was. Shoulder length black hair, beautifully tanned skin that complemented his chocolate eyes, and lips to die for. He was a few inches shorter than me, and his body would make a lesser man drool. Miguel was perfect.

"Oh yeah? So that's the real reason you came out here hmm?"

"Possibly."

"I love that you can't get enough of me." I pulled his hair lightly.

"I never will. So maybe you could end your session? I think that one's about to pass out anyway." He pointed to Greg and I shook my head.

"Alright, we're done for today! Go take a shower!" I called and the resounding sighs of relief filled the air.

"You're leaving?" Ned called.

"Yup. You can stay if you want though."

"We're done!" He shouted to his group, making me laugh.

"Come. I think you need a shower too." Miguel took my hand. The chance at spending time with my mate was too good to pass up. So, I let him lead me back to our room where he proceeded to push me onto the bed.

"I thought I was showering?"

"After our 'training'. I have a feeling we'll both be sweating by the time it's done."

My dick strained against my jeans. The things this man did to me, I swear.

"Let's get started then." Grabbing his hand, I pulled him on top of me, pressing my lips to his. He moaned, yanking my hair to get better access. We started undressing each other, eager to have skin on skin. He ran his hand down my chest, leaving a trail of tingles. I bit his lower lip, earning a growl.

"Easy there tiger." He said.

"I'm just getting started."

Lying him down, I flipped him onto his stomach and straddled him. I bent down and started leaving soft kisses across his shoulders, over his neck. I looked proudly down at my mark on him, before giving it a soft bite.

"Luke..."

"I can't believe you interrupted me at work." I rubbed my tip against his ass. "I could lose my job."

"Shame. You'd have to spend all your time here with me."

"A tempting offer, actually." I lifted his hips. "You are very tempting."

Grabbing the bottle of lube we kept; I slowly applied it. Thoroughly. I was so hard by this point; it was almost painful. Once I was sure he was ready, I edged into him, inch by inch. His hands tightened on the sheets, a low moan reaching my ears. The sparks from our bond only enhanced the feeling of being inside him, and I loved every second. Keeping a firm grip on his waist, I started to move in and out. The feeling was incredible.

"Goddess Luke!"

Miguel adjusted to all fours, a position I was more than happy to accommodate. Reaching around, I started stroking him while I pumped my hips. Guttural moans sounded from both of us, echoing off the walls. It was a good thing all the rooms in the packhouse were sound proof.

"Turn around." I breathed.

We adjusted again, him lying beneath me. He looked at me with pure, unfiltered lust and I almost came right there. Slamming my lips to his, we moved together in a fusion of sweat, moans and heavy breathing. His hand hit my stomach as he worked himself under me, and I was so close.

"I'm close." I whispered.

"Me too."

A few thrusts later, we finished together, and I collapsed on top of him. He kissed my shoulder.

"You are amazing." He muttered.

"I know." I replied and he chuckled.

"I love you, Luke."

I met his eyes, shining with his declaration. My heart burst with happiness. He loved me.

"I love you too Miguel."

We grinned at each other. Finally, I retracted from him, but kept him close, snuggling in bed together. I felt like the luckiest person in the whole universe right now. Did this moment have to end? I hoped it didn't. I was content to stay this way forever.

"Luke?"

"Hmm?"

"Will you meet my parents?"

I raised my head. "I thought-?"

"They are dead. But I would like to take you to their grave. They would have loved you, as I do. I know they would."

"Of course, Miguel. Anything for you."

"Thank you." He gave me a soft kiss.

I lay my head on his chest while he played with my hair.

"What were they like?" I asked hesitantly. He paused shortly before answering.

"They were incredible. The kindest people out there, ready to give the shirt off their back if need be. Mother made the best pecan pie. The neighbors use to come by, bringing her the ingredients just so she would make one." He laughed. "My father could have been a comedian; everywhere he went, he made people laugh. He use to tell me jokes when I was sad or angry, and it always made me feel better. He was a true gentleman too, always showing my mother how much she loved him. I always hoped I could be half the mate he was. They really loved each other."

"You are more than half the mate you want to be. You are everything to me. The day I met you was the happiest day of my life, and every day since." I told him.

"I feel the same for you. I am glad you asked me about them. I have fond memories of them I haven't thought of in a long time."

"Whenever you want, you can talk to me. They sounded like amazing people."

"Thank you." He said again.

I felt someone trying to mind-link me.

"You left training early?" Dimitri asked.

"Yup."

"Why?"

"To tell my mate I loved him."

".... Okay."

He cut off the link, no reprimands, no scolding. So unlike him. I sent up a silent prayer to the Moon Goddess that Lily and Dimitri could experience what I had.