

Encounter: The Right Brother (Feasts of Fortune)
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The Right Brother

Alec Mikos watched the man who might very well become his executioner enter the room. He wondered at the odd feeling floating in his gut. He'd seen this person's face and form, heard him speak and move and react, at least it should have seemed so.

Weren't identical twins supposed to be just that? Identical? If so, then why did Taylor Heaton seem so different from his brother, Toby? Where was the mystique identical twins invoked? Shouldn't there be some uncertainty on his part? Shouldn't he wonder if this was really Taylor, and not Toby playing at some masquerade?

Strange, but there was no doubt at all. Taylor moved with an assurance beyond his years. The look in his eyes was mature and sharp as he took in every detail of the room. Only when apparently satisfied no trap awaited him did he turn his full attention to Alec.

Pinned beneath that uncompromising gaze, Alec, despite his centuries of existence, was startled by the slow rise of warmth and arousal kindling within him. From the time he'd first met Toby, Alec had felt he was on the verge of discovering something very important, akin to putting together a puzzle only to discover one small piece was missing. Now, finally meeting Taylor, Alec knew the puzzle was complete. And wasn't that just the final blow? Here before him was a chrysalis child, the one destined to be his, and he'd begun their association by threatening the man's life.

"What now?" Taylor asked.

Resigned to the bad luck that seemed to dog his fate, Alec replied in a way he felt only right and proper. "That, Taylor Heaton, is your call. My few encounters with chrysalis children have been nothing short of disastrous. My short involvement with Toby was much the same, and so I've decided to take it

as a sign. Since meeting your brother I've spent many hours contemplating my long, and oft times melancholy, existence. Not just where a chrysalis child was concerned, but my inability in general to form a meaningful connection with anyone has been telling. My thoughts led me to one conclusion, and so I sent Max away on vacation, and invited you into my home. Kill me if you will. At this point in time, I really don't care." Alec closed his eyes, waiting with quiet resolve.

He heard some small sounds as Taylor rose from his chair, and felt a slight displacement of air as the man moved closer to him. He forced himself to remain motionless, calm, accepting, and was pleased at the control he was able to employ when something unexpected shattered his concentration.

Taylor's fingers, firm and strong with just a hint of callus, slid beneath Alec's chin. Alec stared up into a pair of rich amber eyes, held immobile even when Taylor softly declared, "I think I'd rather kiss you."

Taylor's lips descended, touching, pressing, opening. Astonished, Alec acceded to Taylor's unspoken command, and accepted the determined tongue that invaded his mouth. Eyes again drifting closed, Alec, instead of breathing his last, became an active participant in one of the most life affirming, libido stirring kisses he'd ever shared.

Taylor was demanding, yet tender. He explored, tasted and teased with an expertise that Alec, had he been standing, was sure would have brought him to his knees. His lips were nibbled and licked, his tongue was mated by Taylor's, engaged in a sensual dance, and petted, caressed and encouraged to participate in a way that led him to follow Taylor in an effort to taste more of the unique flavor this man possessed.

When their lips at last parted, Alec said the one thing that so urgently stood out in his mind, "I take it back. Don't kill me."

Taylor's grin was immediate, his eyes sparkling. His subdued laughter carved a place for itself in Alec's psyche, filling him with joy, but it was his

words most of all that made Alec feel as though his life had just begun. "Not in a million years."

It was a promise, sacred and true, a first from the person who would be his mate, who would walk with him through what might possibly be eternity, and Alec, touched beyond measure, found himself fighting tears.

Taylor's grin became an understanding smile. "Don't cry. Toby was right. You are a good person, and soft hearted too. I wasn't expecting that, but I'm glad for it. You can be my conscience when my sense of justice becomes too lofty. I sometimes think I lack compassion."

"I find that hard to believe," Alec answered, enjoying the feel of Taylor's thumb as it brushed away the single tear Alec had been unable to keep at bay. "You seem the soul of compassion to me."

"That's because it's you. I can be that for you, so easily."

Being praised so had Alec blinking again. He shook his head and uttered a small self-conscious chuckle. "You certainly have a way about you. I have no defense. I can't..." Voice thickening, he halted as emotions he never thought to feel bombarded him. Weakness, vulnerability, these were things he'd not felt in ages. To have them rush forward and engulf him in this way left him floundering and lost.

Taylor took a place beside Alec on the sofa. Allowing himself to be pulled into Taylor's embrace, Alec rested his head against Taylor's shoulder. Doing so created a multitude of impressions, the first being how right it felt, as though he'd found the home he never thought to have. The second was how very odd it seemed, as though everything ever having burdened him was gone. It was freeing, but also terrifying to be so adrift, without even the everyday responsibilities of life to tether him to reality. He shuddered and burrowed into Taylor's arms, thankful as they tightened, holding him closer.

“Shhh, I have you,” Taylor crooned, while rocking just the slightest bit. “There’s no need to be afraid, no need for defense. If you close your eyes, the knowledge is right there. All you have to do is open yourself to it.”

Alec did as Taylor instructed. Warmth and relief waited just beyond his fear and as he let it dissipate, the others took its place. With a soft sigh Alec relaxed, breathing in the scent of he who had become his acknowledged mate. It was wonderful, the subtle aroma of male musk mingling with some rare, exotic spice.

At the lowering of his guard, his arousal returned swift and hot, with a strength that startled him so deeply he trembled. His breath began to speed. Multiple curls of desire unfurled in the depths of his groin, each one stronger, more intense. His cock hardened, his balls ached. He squirmed against Taylor, levering himself away just enough to meet the now sensual gaze of his soon to be lover. “I need...”

“I know.” Taylor’s response was gruff, his actions immediate.

Alec was stripped with a swiftness that left him breathless. That breathlessness continued when Taylor quickly shed his own clothes. His mate was beautiful. Alec stared in appreciation. Taylor Heaton was very much a man.

Having seen Toby naked, Alec thought he was prepared, but the differences between Toby and Taylor were enough to make Alec silently admonish himself not to drool. Toby had a lovely body, slim and sleekly muscled, but Taylor, dear Lord. Smooth, tanned skin covered taut, firm muscles that were obviously well used. By no means muscle bound, Taylor was sculpted, a perfect work of art in the flesh right down to the thick, hard length of his vein wrapped cock.

Looking down at himself, Alec half wondered if he should apologize, but the fleeting thought was torn away when Taylor laid him out on the sofa and followed him down. He firmly wedged himself between Alec’s parted thighs, their cocks side by side, rubbing with each small move made between them.

Taylor captured Alec's lips, his tongue exploring, his hips rocking against Alec. Shocks of sensation accompanied every move and Alec moaned, the sound swallowed by his lover. Taylor broke the kiss and the look he gave Alec was a welcome gift. It was laden with desire and appreciation.

"I can hardly believe this is happening." Taylor wrapped a lock of Alec's long blond hair around his finger, brought it to his lips and kissed it. The act made Alec shiver and Taylor smiled. "You are so gorgeous."

"I'm pale. Compared to you I'm a ghost."

"Your skin is like cream." Taylor trailed his lips over Alec's chin and down his throat.

A second shiver struck Alec. "I don't have any muscles."

Taylor's short, soft chortle of amusement vibrated against Alec's collar bone. "No?" Taylor's entire body flexed against Alec, wringing a groan from him. "I see beautifully defined bundles, I feel firm flesh against mine. I was never into gym rats. I am, however, into you. Or I soon will be. Where's the nearest lube?"

Alec, his mind clouded with lust, stuttered, "Um, there, that... that drawer there."

"Good. I won't have to get up." With some maneuvering that wrung a few gasps from Alec's parted lips, Taylor retrieved the lube. "What do you do with this in your living room? You don't perhaps watch porn and jerk off, do you?"

Alec felt his face heat.

"Oh, I like that," Taylor said, taking Alec's reaction as an admission of guilt. "Next time you'll be sitting between my legs, naked of course, and I'll be the one jacking you off."

Alec strained against Taylor, pushing against the welcome heat and weight of his mate. "God! If you don't do something soon, I swear I'm going to come just listening to you."

“Can’t have that. I’m gonna be inside you when you come.” Good as his word, Taylor wasted no more time and prepped Alec. With lubed fingers he toyed with Alec’s anus, teasing touches followed by shallow penetrations that became full length probes. A single digit first, then a second and a third until Alec was a gasping, groaning mass of shuddering, begging need.

“Please. Taylor, please!” Alec gasped then cried out when Taylor gave him what, at that moment, he most desired.

The thick length of Taylor’s cock slid deep, stretching him, taking him, owning him. Alec panted, pinned beneath his lover, cocooned, protected, and aroused to a fever pitch. His hips jerked, a silent demand for more that was fulfilled. Taylor withdrew, thrust slowly in again then established a rhythm. Advance and retreat, again and again. Alec followed, moving in tandem, driving the pleasure higher and higher until he teetered on the sharp edge of orgasm. Hunger awakened, drawing his gaze to Taylor’s throat. Mesmerized, he skimmed his fingertips over that tender, beckoning flesh and the plump vein within.

“You want it?” Taylor gasped.

Unable to speak, Alec nodded.

“Take it.”

Taylor’s words were a command and Alec obeyed. Mouth against his lover’s succulent skin, he opened, then buried his fangs to the hilt. The rush of coppery sweetness filling his mouth was accompanied by the detonation of sex-induced sensations centered in his groin. His balls drew up, releasing hot jets of cum that burst from his throbbing dick, drenching the space between himself and Taylor.

Rigid and clinging to his lover, Alec gulped the crimson gift of Taylor’s blood, then withdrew and sealed the wounds. He quivered with the aftershocks of orgasm, slowly relaxing, and felt his lover do the same. Moving his hips an

experimental inch or two, he felt the wet warmth of Taylor's cum within. His mate, too, had found completion.

Taylor's low groan brought a lazy smile to Alec's lips. He kissed Taylor's hair and placing his hands on Taylor's cooling skin, lightly caressed his back. "When I first met Toby, I felt something. He was almost mine, but for some small, missing part. I didn't realize at the time how much it hurt."

Taylor raised his head and Alec met his stoic gaze. "And now?" his lover asked.

Alec smiled, completely at ease, completely happy, completely in love. "I found the right brother."

"Damn right," Taylor affirmed, and their kiss became a seal to bind them for eternity.

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